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What the Fans Think
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Strongheart
A photographic study of the dog star with his leading woman.

For Adults Only
There are ways of eluding the censor when he stands in the motion-picture director's chosen path.

Is He the Screen's Worst Actor?
A frank pen portrait of George Walsh who is to play the title rôle in "Ben Hur."

Entrecats of Irony
Victor Seastrom, the eminent Swedish director, tells of his experiences working in an American studio.

The Confessions of a Fan
An ardent worshipper of motion-picture stars tells of crushes, disappointments, and sundry adventures seeing the stars.

From Mobs to Miniatures
Ernst Lubitsch chats humorously of what he has done and what he is going to do in pictures.

In the Wake of the Drama
Up and down Broadway with a critic of the spoken drama.

The Observer
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Favorite Picture Players
Portraits in rotogravure of popular screen players.

Making an Audience Edit a Film
Whitman Bennett tries out "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and takes the random suggestions made by persons around him.

Over the Teacups
Fanny the Fan introduces some rising favorites and tells the latest news of old friends.

Thanks to Mr. De Mille
Rod La Rocque emerges at last from obscurity and proves that he is a skilled and charming actor.

In and Out of the Studios
Photographic glimpses of film favorites at work and play.

Talk About Temperament!
Louise Fazenda met the last word in erratic performers when she played with a trained seal.

Dressing to Please the Men
What the well-dressed girl would wear if her clothes were selected by Jack Mulhall, Elliott Dexter, Jack Holt, and Richard Dix.

The Screen in Review
A critical estimate of the recent films, including the long-awaited "The Ten Commandments."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases
Thumb-nail criticisms of the most important pictures now being shown.

Continued on the Second Page Following
If it's a Paramount Picture
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You have discovered by now that this is more than a slogan—that it means just what it says!

There are more good pictures today than ever before and Paramount welcomes them!

The more people there are who know good pictures, the more people there are who prefer Paramount.

Individual Paramount Pictures, such as James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" and Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments" may add a special luster to Paramount's fame, but a far prouder achievement is that today all America looks to Paramount as the largest perpetual supply of the finest screen entertainment.

Zane Grey's
"THE CALL OF THE CANYON"
With Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Margorie Daw
Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"TO THE LADIES"

"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach
An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Schane.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A George Melford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A William deMille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Edward Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

"GLORIA SWANSON in "THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
By Zane Grey
An Irvin Willas Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"GLENN HUNTER in "WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"
With Ernest Torrence, Max McAvoy, George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. From the novel by Homer Criss. Adaptation by Lucien Hubbard. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Rollin Sargent.

Kate Jordan's
"THE NEXT CORNER"
A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A Herbert Brenon Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Rochas and Huntly Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Grahame. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

"THE STRANGER"


"ICE BOUND"
A William deMille Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S PRODUCTION
"TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque. By May Edington. Adaptation by Jeanne Macpherson.
Hollywood High Lights
Presenting Gloria
Among Those Present
The Studio Lorelei
A Letter from Location
Should a Wife Tell?
Hollywood Has Another Girls’ Club
Mr. Griffith’s Next Production
Know Them by Their Dogs
Mack Sennett’s At It Again
The Talk of New York
A Comedy Vacation
The Picture Oracle

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The Coming of Maude Adams Into Motion Pictures

FOCUSES THE ATTENTION OF MOTION-PICTURE FANS ON A WOMAN WHO THE WORLD HAS ADMIRE AND OF WHOM THE STAGE HAS BEEN PROUD.

Few women have given so much to their public and yet remained so secluded as has Miss Adams. She has never granted an interview, she has never attended social functions, her acquaintances have been few. And yet from those few who have known her, many inspiring things have been learned about this delightful woman. Next month Helen Klumph will tell you about Maude Adams and the prestige which she brings to the making of pictures for the Film Guild.

The Most-discussed Girl in Motion Pictures To-day

Because she has great beauty and rare, individual charm Corinne Griffith is the cynosure of all eyes wherever she goes. Likewise in her film work, she makes an impression that is unforgettable.

And yet—she has never made a really great picture. She has made several atrocious ones, and not a few that were just mediocre.

But Corinne Griffith has made friends of the people in her audiences. She has succeeded in becoming a favorite with a big fan following in spite of circumstances that might have been expected to push her into the limbo of also-rans.

What is there about this girl that has kept her popularity and her fame alive, until now she is launched with her own company and with every chance of success? What is there about her that is so enduring, so individual that no one has been able to crowd her out of public favor?

Next month Edwin Schallert will tell you all about the lovely Miss Griffith in “The Age of Corinne.” It is one of the most interesting personality sketches Picture-Play has printed in many months.

Other Favorites—Old and New

There will also be one of those delightful, casual character sketches which only Norbert Lusk could write. This time his subject will be Marie Prevost, whose performance in “The Marriage Circle,” it is said, will surprise even her most sanguine admirers. Our old friend, Harold Lloyd, will appear through the eyes of a friendly interviewer; Richard Dix, the rising matinée idol, will be portrayed for you, and there will be many other interesting interviews.

Don’t Miss the Next Number of PICTURE-PLAY
Announcing—

The play that swept Broadway with gales of laughter and convulsed theatre-goers all over the country for five successive seasons!

"The Yankee Consul"—adapted from the great musical comedy by Henry Blossom, Jr., and Alfred G. Robyn. Revives a most delightful memory of the speaking stage.

What happier choice could Douglas MacLean make to follow his hilarious record in "Going Up."

The Yankee Consul is the second of the big pictures by Douglas MacLean as an independent producer. With him is the buoyant and gifted Patsy Ruth Miller and a distinguished cast. Directed by James W. Horne.

Now ready for release in your favorite first-run theatre.

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Physical Distributors, Pathe Exchange, Inc.
What the Fans Think

A Vivid Comparison.

SEEING Reginald Denny for the first time, after seeing Rudolph Valentino, is like coming out of a room in one of those old Moorish palaces one sees in Algiers—a room richly colored, whose hanging bronze lamps make it glow like a jewel—a room heavy with the scents of the East, spices, musk and ambergris, and the black incense that comes from Timbuktu. You open the door, you step out, and in front of you lies the blue ocean, sparkling in the sunlight, the salt spray strikes your cheek, and you draw in deep breaths of the strong sea breeze.

I do not mean that you never want to go back into that beautiful room—its spell is a powerful one and you do go back, but how nice the crisp air feels—outside.

Reginald Denny is something new. He has that ingenuous charm that was Wallace Reid's, an extremely good-looking face, a body that is a marvel of strength and symmetry and an appeal as potent as that of Valentino. And he can act, even if he does look like a Greek marble come to life.

I am most anxious to see what the screen will do with the art of Joseph Schildkraut. On the stage he is so wonderfully fine—he has depth, and poetry, and magic—and the priceless fire of genius. He is a genius as Somerset Maugham is a genius—as Charlie Chaplin. Bernhardt, Duse are geniuses. But whether the movie fans will grasp the delicacy and subtlety of his acting—well, we shall see.

The Walbert Apartments, Baltimore, Maryland.

Summed Up in a Word.

POLA NIKOR—My, isn't she just Gorgeous.

CORINNE GRIFFITH—Oh, so Artistic.

GLORIA SWANSON—Every day in every way she grows more and more Artistic.

MARY PICKFORD—So trite a word but never more applicable, Sweet.

DICK BARTHELMESS—Many things, but most of all, Sincere.

GEORGE ARLISS—Both on stage and screen so Smooth.

CHARLES CHAPLIN—You nearly stumped us, Charlie, but we are going to say you are Subtle.

MARION DAVIES—In her characterizations most Picturesque.

LEATRICE joy—Don't try to be exotic, you are too Ladylike.

JACKIE COogan—We know you are wealthy, but to us you are vaguely Pathetic.

MAE MARSH—Ever since the "Birth of a Nation" Haunting.

JETTA Goudal—you've given us a new one, Strange.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—Here is one that's Magnetic.

HAROLD LLOYD—Oh, Harold, never stop being Quaint.

NORMA TALMADGE—An actress, and isn't she Lovely.

MAE MURRAY—Er—shall we say Pictorial?

ANTONIO MORENO—How many hearts have you broken with that Spanish way so Dashing?

VIOLA DANA—You don't care, do you, Viola, if we call you Cute?

RUTH B. WATSON.

40 West Newton Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Does Any One Agree with This?

Fans, dear, don't you think that, except for the few who are trained by D. W. Griffith, the movie folk are an overdone, silly lot?

MILLY REISS.

44 Pinehurst Avenue, New York.

How a Fan Met a Star.

Let me tell you about a real thrill I received. Although Edwin Schallert says that crushes are going out of style, I can tell you they are not, but that the fans don't rave as much as formerly on account of the players' own attitude. When the fan trustfully sends his hard-earned quarters for the coveted photos and feverishly watches the mails, waiting to receive one, autographed, direct from the player and, instead, receives in so many cases a long close of silence, this treatment, of course, is like a dash of ice water to any feverish infatuation. Well, fans and players, I know what I am talking about. I was madly infatuated with several of the players, one being Clara Kimball Young. I had loved Mary Pickford, but had never received an answer to my letter to her, so I never wrote to any other, especially after I had heard that a certain star was quoted as having said, "Those fans make me sick with their love letters."

So I determined to wait and think of some plan by which I might meet and talk with a star personally, without letting it be known that I was a crazy fan. And, oh fans, in the spring of 1921 Clara Kimball Young came to the Roosevelt theater here in person, and here's what happened.

A blind man had written a book which had been printed, and he wanted a copy of it given to Miss Young as a token of his admiration, since he always had so enjoyed hearing about her from his daughter, a friend of mine. So I disguised myself as a Western-Union messenger girl (Yes, they employ girl messengers.)

I went around to the stage door and told the door-
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

**Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?**

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer these above questions—

- if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You couldn't afford to take chances with your happiness.

**What Do YOU Know About Love?**

Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with the rarest exceptions, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

**What Every Man and Woman Should Know**

- how to win the man you love.
- how to hold the girl you love.
- how to hold a woman's love.
- how to make people like you.
- why "getting married" destroys the caprices for true love.
- how to prevent a marriage end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- how to turn a man's head when he begins to have ideas.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honey moon.
- how to keep "danger year" of married life.
- how to please love—how to keep at charming—how to reconcile it if burned out.
- how to cope with the hunting instinct in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- why are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eyes.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- why are not always the woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"?

Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problem of love in marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most vital relations of men and women. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and supreme courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner—she never hurts the subject so tenderly and sincerely that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, most persons should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl; it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love attempted!

**SEND NO MONEY**

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it to us—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—they only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon now. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

keeper that I had a message for Miss Vadie, and so I had to say that it was a telegram. She was speaking on the stage just at that moment, and as she walked off, on the opposite side from where I was, the back-stage door opened, the door keeper went up to her and told her that there was a telegram for her. Naturally she got all excited and looked around and said, "Who sent it?" and I said, "I thought the unsaid was there was a telegram?"

My knees shook; my head swam, and, believe it or not, I could not get my lips open. My tongue felt swelled up enough to stop the blood, and I could not cry "Help!" and I walked over to where her manager was putting on her pretty cloak over the very beautiful low-cut dress she was wearing, I think the color, but I can read if I remember rightly. I had a real delivery slip that a messenger boy gave me, and I had the blind man's book with a large letter A from the daughter.

With one gulp I said, "I have an A. D. T. for you," and handed her the little package with one hand and the pencil and delivery card with the other.

She just started. I thought I was going to faint, because it is quite a shock to see a moving, breathing, colorful person whom you have admired for so long. Of course, she stared only a moment, but I thought it was an hour.

"Please take this," I cried desperately. "It is important." "What's an A. D. T.?” she questioned, as she actually took it out of my hand.

I was surprised again to find myself standing, although the telegram was head, "A. D. T. means American District Telegraph." I took a deep breath. I could have kissed him.

For a while, the time became aware of my shyness and began to smile sweetly. My voice came back. "You must sign this, so I can show it was delivered to you." She waved her hand to her manager, and he took up the letter and signed his initials. So I didn't get her handwriting altered all. I then looked her full in the face—into those wonderful eyes, and said, "I am the person you sent this message for, and I am very sorry you were disappointed." She smiled sweetly again and dropped her cloak around her shoulder, and holding the little parcel with the other. She said no more to me. A girl rushed up, and begged for a picture. I gave her a smile, and she never even asked me to send you one. she said, and she seemed sincere about it.

"Oh, yes, please, Miss Young. Don't forget! You will send one?" urged the girl.

"Yes, indeed. I surely will." Then she stepped out into the lobby, and it was jammed, with the 'outing,' and I was waiting to get a glimpse of her, but no one else dared speak to her, although she moved slowly, a little to give them plenty of room for her looks and good looks.

I liked her for that.

Finally she got into her motor, and I saw her tear off the envelope and start reading the little letter from the blind man, as the car crawled away in the traffic jam. But the blind man never received a word from me. It was just a notice for the management to keep his little job, and I am a little sorry for the management that he couldn't stand it any longer, and wrote one herself and told the old man it was not Miss Young. The letter said that she had received the story, and it invited him to her home. Of course, the daughter knew he'd never go, as he is seventy-seven, and stone blind.

I've often thought of his delight over that note which he thought was from Miss Young, but I am sure it is exhibited in every chance he gets. Although old and blind, he has a "crush" on Miss Young.

I woke up out of name when she didn't write the old fellow. She can't say she didn't get the message, because I read it right into her own hands and saw her reading it.

Therefore I now say to myself, "The Un-crushable," MELVILLE STATTEM, 1928 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

De Roche and Valentino.

Miss Harriette Underhill's article in the December number of Picture Play Magazine is a charming picture of Count Charles de Roche, started some thoughts sizzling in my brain that I just had to get rid of, or bust.

She said that De Roche "was not engaged to fill the Anti-Valentino role in the hearts of the public," yet I think it was her own paper that originally quoted Jesse Lasky as saying that he was positive that De Roche could fill Valentino's place satisfactorily.

She speaks of the fans' unfairness to the "innocent De Roche," and says he is quite as tall as Valentino, is quite as dark as a Moor, and, almost in the same breath, she says that the producers' scheme of heralding him as Valentino's successor has been launched. She launched him primarily, she says, to give him publicity, and arouse curiosity, knowing that the anti-Valentinos would like it, and in that way they would give publicity and people would go to see him.

The "innocent De Roche!" Well, he either made some very impolite speeches during his first press interviews in this country, and it was the image of Valentino fans, or the newspaper reporters are cheerful liars. It is easy to believe that the reporters are liars, so we give De Roche the benefit of the doubt, especially since Rudy himself sent us Philadelphia this message: "Tell my fan friends they must not judge De Roche as my successor or in any way to rob and/or me of the way he does it. I hope with all my heart he succeeds."

Miss Underhill says she is entirely satisfied that De Roche will some day fill the place in our hearts left vacant by Rudy. Well, there is no place left vacant—Rudy still occupies it.

She reflects that if the producers' point of view—that advertising and press-agentry, if skilfully done and laid on thick enough, will boost any player into prominence. That may be true of "real Valentinos" whom they are now placing before us, but Valentino himself did not gain his stardom that way. There was no advance advertising for him. It was all by trial and error. And there is with all his "successors." He burst unexpectedly upon the public and carried us off our feet by sheer force of personality. When I first met the famous directors at that time against his foreign type, and incidentally making that foreign type to popularize that all the producers in the business have been trying to do. At that time many of them might be molded into a "second Valentino."

I have no personal prejudice against De Roche, Navarro, or any of the others, for I am working with them at the moment. I wish for them all the success they can gain—fairly—and they have the chance of winning my patronage that Rudy had; but why, in the name of fair play, should so many of the newspaper columnists take such joy in helping to boost these people by trying to pull down the popularity of the man who earned it by his personality, acting, hard work, and grit?

SUE MACFARLANE.

BOX 3225, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Boost for Neighborhood Theaters.

As an old reader of your Picture-Play Magazine, I should like to express my opinion in regard to Mr. LeRoy Westlund's article, "A Plea for the Elaborate Theatres."

Mr. Westlund's ideas as to the wonderful settings and carefully arranged musical programs in these palaces are very fine. I have never attended any of these programs, but what have you stopped to look at the other side? What about the thousands of movie fans in moderate circumstances, some with but a few dollars? What about that stage is to go to one of these neighborhood movies? For my own part, I feel very thankful and grateful to the kind management of the owners of the little neighborhood five or six hundred pictures in these little houses, and the musical program was given by means of the beautiful strains of a large pipe organ.

218 East Mound Street, Columbus, Ohio.

A Letter to Nora Talmadge.

It was such a delight to read your letter in the column of your recent date, August, 1923, for it has given me the opportunity of writing you, without laying the burden of a reply upon you. The sincere artists, men and women, you are the source of the most joy and pleasure to me. I have many favorites, but you are so truly natural, so humanly alive and so richly sensitive, that you, best of all. Every turn of your head, every gesture of your hands, every little mannerism—you have not many—is dear to me. And I never forget your beautiful way of making it. I try to watch every fleeting expression in your glorious eyes and face, because you are not only beautiful, but a very gifted emotion-boundress as well.

Now these are not the rhapsodies of a flapper or lovesick youth, but the honest-to-goodness opinions of a woman, sixty a family of six who has seen the best of the stage and screen. My niece, Lucy Gates, the celebrated opera and concert singer, tells this as a very good joke on me: When once, a hall told me that I should not see you, she could not see my point of view, which is, that the play, as originally written, makes the tragedy of the mother supreme, and your version makes the thinking of your young lovers supreme. To me it was as pathetic as "Romeo and Juliet." If the girl had been permitted to have love in her heart, the play would have flowed smoothly and safely on, but because of the wicked intervention of her stepfather and his vicious servant, she suffered more than both. I say "as I saw this picture three times, and wish I could see it again."

There are two reasons why we write to the magazine instead of to you personally:

Continued on page 12
Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

We Guarantee —
Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

Every normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons like the late Caruso — are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

Prof. Feuchtinger’s Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M. — descendant of a long line of musicians — famous in the music circles of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers — discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the maestros of the Continent who went on year after year blindly following obsolete methods, Eugene Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the “Singing Muscle” — and a system of voice training that will develop this muscle by simple, silent exercises.

Opera Stars Among His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America hundreds of famous singers have studied with him. Orators, choir singers, club women, preachers, salesmen and teachers — over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of this wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor’s methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes each day. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are sure.

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger’s method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be the sole judge — take this training—if your voice is not improved 400% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

A Beautiful Voice for YOU

You cannot even guess the possibilities of your own voice.

If you want to sing—if you have always felt that you could sing but lack the proper training because you had not the time nor the means to study—here is your chance. You can now learn to sing at a very small cost in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help.

Valuable Book FREE to You

Send us the coupon below and we’ll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligations but you will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay.

Mail the coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 12-83 Chicago, Ill.
First, I wish the other fans to know how deeply you are appreciated by one fan, and, again, it lays no obligation upon you. Out here we are waiting impatiently for you and Juliet, and now it is anything like "The Eternal Flame," we shall be very happy. Conway Tearle makes a splendid leading man for you. He has depth and power, and the somber background he imparts makes your brilliancy more dazzling and beautiful. If you should play Juliet, I am wondering who would play your Romeo, I would suggest Richard Dix. Since seeing him in "The Christian" he seems to be the nearest to the spiritual, romantic lover, among our younger screen stars—and for Romeo we must have youth.

Dear Miss Talmadge, please do not think me presumptuous in anything that I have written. Whatever I do will always be right and beautiful to me.

MABEL Y. SANBORN
Salt Lake City, Utah.

**An Extra Writes About a Star.**

One day as I was in a hairdressing parlor getting my hair done, a fan came up and introduced herself as one whose image I had for a long time loved upon the screen. At first I could hardly believe that it was not a dream, but she had enough courage to introduce herself and ask if I really was she. Never was more thrilled in my life, for the girl was the heroine of that great picture, "Manhattan." She was Lorraine Joy, and, oh, fans, how kind and sweet she was to me. Imagine her inviting me to have Thanksgiving dinner at her apartment in the Algonquin. She introduced me to her mother, who was very nice. That time wasn't so nervous as it was the first day I met Miss Joy in the hairdressing parlor. It was just like being born to me to be treated so kindly. This all happened more than a year ago, when Miss Joy came to New York to make "Jacks Head." I don't have the right to talk of Miss Joy the way I do because I'm only a poor extra, but still I'm very fond of her. I have met several stars who are terrific and marvelous on all kinds of airs, but Miss Joy—no, she is just a very sweet girl.

L. L. O. New York City.

There Are Compensations.

I was much amused by the letter in your last issue from the fan who admitted that he had lost his ability to enjoy an old-fashioned screen crush, but who wishes that he might have kept his illusions.

Most every one, I think, will agree that nothing in our lives has ever quite equaled the excitement, the happiness, the sheer delight of those phases of our childhood, when we believed in Santa Claus. But who would wish he could go back to believing in that jolly old myth? The fun was in the right in saying that no amount of intelligent appreciation of acting, setting, story construction, and the like, can give us that wonderful feeling of thorough enjoyment that we used to get out of our crushes, but I wonder if his change of feeling isn't, after all, a matter of natural development? Crushes belong to youth, just as the belief in Santa Claus belongs to our childhood. And we enjoy, and then grow out of both of these phases in our development.

Certain pictures would not exchange the keen enjoyment—the deep, emotional appeal—which the finer type of pictures, such as "The Covered Wagon," have for me now—for all the crusches which I had, and which I discarded, some years ago.

Each coming generation will continue to have crusches which I had, and which I discarded, some years ago. Each coming generation will continue to have crusches which I had, and which I discarded, some years ago.

Andrew R. Malbridge.

**Boston, Mass.**

**Becoming Interested in Directors.**

Ernst Lubitsch says that in Germany they go ahead and make the sort of pictures they want to, and the public is always interested in the results. I think that is the solution of the problem in America, at least for the good directors. I find myself more and more interested in directors rather than in stars; stars are in such a hopeless position when they lack a capable director. All that I follow Agnes Smith's opinions on the pictures and avoid seeing whatever she criticizes adversely, I always see, if possible, something different from the following directors: Griffith, of course; Von Stroheim, Lubitsch, Rex Ingram, William de Mille—although I have been disappointed with many of his films. Miss Smith and Allan Dwan, John Robertson, Fred Niblo, and lately, James Cruze. I have read Picture-Play for years, and always enjoyed it. I do not want to read futilism and stars counterfeit praise in each and every interview with a player, but am interested to know something of the player's personality and character. I do not care for the stories of sisters or brothers or mothers the movie people have, nor do I want to hear about them.

The movie people themselves are undoubtedly more interesting than the characters they portray on the screen, and enjoy your magazine regardless of whether I see many pictures (Miss) F. Horn.

30 Wilcox Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**Too Many Banquet Scenes.**

My first venture into the realms of "What the Fans Think" is a protest against banquet scenes, dinner scenes—that is, on the lavish, bonbon-shower, girl-in-the-cocktail-glass and bathtube-uit type. Hereafter I am going to read the reviews and advance notices on pictures shown here and if there is a suggestion of a gorgeously appointed banquet scene in the write-up, I am going to stay away. Such scenes must surely die out as did those awful sunken tubb-bath types.

**A Texas Fan.**

**Admission Prices Are High Enough.**

Recently I read a statement by Joseph Schenck, in which he was quoted as saying that the admission prices were high to supply the public with better pictures, it is possible that the wages of stars may be cut down, but admission prices at the theaters continue to go up. I agree that the prices of stars might be lower, but I protest against the admission prices of theaters continuing to go up. Admission tickets are high enough. If the producers insist on making lavish pictures, with the usual display of too
many flimsy gowns and wild, all-night parties and a lot of big sets, they are doing so at their own risk. The public has never demanded such pictures. A simple story well told and acted has always had a greater appeal. And I think it is a crime to charge as high as two dollars for a motion picture.

Rex Ingram’s “Scaramouche” has been showing here at a local theater with admission as high as two dollars, whereas Miss Pickford’s picture, “Kosìa,” is being shown here at fifty cents. For my part, I preferred the latter picture.

Ella Nikishin.

521 One Hundred and Fiftieth Street, Hammond, Indiana.

“The Girl I Loved.”

In Denver recently I saw Charles Ray in his spoken play, “The Girl I Loved,” and I can’t remember when I’ve been more impressed, above all by what wonderful training for the stage one can get in the pictures. Rarely, if ever, have I seen a finer performance—one combining so high a degree both dignity and restraint, charm and appeal. Of course, I’m prejudiced. I think Charles Ray is one of the very great actors I’ve ever seen—he possesses that rare something so commonly miscalled genius, a sort of something I’ve admitted that I’ve not admitted something else. Formerly I had believed that his talents were confined to pantomime. I never dreamed that his own peculiar gifts could be so forcefully projected across the footlights. I’m not easily moved to any show of emotion in the theater. Years of playing have hardened me and made an awful thing of me, but I’ve got to admit that I cried hard—before the second act was under way, and that’s not all. I kept right on crying. The play is not great, but good enough, and all that matters anyway is the boy, as Charles Ray portrays him. You see a perfectly human situation, simply presented, acted in a perfectly human way, and you don’t find the slightest praise. If you ever have the opportunity, go to see it, but first prepare to have your heart broken in a million pieces. From all of which you might infer that I rather approve of Charles Ray, n’est-ce-pas?

Eileen Shannon.

2730 St. Charles, New Orleans, La.

A Plea for Sustained Stories

Why can we not have more picture plays and less of a feeble collection of scenes? Compare, for instance, two of this year’s successes—“If Winter Comes” and “The Gold Diggers.” The former is a real novel aptly told in picture form. I consider Mark Twain the most difficult role of the season, and yet Percy Marsh has given us an almost perfect presentation. The picture contains love, villainy, heart interest, cruelty, kindness, and all other attributes that go to make a story interesting and entertaining.

As in “The Gold Diggers,” what is there to it? Gowns, girls, and elaborate settings thrown together at random. A plot as meaningless as it is crude, a plot which exists solely to make the settings and the actors necessary. Yet it has been swallowed by the public, and I suppose will be a big financial success. But I do not believe that the first boy could have kept it down after the swallow, if it had not been for Louise Fazenda, who brought a drop of interest to a barren desert and alleviated the situation somewhat by making the laugh be on the producers, rather than at them. She did her best to save them altogether, but the task was too large.

Wilbur Conroy.

Box 82, Groeland, Texas.

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Wilbur Conroy.

Box 82, Groeland, Texas.
What About Child Actors?
I think it is pitiful to see children in the movies. Take the case of Jackie Coogan, for instance. The child has my sincerest sympathy. What little boy of his age would not rather be out running, swimming, going on picnics—in short, leading a natural child's life instead of being forced to work for hours in pictures the full meaning of which he cannot possibly grasp. He is bound to be abnormally nervous and emotional. Has he not been trained from infancy for himself, and his parents, so that they can let up on the little fellow? I hear that he has a tutor, but what child in his position can really put his mind on his books?

I won't be the one to say that Baby Peggy is to be starred. I wonder that some society hasn't stepped in and prevented the appearance of child movie actors as they do on the speaking stage.

Louise Comstock.

A Tribute to Miss Pickford.
Your Observer struck a significant note last month in saying that motion pictures had become the medium of achievement, and in their appeal, to be considered, in future, from a single point of view. And that point was well exemplified by the homilies of comments upon "Rosita," by the fans in the same issue of Picture-Play.

Although no doubt you will not carry that discussion to any greater length, I wonder if I may add a concluding word to it.

To my mind, the fact that "Rosita" brought out such a wealth of diverse comment—undeniably received—many more letters on the subject than you could possibly have printed—is a considerable tribute to Miss Pickford. The extremely intelligent comments that were made indicate that your more mature and reflective and thoughtful readers considered the picture as worthy of being judged by critical standards such as they never would have thought of applying to "Tex," for example. To be able to produce a picture which, while appealing to the enormous following that Miss Pickford enjoys, at the same time satisfies the critical and interesting comment, is indeed an achievement.

John Arnold Barrow.
Midland Apartments, Chicago, Ill.

From a George Walsh Admireer.
The other night I went to see Mary Pickford in "Rosita." I was very curious to see who the leading man was. I picked up the program and, much to my delight, I found it to be George Walsh. You can imagine how much I enjoyed the picture immensely, and went out of the theater with a happy heart.

I think George Walsh politely carried away the other actors in the picture. He was adorable in every scene. Oh! I could rave about him forever.

Mabel Zeeman.
1013 West Eleventh Street, Topeka, Kan.

Concerning Tom Mix's Horse.
I cannot understand Antonio de I. Goyena's criticism of Tom Mix for naming his horse Tony, in your January issue. Why in the name of all that's ridiculous should he have a Christian name? Who, pray, is insulted or offended by it? When I lived on a farm my sister had a pet cow named Tony, and I had one named Trilly. We also had a nice dog named Romeo. We never dreamed of insulting any one, and I'm sure Mr. Mix is equally innocent of offensive intention. Most certainly I hope he will not change Tony's name.

Mabeline Glass.
720 South Coronado Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Dearest Girl on the Screen.
Your November issue contains an article entitled "The Best Answer to Criticism," written by Harriette Underhill. I would go much farther than Miss Underhill and say that Lothario is cocu-

rall of Miss Pickford, and certainly shows her loveliness of character in her face and every act. I have long admired her and have had her autographed picture for a number of years. I am looking forward to seeing every picture she is in, and some of them I have seen three or four times. To me she is the sweetest, dearest girl on the screen, and is quite alone in my admiration of her. Both she and her chum, May McAvoy, are well mated in fine principles and everything else that is good. The very worst wish I can give Miss Lois Wilson is that if she marries she will get a husband worthy of her and as fine, good, and noble as I think she is.

Thomas H. Fleming.
333 Howard Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

From Another Admirer of Bebe Daniels.
I wish to praise "Our Bebe." Some do not like her, but I think she is the ace of perfection of all the stars. She is the only one to me. I love all of her work and would work to see her. She is my inspiration, my ideal of a perfect lady. Whenever she comes to our little city by the sea the movie house is packed to the doors.

I certainly agree with Mr. Moore when he says: "Give us life and give us death, but most of all give us the love of Bebe Daniels." 

Jane Gowen.
1202 Dartmouth Street, Brunswick, Georgia.

An English Fan's Favorites.
I have decided to send you my choice of the two greatest screen personalities. They are the only two who have ever had the power to stir more than a passing fancy from me. The first is Pauline Frederick, who, until this summer, has been lost to us on the screen for a time. She is not only superbly beautiful, with her graceful figure and soulful eyes, but a genuine star can compare with her as an actress.

Now for my second choice: When I first went to see Rudolph Valentino I expected to hate him. I had read so much about him—chiefly letters from screen-struck flappers—that I expected to find just a handsome, conceited matinee idol, with a very little to recommend him but his handsome face. I was greatly surprised, and was converted to an ardent Valentino fan on the spot. And this is not on account of his wonderful looks, though his expressive eyes and infectious smile are certainly in his favor; Valentino is no flapper's idol, but the greatest of our screen actors. Every other screen actor has, in imagination, the power to sink himself in his film rôles as Valentino does. I saw him personally during his visit to London, and was made acutely aware of his wonderful personality and charm.

And now, all you Valentino fans, I want to ask you, right now, to stick by Rudolph to the end. There are people who say that he will soon be forgotten now that he is absent from the screen.

Continued on page 116
NEW BOOKS
Price, $2.00 Net

**Millions in Motors**
by William West Winter

The unknown car finished fourth in the great race! Who built it? The builder was a phenomenal figure; wealth and power were his gods. His views were changed, however, by an unexpected occurrence which shook his soul to its foundation.

**Behind Locked Doors**
by Ernest M. Poate

What was the significance of the syringe filled with poison beside the body of a man stabbed to death? Who unlocked the man’s door? These are some of the puzzles which the great alienist, "Dr. Fenrir", solves in this, the greatest detective story in years.

**The Ranch of the Thorn**
by William H. Hamby

On assuming possession of a ranch, bought "sight unseen," Neal Ashton found it almost too hot to hold. It was only after many breath-taking adventures that he cooled it off sufficiently to retain his grip on the ranch that had destroyed seven previous owners.

**The Black Company**
by W. B. M. Ferguson

Faced by almost overwhelming odds, "Peter Lawton" made a gallant fight for life and happiness. In addition to waging bitter warfare with an unscrupulous gang of criminals, he was faced with a more insidious obstacle, one implanted in himself by heredity.

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SOMETIMES in her life, every girl, every woman has dreamed of dancing. There is no more charming accomplishment — it is an important part of the cultured girl's education. Whether you study it for professional or for cultural purposes — or merely to enjoy the pleasant, body building exercises — it will bring great happiness into your life.

And now you can learn dancing at home! Here is your opportunity to enjoy the advantages of real ballet training under this great master. Anyone can learn by this method. It is simple, easy, delightful. Marinoff has pupils of all ages. He teaches every pupil individually.

Marinoff training is correct training. You could not get training like this except in the studios of the greatest masters of the dance. Tarasoff has endorsed the Marinoff system. Merrill Abbott, Director of the Abbott Dancers (Chicago Theatre, Chicago), says: "A beginner who knows nothing of dancing can learn by this system." Marinoff training includes a complete outfit — a studio bar, practice costume, slippers, phonograph records and sheet music. This is furnished to every Marinoff student without charge.

Write

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M. Sergei Marinoff, School of Classic Dancing
1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-83, Chicago

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for full information about training and the fees for tuition. Merely send coupon. No obligation.
VIVIAN RICH was still friendly with Strongheart at the completion of “The Love Master,” even if he did steal some of her big scenes. If there is any doubt in your mind about which one plays the title rôle, ask Strongheart.
BEHIND nearly every scene that is photographed for a motion picture there lurks a grim and gloomy phantom called censorship.

To the mind of the producer it assumes a variety of hideous and frightful nightmare shapes and forms.

One instant it is a mean and loathsome snake seeking to coil itself around a certain scene, or spring upon a few shekels coming into some far-distant box office; the next it is a fiery dragon that would devour everything in sight, even to some million-dollar star who happens to have attained undue notoriety.

Despite all that is said—and truthfully—against the wrongs of censorship, it is not entirely an evil thing. In the larger sense, it is a reflection of public taste—a protest against certain other evils for which the picture producers were directly responsible, and which, but for fear of the censor, would continue to exist.

But it is not my purpose here to argue the merits of either side of this controversy. What I wish to show is how some of the more resourceful directors, driven through necessity to invention, have devised ways of eluding the censor, and how his very restrictions have forced them to exert their imaginations so as to suggest—by means entirely within the limitations of good taste—situations which, crudely and openly done, would never pass the ban.

I read an interesting article on this subject not long ago in Harper's Magazine, the title of which was "Freedom Reconsidered." It had nothing to do with pictures or censorship specifically, but it touched on a lot of things pertaining to the general fencing in of individual thought during this period and if you will listen for just a moment I will quote some of it. "We do not feel as free as we used to," said the writer, speaking especially of authorship and writing. "Human timidities, routine and lethargy, reinforced by our modern comprehensive tenderness for the mob's feelings, and the hazards of the counting house"—which to the picture producer means the box office—"put all thoughtful writers in a position they dislike and often resent. But mob feeling is there and the counting house is there, and I do not blush to say that I think that effective freedom is opportunistic in its nature. One has to make his decision according to the particular circumstances of the occasion."

"There is some exhilaration in the terms of the game, its hazards and successes. Gibbon managed to write in such a way that the devout can read his pages with the agreeable assurance that he is one of them. Voltaire delighted in evading the censor, who is like the stupid bull, susceptible to few and simple stimuli."

The last sentence is strangely appropriate. It is, in fact, the keynote of what I am about to relate, for in certain recent picture productions we have had a chance to observe just how far the directors may safely go in evading the barriers of a conventional taste, as crystallized in the arbitrary and often stupid "Thou shalt nots" of the censorship boards.

In the picture, "Greed," which is just now about to be released, there is a frightful and sensational climax where McTeague, the leading male character, murders his wife, Trina, because of her miserly hoarding of some gold that she had won in a lottery. Though, in a sense, the crime on his part is unintentional, this sort of scene, admittedly, is not under any circumstances pleasant to contemplate, and in "Greed" it has
to be depicted with something of hideous brutality, for actually what happens is that *McTeague* beats his wife to death. Even the original Frank Norris novel, which was done in very excellent taste, only suggested some of the horrible details of the tragedy.

Knowing that he could not possibly film the climax in all its dread and fateful reality, yet realizing that he must in some way convey its horror, Von Stroheim decided merely to suggest what occurred. He let the audience grasp the tragedy through inference.

You are not even in the same room with the characters. You catch a glimpse of McTeague starting to administer his vicious blows, and then behold some grotesque shadows of the two on the floor. Finally, as a climax, what appears to be a stream of blood slowly creeps into view in the doorway, and then as an extra sinister touch a black cat scampers across the threshold.

It is nothing but a subterfuge, of course; a theatrical trick, but it shows the power of suggestion. If the frightful killing were carried out in all its grim reality, it would be a dreadful and mayhap disgusting sight. Conveyed in this indirect fashion it not only passes as something comparatively inoffensive, that will in all likelihood avoid contact with the censors, but it turns out to be more effectual in the impulse that it gives to the imagination. The shadows and the dark pool forming in the doorway contain something of mystery and terror that is flashed to the observer, while the black cat adds a weird and subtle touch of calamity, because black cats have been so linked with murky deeds and witches' Sabbaths ever since the beginning of the world that they quite logically spell disaster. Consequently, here is an episode that has gained because it uses an indirect method and in this respect it might be said the censors have brought about a very satisfying condition.

What set the pace for this sort of thing, I believe, was the foreign-made features. By their very nature, these indulged in more subtleties. The European mind works that way, "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," "One Arabian Night," and even "Deception," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," were all excellent examples, and their pronounced success and the fact that they dared bring out into the light certain hidden meanings heightened the courage of the Americans. By degrees these have tunneled beneath the surface of pretty nearly every sort of situation, until there are so many avenues of escape that it would take a regiment of lawmakers to catch them.

Right in the present they have a striking sort of leader, it might be said, in Charles Chaplin. At least, his "A Woman of Paris" promises to be far reaching in its influence on technique. It is so definitely a production for grown-ups and marks such a great step toward the goal of a more intellectual screen drama that it is bound even unconsciously to be followed by the general run of film makers, who have all seen it and many of them been enthusiastic about it.

You probably know something of the story even if you have not seen the picture. It describes a girl from provincial France, who, through a turn of fate is forced to go to Paris to seek her livelihood. There she is seen much in the company of the richest bachelor in Paris and you are justified in assuming that their relations are more than friendly.

Needless to say, this is a tough story to deal with, but it has escaped censorship surprisingly well, when you consider how "Foolish Wives" and other pictures of that stamp that trod on dangerous ground suffered in the past. But then, Chaplin is the Voltaire of the present in that his treatment is remarkably successful in evading restrictions. His picture was stopped in Ohio for a time, I believe, but even there was finally passed with a few eliminations.

Some of the episodes in the production, of course, are exceedingly piquant. The one with the handkerchief is perhaps the most talked about. It is a scene in the apartment of Marie St. Claire, where the richest bachelor comes to call for her and take her out for the evening. You watch him familiarly help himself to the wine in a cupboard in the reception room, sniff the cork to test its vintage, and then finally take a glass. Looking in his pocket for a handkerchief to wipe his lips, he finds that he is without one, and after searching for a moment, steps right into the heroine's boudoir, looks at himself in the glass, brushes off the lapels.

Continued on page 96.
Is He the Screen’s Worst Actor?

A sympathetic study of the strange personality of George Walsh which throws some light on why he has been given what is generally thought to be the most important rôle of the coming year.

By Elza Schallert

The longer I think about it, the more I realize what a strange thing is screen personality. It is the first essential for film success. You need know little about acting, but if you have that elusive, intangible, magnetic spark of individualism known as personality, you will win a following.

All film celebrities have it to some degree. Of course, the ones that really survive the volatile and quickly surfeited tastes of the public, have more than just that one quality—they are fine actors, too—they have intelligence, artistic appreciation and conception, and are possessed of an infinite amount of resourcefulness and cleverness in “tricks of trade.”

The personality you feel on the screen, however, is not always the one you meet off. That is something which few fans can understand. Many actors are not as engaging in real life as they are in their work. Some players, on the other hand, who are positive bores in action and the target for literary onslaughts from critics and fans are delightful, interesting, even inspiring persons to meet. And then there are a very few whom the camera catches as negative, and who just as well might be acting all the time, because they are just as negative as individuals.

George Walsh comes somewhere in this classification. If I had any prejudices I’d catalogue him as “negative all the way through,” and judging by fan letters that have come to the department of Picture-Play called “What the Fans Think” as well as hundreds of personal comments that I have overheard, I wouldn’t be hurting any one’s feelings.

Of course, I don’t deny that there are some fans who really enjoy Walsh on the screen, but they appear to be in the minority. For the greater part, expressions on his work run like this: “As an actor he’s a wonderful pole vaulter” and “I am perfectly infuriated every time I see him on the screen.”

These expressions and others more vivid are not the reactions from apathetic, but, rather, vigorous emotions. People have to be indignant, outraged, or really angry when they talk like that, and it seems that somebody is always one of these things when discussing George Walsh. However, individual ravings and rantings over him seem to mean little to the big producers, because when you least suspect it, up he bobs in a “Vanity Fair” or in Mary Pickford’s production, “Rosita.” As though that weren’t enough, he may even be pointed to as the man who is going to play Ben-Hur, a fact of greater interest in the film world than who’s going to be the next president.

Certainly Walsh must have something, in view of the engagements he receives. He was selected for “Rosita” because of his magnificent physique and because he looked Spanish. That meant that Miss Pickford and Mr. Lubitsch both approved of him. He was also chosen for the part of Rawdon in "Vanity Fair," because of his striking presence, and his present five-year contract with Goldwyn’s came after the release of that picture. Since then he has played a romantic lead in "The Slave of Desire," in which he gave flashes of a vibrant personality. That he was a handsome figure in the rôle, too, cannot be gainsaid. He has also recently finished a leading part in Rupert Hughes’ divorce drama, "Reno."

Talking to people who have engaged him, or to those who know him well—not intimately, for there are none—is invariably like running around in a circle. You come back to the starting point and that is that George Walsh is a marvelous physical specimen, due to his superiority as an athlete, a fine, clean chap, but also a very peculiar one. A player who is difficult to get at, yet one who really has a great deal of talent and who stands a very good chance of developing into a fine actor—provided he finds his ego—the real George Walsh.

I can well imagine, after this last remark, that some of my readers are saying, “Well, why should he go to all that trouble?” But producers’ and directors’ answer to that question is, because there are such few good leading men on the screen who know the technique of pictures. Good leading men to-day are so scarce that they are paid almost their own price for services. And George Walsh has a big background of picture experience that fits him for the ranks of all too few good leading men.

The very first work he did was a small part in “Intolerance.” Griffith decided to take a chance on him, even though he had had no experience, because he felt his was too wonderful a physique to be hidden in a mob of costumed extra players. Immediately thereafter he was
signed by Fox as a star—one of the fallacies of the old system of making pictures—and was put into a series of rah-rah stories which gave him a great opportunity to spring and jump and box and swim. He probably had a good time making those pictures because he's mad over the subject of athletics, but most fans aren't, so they soon became tired of seeing him in roles of a dull sameness, and as is the way with fans, for which they shouldn't be blamed, they lost interest in him.

Many producers have been very arbitrary in their manner of “putting over” stars. Feeling absolutely certain that they understood the public's taste, and being terribly sincere in their purpose, they have persisted in fitting only certain types of stories to their respective stars, simply because those stars happen to make a hit as a particular type. The result was that the star lost in popular favor. It's the old story—you can't give the public an overdose of anything. They are only human and founder on too much of the same thing.

Walsh must have felt very keenly the fact that he was, perhaps through no fault of his own, sliding away from popularity during those star-making days, because he has grown to be a very retiring, introspective type of man who ever remains in the background and lacks the confidence to say that he has locked up tight within himself. As a result people meet him, try to engage him in conversation, receive as answers a series of detached “yeses” and “nos” and are likely to go away exclaiming: “Well, I've just met the prize dumbbell.”

He's fully aware when any one is trying mentally to dissect him and instead of talking up, telling how well read he is in history and philosophy, or reciting some of his own poetry, he simply closes up tighter than ever. This is one of the reasons why people say he is peculiar—why he is misunderstood. And on top of that, I doubt that he really understands himself. Maybe that, in a measure, explains why he brings to the screen a presence which seems at times to vibrate out of tune with others.

The real George Walsh is a man of deep, sensitive nature, kind, glad to see the other fellow get ahead—an idealist and a spiritual type. The spirituality that he has is a strong, virile, inner force of the sort often bred in a religious background. Nothing that he says indicates it, because he says so little. Nor anything that he does. It's something that you feel. It is partly a calm that he possesses which absolutely belies his apparent lack of self-assurance, and partly his rare understanding of what things in life are worth struggling for and what are not.

For instance, he once told me that he wasn't particularly anxious to make a barrel of money, because after all, each of us could only spend so much for necessities and the things we think make us happy—and when I asked if it didn't hurt, since he was an old-timer in the game, to sit back and see lots of the fellows pick off big, fat salaries, all he said was:

“No. It just makes me realize that they are probably better than I am.”

I could have screamed at what appeared to me to be such complete resignation. Other actors put themselves in the way of producers, even go to them and through diplomatic talk convince them how good they are. And get contracts. That is conceded to be a perfectly legitimate way of “selling one's goods.” It is even pointed to by some as a fine art. Why didn't he do the same? “Oh, I just couldn't do that sort of thing. I'd have to change my whole nature. Anyway, what does it matter whether you make lots of money or not? You may lose it to-morrow. What's to be, is. You can't force anything. Besides, there are lots of things in life more interesting to me than accumulating the dollars.”

Books and music are two of them, but there is one that supersedes all. Athletics Walsh has never in my life heard of a man more obsessed with the subject than Walsh. Every day he runs, jumps, swims, rides, punch the bag, plays tennis, handball, badminton, or if he's taken a special fancy to walking, makes five miles in the morning before going to the studio. Of course, he is recognized as a wonderful all-around athlete and to prove his prowess is going to swim the English Channel some time very soon. But he is so intent upon athletics that neither dancing at the Biltmore or Coconut Grove, late parties after premières, in fact any frivolity that means giving up hours that should be devoted to sleep, would ever be important enough in his eyes to receive his attention while he is “keeping in trim.” And he always keeps in trim or is busy working, so you know just to what extent he dissipates. But right there I believe he has been his worst enemy, because by practically concentrating his physical and mental forces exclusively upon one subject, he has obliterated self, and that is why it's so difficult for producers and for himself to get at the real George Walsh.

There is one person who is going to be of great help to him. She has been already. She has helped others. Continued on page 115.
Entrechats

A somewhat futile attempt

By Don Ryan

On this puppet stage, where one conventional ballet masque succeeds another, he is dancing as his employers direct, with the exaggerated gestures and clownish leaps that are expected to make the children laugh. But occasionally, for the benefit of his own soul, he performs entrechats of irony that delight the eye of the mature beholder.

Victor Seastrom is a Swede. A large man with blue eyes, dressed in blue serge, wearing a dark-blue tie. He looks like a man who had followed the sea. But nearly all Scandinavians have this appearance. As a matter of fact, Seastrom has followed only the dramatic stage of his native country.

From the stage Seastrom dived into motion pictures. He liked this new medium. He discovered that it had delightful possibilities of light and shade, symbolism, timing—delightful possibilities aside from telling a story of adventure and puerile love making. He had free rein with the Swedish movie companies—composed entirely of actors with experience on the legitimate stage. He used the screen like a stage and the actors like puppets.

With his new medium this Swedish director achieved such effects as to make him talked about even in faraway America. Some American producers reached out tentatively and plucked a picture or two for use in this country. Before using them they retitled them to give the box-office pull and they cut them to give the stereotyped climax of joy with which American movies always conclude the evening’s entertainment.

Would you believe it possible by cutting a picture to make the heroine, who is a murderer, turn out to be an innocent girl wrongfully accused and gloriously vindicated in the last reel? Well, that feat was accomplished with “Mortal Clay.” Seastrom’s first picture shown here.

I saw “Mortal Clay,” and was disgusted. Then somebody who knew told me what the original had been. I went out to call on this man Seastrom.

He is the man he was in America. The American producers had roped him just as they roped Lubitsch. The American producers are after distinguished directors. No matter to them if the very things that distinguished these directors in Europe are the things that would never be tolerated in American pictures. The motto of the American producers is the motto of the Canadian Northwest Mounted whose exploits shine so conspicuously in our native cinematic art.

That motto is briefly, “Get your man!”

Goldwyn got Seastrom. I found the Swede in his private office, uncomfortably seated at a bigger desk than he had been accustomed to use. I doubt if he had been accustomed to use any in Sweden.

I attempted to interview him. The interview was largely a failure, due partly to the presence of a large
and suggestive publicity staff, but chiefly to the native modesty of this man Seastrom. Yet a few things came out that are almost worth the printing. Through the sieve which the press agents held up for the protection of illusions there filtered a few extremely interesting comments on the Americanization of motion pictures.

I first asked Seastrom why an artist like he, who delights in the real, wished to film a book by Hall Caine, who delights in the superficial—if he wished to film it.

Seastrom smiled at my suggestion. "Yes, I really wished to film it," he said. His English is without accent. "I can take the facts of Hall Caine's novel and present them with an entirely different technique. I can take the idealized characters of his book and make real men and women out of them on the screen."

I pondered this thought. And the box-office title, "Name the Man," with which Caine's novel, "Master of Man," will make its début in the movies. Seastrom looked at me with a frank grin.

"If I thought it was a great novel I never would consent to film it," he said simply. "I'd hesitate to change the work of a master. But I can take this story and—and—"

"Improve it?" I suggested.

"Yes."

The man wasn't boasting. He is just honest.

It required many questions to wear out of him something about his method of improving Hall Caine's book. I learned that Seastrom carries beneath the cloak of an artist's simplicity, the dagger of an artist's irony.

Timing is his chief method of conveying irony. For example: As the judge who is the hero of "Name the Man" is being inducted as deemster with all the pomp of the accumulated years of pageantry on this quaint Isle of Man, a cut-back shows the girl he wronged undergoing arrest at her cottage. As the deemster drives away in his Rolls-Royce a flash shows the girl being bundled off in the prison van. By accident the vehicles pass each other—but the judge never sees the girl.

This is a climax of timing, possible to the screen and one of its most subtle methods. It is impossible to spoken drama or to books.

In any pictures that Seastrom makes his satire foots it lightly, performing these incredible entrecuts of irony before a back-drop of impenetrable gloom. The effect is that of a midnight thunderstorm in the mountains.

For Seastrom's American pictures the gloomy back-drop will be lifted and a gaudy pink one representing a sunrise will be substituted. That is no more than we expected. Let us forget it as quickly as possible and try to enjoy the satire and the gloom.

There are delightful touches of irony in his version of "Name the Man." Touches that are more or less like the things Charlie Chaplin likes to do. A girl, reading in bed, grows sleepy. A-h-h-h, she yawns, but before dropping off, turns to say good-night to the picture of her sweetheart on the dresser.

Immediately the cut-back showing this sweetheart with another. Another flash—the youth who really loves the girl, asleep over the book he is studying. Again the timing—the peculiar rhythm of the cinema of which the Swedish manipulator takes every advantage.

Seastrom is now astride an awkward-gaited nag, which, nevertheless, he is teaching to cavort to the best of its ability. In Sweden he could do as he liked. As he said:

"My employers never asked me what I wished to do—but sometimes didn't even know what I was doing. If I should point to something and say, 'I wish to make that into a picture,' it was sufficient for them. Here I can't do that. There are too many considerations—too much money is involved in the success or failure of a picture.
"If there were selected audiences for pictures as there are for stage productions——" 

He launched into praise for the Little Theater Films movement while the three press agents who were in the room shuffled uneasily.

Little Theater Films is an effort to get before a certain public that wants them, pictures considered too artistic to have any box-office pull. It was Little Theater Films that presented Seastrom's "Mortal Clay." He expressed a wish to make more pictures for this organization.

"But of course that is impossible at present," he went on. "I must follow a certain recipe, just as all directors follow a certain recipe which is believed to make the product sure-fire from a box-office standpoint. In this way I am limited, but not circumvented. I really believe that I can sometimes please the others and also please myself."

Confronted with the problem of making pictures that will satisfy his own passion for the real and at the same time make a hit with producers, exhibitors and public. The best way to solve it, Seastrom believes, is to deal simply and sincerely with the basic human emotions. Thus he is teaching the nag by easy stages to perform the simpler paces. In time, let us hope, he will have her up to a hand-gallop.

But will he?

A lot depends on the future trend of public taste in America. A lot depends on this uncertain equation, not only as concerns the future of motion pictures here but all over the world.

The mean average of American taste is low. Let us admit it. Everybody knows that, but usually it is held a misdemeanor to say so. However, let us face this situation fairly. Let us reason together. For something Seastrom said—something that slipped out—is pregnant with thought.

"In Sweden I used to make pictures I believed were artistic. They were also commercial successes. That was because the public enjoyed what, for lack of a better name, let us call artistic pictures. They might have happy endings—they might have gloomy endings—whichever way the truth demanded. It made no difference with the success of the thing.

"Now in America I can't do that. I do not say the American public is less intelligent. The American public is highly intelligent. But it is less sophisticated. It is younger—more juvenile. The old world has an older heritage of culture. This, I believe, is the explanation. And the Americans are a happy race. They do not wish to suffer in their leisure hours. They are not especially interested in truth. They are interested chiefly in being entertained.

"America is a rich nation. A powerful one. Her culture is gradually covering the face of Europe—as her rate of exchange rises in European currency. For after all, life resolves about the dollar that buys luxuries.

"A sad result is the Americanizing of European motion-picture audiences. In Sweden now the audiences are demanding pictures with conventional happy endings. And the stars of the Pollyanna school, Mary Pickford and her contemporaries, are the most popular stars abroad."

"Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"Mr. Seastrom's home life is most interesting," broke in one of the press agents. "He has a wife and two wonderful little girls. Tell him what your youngest kidde said about California, Mr. Seastrom."

"She said she didn't like it as well as Stockholm. Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"Mr. Seastrom is going to have one of the smartest dog actors in the world in his next picture," remarked another press agent loudly. "Tell him about Brownie, Mr. Seastrom."

"I've just been informed that Brownie died. We'll have to get another dog. Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"What do you consider the best American picture you've seen, Mr. Seastrom?"

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The Confessions of a Fan

One of the crowd that always gathers to watch celebrities arriving at a first-night tells some of his experiences in meeting his screen idols face to face.

By Don Rutland

LISTEN, ye fans of picturedom, for I am going to confess.

"Confess!" you exclaim, "Why who are you and what have you to confess?"

Ah, I am a motion-picture fan—but more, much more than that, I am a fanatical fan.

I am of that particular species of fan who lives in the lives of his favorites. No placid admirer I, merely content to sit back comfortably in my upholstered divan at the Rivalto and watch Lolita Darling emote—nay, I must see Lolita in person; must find out the color of her eyes, her favorite breakfast food, and exact number of husbands. I must learn the delightful mysteries of her personality, observe the manifold diversities of her wardrobe; veritably I am a confirmed rub-berneck.

And now that confessions are so much in vogue I am impelled to seek the glory of the printed page; to unburden my soul of its memories—ah, how poetic I grow!—and either to bore you to distraction, or incite murderous inclinations within your righteous breast.

For I admit that I am a bit "off it" cinematically speaking. And well do I remember the first symptoms of my sad malady. It was years—oh ages, ago, seemingly. Indeed, I had not yet escaped from the indignity of knickerbockers. I had banded my companions into a group of fans, who, in delicious secrecy, played hooky from school with amazing frequency to attend the movies. The genre pictures of those days were, on justifiable grounds, under parental ban. But what mattered that to us? It lent incentive to our enthusiasm.

We had taken for our particular favorite Marguerite Clarke. How we worshiped at the diminutive feet of the equally diminutive Marguerite! How "Snow White" or her "Babs" enraptured our youthful vision! Indeed we progressed to such a pitch of unrelieved adoration that we found it imperative that we give voice to our ecstasy. So, then was a plot formulated. We were going to call Miss Clarke up on the telephone. One of the feminine members of our little group had procured her phone number. But this young lady, with true feminine tenacity, refused to let any one else have a hand in it. Well do I remember the dramatic tension of the moment when we clustered about and she gave central that fateful number. And by a freak of luck it was our adored herself who answered. But what a different Marguerite than we expected. This was an aloof young lady who curtly reminded us that "My time is valuable. Please say what you want quickly."

Which, as you might observe, "held us for a while." But strange to say, after that our adoration for her increased—such being the inconsistency of youth.

That little incident but served to set the spark to my enthusiasm for the screen. For the very next month I had started to write scenarios. That is, I wrote one—my literary ability did hold out that long. It was a comedy, and I sent it off to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Oh, the hope I had in that sad little manuscript! And it was funny; I have been rereading it just now and it is a scream; though I must admit that the humor of it is hardly that which I intended. Needless to say, it never was produced.

Kind fate had installed a motion-picture studio but a few steps from my home. It was an amazing place—frightfully ugly and unglamorous, but to youthful eyes it was heavenly. For some unknown reason they were invariably producing animal pictures. The neighbors always knew when one of these occasions was at hand on account of the animals, whose feelings on the matter were distinctly audible—especially at night. Once, indeed, some particularly restive lions managed to escape and gave the neighborhood quite a scare.

But that is neither here nor there. The significance of this particular studio is that it introduced me to my
The Confessions of a Fan

first flesh-and-blood movie star. The folks near the studio had nicknamed her "the angel," and so she appeared—tall and blond, always with that halo of light at the back of her head to bring out the high lights. I had managed to get inside the studio and was watching her. I stood enchanted until the action was finished and she came off the set—in my direction. My heart began to thump. The angel was evidently looking for something. And as evidently could not find it. Wringing her lovely brow perplexedly, she said, "Where the—where are my cigarettes?" So died my first illusion.

Then I had another crush, still have, in fact. It is Lillian Gish. Ah, fair Lillian, who has no doubt been goaded to desperation many times by this particular mortal. There was the time that I first saw her—on Seventh Avenue—of all places—and followed her. The spectacle of a callow, moon-faced youth at her heels no doubt afforded her some amusement, if I was to judge by the smile that her angelic face wore. Alas, that I lost her—in the traffic jam of Thirty-third Street.

I've always made it a point to attend all of Lillian's first nights, from the memorable "Broken Blossoms" down to "The White Sister." It was the last, I think, that was most impressive. Laugh if you will, but I adored her. What an exquisite picture as she came out on the stage after the performance, in a quaint little white gown, with that lovely golden hair done simply in coils over her ears. Like a figure from a Florentine vase. And what serenity—what utter poise. And there was I, lending my hands and lungs to the general pandemonium.

But in vain did her admirers look for her after her speech. She wasn't in the audience. Ah, but I knew! Right back in the lower boxes on the right-hand side there is a little corridor leading to the inner recesses of the stage. It was certain that her party was there. And so I rushed in—you probably remember the nerve of fools compared to the timidity of angels—and there she was. To be exact, there were also Dorothy, Mrs. Barthelmness and Dick, Mary Hay, Ernst Torrence, and John Robertson. Even intrepid I was somewhat daunted. But only for a moment. Somewhat incoherently I offered congratulations. And how I treasures that gracious "Thank you!" But Dorothy's "Come along, honey," broke in, and the party set out to brave the mob outside the theater. I caught a fleeting glimpse of Lillian's car attempting to move off with a dozen or so exuberant admirers clinging to the running board. I am not alone, you see!

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From Mobs to Miniatures

Ernst Lubitsch has turned from the huge spectacular pictures, on which his reputation was founded, to the finely shaded pictures made with a few players and big sets, and has achieved a result no less distinctive than he did in his lavish productions.

By Norbert Lusk

ERNST LUBITSCH, all animation and hospitable hustle, attacked his breakfast of Westphalia ham with true Germanic gusto. This great director hadn't become Americanized after all, I surmised, and probably wouldn't ever make a feeble picture, however bound by employers and the box office, and in spite of "Rosita.

The cold ham allayed my fears and restored my trust in his artistic integrity. It is on such trifles that large issues hang. Diluted art, according to my personal opinion, does not subsist on strong imported ham.

In other words, so long as Herr Ernst elects to regale himself with a Teutonic breakfast he will retain those qualities which made him the great director of "Gypsy Blood," "Passion," and "The Loves of Pharaoh." All of which may be trivial and scarcely in keeping with the aims and aspirations of a director who is genuinely big in the meadows of the little ones.

But at close range Lubitsch tickles the possibilities. He likes to. He is short and swart and tends to plumpness. His eyes, remarkable in one given to serious pursuits, are young and laughing, while his speech is that of the dialect comedian of your choice—any one at all. Lubitsch is simple, unaffected, thoroughly likable, and it is said, only in his thirty-first year.

"Tell me, what do you think of Madame Pola's change from the actress you directed into the one we see now?" I ventured.

A comical shrug, a tilt of his head, a gesture of depreciation, and my question was answered eloquently enough, even though he would not talk about it. One could hardly blame him for his diplomacy. There was a chance—there always is a chance with the gifted—that he would not be cagy.

According to common talk Madame Pola had cast him overboard when offered a contract by Adolph Zukor to come to America with the director who had made her famous. She is said to have refused to sign at all except without her former mentor.

If this be true, then the well-known mills of the gods have indeed ground exceeding fine.

It was on the strength of this delectable "wrong" that I had hoped Lubitsch would hold forth, but no; he was too—shall we say Continental or noblesse oblige? I would that other studio folks were equally forbearing, or their "wrongs" so real that they might, like Lubitsch's, be shrugged into silent oblivion.

I gently rapped him on the score of Mary Pickford's "Rosita." Pictorially lovely, finely directed, in some instances capitaly acted, most of us thought, I observed, but it was more sentimental, more of a patterned picture than we had expected of him. Why?

"With you Mary Pickford is an institution," he countered, again twinking. "She must be kept intact."

I thought this summed up the situation rather neatly and explained much, so what could one do but lay off? "But didn't you like 'Rosita?'" he inquired with mock solicitude. "Rosita, she is not a bad picture."

No, not a bad picture, Mr. Lubitsch, but we'd rather you didn't do it again. We want you at your best—not too institutional and not sentimental at all. We like you as an honest man. Go, and sin no more.

An utterly irrelevant thought came to me. "Is it true that in the stately banquet hall at Pickfair there stands before each guest's place at table a delicately drawn menu surmounted by a tiny electric bulb, like the table d'hote at an Hotel Grand Luxe? A gay and
gladsome star of my acquaintance tells me this is but one of the many elegancies to be found in your employer's home. Have I been kidded again?"

At this point Lubitsch's manager-interpreter settled down to the work of elucidation, for the director figuratively threw up his hands in the face of my involutions. Doctor Locke said that silver pheasants do grace the board, and individual *cartes du jour* as well, but no personal incandescent. . . . One of my pet illusions thereby going to smash. . . . As I remarked, all this is irrelevant unless the home life of our stars is ever an inconsiderable item of interest. There may still be the powdered footman. I shall have to ask Miss Barrymore about it.

As it to atone for "Rosita"—and to veer my queries away from the too-personal—Lubitsch spoke with enthusiasm of his picture made for the Warner Brothers, "The Marriage Circle."

He attempts, he told me, a modern comedy for the first time. Viennese in locale, suave in tempo, sophisticated in manner, with neither spectacle nor a large cast to identify it with what he previously has done. It is adapted from a German play called "Only a Dream." But don't let the banal title of the original color your notion of what Lubitsch has done with his screen interpretation. For, since enjoying his breakfast affabilities, I have seen the picture and understand, now, why Lubitsch is the only man who could have done it. "The Marriage Circle," heaven be praised, is not a "dream" picture, but a sparkling, stimulating realization of another step forward in the progress of the cinema.

Indeed, he has done so much that only the critical claws of Miss Agnes Smith may be depended upon to rend the choicest morsels from the feast a Lubitsch presents them to you in the order calculated to whet your appetite for the whole thing.

In my opinion, he has achieved a far finer and more honest film than Mr. Chaplin gave up in the much-vaulted "Woman of Paris." Because, for one thing, there is no trace of hokum in Lubitsch's work. He does not set out to give the shut-ins of Roaring River a glimpse of supposedly gay and naughty nightlife, with its wine-opening and truffle-stewings discussements, obviously concocted in Hollywood Boulevard.

Instead, Lubitsch assembles a group of familiar Hollywood actors — Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Adolphe Menjou, and Creighton Hale—and subtly, magically transforms them into people they have never before suggested, without in the least making them unrecognizable in funny clothes or "foreign" manners.

They simply become finer, more sensitive, more evocative. For example, the chilly rectitude of Florence Vidor melts into the natural emotions of a young wife who is not too much of a heroine to be a bit weak, while Monte Blue's erstwhile ash mask, often more fitted to the clownings of a *Canio* than to the routine heroes he has asked us to believe him to be, is infused with that something which distinguishes the human being from the marionette.

It is much the same with Marie Prevost. Her photographic beauty is made to seem of little consequence in the quality of physical allure she gives her acting. Whereas in the past her directors have devoted their time and pains to achieving flattering photography for her and letting her chairs to stardom go at that. Lubitsch has taken these familiar people, called them by Viennese names, and plunged them into a marriage problem—simple on the surface and light, but real. So real, in fact, that one forgets that any of the players has ever done anything else, with the possible exception of Adolphe Menjou, who is, to a certain extent, the Pierre Revel of "A Woman of Paris," only, in my opinion, infinitely better because of the greater conviction and reality of Lubitsch's work as contrasted with that of Chaplin.

The story need not be gone into beforehand. Merely two young married couples who respond to attractions that are felt every day, and one youngish bachelor. But the attractions, curiously, are not

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In the Wake of the Drama

An excursion through the Broadway playhouses with a view to discovering what may later be seen in motion pictures.

By Alison Smith

NOT so long ago, somebody was always taking the joy out of the movies by referring to them as a menace. The list of evils for which they were responsible—or about to be responsible—if placed end to end would reach from here to Hollywood; they were taking the young folks out of the home, they were teaching them false ideals, they were keeping them away from the refining influences of good books read under the family lamp. But the loudest clamor of all was raised against their effect on the stage. The movies were ruining the stage play; soon our most sacred halls of the drama would be ripped to pieces, the stage and footlights would be replaced by the moving-picture screen and the deep baritone voices of our noblest actors would be muted forever by the silent drama.

“And the so-called art of the moving picture will rob us of our little meed of applause,” moans Pa Montague in “Merton of the Movies.” “I shall never forget a remark of the late Lawrence Barrett to me after a performance of ‘Richelieu’ in which he had fairly outdone himself. ‘Montague, my lad,’ said he, ‘we may work for the money, but we play for the applause!’ This so-called art is not to be regarded too seriously. It was not like that in my day.”

Pa is a perfect example of the type bewailing the devastating effect of the movies “in their day” and in others to come. Far be it from us to take issue with them; the movies have their share of artistic crimes for which they are solely responsible. But one charge brought against them a few years ago must now be in all justice chalked out. Instead of acting as a blight upon the stage play and stealing its audiences, the influence of the picture-play on the stage drama has been more stimulating than destructive.

As a matter of fact, they are growing more and more to be interdependent. If great stage stars have left the footlights for the movies—sometimes with appalling results—the theatrical managers are learning to keep a watchful eye on new “discoveries” on the screen. It is not an

CLEARING UP THE MYSTERY

“Are Agnes and Alison Smith the same person?”
“Are they sisters?”
“Is Alison a man’s name? Is he Agnes Smith’s husband?”
“Tet that Agnes and Alison Smith are related to Mary Pickford, because they are always knocking other people and praising her, and I remember reading that her name is really Smith.”
“How old are Agnes and Alison Smith? They must be Methuselah’s sisters; they can remember all the dramas that ever were.”
“Is Agnes Smith related to Mack Sennett? If not, why is she always boosting him?”

Hardly a day passes but the incoming mail of PICTURE-PLAY carries such queries. Every one wants to know about these girls whose articles and reviews regularly entertain PICTURE-PLAY’S readers. And so, we present the above photograph of them snapped one day recently on Fifth Avenue. Agnes is on the left, Alison at the right. They are not related either to each other or to Mary Pickford, and Agnes’ admiration for Mack Sennett is actuated entirely by her interest in his comedies.

Alison is on the staff of the New York World, as well as being a regular contributor to PICTURE-PLAY and Theater Magazine. She is a keen student of art movements—particularly in the theater—both in America and abroad. Agnes Smith is a free-lance writer whose witty comments on motion pictures are widely quoted. She is looked upon as one of the coming American humorists. Her humor is always valid and her criticisms penetrating. Words of praise from her are cherished, and even her bit-terest criticisms make motion-picture producers admire her.

PICTURE-PLAY is proud to have Agnes and Alison Smith as regular contributors.
In the Wake of the Drama

unusual thing to see a dramatic story emerge in a six-
best-seller, in a movie, and in the stage play almost
within the radius of a single opening night. "Read
the book, see the play, and then see the movie," has
become a familiar sign on the bill boards. Sometimes
this encouraging advice may be taken literally with the hap-
piest results; sometimes the unfortunate ad reader finds
that he has wasted not one evening, but three. But you
never can tell, and our point is that the film fan can no
longer feel that the stage has no direct relation to his be-
loved hobby any more than the smug first nighter can
afford to ignore the screen.

So a canny editor—with a taste for experiment—has
suggested that I follow the wake of the drama as it trails
its endless length through Broadway. In a recent num-
ber of Picture-Play, I ventured the opinion that, while the
stage play at its best was much better than anything
now being done in the films, at its worst it was much more
painful to sit through than the worst movie; mainly be-
cause the annoyance of idiotic lines spoken in rasping voices,
piled up the agony to an un-
bearable degree. In the
movies when things get too
dreadful, you can at least look
at the scenery. The plays of
the new season have given me
no cause to retract this state-
ment; if I have seen Duse,
John Barrymore, and the
Moscow Art Players in mas-
terpieces which no picture
could equal, I have also seen
atrocities which somehow got
themselves produced on the stage when no movie producer
would touch them with tongs. And there has been at least
one picture this month which vastly surpassed, in my opin-
ion, the attempt to dramatize the same story on the stage.
I mean "Scaramouche,"
that rich, colorful melodrama
by Sabatini set in the French
Revolution, that happy hunt-
ing ground of the romantic
writer. It was, as you well
know, made into a movie by
Rex Ingram. And, almost
within the same rhythms, it
opened on Broadway behind
the footlights. In spite of
the charming, sympathetic
work done by Marga Gillmore as the lady and the
equally charming—but not very French—Sidney Black-
mer, as Scaramouche himself, the play was not a suc-
cess, not even an "artistic failure." It creaked in its
joints. The minor characters were more like a group
of masqueraders at a fancy-dress ball than the inhabi-
tants of that mad, merry and wicked world dominated by
Louis XVI. The action was laborious and the lines
silted except for an occasional love scene which the
chief actors themselves made spontaneous and romantic.

The Ingram film, to my
eyes at least, seemed a liv-
ing and convincing thing. This,
I may add, was due entirely
to the imaginative force of
Mr. Ingram, for neither Alice
Terry nor Ramon Novarro
had anything in the acting of their rôles. But
Ingram, it seems to me, deals
with things rather than with
people—things like old lanes
in Provence, minuets in be-
flowered palaces, red caps,
oratory, and the surging,
shrieking fury of the end.

He had caught the tech-
nique of Max Reinhardt in
his handling of mobs and he
had also Reinhardt's trick
of cutting short a scene at the
peak of its crescendo. More
than any stage or screen di-
rector I have ever seen, he
recaptured the excitement of
these human forces swept to
their destiny before the fren-
zied strains of the "Marseill-
aise."

I left this film really stirred,
not by the acting but by the
swell of those impressions
which only the screen can
give. I left the stage play
utterly unmoved.

This is hardly the place to
add that the film is still run-
ning on Broadway while the
play was taken off long ago.
I don't mean to imply that
this is any criterion of merit
either way; I have seen too
many lovely things leave the
theater within a week because
the public would have none of
them. But the box-office stan-
dard is a low one and yet in
this case, I think it is signif-
cant, even artistically.

So if you live in a town
where "Scaramouche" the
play will never penetrate but
where "Scaramouche" the
film will arrive at the movie
house on Main Street, don't
waste any tears over your loss.
The advantage is on your side
and the joke is on Broadway.

A Royal Flush.

This, I believe, is honestly
true of "Scaramouche," and
I think many first nighters as well as film fans will
agree with me. But it doesn't establish a general ruling
for the plays now running on Broadway. "The Swan,"
now at the height of its success at the Cort Theater
will undoubtedly reach the pictures but it is almost too

"Sancho Panza" has served one noble purpose in giving
Otis Skinner a lively and diverting rôle.
In the Wake of the Drama

has succeeded in pleasing the intellectuals with its half-concealed satire and also in delighting the crowd who enjoy "a pretty, pleasant love story," and to whom "Liliom" was more or less caviar.

This group find in his new play, a romantic tale of "love behind a throne" to be catalogued with the tales of Anthony Hope and things like "Graustark." The Swan is a lovely and docile princess in one of those little mid-European kingdoms which are so small on the map and so large when they start international friction. For matters of state, she is required to marry the heir apparent of a powerful dynasty and by way of hastening the proposal, she starts a flirtation with the handsome court tutor. To her amazement, she finds herself at least half in love with this lowly young man, who has loved her from the first.

Now if this were really an Anthony Hope yarn, the ending would be inevitable; the prince would be spurned, the tutor would triumph and the curtain would go down in a grand flourish for democracy. Molnar doesn't see things that way; after a sentimental interlude, the tutor gracefully bows himself out, the prince is accepted, and the story ends sensibly, if not as happily as the romanticists would like it.

But the priceless thing about the play is not the plot but the undercurrent of satire on the present state of royalty. Molnar knows these people; he accepts them as a matter of course and pokes sly fun at the head that wears a crown. The lines are a matchless mixture of sympathy and irony, and it is significant that the audience applauded whole speeches for their own sake instead of as a tribute to the actors.

These actors, it may be added, did uncommonly fine work, with Eva Le Gallienne as the aristocratic Swan and Alison Skipworth as an uproarious old dowager. But in this case, the play was the thing and the full volume of the curtain calls belonged to Ferenc Molnar.

My fervent prayer is that the moving-picture director who gets this prize will have sense enough to preserve its ironic qualities and not turn it into just another romance of hearts and crowns entwined.

"Sancho Panza."

Our old friends out of "Don Quixote" come to life in this gay and irresponsible production which is half dramatic and half musical fantasy. I can't quite see it divorced from its color and music and for that reason it does not offer itself as screen material. However, some directors know how to suggest color without a paint brush and the music, of course, could be in the scoring of the reels. It is the sort of thing that George Fitz-
maurice might achieve if he went back to his old style. Anything that would bring Mr. Fitzmaurice back to his old style would be an unmixed blessing. Already, "Sancho Panza" has served one noble purpose in giving Otis Skinner a lively and diverting rôle.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

There isn't anything startlingly original about the idea that a clown must laugh though his heart is breaking. It is, however, known to the stage as well as the movies as sure-fire stuff. Lionel Barrymore has one of those heart-broken clown roles, and he plays it with tremendous appeal; indeed I can't remember seeing his past triumphs which had the power of certain scenes in this play. Unfortunately, the play doesn't stand up under the strain and even Mr. Barrymore couldn't uphold it all evening.

It is an artificial plot about a clown and a millionaire in love with the same girl. It was adapted from the Italian, though why Mr. Belasco had to go to Italy for this very conventional structure the program does not explain. The first scene is in a psychoanalyst's office—a modern touch, but not enough to make the idea seem original. Even Irene Fenwick could not make the girl anything but a marionette. But, somehow, Lionel Barrymore put real human motives inside the stock character of the clown; at least he made him real from where I sat and, in spite of all the broken-hearted clowns I have seen on the stage, I am always willing to howl with sympathy over a good one.

I hope this new study of Barrymore's reaches the screen. It is the best thing he has done for years.

Goose Flesh.

Producers have been hunting feverishly for another "Bat" ever since the immense success of that blood-curdling melodrama. Now Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford arrive with a new one which they adapted from a Burton Stevenson story and which they call "In the Next Room." It doesn't sustain its thrills with quite the endurance of "The Bat" or "The Last Warning," but, if you enjoy shrieks off-stage and sudden shots and mysterious eyes peering through shutters, you will have a pleasant time being frightened out of your senses.

For me, the most interesting phase of the play was the work of Mary Kennedy. Most sweet young things in a mystery drama act as if they couldn't get out of Ellis Island on any intelligence test. Miss Kennedy keeps her poise in spite of the gruesome dirty work going on all about her and that, of course, makes the ghastly events all the more thrilling. She added to this an unusual degree of personal charm which induces...
you to care intensely about what happens to her. It does take the joy out of a melodrama when the heroine is so spineless that you hope the skinny hand—with no body attached—will get her before the hero does. Miss Kennedy gave the audience a motive for wanting it all to come out right. Of course it does. Except for the off-stage noises, all of the thrills could be reproduced on the screen.

"The Dancers."
Gerald Du Maurier wrote this play and his father George Du Maurier, who wrote "Trilby," would certainly walk out in disgust on the first act, if he were alive to see it. It is the stagiest sort of old-fashioned hokum melodrama about the nice girl who goes wrong and the wild girl who stays pure and a wooden-headed lover tearing his hair over them both. When I saw it in London, Du Maurier himself played this lover and I am forced to admit that I enjoyed watching him because of his charm as an individual and his skill as an actor. But I left the theater with a dismal sense of waste which included my own afternoon and the fact that so excellent an actor should deliberately lose himself in such a mass of sentimental rubbish. And this also applies to Richard Bennett, who is playing the same rôle here.

A Good Girl Gone Wrong.
To a somewhat less degree, I feel the same way about Madge Kennedy. There isn’t a more clever or more subtle comedienne on the stage than this bland, brown-eyed young actress, yet, since her early comedies, she has been cast in almost everything except the rôles she is most fitted for. Sweet young things from Main Street, brave girls of the underworld, Pearl White rôles on the screen and Billie Burke rôles on the stage, when the one thing her personality is fitted for is deft, smooth comedy with a touch of unconscious satire. Now they have her in a musical comedy called "Poppy." It is a fair-to-middlin’ little musical show and Miss Kennedy sings very prettily in a shaky little voice and is sweet, simple and girlish, but most especially simple. It is the sort of show where the poor little drudge changes from gingham to a pink satin gown and poses on the staircase while the house goes "Ah-h-h!" Miss Kennedy poses very nicely. But all the comedy falls to W. C. Fields, who is the one priceless thing in the entire evening.

Now we would never grudge Mr. Fields one instant

of the rapturous applause that belongs to him; he is a joy forever and one of the few comic geniuses we would place with Charlie Chaplin. But Miss Kennedy can be just as funny in an entirely different sort of way, and it seems a shame that she should be stood in a corner and told to

"The Nervous Wreck."
Owen Davis has discovered the imaginary invalid. Ever since Molière—and before, for all we know—this unhappy character has been the target for all sorts and conditions of farces. Mr. Davis has written a genuinely funny one about a man whose best friend is his medicine chest. Of course, circumstances throw him out into the great open spaces and up against adventures which make him forget about his pulses and weak heart and nervous flutters. It is old stuff but its author has put it together so cleverly that the tired business man shakes with mirth out front—and the more of a nervous wreck he is, the more he chuckles.

An excellent cast helps make all this more plausible. Otto Kruger and June Walker are really screamingly funny. The producers and author of this play are said to be suing Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach for vast sums of money because Lloyd’s "Why Worry" was built around a similar idea. "The Nervous Wreck," or rather the short story from which it was evolved, was once submitted to the Lloyd scenario department. However, those critics who have carefully compared the picture and the play laugh at the charge of plagiarism and put a mark of one hundred on Harold Lloyd’s departure card. The theme is such an old one that any one might use it—and as I remarked before, almost every one in the theater has. And while the theatrical men have made an amusing comedy of it, Harold Lloyd has made a genuinely thrilling and uproarious one.

High Lights.
Thus far, the season has not offered any epoch-making event except the arrival of Eleanora Duse. The storm of conflicting opinion over her brief season is still raging, though the bella donna herself has sailed back.
At Last

The recent announcement that Maude Adams is to appear in motion pictures for the Film Guild is of more than passing interest. It means that one of the most beloved and respected artists of the American theater is going to leave more than a memory of her personality to posterity. It means that the experiments on which Miss Adams has been working for the last two years in the laboratories of the General Electric Company, many of which have amazed electrical engineers and photographic experts, are at last to be utilized. But more than that it means that a great bulwark of prejudice against motion pictures has fallen.

This prejudice, let it be said in passing, was not in Miss Adams' mind but in the minds of some of our stanch admirers. They felt that not only was Miss Adams the first artist of the American theater, but they idealized her to such an extent that because she had never made motion pictures, they felt supercilious toward them.

Now, it is to be hoped, all that is over.

One of Miss Adams' first pictures, will be "Kim," which will be filmed abroad. Another is "Aladdin." In all probability this will be made in color by a vastly improved process which Miss Adams is said to have perfected.

Another present that the New Year brought to motion-picture fans was the settling of the Rodolph Valentino controversy. Under the terms of the agreement by which all claims were settled without recourse to further court action, Mr. Valentino is to make two pictures for Famous Players-Lasky after which he will be free to proceed with his own company. The first of these pictures will be "Monsieur Beaucheau," which will be produced on a lavish scale and directed by Sidney Olcott, who made "Little Old New York" and "The Green Goddess." The second will be a modern story. For the untangling of the Valentino business affairs and the early return of the incomparable lover to the screen, fans should thank Mrs. Valentino who acted as his business manager in all negotiations and settled the controversy amicably.

Of all the people in the motion-picture industry, whom do you think most distinguished himself during the past year?

The Covered Wagon"—with due allowance, of course, to the big part Jesse Lasky played in making that film, what it was—he made "Hollywood," that delightful dramatic crazy quilt that satirized movie makers, stars, fans, and above all, movie-struck people. He put "Ruggles of Red Gap" on the screen, preserving much of its wunderful humor. He built a delightful comedy from the stage play "To the Ladies."

Lurking somewhere about the premises whenever Mr. Cruze makes a picture is a scenarist named Walter Woods. The Observer believes that a generous amount of credit for the Cruze pictures should go to him.

The motion-picture industry needs men whose output is steady and consistent. James Cruze and Walter Woods are such men.

The Observer is in a generous and reflective mood to-day and would like to award a few laurel wreaths to various persons in the motion-picture industry. The first, and largest, goes to William Nigh, who is making a series of one-reel dramas. The first of these, "Among the Missing," is one of the finest pictures The Observer has ever seen. A similar win will go to Lucille La Verne, who played the principal rôle in it. Another handsome wreath should be placed on the brow of the man in the Fox company who thought of making "The Unreal News Real." Yet another should go to the Pathé News camera man who took the slow-motion pictures of Zev racing against Papyrus. And one should go to that nameless hero in "Flaming Youth" who did the dance attired in a lampshade.

The Best Movie Authors

Not so long ago it took the name of a star to draw people into the box office. This past year has seen directors coming more and more into prominence and now it begins to look as though the author's day was not far distant. Ever since the success of "The Four Horsemen" the novels of Ibáñez have been in great demand for movie material. His "Enemies of Women," and "Blood and Sand," proved almost equally great attractions. Now Cosmopolitan plans to film his novel "The Temptress," Famous Players owns the rights to "Argentine Love," and Mae Murray has commissioned Ibáñez to write a story for her.

Rex Ingram brought another author into prominence when he filmed "Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini. This will be followed by "The Sea Hawk," which First National will present, and "Captain Blood," which will be made by Vitagraph.

Our own American authors are not being neglected either. Perhaps the most prominent of them is Booth Tarkington, whose motion-picture successes date back to the early days of pictures. Of his more recent pic-
The Stage Commands Our Attention

With this issue we are introducing a new department devoted entirely to the new stage plays. Until a comparatively short time ago motion pictures and the stage were separate and distinct forms of entertainment. But to-day they are very closely related. Formerly when a player left the stage to go into pictures it usually meant a complete break from old associations, but no longer is the movement only one way; now there is a constant interchange of players from one form of work to the other. James Kirkwood, after many years of acting only before the camera, returned to the stage last season and appeared in the leading role of one of the most successful New York plays, "The Fool." Lowell Sherman, known to every fan as the villain in "Way Down East," opened the present season in the title rôle of "Casanova," one of the finest of the fall productions on Broadway. Screen favorites of former years are constantly making their débuts on Broadway—witness Louise Huff in her last season success, "Mary the Third." In fact, there is scarcely a cast of a New York production nowadays which does not carry some name long familiar to movie fans.

Formerly, when a stage play was screened it was so altered that there was usually little resemblance to the original vehicle. But that, too, is changing. The screen production of "The Green Goddess" was a sincere and thoroughly satisfying translation of George Arliss' stage production onto celluloid, and the recent Incé version of "Anna Christie" has the indorsement of every one who saw the O'Neill play on the stage, to name but two recent examples.

A review of the current stage successes, therefore, offers much of interest to the lovers of the screen, if written with their special interests in mind, and we are fortunate in being able to secure for this purpose, Alison Smith, who for a long time conducted our department of screen reviews, and who is thoroughly familiar, not only with both the stage and the screen, but with the interests of the readers of Picture-Play.

The Ten Best Pictures

We have recently observed an interesting example of the difference between the working of the critical mind of a professional reviewer of pictures and that of an average fan.

In our last issue Edwin Schallert, in his review of the current season and for last for 1924, gave as his selection of the ten best pictures of 1923, the following: "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," "A Woman of Paris," "If Winter Comes," "The Girl I Loved," "Merry Go Round," "The White Rose," "Little Old New York," "The Green Goddess," and "Rosita." This list, we feel confident, is one which would be approved as a very-well-chosen one by any one who might qualify as an authority on motion pictures. Perhaps no other critic would offer the same identical ten titles, but at least the names of these productions would appear on the lists offered by any ten critics of standing, and some of them would undoubtedly appear on all of the lists.

At the time we received this list, we also received the selections made by Miss Trix MacKenzie of Atlanta, Georgia, whose interest in pictures is confined to being an enthusiastic fan. She writes:

So much is being said these days about artistic motion pictures, that sometimes, I am at a loss to know just what they are like. In fact, I have seen very few films that struck me as possessing much artistry.

For instance, a certain production will be advertised and heralded as a superwork of cinematic art. Yet, when it is viewed, there are the same old musty characters, same old hokum buckets, same old movie plot, and same old sunset or sunrise cliché. Is this art? Box-office art, perhaps, but is it real art?

To me, an artistic thing is different from any previous efforts—original and interesting. In comedy it should be a series of happy situations, and in heavier work it should present some new and convincing viewpoints that make one think, rather than merely entertain.

The producers say they have tried artistry with immediate failure, but who can say, positively, that those extremely out-of-the-ordinary films that made such perfect flops were artistic? I have a queer notion that the public would patronize good pictures, providing they held the interest and offered a thrill or two. If they were presented in a more attractive way, they would come nearer making financial successes than they do now.

This is left, however, to the movie makers and, when they begin giving us more original, interesting stuff, probably the fans may develop a more definite idea of what is actually meant by motion-picture art.

Despite the pictorial history books that have been opened before us at every turn of the film road, the permanent dependance of Wally Reid, and the temporary absence of Valentino from the screen, 1923 has been a great motion-picture year. And 1924 will, I believe, be still greater, as the costume craze is bound to die down, and things will ease back to the normal standard of two years ago.

Out of approximately sixty new films I've seen since January 1, 1923, I have made out my list of the ten best. They are, also, as Fanny the Fan says, the ten that I enjoyed most.

"The French Doll"—the best all-round picture of 1923.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—an ideal evening's entertainment.

"Zaza"—Glorious Gloria in her greatest of all roles.

"Ponyola"—Anna Q with her shorn locks and convincing acting. Our new star as Desmond.

"Dulcy"—Connie's high-powered smile and moments of eye rolling.

"The Cheat"—mesmeric, breath-taking Pola.

"Safety Last"—greatest of comedy artists at his best.

"Long Live the King"—just Jackie—all up in fish and soup!

"Woman-proof"—good, modern, American comedy with Tom Meighan.

"The Shirk of Araby"—best one of all the burlesques of the Sahara best seller.

P. S.—News Reel Close-Ups of the Valentinos—Title sufficient explanation for attraction.

Personally, The Observer believes that Mr. Schallert has a selection that would meet the approval of most fans—both professional critics as well as fans—that Miss MacKenzie's has. The interesting thing about her list is its extreme individuality. If we had space to print lists of selections made by a large number of fans, chosen at random, you would find that they would resemble Miss MacKenzie's list—not in naming the same pictures—but in being reflections of widely differing individuals tastes. Persons who are closely connected with those engaged in the making of pictures, through a constant interchange of ideas, to a considerable extent come to a fairly general agreement as to what is good and vice versa. Those who merely go to pictures to be entertained, seldom do so. And this widespread divergence of taste upon the part of the public, the surprising dissensions which they show from the opinions of those in the industry, are the things that make it so difficult for the producers to guess in advance what the public will like.
AFTER much shifting of plans Constance Talmadge has at last settled on "The Goldfish" as her next production, with Jack Mulhall playing opposite her.
ALTHOUGH given no unusual rôles of late, Marguerite De La Motte still inspires faith in her dramatic future. "When a Man's a Man" marks her latest appearance.
KATHLEEN KEY has waited a long time for recognition, but two Goldwyn productions, "The Rendezvous" and "Reno," are expected to establish her securely.
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MARJORIE DAW is seldom permitted to wander far from the rugged type of picture. Paramount's production, "The Call of the Cañon," casts her again in the virile atmosphere.
NORMA SHEARER is a newcomer who already has a firm footing, both among producers and with the fans. She appears in the First National production, "The Wanters."
EVERY new film shows new development in Patsy Ruth Miller, which augurs well for her maturer years. The Goldwyn picture, "Name the Man," has been her greatest chance to date.
WHEN most other stars are resorting to elaborate sets and casts, Viola Dana seems to hold her followers despite unassuming vehicles. "Love and Lies" will be her next Metro picture.
CORINNE GRIFFITH, after dozens of poor stories, is now being showered with choice roles and hailed by many as the best box-office bet on the screen. Her loveliness glows in “Black Oxen.”
Making An Audience Edit a Film

Motion-picture producers have learned that the public finds flaws that editors and cutters overlook, so they now put audiences to work at "test" showings. This tells how Whitman Bennett followed an audience's suggestions in cutting "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."

By Harold Howe

Henry Hull, who plays the title role in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is the figure above, seated in the rocking chair.

I KNOW a lot of people who would love to have a hand in the making of movies. The funny part of it is that they do, only they don't know it. Unconsciously, they wield an influence as great as that of the cutter or editor at the studio. They have caused stars' close-ups to be cut, thrown out comedy episodes, and even sent actors back to the studio to do whole scenes over. Any one who goes to the movies in towns within a radius of fifty miles from New York or Los Angeles may be serving as unofficial cutter and editor of motion pictures. But if they realized what they were doing, their work wouldn't be half as valuable.

It is this way. The random remarks that people make about a picture to their friends are wholly spontaneous and sincere. But those same persons, asked by a producer, or director, or star, to tell what's wrong with a picture, get self-conscious and don't speak freely. So, the only thing to do is to catch them unawares.

This is the way it is done. After a picture has been tentatively cut and titled the producer takes it to some theater in an outlying district and gets an exhibitor to run it. The exhibitor is usually glad to because he gets it for nothing. The producer stations members of his staff in different parts of the theater and they make notes on which scenes seemed to please the people around them and which scenes failed to hold their interest.

When Whitman Bennett finished "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" a while ago I went with him one night to such a showing. He picked a theater in a suburb near New York that gets every class of patrons. They have a limousine clientele as well as a goodly sprinkling of foreigners and day laborers. At the first show in the evening there is a mob of noisy youngsters and later on the young married folks come who have paused at home to wash the dinner dishes and put the children to bed. A good representative audience to show a picture to.

Mr. Bennett and one of his assistants went down in front where a lot of youngsters were sitting, while a member of his staff and I went to the more expensive loge seats. Here, briefly, are the audience's reactions as we noted them.

Henry Hull, in the character of the schoolmaster, is chased by a mob that wants to hang him after unjustly accusing him of a robbery. The chase went over big with the boys down where Mr. Bennett was sitting, but upstairs it quite obviously failed on several people. A beautifully dressed dowager who had formerly been intent on the picture and amused, lost interest, and started chatting with her companion.

A burlesque love scene between the schoolmaster and a simpleton girl brought roars from the youngsters, but made the older people fidget and stop paying attention to the picture.

The result of our noting these reactions was that both scenes were considerably cut. Not obliterated entirely, for that would have ignored the preference of the element that likes that sort of thing.

Another bit of cutting was done to a scene where the hero lost sympathy. A fight took place between

Continued on page 108
Over the

Fanny the Fan tells the latest news about old

By The

between her scarlet lips as she looked at him over her shoulder. . . . Her long, green eyes met his keen, satiric ones with melting languor!"

"There are some good lines for such a party in 'The Spanish Dancer,' too," Fanny ratted on enthusiastically, "Here is one, "I shrink from the tempter," continued she, shuddering while unable to tear her sight from the glittering coins. Oh, it would all be quite exciting to play as long as you picked jazzy books. I'd like to give one for Conrad Nagel and pass around copies of 'Three Weeks.' But imagine a party where the guests tried to pick snappy paragraphs out of 'Romola.' Something like this," and Fanny was off again. "It seems to me that beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks."

"Stop," I begged of her, but for safety's sake I ordered the waiter to take the books out to the coat room. "I can read. But do tell me what is happening. Didn't I see you fying around town with Pauline Garon? And did I, or didn't I, see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson at the theater the other night?"

"Very possible," Fanny professed not to be interested, though I knew she was. "Pauline Garon is making a picture with Harrison Ford over at the Glendale Studio; that is, she is trying to. The reporters keep her busy most of the time denying that she is engaged to Gene Sarazen. The other morning just as she was ready to leave the hotel the phone rang, and as fast as she would hang up some one else would call, until finally I suggested that she make a phonograph record that just said, 'No, I am not engaged to marry Gene Sarazen,' over and over and attach it to the telephone transmitter." "No one would believe it," I commented. "Why is it that the more true a rumor is, the more indignant people deny it? Now Richard Dix and Lois Wilson neither deny nor admit the

Casting agents never can remember just what Violet de Barros' nationality is, so they send for her to play French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and even Hind. types.

W E L L, Colleen Moore certainly started something while she was in New York," Fanny announced with an air of innuendo as she deposited herself and about a dozen books on the ledge behind the tea table.

"A new, straight haircut, shingled up the back and with long bangs," I guessed without being urged.

"Flirting with her own husband," I further volunteered, but that, too, was wrong.

"No, just a game," Fanny explained, fishing for one of the books she had brought with her. '"It's a wonderful pastime, and any one can play it, but it is more fun if you have a motion-picture star or two in the party. It was introduced at First National's farewell luncheon to Colleen, where each guest had been given a copy of 'Flaming Youth.'

You take a book, open it at random, and read a line. Then the next guest reads one from some other part of the book, and the rest of the crowd starts looking for some lively ones. You get a much more exciting narrative that way than in the original. Just imagine what would happen if some one gave a party for Corinne Griffith and the guests read excerpts from 'Black Oxen.' Starting on page 10, the first guest called on might read, 'Who cares about anything these days? And you can only be young once.' And then some one would contribute from page 71, 'How old-fashioned of you! The only thing that worries you at present is that you are trying to hide from yourself that you are in love with her.' And then here is another good one. 'He would carefully have twisted her neck. She was holding a slim, lilylike throat up for his inspection, a cigarette

Photo by Blake Sherr

There were almost as many girls who wanted to play a Girl of the Limberlost as there were men who wanted to play Ben-Hur but little Gloria Grey was the lucky girl who got the role.
Teacups
film favorites and introduces a few coming ones.
Bystander

rumor that they are engaged, so I do not believe that there is anything in it. They are going to play the leads in 'Icebound,' incidentally, and a lot of the exteriors are going to be made up in bleak New England. That girl certainly does come in for more than her share of rough weather in making pictures. The only catastrophe of nature that she hasn't experienced in the last few months is a storm at sea.

"Takes a lot to make some people act." I remarked just for the sake of being catty and not because there was any truth in it. Everyone knows that Lois Wilson is a first-rate actress.

"Poor Richard is sick in bed," Fanny announced dolefully.

"Probably because he read the reviews of 'The Call of the Canyon," I volunteered brightly.

"Yes, weren't they dreadful?" Fanny admitted in a hushed tone. "The critics reviewed it in one word. One said 'ineffective,' one said 'inept' but another one thought 'silly' expressed it."

"I bet he is glad to have 'The Ten Commandments' come along at the same time to bolster up his reputation."

"Yes, that was lucky. But if he is happy over 'The Ten Commandments' think of how Rod La Rocque must feel! I don't wonder that he came all the way to New York for the opening. He is entitled to three jeers at the casting agents here in the East who always made him play lounge-lizard parts."

"I wish that Anna Q. Nilsson would join the migration eastward. Loads of people are wondering how her hair looks now that it is beginning to grow out. It ought to be a lovely little mass of ringlets."

Pauline Garon vehemently denies that she is engaged to marry Gene Sarazen, so there must be something in it.

and certainly her new pictures look as though it was becoming. I was looking forward to seeing her in 'Flowing Gold' chiefly to see how her hair looked after the 'Ponjola' shearing, but I hear that she wears a wig. She wears a wig in 'The Swamp Angel' too, but then so does Colleen Moore. Hers makes her look like Nazimova in the early days when a mattress was her criterion of style in hairdressing.

"Speaking of hairdressing, you should have seen the bobbed heads at Marion Davies' ball the other night. She gave a big charity ball at the Plaza, you know, for the benefit of disabled soldiers in hospitals around New York. At first glance the crowd looked like a pageant arranged by the barbers' union. There was Marion with her curls slicked down demurely. Hope Hampton with a riot of brilliant-red curls, Alna Rubens and Alice Joyce with perfectly straight black hair. Anita Stewart with deep waves, Gloria Swanson with her brown-red hair tightly pleased, and a lot of insignificant people who had their sort of plastered to their heads."

"Marion's ball was a huge success. A lot of Broadway stars volunteered as entertainers, so even if the guests didn't dance they got more than their money's worth. You know..."
that no one short of a millionaire can get tickets to the 'Follies' near enough the stage to get the fine points of Fanny Brice's humor. But up at the ball every one could see and hear her. The show lasted nearly two hours, and then there were five marvelous jazz bands to supply the dance music. Marion is at her best in a big crowd like that. I can't understand it because with only two or three people sometimes she gets so shy and self-conscious she can hardly speak.

"Now that the excitement of the ball is over Marion can get back to work on pictures. She says she may go on the stage in 'The Miracle,' but I doubt it. She is filming 'Janice Meredith' next and I imagine she will look perfectly lovely in it. I heard that after that she was going to the South Sea Islands to make 'Never the Twain Shall Meet.' If she does every one will hate her, because every one wants to go to the South Sea Islands, and particularly to play in that story. About a dozen different stars were bidding for it, but Marion's company got it.

"Speaking of stories, exhibitors all over the country begged Colleen Moore to keep on playing wild young flappers because of the success of 'Flaming Youth.' So she spoke to the scenario buyer for First National about 'The Demi Virgin.' The scenario chief asked to have a copy of the play sent to her so that she could read it with a view to considering its possibilities for a scenario. When she got it, it was wrapped in asbestos, a pair of fire tongs were enclosed, and there was also a bottle of chloride of lime and another disinfectant. The agent evidently thought it would have to be carefully handled before it would ever make a movie."

"Putting Colleen in a play like that is sort of like putting Conrad Nagel in 'Three Weeks,'" I volunteered. "No matter how bad the story makes her out to be, every one knows it isn't true."

But Fanny, as usual, was not interested in my remarks.

"Are you going to Theda Barn's sale?" she asked politely, and to my "Her what?" she went on languidly. "Theda Barn's having all her old furniture and rugs and hangings auctioned off. Either she is tired of them or she doesn't want the bother of shipping them all the way to California. There are said to be some lovely old Italian chairs and some rare books. And I suppose every one will go expecting tiger skins.

"That's one of the penalties of being a motion-picture player," Fanny babbled on. "People expect you to be exactly like the types you play on the screen. Just the other day I met little Violet de Barros, that awfully pretty girl who used to be up at the Griffith studio. When she spoke to me I hardly knew her because her beautiful accent was gone. And when I asked her why she ever let anything so fascinating get away from her she said 'Because I play ingénues. Casting directors think only vampires should have a foreign accent.' Isn't that ridiculous? Casting agents can never quite decide what nationality Violet is, because she speaks so many languages and has lived in so many countries. Her mother was born in Virginia, and her father was born in Brazil, but Violet was born and brought up abroad. Her father was military attaché to

Claire Windsor will find nothing lovelier in Paris than the suit of pale tan ermine that she wore on the boat going over.
the Ambassador to France. Violet lived in Paris for a while and then in Italy, but the last years of the war she lived in Switzerland. And what do you suppose made her come over to America to go into pictures? She met Max Linder, the French comedian, in Switzerland and he gave her an autographed photograph on which he wrote ‘Greetings to the star of the future’ or something like that.

“Whenver a casting agent here in New York has a foreign part that is hard to fill, he sends Violet de Barros to the director with a note saying that he knows she will be just the type for the rôle, as she is French, Italian, Spanish, or whatever that particular rôle happens to call for. She says she never balked until an agent tried to pass her off as a Hindu.

“She has just finished a big part in ‘Let Not Man Put Asunder’ and now she is going West to appear in a Vitaphone special. Of course, she adores Pauline Frederick. Every one does who ever worked with her.”

“She’s a lucky girl,” I ruminated aloud. “Probably if any one took a census of all the girls to whom Max Linder had given photographs similarly autographed, he could find a thousand or more who never were able to get past the studio gates. But speaking of Griffith discoveries, where is Betty Jewel? I haven’t heard of her in a long time.”

“No, you wouldn’t.”

Fanny insisted, “if I didn’t tell you. She has a big part in ‘Blood and Gold.’ I saw her doing a scene with Alma Rubens the other day and she looked wonderful. I suppose, though, that she will always be doing weepy parts just because she cried her way into pictures. She was so disheartened, you know, because she couldn’t get to see Mr. Griffith that she sat down on the stairs outside his office and cried. As luck would have it, he came along and found her, and decided that he needed a tearful extra in the front of a crowd next day.”

“She never should have told it. I bet that Mr. Griffith can hardly get up the stairs now for falling over the weeping women.”

“Not quite that bad,” Fanny said. “Anyway, he can always have a new door or secret passage cut from his office so as to avoid the job-seeking crowds.

“But have you heard about Claire Windsor? She is not coming back here to finish ‘A Son of the Sahara’ after all. The interior scenes are to be made in a studio in Paris. Of course, it would be nice for Claire to stay in Paris if she had a lot of shopping to do, but she doesn’t need any more clothes. She will never find anything prettier than the suit she wore on the boat going abroad. It was pale tan ermine and had panels of gold cloth. All the dressmakers in Paris couldn’t think of anything more luxurious than that.

“Isn’t it wonderful the way all the motion-picture stars are getting trips abroad nowadays? Alma Rubens is going over early in the spring to make scenes for ‘Cytherea.’ Don’t ask me why they are going to Paris to make scenes for that. I know that the book stuck to Pennsylvania, New York and Cuba, but the screen version is likely to go anywhere.”

“Nothing that a motion-picture di-

[Continued on page 107]
Thanks to Mr.

Rod La Rocque has emerged and stepped into the ranks of

By Katherine

YOU do not break the Ten Commandments, the Ten Commandments break you."

That is the theme of Cecil De Mille's new picture and it is Rod La Rocque who works out the truth of the statement. But although as Dan McTavish, he is utterly broken by them, I have an idea that Rod will find that as an actor he has been made by "The Ten Commandments."

If Cecil De Mille's discovery eye is working on schedule, his choice of Rod La Rocque for the leading rôle in his stupendous production, "The Ten Commandments," is going to mean that a cake-eater becomes a king. It won't be the first time that C. B. has reached into the great unknown of mediocrity, and pulled out a prize, for he has given to us some of our most interesting and loved screen people. There are, beside Gloria and Leatrice Joy, many players who have seen the light of screen fame by his help. And so, if Rod La Rocque wakes up to find himself a man of importance through "The Ten Commandments," one can imagine him mentally falling on C. B.'s neck in gratitude.

Rod is an intriguing, interesting sort of person. My first glimpse of him was a sort of fountain effect. Rod stood shivering miserably while he endeavored to bring the studio hose into a systematic play on his back. He looked as though he were doubling for a young rain storm.

But that was only one Rod La Rocque, and during the morning I saw many. He showed so many moods that he made me nervous, for none of them would jell. He was as old as life one minute and the next he was unwinding his long legs in a wild kittenish dance, just to let off the exuberance of youth. At first I thought it was all a pose, just to show me what a temperamental, versatile young chap he could be.

Perhaps there was a bit of a pose about it, but the fact that Rod has spent seventeen of his twenty-four years on the stage and screen may account for it. He appears to have grown up too fast, with life a terribly serious sort of affair filled with ambition, and problems and heavy thoughts. And just when he is all set for a serious time, the little boy who Rod never was, but might have been, bursts...
De Mille

from inconsequential rôles
powerful dramatic actors.

Lipke

through and breaks up the party
with mischief, fun, and mimicry.

One minute I watched him en-
act a dramatic scene, filled with
bitterness and rebellion, and the
next, as the cameras stopped
grinding, he did a bit of impers-
onation which reduced Cecil De
Mille to a gurgling form in a can-
vas chair. And then, remembering
with difficulty that he was
supposed to be interviewed, he
came sedately over to where I was
and talked eloquently on the rela-
tive importance of the stage and
the screen.

In a dress suit, Rod looks to
me like nothing so much as a mem-
ber of the foreign legation. If a
member of the foreign legation
could wear a dress suit half so
well. It appears to be Rod’s na-
tive garment. This “just so” ap-
pearance has been rather a set-
back to him, filmically speaking.
Nice young men of well-groomed
appearance are in demand for in-
consequential stage and screen
rôles, so he has a string of them
behind him. But nothing vital.
In all these seventeen years he
has created no great furor. No
press agent has ever succeeded in
emblazoning his name, nor has he
been draped in a trick hat and a
sash to be a second Valentino,
even though he has a rather de-
vastating profile. It has been
seventeen years of onerity for
Rod.

But there have been a few high lights. Doing stock
in Omaha, Denver, and Chicago, didn’t serve to relieve
the monotony, but there was a bit of a thrill about
playing on the stage in New York with Francine Lar-
rimore in “Nice People,” with Alice Brady in “Anna
Ascends,” and with Mary Nash in “Thy Name Is
Woman.”

Rod’s screen activities have been rather limited. His
latest flurry was with Mae Murray in “Jazzmania”
and “The French Doll,” but I dimly remember that
he played with Corinne Griffith in “The Garter Girl,”
too. However, it has apparently always been a case
of playing with people rather than being any one him-
self. This fact hasn’t been hidden from him, it would
seem, for he has been chafing at the bit for years. He
has prayed for his chance, and in “The Ten Command-
ments” his prayer has been answered, with Cecil De
Mille, a nice, bald-headed angel in a sport’s shirt and
kickers, as the messenger.

The leading rôle in “The Ten Commandments,”
which has fallen to the waiting Rod, is not a prosaic,
every-day affair at all. It was a glorious chance not
only for him to justify the frettins of the years, but
to pave the way for other brothers of the handsome face
and dramatic longing. As Dan McTavish, he is a rebel,
a fighter, an outcast. It isn’t a physical fight but a
moral one, for he fights the Ten Commandments. It
is a great part.

Rod La Rocque’s profile bears a definite likeness to
that of Valentino, and front face he looks remarkably
like Monte Blue. But where the eyes of Monte show
the sullen, stoic strain of the Indian blood which is
his, the eyes of Rod hold the fire of the French, which
is his inheritance from his father, a French hotel owner
in Chicago.

Undoubtedly, this is a critical time in Rod’s career.
A few years ago when he first began to tear his hair
and long for his big chance, there was no big chance
for him to have. A man in the films either had to win
by sheer force of a winning personality, as did Wally
Reid, or by straight comedy, or by being a regular
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In and Out of the

The camera follows popular players wherever they glimpse of novelties and new personalities soon to be

Since their honeymoon, when the Goldwyn company ruthlessly sent James Kirkwood to Georgia and the Paramount company sent Lila Lee to northern California, these two have decided always to work together in the future. They will make several pictures under the supervision of Thomas Ince, and may later go on the speaking stage.

This is Mae Busch's interpretation of the return from the old Swimming Hole. These movie people will revise even the most time-worn customs.

The first horseless carriage to appear on the New York streets will be reproduced in "My Mamie Rose."
Mack Sennett believes that in Harry Langdon he has found a comedian who will some day rank with Charles Chaplin. His first Sennett comedy is to be "Picking Peaches."

There was dirty work afoot in "The Signal Tower," but it was more hot than dirty for the actors. Whenever there was a moment's respite Virginia Valli and other members of the cast sent out for ice-cream cones.

All the latest styles—of the last century—will be displayed in "My Mamie Rose," but it is doubtful if anyone will copy them.
The monkey stars of the Dippy-Doo-Dad comedies appear the size of grown people on the screen, but in this picture with Hal Roach, who produces their comedies, you get an idea of their real stature.

Jack Hoxie spends his vacations between Universal pictures on his ranch at Burbank, California, getting acquainted with his poultry.

Johnny Hines, having finished his contract with Warner Brothers, is leaving pictures to return to vaudeville.
Talk About Temperament!  Freddy, the trained seal, who plays the title rôle in “The Galloping Fish” has nothing else but!

It is all over now, so Louise Fazenda can speak of it calmly, but it was not ever thus. Only a few weeks ago, in fact, while she was making “The Galloping Fish,” she could not speak of her experiences with Freddy, the trained seal, without emotion. For Freddy was different from any actor Louise had ever played with before. She simply could not get on friendly terms with him. He withstood all her wiles and his coldness toward her actually showed on the screen, so Louise determined on a desperate move. She began carrying delicacies for Freddy in her pocket. Now it happens that Freddy’s idea of a real treat is dead fish, so poor Louise had to carry dead fish about with her, and the aroma of dead fish clung to her even after she changed her clothes. Stray cats followed her, and an army of them awaited her at home every night. Perhaps her press agent arranged that detail, but at least it is a good story, even if a painful memory to Louise.
Dressing to Please

From a gorgeous wardrobe including popular leading men select the

Posed by Peggy

When Peggy Hamilton made a tour of the motion-picture studios recently to study the personalities of many famous stars, and create for them gowns and wraps that would express their most striking characteristics, she discovered that many of the men, as well as the women, had definite convictions about what the smartly dressed woman should wear. So she gathered together a gorgeous wardrobe of frocks for every occasion, and asked four of the most popular leading men to select the costumes they admired most.

Jack Mulhall chose a motoring outfit. Peggy Hamilton wears it in the photograph with Mr. Mulhall at the left. The coat is of leopard skin trimmed with beaver, and the tunic is made of the same materials. Mr. Mulhall likes striking modes for women, but for men he likes the most conservative styles.

Elliott Dexter showed a preference for women's clothes that were soft and feminine and alluring. He selected the afternoon gown which Miss Hamilton is wearing in the picture at the right because of its elegance and simplicity. The gown and hat are made of black velvet embroidered in tiny rhinestones. A cluster of large loops of velvet on the left side of the skirt breaks the severity of the gown's straight line, and also adds grace to the wearer.
frocks for every occasion, four styles that attract them most

Hamilton

It was quite natural that Jack Holt should select as his favorite feminine outfit one that is dashingly appropriate for outdoor sports, for Mr. Holt is an enthusiastic horseman, and spends most of his leisure time on the polo field. In the photograph at the right, snapped at one of the fashionable country clubs, Miss Hamilton is wearing the sports costume selected by Mr. Holt. The cape is of white angora effectively trimmed with narrow bands of black patent leather, and is worn over a knife-plaited skirt of white crape. The hat is of black-and-white kid in checkerboard design. With this she wears flat-heeled sport shoes of black and white, and carries a moire handbag trimmed with white kid. Mr. Holt's polo togs are perfection itself, from his glistening white helmet to his smartly chained ankle-cuffed boots.

Richard Dix was far more taken with the evening dress fashioned of gold and silver and pastel shades than with the more practical clothes for daytime wear. Perhaps he most appreciates beauty in evening dress because he is himself at his best in evening clothes. This gown which he chose is of silver mesh over a cloth of gold that shimmers Nile green under the glow of soft light. It is trimmed with clusters of flowers in pastel shades.
The Screen in Review
Critical comment on the latest releases.

By Agnes Smith

JUST about a year ago, it began to be noised about that Cecil B. De Mille was out in the desert near Los Angeles engaged in planning something big for humanity. From time to time, reports came in about how much Mr. De Mille was spending and how much more he was intending to spend before he returned to the studio.

However, every one said it was all right because Mr. De Mille was doing something big for humanity and humanity ought to be grateful because Famous Players-Lasky had a million and a half dollars to give to Mr. De Mille and humanity. After all the talk about the money that Mr. De Mille was spending and the big surprise ahead for the human race, naturally I thought that Mr. De Mille was up to something notable, like building a canal to turn the desert into good farm land or finding a cure for tuberculosis or planning a way to end war. But no, Mr. De Mille was only making a motion picture.

The name of the motion picture—surely you've guessed before this—is "The Ten Commandments." It is Mr. De Mille's million-and-a-half-dollar gift to mankind; seats on sale at the box office six weeks in advance. And, speaking of the box office, let me say that Mr. De Mille's gift has all the signs of winning back the million and a half dollars which was dedicated to the uplift of the world.

All the commotion over "The Ten Commandments" started because Mr. De Mille discovered the Bible and decided to do such a revolutionary and unheard-of thing as to present a Biblical prologue to a modern story just to prove that the old morality handed down by Moses still stands to-day. To film the Biblical scenes to his entire satisfaction, Mr. De Mille needed exactly a million dollars; the Biblical prologue—which is the expensive part of the picture—lasts only a comparatively short time, but it lasts long enough to knock your eye out.

Naturally, you want to hear something about the part of the picture that cost a million dollars. Mr. De Mille picked up the Bible narrative with the story of the captivity of the children of Israel in Egypt. Then Moses appears, casts nine plagues over the Egyptians, and finally wins the freedom of his people by killing off—by a curse and not in person—the first born of every Egyptian, including Pharaoh's son.

The Egyptians then start out into the desert toward the Red Sea. Mr. De Mille's chance has come; the triumph of the march of the covered wagons has had its effect on him. So he proceeds to film the dramatic Exodus. This particular part of Mr. De Mille's film is astonishingly beautiful. If you like colored photography, you will probably consider it the finest spectacle you have ever seen on the screen. But colored photography looks like a case of measles to me and so, for me, it dimmed some of the glory of the picture.

When the children of Israel, with the Egyptians in hot pursuit, reach the Red Sea, Mr. De Mille springs the world's greatest trick on the movie business; he performs the miracle of the parting of the Red Sea. Most of those present at the opening night in New York knew how Mr. De Mille had done the trick and it has been explained to the readers of Picture-Play Magazine. Nevertheless, it is such an amazingly effective stunt that you are going to be entranced by it, even if you do know exactly how it was pulled off.

The one big spectacular effect means everything in the world for the picture. I haven't spoken to a person who doesn't want to see the picture just because of this scene. Heathens that don't know the Ten Commandments from the Daily Dozen are going to flock to the picture to watch the parting of the Red Sea. Old ladies who haven't been to the theater for fifty years are going to be taken to see this particular wonder of the movies.

Having parted the Red Sea and left us gasping, Mr. De Mille shouts, "As you were," and the waters rush back into their grove, killing off the trusting Egyptians, who still pursued the Israelites, in spite of miracles.

With his people safe from the Egyptians, Moses goes to the mountain, and, amid thunder and lightning, he receives the Ten Commandments from Heaven. Mr. De Mille was slightly less successful with his launching of the commandments than he was with the parting of the Red Sea. At times, as his commandments are flashed on the screen, they remind you of electric advertising signs.

Naturally, Mr. De Mille wasn't able to get through the prologue without staging one of his celebrated orgies, and so, as Moses is receiving the commandments, Mr. De Mille proves to us how badly they were needed by showing us a wild night among the children of Israel. It was pretty much like most of the De Mille orgies, only a little more so.

The end of the prologue probably will be the end of the picture for most persons. Certainly, if you leave at the moment the picture takes up the modern story, you won't miss much. But if you miss the prologue, you will be missing a great deal. You will be missing the most talked of—the most imposing—spectacle of the screen.
Technically, Mr. De Mille knows his business. He
knows how to stage a spectacular scene and he knows
just how to construct his scene to make it most effective.
He is neither sensitive nor inspired but he is shrewd,
and he has the best box-office sense of any director in
the business. Unfortunately, when he attempts to pre-
sent a picture based on a religious theme, this very
shrewdness works against him.

Mr. De Mille has claimed that he made "The Ten
Commandments" to recall a wicked world back to an
old religion. He is said to believe that his picture is
going to do a great deal of good. He also is said to
believe that he was inspired when he produced it.

If "The Ten Commandments" was made to start a
religious revival, Mr. De Mille's work belies him. It
isn't a religious picture. Just because Mr. De Mille
relates an episode from the Bible, he believes that he
is doing something for religion. But religion is a mat-
er of feeling and if there is any of that feeling in the
prologue, I failed to find it. The chronicle of the Bible
is set forth with beauty, terror, and a fine sense of
spectacle but I couldn't discover a touch of religious
feeling in it. Mr. De Mille's scenes either looked like
fine mural paintings or they sprang to life like won-
derful ballets. But I looked in vain for any indication
that these children of Israel were once perplexed, sor-
rowing human beings, and I couldn't see where Mr.
De Mille had even hinted at such a thing.

This strangely inhuman quality has crept into the
characterizations of the actors who appear in the pro-
logue. As Moses, Theodore Roberts merely strikes a
series of magnificent attitudes. Charles de Roche, as
Pharaoh, looks more like a statue than usual. The only
player with the slightest sort of appeal, is Estelle Tay-
lor, who brings a certain gentle grace to the important
role of Miriam, sister of Moses.

In my review of the picture, I have imitated Mr.
De Mille; I have spent most of my ammunition on the
prologue and have left little space for the modern story.

The plot of the modern story was written by Jennie
Maepherson, who wanted to show us what happens to
persons who break the commandments. The chief com-
mandment breaker in the story catches leprosy and
meets a terrible death. However, the sainted mother
who lives by the Bible is killed by having a cathedral
fall on her, which didn't seem fair, somehow or other.

It would be quite easy to dismiss Mr. De Mille's
modern story as bunk because it boils down to that.
It is a melodrama which aims to show the sins of
society, the perils of greed and the wages of sin. It
is skilfully presented but not skillfully enough to make
you believe in it, which was what Mr. De Mille said
he wanted you to do. Some of it is downright dis-
agreeable, such as the vampire who has escaped from
a leper's colony. It is completely devoid of humor.
But, to be absolutely square, a lot of it is interesting.

As for the religious moments, again Mr. De Mille
has failed. After seeing some of Mr. De Mille's ideas
of religious moments, I am inclined to think he is un-
familiar with his subject.

A word or two for the acting of the modern story.
There isn't any to speak of, although Leatrice Joy,
Nita Naldi, Rod La Rocque, and Richard Dix are in
the cast—also Agnes Ayres and Robert Edeson. Mr.
De Mille may be able to work miracles with the Red
Sea but he can't do much with the all-too-human heart.

Three Kings.

William Fox has also contributed a Biblical film—
"The Shepherd King"—which was made by J. Gordon
Edwards in the Holy Land and in Italy. Much wan-
dering has expatriated Mr. Edwards and there is noth-
ing to distinguish between his film product and the
works of the Italian directors which sometimes find
their way to this country.

There is a great amount of drama in the Biblical
story of David and Saul, in the friendship between
David and Jonathan and in the combat between David
and Goliath. Simply and properly handled the story
Lenore Ulric does not create the sensation in the screen version of "Tiger Rose" that she did when she played it on the stage.

of "The Shepherd King" should have been more effective than the story of the Exodus. But "The Shepherd King," as brought to this country by Mr. Edwards, looks like a performance of "Aida" by a third-rate Italian company. Of course it has mob scenes and fine scenery and beautiful glimpses of a country that is almost a legendary land to most Americans, but not for one scene does it carry a moment's illusion or one fleeting impression of reality.

The picture is ornamented and decorated beyond reason. Most of the scenes look like pictures from the art calendar that the Italian fruit merchant sends you for Christmas. The acting, too, is in the early "Rigoletto" style, and the actors, somehow or other, look more like tenors, baritones and bassos than like Biblical figures.

A personable young Italian named Nerio Bernardi plays the rôle of David. The only American member of the cast is Violet Mersereau, who plays her rôle aided by a mop of blond hair and the elaborate costume of a leading soprano.

An obstacle that probably stood in Mr. Edwards' path when he attempted to put the Biblical story on the screen was the superannuated stage play that furnished the groundwork for the scenario.

Another case of scenery ruining the plot—and in this case, nearly ruining the star—may be found in "Long Live the King." Now one would think that Jackie Coogan would be too young to be caught in film crazes. But no, Norma, Marion, Mary, and all the girls were making romantic pictures with acres of scenery, and so Jackie had to go and try his hand at it too. "Long Live the King" was almost an ideal story for Jackie: it relates the adventures of a prancing who has a hard time suppressing his youthful spirits in favor of the dignity of his position. But told in grandiose style, it loses the simple appeal of most of Jackie's pictures. At times even Jackie seemed affected by the overpowering magnificence of his surroundings and his natural gayety seemed to give way in favor of what might be called "comedy technique." In other words, Jackie seemed to be acting, not because he was born to do it, but because he had learned to act.

One of the comedy scenes in "Long Live the King" shows a box full of persons going to sleep at an operatic performance of "The Flying Dutchman." Now I never have heard a person audibly asleep at the opera but the snoring at the Capitol Theater in New York during the showing of "In the Palace of the King," drowned out the music of the orchestra.

"In the Palace of the King" is worse than a bad picture; it is unforgivably stupid. And the painful part of it is that it is sometimes beautiful, the story has interesting possibilities and the cast is a capable one. With Blanche Sweet, Edmund Lowe, Pauline Starke, Hobart Bosworth and Sam de Grasse in the cast only dismal direction could have made it such a flop. Which is pretty pointed criticism of Emmett Flynn.

However, when a director allows his hero to be run through twice with a sword and when both swords are supposed to be gory with blood and when he allows the hero's white-satin suit to remain unspotted, we think he deserves a sharp call. Moreover, when he carefully irons out all the expression from the faces of the actors in the close-ups and places all his scenes of action so far from the camera as to lose their vitality, we think that he deserves most of the blame for his picture's flop.

I caught my first glimpse of Aileen Pringle in this picture and she isn't at all my choice for Elinor Glyn's purple heroine of "Three Weeks." However, after seeing Blanche Sweet in Mr. Flynn's long winter nap, I never should have selected her for "Anna Christie."
The Prize Pupil’s in Again.

As usual, the solid-gold dinner service for the best comedy of the month goes to James Cruze for his production of “To the Ladies!” Cruze is my favorite director because his pictures don’t look as though he had studied human nature from the repertory of plays given by a second-rate stock company.

“To the Ladies!” was a stage play by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, the authors of “Dulcy.” “Dulcy” didn’t fare so well in the films, but, thanks to Cruze, “To the Ladies!” emerges in canned form as a triumph of light comedy. The director who can handle a banquet scene and make it really funny deserves as much credit as the director who can handle a courtroom scene and make it dramatic.

Edward Everett Horton, Louise Dresser, Helen Jerome Eddy and Theodore Roberts are some of the players who help make “To the Ladies!” one of the best of current entertainments.

“Six-Cylinder Love,” also adapted from a Broadway success, should have been directed by Cruze, too. However, if I had my say, Messrs. Cruze and Sennett would be making all the films and that wouldn’t be fair to the other brain boys.

So, without making comparisons, it’s probably safer to say that Elmer Clifton has done very well by William Anthony Maguire’s play. Fans who didn’t see the original won’t be troubled by the fact that the film seems a little less funny than the play. The story is built on the theory that it isn’t the original cost of a high-priced automobile that makes the trouble, but the overhead of maintaining an advanced social position.

Ernest Truex, who had the leading role in the stage play, does his stuff again before the camera, while Florence Eldridge, one of the most intelligent of Broadway’s actresses, proves that she is only waiting for the right part and the right director to find her field on the screen.

Dynamiting Hall Caine.

Victor Seastrom, the demon Swedish director, was kidnapped from the Land of the Midnight Sun and set down in the Land of the Midnight Closing Law—meaning Los Angeles and environs. “Name the Man” is Seastrom’s first production for Goldwyn. As Ernst Lubitsch, the slangy German director, would say, “Hot dog!”

Goldwyn handed Seastrom a bunch of hokum by Sir Hall Caine entitled “The Master of Man,” and told him to go ahead and make a movie. After a fearful struggle with the art of Hall Caine, Seastrom came to the light with “Name the Man.”

And, bless my soul, if it isn’t a good picture! Of course, it is one of those “Get out into the night” melodramas but Seastrom has lifted the ancient Hall Caine curse by making the Isle of Man characters of Sir Hall act as though they were members of the human race. I am not saying that Seastrom has cleared the story of hokum; he couldn’t do that without burning the scenario. But at least he has shown a sound knowledge of how to present melodrama. And he knows how to snap his cast into action. Witness, for instance, the work of Mae Busch as the unfortunate gal. Miss Busch acts as though she had been trained by Griffith instead of Sennett. As for Conrad Nagel, you’d never think he had even a bowing acquaintance with the De Mille.

Business of Being Polite.

Just a note of disappointment is bound to creep into my review of “Tiger Rose.” Somehow or other, I can’t get worked up about Lenore Ulric’s return to the screen. Neither can I act like a whirling dervisch over the film production of the Belasco play. It is beautiful, yes; it is exciting melodrama, yes, yes, yes. But, after all, it is just another story of the great Northwest.

On the stage, it was a knockout and Lenore was wonderful. On the screen it is fair entertainment and Lenore is satisfactory. Fans who have heard a great deal about the Belasco actress are apt to find her merely a large-eyed girl with some grace and a certain gypsy charm. So for a while, at least, Lenore will remain merely a legend of Broadway to the fans in the outlands.

More English Fog.

Two heavy mists have rolled in from Great Britain. One is called “This Freedom,” an adaptation of the Hutchinson novel, and the other is a Betty Compson British picture, “Woman to Woman.”

In reviewing “This Freedom,” I must confess to a prejudice. I don’t like stories that go out of their way to present the modern business woman in a bad light. When ever I see these arguments against a woman getting out and earning money, I am always reminded of the story of a woman fiction writer who says that the more money she earns, the more her husband and children adore her. “This Freedom” was made in England and so it is interesting as a transcription of English atmosphere. In fact, I think that the atmosphere is nearer reality than the incidents of the story itself. In other words, the story is only made plausible by intelligent presentation and good acting.
As fan fare, I think that "This Freedom" contains too much agony and grief to make the boys and girls beg for it. Honestly, when mother leaves home enough disaster falls on the happy family to keep all the scenario factories in Hollywood supplied with sob stuff for two years to come. Fay Compton, sister of Compton Mackenzie, the novelist, does some excellent acting and so does Clive Brook.

"Woman to Woman" has most of the gloom of "This Freedom" and little of the intelligence. Consequently, it is almost a total washout. And what is worse, Betty Compson's well-known verve is completely lost in one of the soggiest stories of the year. The English producers are getting wise to the stunt of dressing up a picture with cabaret and theater scenes, but nothing can do much to help a picture in which the heroine is dying of heart failure for three or four reels. The story rambles on until the heroine takes matters in her own hands and dies, thereby putting a stop to the whole mess.

Smiles Break Through the Tears.

But, let us brace up. Every cloud has a silver lining, and one of the best silver linings is Buster Keaton. A lot of the critics are mad at Buster for running away from two reelers and jumping into feature productions. Is it fair? No, it isn't. For if Lloyd and Chaplin can do it, why can't Buster?

Consequently, word got round that "Hospitality" wasn't particularly funny. What the critics meant was, that it isn't as funny as "Why Worry?" But good comedies are rare and it isn't wise to discourage our real comedians.

"Hospitality" contains one shining sequence. It has to do with Buster's trip on a railway train, vintage of 1840. The primitive engine is named "The Rocket," and its strange journey, with Buster as passenger and Keaton, Sr., as engineer, is one of the most amusing things I have seen in a long time. Buster, Jr., also appears in the picture and so does the Missus, Natalie Talmadge. It's a family picture and you ought to take your family to the theater to call on the Keaton family.

Admirers of Constance Talmadge won't miss much if "The Dangerous Maid" doesn't come to their local theater. It marks the low ebb of the costume drama. Perhaps Constance is too modern for pictures of this type; perhaps she just made a bad guess in her story.

The rag-tag ends of the wave of superpictures hit the reviewers all at once. The market is filled with costume pictures, made at the height of the enthusiasm for historical stories, which failed to jell in the studios; with "all-star productions," which somehow blew out a fuse; with adaptations of famous stories suffering from engine trouble.

"The Slave of Desire" probably was intended to burn up both oceans. But it isn't going to start fires in any box-offices. Balzac's story of "The Magic Skin" tells of a young man who comes into the possession of a parchment which will grant all his wishes but which shrinks as each wish is fulfilled. In other words, the magic skin is something like a checking account at a bank, an idea we can all understand.

There is a Faustlike quality about the story that is essentially dramatic and with its Parisian atmosphere, the picture should have lifted itself above normal. But such an obvious attempt has been made to turn the picture into the cheapest sort of box-office stuff that all except the least demanding sort of audiences are apt to find it pretty shoddy.

To continue with the harsh words, George Walsh isn't my idea of a Balzac hero. Neither is Carmel Myers my idea of a smart Parisienne. Bessie Love brings the only note of sincerity to the picture.

"The Light That Failed" is Kipling's great story twisted slightly awry by George Melford. Some of it is rather windy and long drawn out, but Percy Mar-mont's wonderful portrayal of the blind artist makes the picture worth seeing. And Jacqueline Logan, as the artist's model, also does herself proud.

It's a shame to speak crossly about "The Day of Faith" because it is such a well-intentioned story. Obviously it set out to be another "Miracle Man" and didn't quite make the grade. The text of the sermon is "My neighbor is perfect," and you wait all through the picture fairly praying to be convinced. But unfortunately most of the persons in the picture who adopt the slogan get killed off early in the action, which rather lessens the force of the argument. You feel that the death rate would have been lower if all concerned had pasted the words "My neighbor is a crook" on their walls.

In the large cast, Ford Sterling and Raymond Griffith are the only players who do conspicuous good work. Eleanor Boardman seems unable to get a grip on anything but the most superficial parts.

**Buster Keaton is one of the best silver linings for any clouded month. Here is as you will see him in "Hospitality."**

Good, Kind Mr. Laemmle.

Much of the drab and negative quality of the pictures this month may be attributed to the fact that just before the season gets its second wind in January or February, the producers sneak out all the underdone works of art that happen to be hanging around the studio. The fact that business is traditionally bad just before the holidays tempts them to shove out films

*Continued on page 112*
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Anna Christie"—First National. Because it is the screen's first great realistic drama done without compromise to movie hokum, and because it reveals Blanche Sweet as one of the greatest screen artists. The atmosphere is brutal and sordid, and there isn't a noble character in the lot, but there is a sort of beauty and romance. Admirers of Eugene O'Neill's play on the stage will like this picture.

"The Unreal News Reel"—Fox. A two reel gem burlesquing the subjects of the usual new reel.

"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charlie Chaplin. Disappointed in love, a girl leaves home and goes to Paris. The story is old but the beautifully sincere treatment is new. Adolphe Menjou and Edna Purviance distinguish themselves.

"Rosita"—United Artists. Mary Pickford tucks up her curls and does a few discreet dance steps, charms a wonderful, wicked old monarch played by Holbrook Blinm, and saves from death a hero who was hardly worth the trouble. The settings are exquisite and the direction of Ernst Lubitsch splendid.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. The biggest picture of the year in tonnage and thrills. Lon Chaney goes in strong for make-up and acting.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. Quaint yesterday's reproduced with great charm. A little Irish girl comes to New York and masquerades as a boy to get a fortune. In this character Marion Davies is delightful.


"The White Sister"—Inspiration. Lil- lian Gish as a lovely young girl whose sorrows drive her into a convent. Photographed in Italy, it has beautiful old backgrounds. It is a tragic story, ex- quisitely acted by Miss Gish, Ronald Colman, and others.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. The first screen epic depicting the courageous spirit of the early pioneers who crossed the plains.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Under the Red Robe"—Cosmopolitan. One of the most expensive pictures ever made, but too much of the money was spent on clothes and not enough on the scenario. The picture is lovely to look at, but Alma Rubens and Gustav von Seyffertitz act against terrible odds. The story is of the time of Richelieu and the royal affairs of France.

"The Eternal City"—First National. More dazzling beauty, and another foolish scenario. The Roman backgrounds and swirling mobs are thrill- ing and the love story is appealing. And there are stars wherever you look. Barbara La Marr, Richard Bennett, Lionel Barrymore, Bert Lytell.

"His Children's Children"—Paramount. A jazz drama dealing with all sorts of wickedness in New York, in one rather nice family in particular. It is much more exposed of high life, and is distin- guished by thoroughly real and interesting people played by George Fay- rett, Hale Hamilton, Dorothy Mackaill, and Bebe Daniels.

"Flaming Youth"—First National. Another jazz drama done to a differ- ent tune. The motto of this one was, the wilder the better. It is distin- guished by one first-rate performance by Colleen Moore, who manages to make a thoroughly unreal character real and amusing.

"Stephen Steps Out"—Paramount. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a slight little story steps out and proves that he is not merely a juvenile imitation of his famous father. He is an engaging and likable boy, and his picture is snappy but clean.

"Ponjola"—First National. A thrilling story of disillusionment and regener- ation. Anna Q. Nilsson cut off her hair in order to masquerade successfully as a man, thereby fooling every one in the cast, if not in the audience. The locale is South Africa and the ac- tion is thrilling and real.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram takes a fling at the French Revolution and produces a thrilling and beautiful picture. The acting honors go to Lewis Stone, but Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry look extremely decorative.

"The Bad Man"—First National. An ironic comedy in which a Mexican band- dit does what he can to straighten out a family's affairs. Holbrook Blinm plays the bandit, and that's enough glory for any picture.

"Zaza"—Paramount. The story of a volatile, high-strung little French provincial singer. It is Gloria Swanson's best picture. The French atmosphere is there despite the censors.

"Why Worry?"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd, a giant, and a revolution. Not as good as his best, but better than most other people's.

WORTH SEEING.

"Unseeing Eyes"—Cosmopolitan. Ample material for fifteen melodramas crammed into one. There is also more snow than you have ever seen before. Louis Wolheim, as a relentless villain, is fascinating, and Seena Owen and Lionel Barrymore are attractive.

"Woman Proof"—Paramount. A genial little George Ade comedy with Thomas Meighan.

"Twenty-one." A Richard Barthel- mess vehicle far below his usual stand- ard. It is a modern love story. Doroth- thy Mackaill once more distinguishes herself by giving a natural, appealing, ingratiating performance.

"Richard the Lion-hearted"—Al- lied Artists. Wallace Beery takes up his scepter as King Richard again and goes crusading. The scenery is a bit silly, but the treatment of the story is intelligent.

"Wild Bill Hickok"—Paramount. William S. Hart comes back pretty much as he was before. Evidently he hasn't heard of the era of superpro- ductions. This is a Western based on certain historical personages.

"The Common Law"—Selznick. The Robert W. Chambers tale of a poor little artist's model who had to pose without any clothes on. Corinne Griff- ith plays the part with many jewels and an ermine coat which doesn't just cover the simple dress of a poor model. The artist has the largest studio in the world. The picture is full of stars, is badly cast, and has atrocious though lavish settings. It is, however, attracting enormous crowds of persons, most of whom seem to like it.

"The Temple of Venus"—Fox. If you long for the dead, dear days of the penny arcade where, by dropping coins in a slot, you could get an eyeful of romping beauties, this is the picture for you. It is the poor man's "Follies" with an allegory and sweet little Mary Philbin thrown in. It has a crazy- quilt quality that is unique.

FAIR WARNING.

"On the Banks of the Wabash"—Vitagraph. This was not made ten years ago, but you will never believe it when you see it. It is an accurate record of the kind of hokum that distin- guished the early days of motion pictures. And it isn't quite bad enough to be funny.
Hollywood High Lights

The Unreeling of the News in the Western Theater of Cinema Adventures

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

For all the sanguine and guileless newcomers who aspire to film fame, there will henceforward be waiting a dark lesson of disillusionment in Hollywood. They will not be permitted to envision the cinema colony as a place of perfumed orange groves incensing golden highways that are lined with greenbacks and glittering ivoried and diamonded studios. They may not be even allowed more than a cursory gaze upon the hard realities—the white-walled fences, the somber-faced, cold-voiced doormen, the ever-barred gates of the studios.

The reason is that once and for all the producers, with various civic bodies of Hollywood, have stated their intention of putting a stop to the reckless questing of the ambitious for jobs in the pictures. All the fledglings who wander toward the land of promise are to be gathered together, spoken to in a very fatherly manner, and convinced that all is not opportune that looks like opportunity, and that the plow or the sewing machine is frequently mightier than the make-up box when it comes to capturing money.

What started it all was some facts and statistics assembled by the chamber of commerce showing that no less than ten thousand persons, many of them hardly more than school children, had wandered West during the past year with a view to becoming movie Melpomene and Thalias. It is figured that only ten of them even managed to see what was on the other side of the barbed-wire fence. The others, after a futile struggle to obtain all sorts of odd jobs in drug stores, candy shops and the green groceries along the boulevards, eventually came to rest for the most part in juvenile halls and the institutions of public charity.

Many a tragic story of the pitiful attempts made by these ambitious young people to obtain an appointment with a casting director, and of the hours they waited to catch a glimpse of one of the stars, might be told. Some of the agencies where extra talents signed up have been so overcrowded that they have closed their windows to all new applicants, and one of them furnished figures showing that while there were no less than one hundred thousand people on their lists during the past several years, only a dozen of these might be said to have really arrived.

While the effectiveness of some of the measures adopted by the civic organizations, such as attempting to meet all job seekers at the trains, and sending out stickers on packages warning the world away from Hollywood, might be doubted, there is a large degree of sanity in any move that tends to lessen the allurements of the cinema for the uninformed and the unwary, especially at the present time. Though the studios have begun operating again, it is on a very conservative basis. In fact, a régime of strict economy has set in. The expenditures are now being made for stories, with a lessening amount devoted to big sets and the big mobs generally going with big sets that mean a chance opportunity for the newcomer. When it really comes to the worth-while parts, be these large or small, the demand is all for the experienced players, and they are still paid high for their services, despite the recent quiet spell. We have seen enough of this to know, too, that it is not a temporary condition, but that it is something that is likely now to persist for years.

Nobody who thinks of coming to Hollywood now to obtain a job in the pictures should be prepared to spend less than five years in the effort, according to Mary Pickford, who adopted the broadest view on the subject of opportunities in a speech she made before a large throng in one of the public parks on Mary Pickford Day. She declared that she did not think it advisable to discourage everybody because the films will always be in need of a certain proportion of new talent, but she advised those who came West to bring with them a wardrobe, sufficient money and a knowledge of some other line that they might follow in a pinch. "And any girl who comes to Hollywood should provide herself with a chaperone," she concluded.

The price of the necessary wardrobe has gone up in the last few years, and includes all the requisites of the tailor-made man and of the elegantly gowned woman with, in her case, a share of furs to boot. The reason for these wardrobes is that even to this day the studios have never furnished clothes for certain types of work. So the outlay of five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars that is now deemed necessary, is not required simply for the sake of maintaining one's social prestige in Hollywood. That, as a matter of fact, comes later and takes much more.

A Recipe for Breaking In.

Some interest may center in the fact that the stars who began their careers by signing up at an extra agency, included Alice Terry, Miss Du Pont, Claire Windsor, Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro. At least, they were named in a report to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, along with Ethel Shannon and Kathryn McGuire, who are among the newer players.

Even in these instances it might be pointed out as doubtful if experience as an extra alone had helped. Too often, you know, it is a case of once an extra always an extra, as indicated in many wan and lustreless faces around the studios. Miss La Marr, you may remember, succeeded first as a scenario writer. That, at any rate, led to her being engaged as an actress. While Mr. Novarro attracted Mr. Ingrain's attention when he was dancing at a community theater, and Miss Terry worked in a cutting room after she had quit being an extra and before she became a star.

Miss Windsor owes her discovery largely to the
special training that she received from Lois Weber, and Miss Dupont was a kind of the astute Eric von Stroheim, and had been highly rated as a clothes model before she came to the screen.

It is not easy in any of these instances to attribute the success of the players to the impression they made during their extra days, though there have been instances where careers were thus started, especially in the earlier periods of film history.

Nowadays, the really clever girl, for instance, will never limit herself to extra work alone in her effort to make her professional start. She will be willing to take jobs that offer in the cutting room, the scenario department, as a script clerk on the set, and even playing in the studio orchestra, if she happens to have musical talent, but she won’t stay long at any of these employments, but be eternally bidding for a chance to get before the camera. If she has talent she generally does. If she hasn’t—well, the other jobs are not generally despised by those who occupy them.

The Hardest Part of It.

Edwin: Why is getting into the movies like married life?

Eliza: Tut-tut. That’s easy. The first fifty years—but what’s the use!

Charlie Has Private Room.

Instead of making pictures, as he had promised, during the closing weeks of the year, Charles Chaplin was kept very busy counting up his potential wealth. The property on which his studio is located, which he originally purchased for something like forty-five thousand dollars, has increased to considerably more than a half million per recent estimates. The latest bid for only a half portion—that is the better half portion—was four hundred thousand dollars, according to an official announcement that came from the Chaplin publicity department, though why this sphynxlike institution should ever send out this titbit of information remains a deep and subtle mystery.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Chaplin has lately been seen very often with Shirley Mason. The newspapers have not acted according to form and printed the usual denials. In fact, it is reaching that stage where a girl may safely take an interest in the comedian without attracting the least bit of attention, though sometimes we doubt whether this fact can be cited as an inducement to the furtherance of Charlie’s romances.

Trouble Over Politics.

The annual big ball of the Motion Picture Directors Association turned out to be a terrible fizzle this season, owing to the activities of a stupid group of local politicians. They insisted on shutting down on the dancing at midnight, and the orchestra had only played one or two numbers, before everybody listened to the ominous information that an “order had come from the police” to suspend all fox trotting and toddling at the so-called legal hour of twelve. For a few moments it looked as if the affair would be turned into a political meeting right there. Fred Niblo made a strenuous talk defending the rights of the industry to have a good time, and insisting that, if necessary, the studios would have to do a little ward-campaigning on their own to secure the privileges to which they were entitled. Everybody was on his feet in a minute with the ambition to make a speech, but in very parliamentary fashion the impending tirades were avoided, and an entertainment by various dancers, singers and the like was put on in impromptu vaudeville style instead. Those who were not interested in this sat around and talked, everybody feeling blue because the party had really started out to be a very dazzling affair with many of the stars present in the costumes that they had worn in the big historical pictures.

In the next few days there was a tremendous lot of agitation in the motion-picture colony, and even some talk about moving the studios elsewhere. The Wampas, composed of advertising and publicity men in the film industry, decided to hold their annual blowout in San Francisco, instead of at home, being assured by the north coast that they would dance until six o’clock in the morning if they wanted to.

It was indiscreet, of course, that the pettifogging politicians happened to select the motion pictures as a “horrible example,” and they subsequently tried to square themselves by enforcing antiquated ordinances on the Shriner’s and other organizations that were holding circuses and balls. Their action, nevertheless, revived all the old superstitions that the motion pictures were being persecuted.

There was a time, of course, when evidences of discrimination against film folk were not wanting in Los Angeles. Lots of the older regimes, and even those of to-day, have blundered hopelessly in their understanding of what the film industry was all about. Nor have they recognized that there has been a growth in the standing of the people who are attracted to the business of film making.

It is not beyond probability, of course, that the pictures could to advantage swing the industry into New York if they wanted to, but it would be a drastic move affecting very seriously the stars who have acquired large holdings of property in the West. The depression that would ensue in the event of any attempt to pull up stakes would undoubtedly send some of the highest-powered luminaries into bankruptcy. And, naturally, they wouldn’t like that.

Another Foreign Invasion.

A very serious cause for worry has lately bobbed up in the scenario departments of the various studios, and it is causing some of the writers a tremendous lot of concern. “What,” they say, “do the foreign directors mean by bringing over their scenarists? Aren’t there enough clever people in Hollywood now turning out scripts?”

That’s just the question, apparently, that the foreign directors aren’t so sure about. Maybe they’re observed some of the terrible stories that have gone

Continued on page 91.
Presenting Gloria

Through the work of an artist who has sketched and modeled her, and also presenting Gloria as something of a crayon artist herself.

Gloria Swanson made such a picturesque and appealing figure as "The Humming Bird" that her director, Sidney Olcott, commissioned Dwight Franklin, the eminent sculptor, to model a figure of her. This he presented to her for Christmas. The picture at the left shows her in the film, the little one in the center shows the miniature model made by Mr. Franklin.

While Mr. Franklin was in the studio making the caricature sketch of Gloria at the top of the page, she became interested and made a few sketches herself. Some of them were amazingly clever, as the two reproduced above attest. The sketch at the right is by Mr. Franklin, and shows Gloria hard at work on her drawings.
Among Those Present

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

THE BATTLE OF HELEN AND THE JINX

WHAT is the matter with Helen Ferguson?

That query has often been heard this past year along Hollywood’s highway of chatter. For, despite a glowing promise, the passing months have not seen any advancement of her decidedly worth-while talent.

Ideally cast as the immigrant girl of “Hungry Hearts”—she put into that picture every particle of feeling that was in her. Great things were predicted for her, but roles like that seldom happen. It seemed that Helen was doomed to inactivity because she wasn’t an ingenue type.

She grew morbid. She felt that fate was against her, had given her momentary success that she might feel more poignantly the hurt of failure. She saw her life, her friends, through dark glasses. It seemed then that life had beaten Helen.

“A pity, too,” was the substance of Hollywood’s thought, “for she’s a plucky one.”

Then, a few months ago, Helen began to wake up to herself. Everybody marvels now at the new Helen, the irresponsible, rollicking Helen, apparently getting such a good time out of life—looking younger than ever with her new bob and her joyousness.

“I read a fan’s comment in Picture-Play, saying my name should be taken from ‘The Stars of Tomorrow’ list. That was the last straw. I thought I was done for. For a while I thought I might as well quit, but consoled myself with the idea that there were other things I could do. Once, in New York, I earned eighteen dollars a week counting those felt pads that go into grand pianos. Another time I had to sling hash in a Gotham beanery, when nobody would let me act.

“I resented that letter at first. I’d tried, so hard and it seemed so unjust to cut me right off without a fighting chance.

“My discontent all came about.” Helen has admitted several times, “from self-consciousness and that started when I let myself get too fat. I felt awkward, knew I couldn’t compete with lovely, graceful girls. I brooded over it and that melancholy led to hypersensitiveness. If I saw two girls talking, I was wild with fear that they were saying something catty about me, when probably they weren’t even thinking of me. In my self-analysis, I played up my own importance too much.

“Then I began to diet and the awkwardness dropped off with the layers of fat. I quit, worrying about how I looked and soon I lost my self-consciousness. I seldom get into heated arguments any more and I don’t depend upon what people say and think as much as I used to. I’m still a little uncertain about myself and everything, and erratic, but I have kidded myself into a better humor, and that’s something.”

Beneath her raillery one can sense the will that brought Helen out of her slough of despondency.

“We musn’t take ourselves too seriously,” Helen says emphatically. “Life is pretty much of a joke. Why not have a good time out of it? People don’t want to be bothered with the pessimists. I used to think all the time about my work. That’s the bunk”—decisively.

“I’m going to put whatever sincerity and ability I have into my acting, but I’m not going to get gray worrying about it any more.”

She has lost ten pounds in weight and five years in age. She has gained new friends, and better still, brought back the old ones. She isn’t so eager to lead, as always before, but is more content to follow.

In making herself over, she has conquered her jinx and we may look for finer things from her when the chance comes her way again.
ULLY MARSHALL ought to be a great success as a protean actor. A protean actor, you know, is one of those versatile chaps, who, in the space of a single vaudeville act, does every part from the wealthy old grandfather with the chin whiskers down to the little simpering soubrette. He skips in and out of the scene, changing his character with his make-up, and he generally receives an ovation.

When picture making was booming during the spring and summer, Marshall displayed a similar versatility. Hastening from studio to studio, for he was doing half a dozen different films simultaneously, he appeared successively as a French king during the heyday of the monarchy, an old Hebrew money lender, a smuggler of opium, a school superintendent, a hermit of the Middle Ages and the old scout in “The Covered Wagon.” Each was clearly and effectively portrayed, I have no doubt, although I did not see them all, with that something more than mere realism which is mayhap the mark of the Marshall talent.

He did so many in quick sequence, however, and there was seemingly such a call for his services, that he finally had to break away and go on a vacation to obtain a rest. And now—

“I’m not doubling any more,” he told me recently. “I don’t want to go through such a terrific strain as that again. It is too strenuous to permit one to enjoy life, and beside, it is too difficult to do justice to such a large number of parts.”

At the time, he had dropped all the surplus jobs off his list and was concentrating on a big rôle in “The Stranger,” which Famous Players-Lasky has been filming from a John Galsworthy story. In the beginning of the story he is a pitiful down-and-outer who captures your sympathy, and then through suffering amid sordid conditions, he arrives at the understanding of self-sacrifice and renunciation and brings into the lives of the various people this regenerating spiritual influence.

The high point among his other recent characterizations was the old scout in “The Covered Wagon.” This was in striking contrast to some of his more sinister portraits, like the Mad Monk in “Joan of Arc.” The scene where Ernest Torrence and he bibulously engaged in their game of shooting holes through tin cans on each other’s heads is as unforgettable a bit of comedy as has ever been seen on the silver sheet.

Marshall has no models for his varying portrayals. He doesn’t believe in them. “When I played a dope fiend on the stage in Clyde Fitch’s ‘The City,’” he declared, “I had never even seen such a type.

“It is the same with the majority of the characters that I have done on the screen. It would hardly be necessary to commit murder in order to be able to act out the pangs of the murderer. The actor should have sufficient imagination to feel his character, or else he can hardly qualify as an actor. That is, he should create rather than merely imitate a type.”

A BEAUTY WITH POSSIBILITIES

I’M wearing an irresponsible mood to-day,” Winifred Bryson greeted me one day recently when I called for her at the Wilshire apartment where she and her husband, Warner Baxter, live. “Besides, I’ve five whole Baxter dollars to treat you on. If there is anything I love to do it is to spend my dear better half’s money. I could never feel so extravagant if they were dollars I had earned myself.”

When a cerise blouse had been donned over a white sport skirt and a chic little white hat had been drawn down over her brown hair, and the money had been left for the iceman and the dog had been corralled in the back yard, we were off.

They’re a very happy and outwardly a most commonplace
young couple, the Warner Baxters. Warner, recently elevated
to stardom by Robertson-Cole, is, like numerous other young
husbands, none too keen about his beautiful wife’s silver-sheet
aspirations.

“We were together for years on the stage, though, and I
do so want to achieve something on my own account.” She dis-
cussed the problem much threshed out in Hollywood as we
drove to the Montmartre. “I started in stock when I was eighteen,
here in my home town, Los Angeles. After we were married,
five years ago, I went along with Billy—that’s what I call Warner
—while he toured with road shows. He wasn’t getting a big
salary, so to be with him at not a great expense to the company.
I would take any little part that I could get, though I had played
leading lady in stock before our marriage. We played together
with Maude Adams and with Marjorie Rambeau.

“And such times!” The brown eyes twinkled. “I loved the
little suppers after the performance in some jolly, funny French
or Italian café—the camaraderie of it all.

“When he came out here to enter pictures, I decided to try
the screen too. He doesn’t quite approve, principally because
I’ve never been strong and he’s afraid for my health. So every
once in a while I give it up and stay home and play nice little
girl-wife and mend hubby’s socks and yawn while he’s at the
studio all day. Then he sees how miserable I am and relents
and lets me come back.”

Though she had played a couple of second leads before, it
was Miss Bryson’s work in Mabel Normand’s “Suzanna” that
brought her to notice as a potent siren.

Her voice is husky, vibrant, somehow compelling. “I would
like to register my plaint against the producers’ habit of grooving
people into one type,” she told me. “Because I happened to
make my first hit—if you generously care to call it that—as a
vamp in ‘Suzanna,’ it now seems that to the end of my mortal
life I am to vamp. Even though they have put a blond wig on
me in Baby Peggy’s ‘The Right to Love’ for Universal, still do
I cast designing glances from my eyes and ensnare men.

“The screen vamp,” her lambent brown eyes—the biggest,
most expressive brown eyes that have ever focused their light
momentarily upon me—flashed sudden fire, “is so unnatural. No,
I’m not cut out for an ingénue—Heaven forbid!—but I do
want to play human women. That’s why I loved doing Lullaby
Lov in ‘Thundering Dawn’—a girl who knew life, whom life
had treated unkindly, bitter, cynical, of none-too-strict morals,
but with little human faults and virtues. I want to do things
with emotional power.”

Hollywood believes that “Thundering Dawn” will bring
Winifred Bryson into the front ranks of the vamping ladies.

“I love to free lance because I meet new people every day.
I don’t want to feel tied down to anything permanently outside
my home and Billy. Maybe I don’t take my work seriously
enough—I certainly never could consider a career of such para-
mount importance as some of these actresses do, sacrificing every-
thing—health, strength, friends, personal happiness—to it, hanging
on so tenaciously when it is often hopeless. I want to do some-
thing worth while, of course—I think everybody wants to do well
whatever one is trying—but I’m not going to get silver hairs among
the brown worrying over it.”

Besides her pique because the producers want to rubber stamp
her as a vamp, she wishes that directors would permit actors to
develop their own technique.

“With each director, you have to begin all over again. One
will teach you to do a thing a certain way, the next will say,
‘That’s all wrong, do it this way,’ and you start in kindergarten
again. I’d like some time to have a director who would just
turn me loose, let me have my one fling and find out for myself
if I really have anything or not. If I haven’t, I’ll join the sock-
darning brigade for good and be contented.”

It is pleasant to find one young woman human enough to
place the other things of life before ambition. But if she ever
does begin to realize her potential promise and wake up and go
into the thing heart and soul—watch out for Winifred Bryson!
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ETHEL SHANNON GETS CONFIDENTIAL

Do you think your "fan army" would be interested in some "Heaven-help-the-poor-working-girl" experiences told by herself? The last time I had tea and cakes with a writer she giggled heartlessly when I told her how I landed my first real part with Bill Hart in "John Petticoats" and what an uproarious finish I had when I forgot myself and dived headlong into the Mississippi River. "Put it on paper. It will give the screen-struck girls an idea of what to expect in pictures," she remarked. So here I am, slaughtering myself to make a Roman holiday for your readers.

I had been a three-dollar-a-day extra, playing small bits at five per and crawling along. I knew how with my limited experience, when I heard that Bill Hart was looking for a leading woman. I was tremendously green—only six months in Hollywood—but I had plenty of confidence and flew to the Hart studio in pursuit of that job.

The "two-gun" screen star was very businesslike. "Do an emotional scene with plenty of tears," he requested. The stage was "cold." I mean no music, no lights, nothing to stimulate me. It looked discouraging and I guess that was just what I needed. I staged a wonder. I went all over the place. The amiable Bill was delighted. He didn't know the tears were prompted by pity for myself. He thought it was acting and signed me up for the undreamed-of sum of seventy-five dollars a week.

The Hart company went to New Orleans to make scenes for the picture. I had set my mind on making good if it killed me, which, by the way, it nearly did. One scene was shot on a high wharf, twenty feet above the river. I was playing a broken-hearted girl, bent on suicide. I had been arranged to have a boy, dressed like me, to do the leap into the water after I had completed a highly emotional scene in a close-up shot.

Here is where I showed them how Nellie would do it. I was excited—terribly excited. Instead of stepping back and allowing the double to do his part, I made the leap myself. I thought I could not swim a stroke and shot to the muddy bottom of the river like a rock. The double lived in after me and pulled me out, but we both nearly drowned. Hart was tickled pink with the scene, but I was sick in bed three days from the shock.

My very first job was bridesmaid in a wedding scene with Phyllis Haver. That was three years ago. I am now finishing my first feature role and I have high hopes that I have set my feet on the road to success.

When "Maytime" is shown, we'll see.

MONTY JUMPS INTO FEATURES

The latest graduate from two-reel comedies to feature pictures is Monty Banks. He is changing his type of comedy from slapstick and the gag-man's labored mirth to the subtle humor of farcical themes, just tinged with pathos. And if he puts into his new pictures any of his good-natured forbearance toward his own misfortunes, he should carve an absolutely individual niche for himself.

"Before the war, my father wanted me to be a musician, but I want to go on stage." Monty shrugs away the struggle that has been his portion. "I could not carry a tune in a sack, neither could I play, so I run away to Paris. I could not get a job to act, so I rig up a shoe-shining stand near the stage door and there I shine the actors' shoes. I am not ashamed," the Latin fire shone from his brown eyes, his expressive shoulders played their part in the conversation, "that I have black shoes for a living until I could do what I want to do.

"After a while they let me dance and I save some money. I come to America, to Hollywood, to be movie actor. I could speak no English but I must have job, so I try to tell the director what I can do,"
in the excitement of living over again that memorable scene he misplaced his tenses amazingly, "but he cannot understand. I see he get tired of me, so I show him. I tumble about, stand on my head. I was frantic. But they laugh and give me job—they connect me with Ford by rope and pull it down the rocky side of a cliff. For three dollars I go to hospital for eight days. Then I fall off of buildings, do fool stunts, because it amuse people and it give me money."

Once he was in the hospital for six months recovering from injuries received in doing a film stunt. He has worked harder than any of the other two-reel comedians. When the war came, he fought with his countrymen—because of his knowledge of foreign languages, he later served in the Intelligence Department of the Italian Army—and afterwards returned to Hollywood to take up again the only work that he knew, spurred on by the desperate need of money to care properly for his father. The short-reel comedian has to work doubly hard nowadays, take more risks, for all the old tricks and comic situations have become hackneyed—nothing less than his standing on the ledge of a fifteen-story building or turning a somersault over a chasm will amuse us any more.

**PRISCILLA’S ERRATIC GOOD FAIRY**

GOOD fairies haven’t gone out of business, though some folks scoff at their existence. Even the know-it-alls should be convinced of this by the story of Priscilla Dean Moran.

Once upon a time a baby girl came to bring sunshine into the home of a theater manager in a rough-neck Oklahoma town. The rollicking cowboys who stormed into the show on pay-day night said what they thought of the pretty, doll-faced stars in mighty strong language and didn’t like any of the actresses except Priscilla Dean. Once the little show was about to close, because there wasn’t any money. But the posters announced a Dean picture and, lo and behold, so many quarters tinkled into the little window that evening that the little show pulled through.

So the manager named the new baby at his house Priscilla Dean Moran and decided she just must be an actress. As soon as she could toddle around, he began to train her, and later mother, daddy and Priscilla came to Hollywood. The Good Fairy, still on her job, must have whispered a word in the ear of a nice, plump, shiny gentleman named Joseph Schenck, because he engaged her for a rôle in “East Is West,” following that with another in “Toll of the Sea.”

But evidently the Good Fairy had business somewhere else about that time and forgot her protégé. Anyway, Priscilla’s mother got terribly sick one day and finally closed her eyes and they took her away somewhere and Priscilla never saw her again. Daddy was sick, too, and there wasn’t any money, so a very nice lady named Dorothy Dalton took her for a lovely trip.

After that, Priscilla went to live with a little boy and his parents. The little boy—his name was Jackie Coogan—acted too, and he was real polite to Priscilla, considering she was a girl. He even let her ride his scooter. And she played before the camera again, what she most loved doing, in a picture called “Long Live the King.” But even these flattering attentions couldn’t quite make up for her loneliness. She wanted her daddy, who had gone back to Denver to look for his health. Finally he found it—or a part of it—and came to Hollywood and vowed he’d never part with Priscilla again, no matter how many nice, important people wanted to adopt her.

He is still awfully sick, poor daddy, and can’t work, so Priscilla is acting at the Warner Brothers’ big, white studio. And now it does look as if the Good Fairy has done her job right well.

**THE EXHIBITORS’ PRIDE**

EVERY once in a while a motion-picture producer sends out a questionnaire to theater owners asking them what draws cash customers to the box office. “We have a big story, lavish settings, a sensational title, and a popular feminine star. What else do we need to guarantee box-office success?” the communications go. And the answer times without number is, “Milton Sills.”

He is an unfailing magnet in the box office. He isn’t young and he isn’t handsome; he isn’t romantic—by all accepted standards, and he isn’t an exotic foreigner. Furthermore, it is pretty well known that he is happily married.

And yet the girls love Milton Sills. They come in droves to see him. And unlike many another matinée idol, his popularity doesn’t wear out. For three or four
But though he is earnest, and perhaps a little solemn in real life according to flapper standards, he can essay hectic roles successfully on the screen. In fact, certain scenes in "Flaming Youth" would have caused a sensation if the censors hadn't said "Hot stuff" and cut them out.

His performance will wreak enough havoc as it is.

THE HANDICAP OF A FAMOUS NAME

AFTER seeing Johnny Harron in "Dulcy," and "The Gold Diggers," and hearing directors praise his work, I am beginning to think of him as a real individual at last. Before, I—like most of the rest of the public interested in motion pictures—just thought of him as the cute young brother of dear Bobby Harron, who died a few years ago, after having made a signal success in Griffith pictures.

One afternoon when an earthquake seemed to be brewing, I interviewed Johnny on the veranda of his Hollywood bungalow. He seemed equally scared of the interview and the earthquake. In his boyish, exuberant way he professed enthusiasm for Louise Fazenda, rainbows and dancing, emoting in pictures, smoking all the time, making pictures, going to the theater, and making money. Then to vary his confidences he lightly passed to mention of his intense dislike of thunder, shoe strings, detours, laughing gas, and earthquakes.

"This is only my second interview," he explained as he noticed my growing bewilderment at his nervous

years he has been a popular leading man. And since he made his big hit a year ago in "Skin Deep," he has appeared in ten or a dozen big features, the most prominent of them being "Adam's Rib," "The Spoilers," and "The Isle of Lost Ships." There is Viola Dana's "Good Bad Girl," and Universal's "A Lady of Quality" yet to come and already the indefatigable Mr. Sills is at work on "Flowing Gold" with Anna Q. Nilsson.

He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and was for a time instructor there.

His casual conversation is a bit deep for the average person. Once after Betty Compson had been talking to him for about five minutes, one of the Jokesmiths of the Lasky studio approached her with a professorial air and demanded to know at once about the nebular hypothesis, the Einstein theory, the creed of Buddha and modern artists' feeling toward chiaroscuro. Betty, somewhat bewildered, took refuge in, "I don't know."

"Oh, come now, you must. You've been talking to Milton Sills more than a minute, haven't you?"

He is so big and substantial and good-natured that he stands a lot of kidding. One of the favorite jokes of the Lasky lot used to be spreading a rumor that Milton Sills was going to be cast as Gloria Swanson's father.

He doesn't just tolerate the jests at his expense. He comes back snappily with a wise crack of his own but it is usually over every one's head. He can insult people without their knowing it.
flow of revelations, "The other time was long ago, and I took Louise Fazenda with me for moral support. Louise didn't want me to appear too much of an imbecile, so she talked fast and furiously to the interviewer, telling him the wildest things imaginable about my cleverness and so forth. Every once in a while I would get up enough nerve to say 'Gee whiz, Louise!' That was all. And when the interview appeared, there it was in cold print, that flock of 'Gee whizzes.' I've never used the expression since."

Johnny is just Johnny. In acting ability I might go so far as to say that he is the Glenn Hunter of the West. A big statement that, but Sidney Franklin, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge and Harry Beaumont are a few who will bear me out in this. He is the new-type boy hero. His learning is from observation and experience rather than from books, and there is nothing superficial about him. Talking with him you feel as though you were conversing with a kid brother; that the same brother is very much of a tease and that you did wish he would go to college and become a star athlete before striving to star in pictures. You want to say, "Johnny, read this, or Johnny, study that," but then Johnny wouldn't be Johnny at all if he did.

It was after the death of his brother, Bobby, that Johnny took his fling at picture acting. Mary Pickford gave him his first part in her "Through the Back Door." Johnny's likeness to his brother was striking and the "show me" attitude was everywhere prevalent. The opinion that one actor in a family was ample, seemed to be general. Therefore Johnny was rarely ever given a chance to prove what he could do. But this year he has started to come into his own and it seems very likely the name of Harron will once more become celebrated.

MAE MARSH—ONLOOKER

Mae Marsh is gradually receding from the busy side of life, losing much of the pathos and quaintness that so endeared her to all of us, and taking on a greater dignity. In her quiet, serene way, she is content to be but a shadow to the bustling, ambitious world.

"Matrimony comes before my career—rather, Mary, my little girl, precedes everything," she explained her partial seclusion recently, while in Hollywood playing in the Warner Brothers' picturization of "Daddies." "Whenever I hear an actress orate about her career and how she could never make her art fit in with matrimony, I wonder if she is really a human being. It is not only heartless but unnatural.

"By working I can parallel my husband's activities with my own, keep abreast of the changing times, feel that I am contributing something. But it is second in importance.

"I used to be thrilled over everything, crazy about acting, the movies," the stage, I often look back on those days now and wonder at my own wild visions. I cherish the memories of those early days, when Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and I were all starting in the films under Mr. Griffith's direction—but I can never again feel such a part of things as I did then. For a few more years I want to be a tiny part of that busy world, to contribute what I may while I am still young, if a corner remains for me; but gradually I am getting away from it all. I don't care for a lot of money, only comfort."

Perhaps her gradual withdrawal was caused in some measure by the disillusionment that blighted so many of her aspirations. After leaving Griffith's management her films for other companies brought her money but no more fulsome glory; the stage play in which her hopes were centered for a time and which starred her, fared badly. So it's no wonder in a way that she has decided now that the more dependable things are the ordinary ones closer at hand.

"While I am acting, though, I want to do the sort of things for which I am suited, both physically and by inclination—the things with a touch of pathos, a good deal of heart. I don't ride on the critics' bandwagon when they deride sentimental plays as mushy. 'The White Rose,' I thought, was wonderful—the heart back of it."

In "Daddies," which Miss Marsh has just completed for Warner Brothers, you will not see the Mae of the quaint ways, the poignant tragedy—the odd little Griffithian flower trod down by cruel heels only to bloom in the last reel in a more heart-gripping poignant. The rôle is sweet and simple—a typical ingenue—and not at all suited to her. You may trust that her artistry will
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handle it capably—but it does seem a pitiful waste of such individual talent.

"I hope to be back with Mr. Griffith in a few months, doing the sort of rôle which has the greatest appeal for me—and the only thing in which I have any appeal.

"It is rather odd, but in England the actors are superior to the actresses, why I don't know, unless the girls lack the independence to achieve individual expression. Here it is the opposite, our girls have the greater talent. We have no really great men actors. I wonder why?"

Idly she left the query, without attempt to answer it. For a moment one might have felt it a pity that she seemed so out of things; but then one would surely realize that what she says is true, that the problems we confute and discuss and get all wrought up over don't really matter, that the greater interest lies in rearing one very small and quaintly serious young person by the name of Mary.

BOBBY FROM TEXAS

THOUGH Bobby Agnew hails from Texas and everybody knows that Texas men are supposed to have a great fund of self-reliance and confidence and are never, never abashed by anything, and though Bobby hands inquisitive ladies in and out of his plebeian coupé with a consummate flourish, the fact that interviews are great occasions in his young career cannot be hidden.

For Bobby, though now twenty-four, is still boyish both in appearance and manner, sincere in the do-or-die spirit, in giving his level best to everything he tackles. He is going through with this business, he is going to acquit himself nobly, no matter what foolish questions the lady asks, is Bobby.

Bobby's work in the past year has won favorable recognition. He stands out as the juvenile of perhaps the most promise—and really he doesn't appear to be, or act as if he were, a day over seventeen. Indeed, so ideally is he of that age that Jesse Lasky is considering filming "Seventeen" again—it was done once before, if you remember, with Jack Pickford. This time, if the plan materializes, it will serve as the vehicle to bring into central focus the talents of this youngster whom Paramount has been grooming for bigger rôles.

Naturally, Bobby is tremendously excited over his prospects. Not long ago Mr. Lasky called him into the sanctum sanctorum and indicated his pleasure at the critical approbation that had greeted Bobby's work—"Only Thirty-Eight," "Woman-proof" with Tommy Meighan, and even the tiny bit he had in "The Spanish Dancer." Bobby went in, his young brow corrugated;

it was apparent that the boy from Texas was more than half scared—his mien was that of the youngster sent "to see the principal"—for he hasn't yet acquired the nonchalant aplomb of the actor. But when Bobby came out, wreathed in smiles, because the Big Boss had given him a comp', they could hardly hold him down.

"Makes me sick," he grumbled later, "the way some of the actors rave about their art and," lamely attempting to put into concrete form the ideas which he was mulling over in his mind, "everything. I hope if I ever get to be a good actor I won't be stuck on myself. Gee, it gets my goat when they talk about conditions, how they're rubber stamped into certain types of rôles, and all. We're each just fit for one thing, see?"

"There are a lot of actors who couldn't do anything else, if it weren't for the movies. I'm not saying they all couldn't, but what I mean is we ought all to be grateful and realize the producers are in the business to make money, not to play around and please the actors. They have to give the public what it wants, what it will pay to see.

"I think folks around here take things too seriously anyway. I want to be a good actor some day, but why take on about your 'art?' I think the best way is to work hard while you're working, study and apply yourself—if you have anything in you it will crop out, express itself, as you get older and, well, sort of develop, see?"

Though rather fortunate in finding opportunities ready at hand, Bobby has worked for the good things that are now his portion. He comes from an old Texas family, long on tradition—his mother was a McKinley, cousin of the presidential branch. At thirteen, smash-bang went the family fortunes, the tale which one often hears from the lips of actors, but which in Bobby's case happens to be true. He, however, did not step out and grandly, immediately, restore said fortunes. "I got my first job in a glue factory," he snickered.

"And I stuck to my career for a year—umm, not so good, that pun. Anyway, I worked at this and that after school hours. When I was nineteen I hit New York with nine dollars. I had played in some short comedies made by independent producers down in Texas—home-talent stuff, and decided I wanted to be a real actor."

"Had just fifty cents left when I got my first job—they asked me could I ride, and I said, 'Sure, anything.' Could I act? Hadn't I been an actor 'out West?' They wanted a fellow to ride in a horse race and the actors were too big for jockeys and the jockeys

Continued on page 110
The Studio Lorelei

The impressionable reporter ranks La Marr with the most colorful personalities that the screen has to offer.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Imagine Cleopatra playing jacks. Fancy seeing Niobe at a prize fight. Picture Isabella of Spain fox trotting with Eugene O'Brien. Shake well, serve hot, and you will have a composite of no one less than Barbara La Marr.

The legendary lore surrounding La Marr has assumed vast proportions. Daily, hourly, it grows. With each rising sun comes some fresh tidbit concerning the lady. She is doomed, because of her beauty—so runs the saga—to sail uncharted matrimonial seas, cruising from isle to isle, yet never finding permanent haven. She is, if you would listen to those purporting to peddle the inside information, too beautiful. She is haughty, she is cruel; she is timid, she is brilliant. She is tender, crude, intelligent, naïve, soulless, sympathetic, stupid, mystifying, insincere, subtle, overwhelming, capricious—all of this, and more. Much more.

Whether the contradictions are inspired by a continual change of ambassadors to the press, or whether she is all things to all people is purely a matter of conjecture. She is the type that appeals to some and irks others, impressing each stranger differently. Like most vivid personalities, hers is one that moves you rather violently in one direction or the other: she is a striking sister of the dumb drama, or she is a poseuse with a well-filled bag of tricks.

It is eminently safe to say that she is not possessed of the variegated temperament attributed her by the legends.

Many guileless souls live in the simple belief that meeting a celestial body from the film firmament is a matter of awe-inspiring moment. These precocious souls visualize a gleaming chamber flooded with soft lights, a beautiful woman enthroned on a silken chaise longue, the repportorial person at her feet awaiting the pearls of wisdom to purl from her red, red lips.

"Let the slaves bring us wine," she croons. "Alpha!" A Nubian appears. "Omega!"

Another swarthy serf prostrates himself before her. "Sweetmeats and nectar for our visitor."

And the party, the Constant Reader fancies, is on.

Most of them are not quite like that.

When such a scene does transpire, however, it is a privilege granted the few, and as such, to be handled confidentially.

If then, the congregation will consider these words in strictest secrecy, entre nous, it shall be set forth herein how Barbara La Marr provided for one wayfarer an afternoon of wassail and revelry, high lighted by gleams of a personality rightfully proclaimed unique by her admirers.

She comes upon your vision like a Leyendecker cover or an Urban setting. She is strikingly attractive. You can't miss her. In a crowd, people look at La Marr.

Then, in addition to this eye-filling exterior, she brings to your attention a gift for saying shrewd things that are often clever and not infrequently raucous. "Pictures," she said, "are like children. They're brought into the world with the best of intentions, but too often they're spoiled. . . . I'd like to make a picture—produce it. The sure-fire recipe is a cinch. Just as surely as ice cream and cake insure the success of a child's birthday party, so do society scenes and romance make for the success of a picture."

Her eyebrows raised, forming the sides of a pretty triangle.

"It's all very simple," she said.

That reminded her of something. When memory serves her thus, suddenly, she is the explosive sort who tears straightway into her story. Nazimova employs similar methods. It serves to invest casual conversation with the quality of excitement.

"I was at one of those remarkably stupid studio parties last night, down in the Village. There were a lot of young things—flappers. One of 'em said, 'Oh Miss La Marr, what in the world will you do with an adopted baby?'

And I said, 'My dear girl,
What did you think I’d do with it—put it in a bird cage?"

She was dressed in a fashion that would have delighted the director of any ballroom scene—her gown was a modish index to her figure. Of back there was none, and of front there was little; her unruly bobbed hair served as the arresting, inconsistent touch to a veritable queen of Sophisticates.

She is tall and slender, married to the latest of a number of husbands, possessed of a frankness rivaled only by Pearl White, and entirely sure of herself when men are among those present.

"I don’t get along so well with women, but most men seem to find me reasonably entertaining. . . . I much prefer talking to men."

Somewhere in her make-up lies concealed that magnetic spark that put Cleopatra, Madame de Maintenon, and Pompadour on history’s purple pages. She has personality plus something equally intangible that induces you to linger a little longer. Then she has sufficient charm to make you glad you did stay.

The La Marr type is rare and to be appreciated. It is the type that proves conclusively what Kipling said about the female of the species.

There came a knock at the door of her suite, and at the welcoming word two gentlemen entered.

"Bert Lytell, you’re late!" cried La Marr. "And Charley Maigne, where on earth have you been?"

"I’ve just finished a picture on the Coast for Paramount."

"Oh, you darling! Tell me how Leatrice is! Was Jack there? How are the new bungalows getting along?"

More questions. Answers. Laughter. Refreshment. Another knock at the door. "Is Miss La Marr ready to go on the set?"

"In about an hour, Eddie. Tell Fitz to come up here and join our old home week."

She withdrew hastily to her boudoir to effect a change, tossing remarks through the semiopen door. How was Matt Moore? Was Fred Niblo working on his new picture yet? How was the Benefit?

Following a staccato rap, the jaunty Fitzmaurice joined us. As soon as she heard his voice, La Marr dashed out to greet him.

"No night stuff tonight, is there? No, Babs. No, Babs. Please no," she wheedled.

Fitzmaurice twisted his mustache amusedly, and chuckled Barbara under the chin, then mocked her.

"No, Babs; no, Babs—if Babs does her stuff this afternoon as it should be."

Putting her cheek, he grinned, and hurried away to see that the set was ready.

"He’s a dear," said La Marr. "I’m not temperamental, but occasionally I like to be coaxed and petted. There’s a lot of the little girl in me. I’m only twenty-four. Not so old, is it?" She pouted.

"The wildest bird you can imagine, though, is Gasnier. I did ‘The Hero’ for him, and ‘Poor Men’s Wives.’ He’s an excitable Frenchman, and I have Latin blood in me, too, so the clashes were beautiful things to see. One day he wanted me to let an auto come up and hit me. I told him to go to Sennett for slapstick ladies. He said, ‘For Art you will do it!’ The surer he grew the more positive he made me. I wouldn’t do it for Art or any one else. Gasnier persisted. ‘Zel picture d e p e n d s upon zat scene!’ I refused. Finally he said, ‘I would not ask zat you do what I would not do myself. I let ze auto hit me first!’ Gaston Glass was running the car, and wasn’t used to it. What he did to Gasnier when he hit him was a crime. The script flew one way and a flock of blue words flew the other. Then the old sport apologized to me and the scene was faked."

The telephone jangled insistently, and Lytell answered, ‘Miss La Marr? What Miss La Marr? Ohhh, Miss Barbara La Marr! Yeah, I believe the lady is within calling distance.’

He turned to Barbara. "Mr. Dougherty."

For ten minutes she talked to her husband, the rest of us sat around smoking, partaking of the various delicacies at hand, and questioning the merits of the rococo murals adorning all four walls of the room, formerly occupied by Mae Murray and later by Marion Davies, to live in which was enough in itself, as some one cap- tiously remarked, to make a Duse of any actress. The merriment went on.

Barbara La Marr is hardly destined for histrionic heights. Her performances are triumphs of sheer personality. This is true of her initial success in ‘The Three Musketeers’ and ‘Zenda’, just as it is true of her later prominent roles in ‘Trifling Women’, ‘Strangers of the Night’, and ‘The Eternal City’. Last year she appeared in seven pictures. Her appeal was instantaneous and potent enough to feature her from the start. But her acting has never risen above ordinary levels.

Her performances have been studies in allure rather
After triumphing over an all-star cast and the ruins of Rome in "The Eternal City" Barbara La Marr will now shed such glamour in favor of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."
While Mary Hay Barthelmess, Sr., is out on the road trying out a musical comedy, Richard Barthelmess and Mary, the younger, have closed their suburban house and taken an apartment in the New York Town House Club. At the left you see him starting a busy day and below you find him comfortably settled for a quiet evening in search of scenario material. With Mary, the Second, he seems a bit uneasy, as she has developed an unsteady sort of Australian-crawl stroke for playing the piano, and might fall off his lap at any moment.
A Letter from Location

Bebe Daniels writes about the Navajo Indians, with whom she has been working in a picture

One Hundred Miles from Flagstaff, Arizona.

Myrtle Dear:

It is a far cry from a luxuriously furnished apartment with a perfectly equipped, softly lighted writing desk to this desert tent and the dim oil lantern flame by which I am writing you. This is a new and delightful experience. A sandstorm is in progress, flapping this canvas house about and threatening to leave me in total darkness. A coyote’s howl mingles with the weird songs the Navajos are singing around their log fires in their hogans near by and little quivers are running up and down my spinal column, but really it’s all too wonderful—just like a chapter from “The Heritage of the Desert”—the Zane Grey novel we are filming here.

We met Mr. Grey at Flagstaff—he and Mr. Lasky, Lucien Hubbard, and a number of other men had been on a three-week hunting trip in the Arizona mountains. Confidently, they didn’t seem to capture much but Navajo rugs, but they had a lot of those and they were beautiful, too.

There are about seventy of us here. Famous sent experts in advance to lay out this camp, and into what a perfect tented city they have transformed this hitherto desolate basin! Already the streets—the spaces between the tents—are named: Grubb Gulch—needless to say that is near the dining tent—Willat Willows, Torrence Terrace, Hughes Highway, Beeby Boulevard and Daniels Drive. We have organized a “city band” too and play every evening in “Recreation Hall.” It’s versatile, that tent, for it doubles as a dining room. At least the Navajos must appreciate our music, for they gather in groups to listen and peer in at us as if we were beings from some strange planet. In our band are James Mason, first violin; Lloyd Hughes, second violin; Speed Hanson, guitar; Irvin Wallat, harmonica; and I, ukulele.

It is wonderfully inspiring to be living over the very scenes Mr. Grey depicts in his novel. On the way we drove through the Painted Desert with its lavender patches, its yellow lilies, white thistledown, its magenta cactus blossoms and vivid Indian paint brushes. We passed through Coconino County and over the very narrow trails and steep mountain passes he describes and arrived at camp just as the sun was fading over Vermillion cliffs—and, oh, what a magnificent sunset!

I remember back in my Bison Company days, when I was the pioneer’s little daughter who was always stolen by the Indians, only to be rescued later by the
A Letter from Location

handsome cowboy, we were led to believe that Indians never smile and that there was no affection in their make-up. Perhaps Navajos are different from other tribes, for yesterday I watched a young squaw crooning over her papoose and covering its sticky little brown face with kisses and to-day I saw an old Indian with his arm thrown lovingly about his daughter as they examined curiously a piece of film our camera man, Charlie Schulbaum, had discarded. The Indians staged a native dance in honor and laughed heartily when Lloyd Hughes, James Mason, Earl Metcalfe, and I gave an imitation of them.

The Navajos have surprisingly small feet in view of the fact that they travel over rough mountain passes either barefoot or wearing only the soft buckskin mocassins they themselves make. The women are expert weavers and all the members of our company have gone wild over their rugs— we are each taking two or more home with us.

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Should a Wife Tell?

Alice Terry discloses all, telling how Rex Ingram wins wives and makes stars.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

T

THIS,” said the studio manager, “is young Mr. Ingram. He is going to do 'The Four Horsemen' for us, you know.”

The tall, handsome young Irishman who looked like What the Well-dressed Director Should Wear, had not been talking to me more than five minutes before he started leading me across a deserted set.

“There’s a clever girl over here I think you might want to write up,” he said, in a voice that feigned a matter-of-fact tone. “She hasn’t done much yet. A lead in our last picture, ‘Hearts Are Trumps.’ But she is going to be a real actress.”

By this time we had reached a slim, ingenuous blonde. She looked up from the sweater she was knitting, and smiled her greeting.

“Miss Terry,” said Rex Ingram timidly, “will be a star some day.”

No negligible amount of water passes under the bridge in three years, and a number of stars pass over it. Exactly three years after the Ingram prediction quoted in the prefatory paragraphs, it came to pass that what he foresaw virtually came to pass. In “Scaramouche” Alice Terry definitely arrived, as a featured player, as near stardom as any modest artist desires.

She was in New York following the completion of the Sabatini romance, prior to sailing for Ireland, where she and Rex were to spend a few leisurely weeks.

From little more than an extra girl she had ascended to the top of the ladder in these intervening three years, yet there was no marked change. A trifle more assurance, a touch of sophistication, a tinge of mild cynicism, perhaps, but for the most part, this Alice Terry was the same passive blonde introduced by the rising young director or the Metro lot.

One thing that was not apparent then is obvious now: her adoration of the man who married her and shaped her career.

Whatever she has done and whatever she will do is Ingram’s doing, she says. He is the greatest . . . . the only director in pictures. His feeling for color and grouping and harmony and line and tone . . . .

Perfect . . . . A man of charm and personality and forcefulness and wonderful changing moods . . . .

Thus she went on, scarcely taking time to draw breath. The words of praise tumbled recklessly from her red lips.

“He has made so many stars. Valentino, Novarro, Idols. Yet they wouldn’t exist if it not been for Rex. He molds them, and hypnotizes them to do what he wants done. Where is Rudie without Rex? What has been done that compares with 'The Horsemen’?

‘Ramon is clay, modeled by Rex’s artistic hands. He has done splendid work in ‘Scaramouche.’ Under Rex he should do more fine things. But if he gets any Valentinio ideas, watch him!

‘Rex likes to take these young, inexperienced actors, you see, and train them in his methods. It gives him just the results he is striving for. Of course he likes to direct experienced men, too, of Stone’s caliber. And Ed Connelly. But he will always have one or two young ‘finds’ to develop.’

Off the screen Alice Terry is attractive, but by no means beautiful. You would not stop in your rush down Fifth Avenue to single her out for a second stare. She is, in New York, one of many well-dressed, good-looking women. The blonde aura is, I am told by specialists, synthetic. Alice having been brought into this world a brunette.

Regarding her own work she had little to say. Concerning Rex she evinced a bold pride. Her egotism is limited, happily enough, to the fact that she is his wife. This is not altogether remarkable in the face of the facts, which, by the way, came directly from her.

Alice Terry was not Alice Terry when Rex Ingram first saw her in the Metro offices.

He asked her to hold the script for one of his earlier, lesser efforts, and, following this, suggested that she do a part. When she decided to try her luck before the camera, Rex christened her Alice Terry.

“I hated him when he directed me for the first time, because he kidded me, in order to get me into the spirit of a scene. This was his usual method, but I didn’t know it, and I broke into tears, called him names and crawled off the set. Only by promising never to say cutting things again did he induce me to come back.”

He kept his promise, and offered her the lead in 'Hearts Are Trumps.'
"I thought he was crazy, but I thought if he was willing to take a chance, I certainly was. So we made 'Hearts Are Trumps.' It didn't turn out to be much, but I wasn't a failure, and it paved the way for Rex to offer me the lead opposite Rudy in 'The Horsemen.'

"Of course that was a tremendous thing for all of us."

Meanwhile romance, unannounced and unexpected, was insinuating itself into the scenario. The director and his protégée were falling in love without either knowing about it—a pleasant arrangement, to be sure.

"Rex used to say 'Once was enough! No more matrimony for me.' Then we'd talk about ships and sealing wax. There were no introductory episodes to his proposal. It was so sudden it seemed a mistake.

"We were making 'Zenda' and Rex was taking me home one evening, when suddenly he said, 'Do you think we have enough in common to marry?' I laughed and said, 'I should say not!'"

And so, six months later or less, they were married.

Miss Terry seems to react to her marriage with a big director much as any small-town girl would. She still sees him through the glasses of rosy romance. She thinks of him as the artist who made "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power," not as the mere man who likes his eggs to be three-minute ones and no harder. She speaks of him with the same fervor that might inspire a seventeen-year-old flapper rather than with the casual calm that might be expected of a knowing wife.

It all speaks well for Rex Ingram. He is maintaining his place as Alice Terry's ideal, artistically and romantically. Few artists, statesmen, financiers or Northwest Mounted Policemen are heroes to their wives, regardless of how much the world may stand in awe of their artistic accomplishments.

Alice Terry cannot be considered unusual in any way, unless it be in her enthusiastic championing of her husband. During the pleasant hour we spent suspended just above the crowds in the swarming lobby of the Astor, nothing was said calculated to thrill any of you, yet at the same time there were no dreary lulls in the conversation. I like Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels and Miriam Cooper and an infinite number of other decorative sisters of the cinema, Alice Terry is attractive, unassuming, utterly natural, and more than willing to cooperate with you in your effort to transfer her to paper in such a way that he who runs may feel that he has met her.

Continued on page 104
Hollywood Has Another Girls' Club

They call themselves The Regulars and aim to be different from Hollywood's first débutante ensemble.

By Elza Schallert

The gauntlet has been flung down! The battle is on! Hollywood has another girls' club!

For nearly two years débutante social life in filmdom has been absolutely dominated by its one and only, which goes under the name of Our Club. For nearly two years fifteen talented and clever leading ladies making up its membership have held their ground without a sign of "foreign invasion." Their position had been a veritable stronghold of dignity and exclusiveness. They have been arbiters of manners and morals in the younger set.

But now there is another club in the field, The Regulars, and with so vigorous a title, one might suspect that the newcomers were openly challenging the girls of the other group for rivalry in the affairs of clubdom.

Of course, it would have been undignified, out of order and slightly impolitic for the veteran organization to show any noticeable concern over the new club. After all, new clubs must be looked upon with a degree of skepticism. Even with great sincerity of purpose, they often peter out after the first six meetings. Nevertheless, I felt it necessary to obtain their reactions to the event of another ensemble, and so I approached Helen Ferguson, the only active officer of Our Club, and asked her how she and her group felt about The Regulars.

"Why, we're simply delighted to see them organize. It's a splendid thing for Hollywood to have more than one club. We know most of the girls in the new set and we certainly wish them well in their serious undertaking."

Serious! There you have the keynote of The Regulars. It appears that their sole endeavor is striving for cultural benefit and uplift. Reading the classics, modern fiction and plays, discussing their merits and deficiencies, talking over new studio conditions that arrive from time to time, helping and advising each other, planning on attending premieres of pictures and the very best plays, arranging to help out those less fortunate than themselves—the things on their program for every Friday night. They also intend to give one-act plays for benefits, and already have solicited, as well as been offered, the services of several prominent stage directors to aid them along this line.

Our Club, of course, you know, if you happened to read an article I wrote on it some months ago for Picture-Play, meets every Monday night, for the sole purpose of having a good time. At first, Our Club, too, solemnly declared their intention of going in for culture..."
with a vengeance, reading all the Brow dramas, studying French, et cetera, but the first
hard year taught them that
the proper thing to do at meet-
ings was to play all kinds of
games, because they develop
wit and rapid thinking, eat
frozen fruit salad, because
that exercises the digestive
organs, and discuss the large
variety of subjects that arise
when fifteen clever souls with
everything but a single
thought come into close
contact. But their charities
and philanthropies are not
overlooked for a moment.

The membership of The
Regulars includes thirteen.
They are, therefore, not super-
stitions. Virginia Brown
Faire organized the club and
is its active president. And
June Mathis, famed scenario
writer, is honorary president.
Mary Pickford is honorary
president of Our Club. Doubt-
less, The Regulars chose Miss
Mathis because she is known
as a Columbus of talent, and
most of them are young in
their professional activities.

Beside Miss Faire, there are
Pauline Garon, Mary Phillin,
Dorothy Mackail, Dorothy
Devore, Doris May, Marjorie
and Priscilla Bonner, Kathleen
Key, Maryon Aye, Grace
Gordon, Pauline Curley, and
Menifee Johnstone.

All of the girls have had screen experience. Most
of them have been playing bits and small parts for
years. Some you probably know through performances
that for one reason or another have been striking.
Miss Faire gained prominence after her work in Kipling's
"Without Benefit of Clergy," and later as Shireen with
Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker."

Miss Garon is an effervescent flapper type and first
attracted attention in Richard Barthelmess' "Sonny"
and again in Cecil B. De Mille's "Adam's Rib." Mary
Phillin, Erich von Stroheim's "find," justified critical
predictions in "Merry Go Round," and Dorothy
Mackail, a newcomer in the West, is another talented player
about whom critics have become prophetic ever since
her excellent work opposite Barthelmess in "The Fighting
Blade."

Dorothy Devore is a sprightly comedienne of Christy
fame and Doris May has left an impression as a player of
light comedy roles, since she was costarred with
Douglas MacLean in "Twenty-three-and-a-half Hours'
Leave." The Bonner girls have recently sprung into
demand by producers and Marjorie's latest work was
in Rupert Hughes' new Goldwyn production, "Reno."
while Priscilla has just completed "The Eyes of Holly-
wood." another peck picture of life in the films.
Kathleen Key is a Goldwyn player of whom you probably
never have heard because the picture that undoubtedly
would have brought her prominence was never released,
on account of legal difficulties. It's a rarely beautiful
picture, too. "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and
she brought to her role a lovely presence.

Mayon Aye, Grace Gordon, Pauline Curley and
Miss Johnstone are girls who are always busy. If
they aren't in pictures, they are in vaudeville, or acting
as secretaries to those who are in the foreground of
filmdom. Miss Gordon has even tried her talents at stage
dramatics and made a hit in a local stock run as Topsy
in "The Gold Diggers."

"We really intend to accomplish something beside
sociability in our club," Miss Faire told me. "You see,
we met during rehearsals for two successive years at
the Writers' Revue. This is Hollywood's big annual
Folly show. And this last time we decided to get
together and really do something to cultivate our brains,
and to be helpful to others.

"We plan on giving entertainment to the boys who
were disabled during the war, and also to give parties
to the little orphan children, and to make donations to
charities. At Christmas time, for instance, each girl
donated a layette of baby clothes which she herself
made, to one of the foundling institutions. That is
one of the things we mean by doing for others."

I agreed that their aims were very magnanimous,
but I was wondering if ever at their meetings they
didn't indulge in a little wild, or tame, frivolity. Know-
ing the irrepressible spirits of Pauline Garon and sev-
eral of the other girls, I wondered if they didn't unex-
pectedly burst out on occasion. And I asked Miss Faire
about this.

"Yes, of course, we have pleasant social chats after
our meetings, but never before. There really is too
much business to be attended to. You see we have a

Continued on page 102.
Mr. Griffith's Next Production

It is to be called "America" and it will treat the American Revolution in somewhat the same way that "The Birth of a Nation" treated the Civil War.

By James Randall Elliott

For several months D. W. Griffith has been traveling up and down the Atlantic seaboard, taking scenes in historic locations for his forthcoming picture, "America," which is to treat the Revolutionary War in a manner similar to that in which "The Birth of a Nation" pictured the Civil War.

Predicting that a picture in the making will be a "masterpiece" is a hazardous business, but in view of the effort that is being expended on this undertaking, its outcome will be awaited with more than ordinary interest, for there is every reason for anticipating that it will be a significant contribution to the screen.

"We believe that it is going to outshine the 'Birth' and uncover the 'Wagon,'" one of Mr. Griffith's associates said enthusiastically, in commenting to me about it recently. Mr. Griffith, naturally, is making no such boastful comparisons as this, but his remarks about the theme of the picture indicate its possibilities.

"What we hope to do," he told me, "some months ago, between the scenes on which he was working at the little village of Somers, New York, "is to show through what heroic efforts this great continent was settled and freedom was won by the American colonists, and how that freedom which they secured laid the foundations for the peace and prosperity which we now enjoy—and which we so little appreciate."

That is a big theme. It is a theme as big as that of "The Birth of a Nation," and Griffith's aim undoubtedly is to make this picture, if possible, as great, or even greater than "The Birth."

As a historical record it can scarcely fail to be of great value. Months were spent in research work before a single location was visited. Every possible aid has been extended by all the American historical societies, by the government, and by individuals. Scenes have been shot in every available historic spot where the old landmarks have been preserved, and where these have changed, sets were erected on locations bearing a resemblance to the old prints which the historians unearthed in museums and libraries.

Such a location was the one shown on the opposite page—the one at Somers, New York, where the Indian attack upon a colonial settlement, and the retreat from the Battle of Concord, were filmed last summer.

This drawing, which was made from sketches done on the spot, shows Griffith's method of directing one of the big scenes. Like a general directing a battle, he was stationed high up on a hillside, where he could communicate with some of the near-by camera men by megaphone, and with his assistant directors, stationed at different points on the location, by means of a specially installed telephone system.

The filming of scenes at this location alone was a huge undertaking. Before the company went there, every available room in every near-by farmhouse was engaged, as well as all of the rooms in the historic "Elephant Inn." In addition several tents were erected. Some three hundred workmen, most of them skilled mechanics, carpenters, painters, and the like, arrived first to build the necessary roads, erect the sets, and install the various equipment necessary.

Then came the company, and with them some four or five hundred soldiers from Fort Meyer, whose military discipline and training made them the ideal type of extras to represent the British troops. Several weeks were spent on this location, and on the last day they staged the big scene, in which sets erected for miles around were burned.

And this was but a small part of the entire undertaking for a list of the locations visited would read like an index to a history of the Revolution. At this writing Mr. Griffith is doing interiors at his Mamarroneck studio, where he has reproduced the British House of Lords, where bits of the historical debates that took place at the time of the Revolution will be enacted. And a little later, when snow has fallen, he will set out again to do scenes at Valley Forge.

There will be, of course, a love story running through the picture, in which Carol Dempster will play "The Girl" and Neil Hamilton, "The Boy." But in addition to these romantic and fictitious characters there will be a long list of historic ones, including Washington, John Adams, John Hancock, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, Major Warren, General Gage, to name but a few, as well as Pitt, Chatham, Burke, King George the Third, and other historic English figures. Lionel Barrymore has been engaged to play the heavy villain of the story, a historic character named Walter Dutter.
How Mr. Griffith directs one of his big outdoor scenes.
It may have been love at first sight that drew Marjorie Daw to Jokko, her ugly-looking bulldog, but it seems more likely that she got him for protection. Timidity, a desire to keep to herself, or a natural love of the grotesque may have inspired such a pretty girl to adopt Jokko as her boon companion, but it seems more as if she got him just for the sake of the contrast with herself.

Helene Chadwick's little terrier is about the smartest animal in Hollywood. His mistress studied once to be a school teacher, and, when an acting career superseded, she worked out her theories about teaching on her dog.

Alice Terry likes a nice, soft, silky, cuddly animal. She calls him Ignatz just by way of showing that her love of elegance doesn't carry her to extremes. He is a lively, pert little animal, languid as he looks, and if Alice didn't have her lovely white wig on, and he could get at it, he would show what he could do with his teeth.

No player in Hollywood is prouder of a canine companion than Mae Busch is of Barree, her beautiful German police dog. A dog capable of endless devotion, one that is quiveringly alert and with muscles like steel seems the ideal choice for a person of her exacting taste.
Nothing will be more interesting to watch in pictures that are now being released than the effect produced by the new associations of players which chiefly resulted from the shutting down of some of the leading studios during the closing months of the past year. This intermingling of personalities in independent features has been carried even much farther than we indicated in last month's "Highlights" in PICTURE-PLAY when we recited the fact that Agnes Ayres had been lent out by Famous Players-Lasky to appear in a film called "Souvenir," in which Percy Marmont, Mary Alden, George Siegmann and others appear. New contracts have been formed on every hand, for practically everybody was kept busy despite what is popularly known as "the slump."

In "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Bebe Daniels played, for instance, were also cast Norman Kerry, and the comedian, Lee Moran, who used to costar with Eddie Lyons on the Universal program. This was an unusual group because Bebe had been consistently playing in Lasky pictures, while Kerry had been rarely if ever absent from Universal in the past several years. In "Flowing Gold," the Richard Walton Tully picture, Alice Calhoun, who had been continuously with Vitagraph since she commenced appearing on the screen, was cast with Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills.

"Welcome, Stranger," which James Young directed, numbered Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes, Virginia Browne Faire and William V. Mong among others. In "Captain January," starring Baby Peggy, Irene Rich, Hobart Bosworth and Harry T. Morey assumed leading rôles, and "Revelation," with Viola Dana featured, brought together Monte Blue and Lew Cody. Helen Ferguson had the lead opposite Monte Banks in his first five-reel comedy, and Betty Compson was starred with Roy Stewart as her leading man in "Prison Born," while "The Galloping Fish" reunited once again no less than four of the old-time Keystone players, including Syd Chaplin, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda. Louise said that all they needed to make a perfect cast was the cops. Instead of that they had to get along with a seal and an alligator.

The system of featuring much the same groups of players in different pictures is closely linked with the stock company policy in vogue at the larger studios. But during the past year this has been gradually breaking down. To many a mighty good thing, for when the new associations are established it has much the same beneficial effect, one might say, as travel in a foreign country and the meeting of new people. It should result in a greater versatility for the players, thus broadening their ability in acting. Furthermore, when they go with these independent concerns they do not usually play the same sort of rôles that have been typical of their careers. Bebe Daniels, for instance, is getting into an entirely new realm in "The Taming of the Shrew," despite the fact that this has been modernized. Alice Calhoun has a part of more character than usual in "Flowing Gold." Louise Fazenda has some excellent opportunities in "The Galloping Fish."
The bathing beauty is with us again.

New bathing suits, even more brief than before, adorn new forms.

For many moons has the Sennett seraglio been only a memory; the studio tank in which lissome forms once dived and dipped has been empty. Now the tank has been scrubbed and the surprised spiders who had been living there have scampered away at the approach of maidens fetching clad in wee fluffs of lace and fur. There the newcomers swim and parade and get camera-wise.

When the first crop of comedy girls bade a lachrymose farewell to their chiffon bathing suits, the sands were bare for a long while. A wave of burlesques of big productions was followed by comedies in which a male comedian was featured. But now!

"I'll say things are different," quoth Sennett, surveying his new harvest with the eyes, not of the artist, but of the practical business man who has catalogued his public's demand and is determined to meet it with supply. "We're reviving the bathing beauty, but not just as she was. It used to be sufficient for the girls to stand around and show off their beauteous curves. The t. b. m. rested his weary eyes upon them and was content. But now the public demands more of comedy than that. It demands logical plots, humorous situations, in which pulchritude is but a background."

He waxed enthusiastic over the new crop, as compared with the old.

Mack Sennett's

He is bringing bathing beauties
wild waves off the California shore

By Helen

"As to beauty, they have the same or better qualifications," he proclaimed, "and, still more in their favor, they don't take everything in quite such a haphazard way as the girls did during the sketchy day of the film's first beach comedies. They have seen what their predecessors have done; they say they will profit by those others' mistakes. They are ambitious to go into drama, but they realize that the publicity in comedy will focus attention upon them."

The first Sennett mirthquake in which the new crop of demoiselles will blossom is titled "Picking Peaches," and has to do with a shoe clerk who tires of his homespun, prim wife and seeks sole edification at a bathing-beauty parade. He falls in love with a masked beauty—only to discover that the lady of the gracious curves is none other than his own fireside mate.

Situations of humor, and of sly irony, with a few thrills, and Harry Langdon in various laugh-provoking predicaments. And, to gladden the eyes of the t. b. m., wearied with the problem plays and costume fantasies of the season, a parade of beach nymphs.

Comparison of the mermaids of yesterday with the flock of bathing beauties whom the changing tides of fancy are bringing into prominence indicates many differences in the method of their presentation, and in the girls themselves.

Let's recall the girls who used to frolic about in comedies and see where they are now before we begin to speculate about the future of the new bathing beauties. There was Alice Lake, a natural, gifted comedienne who went woefully wrong in drama.

There was Phyllis Haver, who did one scene in "The Christian" so powerfully that high hopes were held for her. But these subsequently dwindled and she now decorates Fox's "Temple of Venus." There was Kathryn McGuire, who is pretty and sweet in dramas, where she doesn't have to do much, but who lacks outstanding distinction. Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost made the transition from comedy to drama successfully because they were clever enough to evolve unique personalities. At first they displayed no great dramatic talent but focused attention on their individualities. Those who have failed to make their mark have in some cases been too intent upon seeking to prove their ability to act and have given too little heed.
At It Again

back into screen comedy and the are getting wilder as the result.

Ogden

to the actor’s complement, personality. Some of the Sennett girls of other days took their savings when the demise of bathing-girl comedies was announced and fared forth to New York to study music and dancing. Alice Maison was the only conspicuously successful one. Some of them just went home and stayed there. In fact, one can find inspiration for a mangled nursery rhyme in their careers:

This little girl went in drama,
This little girl tried to dance,
This little girl drew emotional rôles
Where she hadn’t the ghost of a chance.

This little girl took up music,
This little girl stayed home,
Two of the girls won great fortune and fame,
But the other little girls got none.

Of the new crop of beauties, a much higher average will achieve outstanding success, most observers believe. "Every girl on this lot has an ingrowing dramatic ambition," Sennett told me one day recently. "And they realize we’re not picking beauties, as in the old, helter-skelter days; we’re picking personalities. Beauty used to be sufficient. Now every girl must have a little part to play, something to do—a reason for her being there—not just dragged in by the legs to embroider the scene with her grace. Our new bunch is really athletic; they have to get their feet wet, and most of them do their own diving and swimming."

Of the new girls Irene Lentz seems to have some of the qualifications of a potential Gloria Swanson. She has a similar ability to set off well extreme clothes, a certain plaid, malleable but detached quality, too. Beneath the outward shell of her beauty runs a firm current of ambition, for Irene’s trail has been a thorny one. She cares for two little brothers, one of whom is an invalid.

Two years or more ago she won a beauty contest conducted by a Los Angeles paper but, as usual, was not waited to immediate glory thereby; her progress has been slow. She went through the training of the extra route, the “bit” path, and now to the ranks of the mermaid chorus, where her quiet, dark-eyed beauty instantly rivets attention.

Cecile Evans—dimpled, provocative, a red-headed sprite, has won five prizes for possessing the most shapely limbs among thousands of contestants. At times Cecile, too, gives a vague, fleeting impression of the Gloria of comedy days.

Others in the galaxy have promising personalities. Ethel Teare—vivacious, all action, sprightly pantomime. Elsie Farron—girlish, naïve. Margaret Cloud and Evelyn Francisco—pretty as pictures. Lorraine Eason, a statuesque brunette, bears a resemblance in figure to Mary Thurman. The same long, well-modeled lines, the same semiclassical features, but more rounded, of softer curve. She is more self-contained, more poised, than the other novitiates, for, before she entered the films as an extra in James Young’s “Wandering Daughters,” this Virginia beauty had traveled almost over the whole world and has a certain distinction. The ballroom drama should be her habitat.

Other comedy producers agree with Mack Sennett that the bathing beauty of 1924 has to be considerably more talented than her sister of former years.

“Instead of beauty and sex appeal, mere pictorial satisfaction, we demand now personality and a certain refinement,” Jack White, who is bringing forward several girls in his Mermaid and Cameo laugh reels, summed up his attitude. “The public will not stand for coarseness. The comedy girl to-day must have personality, irradiating charm, a soft, alluring

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Inclining Westward

Belying her dainty looks, Barbara Bedford has ambitions to be a cowgirl.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Imagine a slim, quiet girl, with serene brown eyes, who looks as if she belongs between tinsel and lace on an old-fashioned valentine, but who much prefers duck shooting and who adores Bill Hart. Can you? Then you have a mental picture of Barbara Bedford. For Barbara hankers for a ranch, without modern appurtenances.

"All my life my one dream has been of the West, the great ranges described so glowingly in fiction stories, the action and oh!" white hands fluttered, brown eyes blazed, "the adventure of it! Though I was reared in Chicago, I had a taste of outdoor life, for dad always took me to summer up in northern Wisconsin, where we camped out and had grand times."

"All this," indicating the crowded Montmartre café, where we were lunching on a tantalizing array of foods, "it's all right. There's money in the movies and I need money—to realize my dream. But I get bored to death with the crowds and chasing around and everything. I'd rather shoot ducks than dance."

About us, the flower of Hollywood: a laughing throng of Thespians in make-up, chattering gayly. Louise Fazenda, unbelievably lovely, all dressed up in a blue chiffon frock and a glittering headdress for some dressed-up rôle. Charlie Chaplin, his loose sack coat disclosing a plebeian blue shirt with soft collar, conversing with a little redhead and two other men. Beautiful stars and handsome heroes—many too-honeyed words of greeting—a glittering, insouciant crowd. I knew that, beneath the surface make-believe, was some real worth; but there was much that didn't count for a thing.

"I'm saving every penny that I can toward my goal; the biggest, wildest ranch in America. It's got to be primitive, old-fashioned, the West that's so fast disappearing; no modern notions. I want a big range where I can ride and help round up my own cattle; I want half of it to be on a mountaintop, sloping down toward the desert. Now will somebody kindly tell me," the glow faded from her brown eyes and they grew quizzical, "where I'll find a ranch like that in this too-civilized West?"

You visualize a Western heroine as a strenuous, unfeminine creature of constant activity: a quick-on-the-trigger, blowzy-haired, tomboy female.

Instead, in repose, one sees in Barbara a quiet-mannered, low-voiced, well-trained girl who wouldn't stand out in a crowd at all, just like hundreds of others whom you pass with scarcely more than a glance and perhaps a murmur, "Nice-looking girl. Wonder where she got that sport suit?"

"Oh, but you should see me riding and shooting!" she insisted when I doubted her asserted wild-and-wooly tendencies. "The next-to-happiest moment in

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The Talk of New York

Countess Zattiany was that in the story of "Black Oxen" and Corinne Griffith promises to cause a similar sensation when she appears in the film version of this famous story.

No one could be as beautiful, as charming, as regal, and as intelligent as the fictional Countess Zattiany, people observed when they read "Black Oxen." But they were overlooking Corinne Griffith. Fortunately, the producers of the picture were more alert, and secured her for the rôle.

The rôle of Mary Ogden, later Countess Zattiany, offers as many opportunities for adroit characterization as three distinct parts. There is Mary Ogden, a belle of old New York. There is the Countess at the age of fifty, wearied with war relief work and the sufferings of her country, and there is the brilliant Mary Zattiany, her beauty rejuvenated by an operation, who returns to New York and captivates society.
of his coat, and then opens the drawer and takes out a mouchoir.

Now there is absolutely nothing criminal about this procedure. It is on the surface just as innocent as if he had removed a cigarette from his case and put it in his mouth. But there is so much implied in the case and naturalness with which Adolphe Menjou, never hesitating about the proper place to find it, picks up the article that not the least doubt is left in the minds of the adult members of the audience that there are more than conventionally friendly relations between the bachelor and Miss St. Claire.

Acting has a lot to do with carrying out such subtilities, and even make-up and dress may help in establishing an identity.

As soon as Blanche Sweet comes on the scene in her frayed, worn and half-untidy garb, with the sick-looking feather in her hat, in "Anna Christie," you have a notion, at least, of what she has gone through. It doesn’t take more than one cigarette, or a few rounds of talk via the subtitles between her and Marthy, to convince you that she is an outcast, yet very little was eliminated from this production, as far as I can learn, even in Pennsylvania, but those scenes which actually show people drinking. That the picture was so little altered in New York was surprising to many persons, and this was due, I believe, to a recognition on the part of the censors that, in filming this picture as they did, the producers were making a sincere effort to reproduce the work of a distinguished American dramatist rather than to attract the public by sensationalism.

I was looking at some rushes not long ago from the production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which stars Mary Pickford. It was directed by Marshall Neilan, who is something of a specialist in neat censor-proof effects. One of the bits that came on the screen disclosed a hanging, and was designed to show with what ruthlessness enemies were treated in the Elizabethan days, when there happened to be a feud between two aristocratic English houses. Convincing testimony had to be exhibited to emphasize the motive for revenge on the part of the victim’s friends, so Mr. Neilan threw in a close-up of the man’s feet kicking the air and gradually coming to a rest for good measure, thus getting over just a sense of gruesomeness.

Neilan’s pictures are full of such things, for he has made many stories dealing with crime, and in any number of these there has been a lot of dirty work in the way of stabbings that is merely suggested. When it comes to the place where somebody is to be knifed, as say in "Fools First," you may notice that the观赏able nearly always ends in a curtained anteroom or closet. The hangings shake back and forth for a while, indicating a terrific commotion inside. Then after a brief spell of quiet, the winning party comes out wiping off his knife.

Neilan practically never counters with the censors nowadays, he tells me, even of some of the strictest boards.

"I have lots of fun with some of them," he told me, "but I haven’t had much trouble for a long time.

One of the censorship boards just laughs every time one of my pictures comes along, and they say, ‘Neilan? Oh, that’s all O. K. Let’s look at it, but it’s a cinch that he’ll get by.’

Which goes to show that sometimes the censors are much more human than is popularly supposed.

I have said something about the significance of animals as symbolic personages in connection with "Greed." I can carry this thought a little farther in mentioning that they are growing tremendously popular for such purposes. One might even begin to suspect some sinister suggestion from the Goldwyn lion, if things keep going as they are.

Cats, especially the black ones, are the most important. They do a lot beside yowl on the back fence nowadays. In "Scaramouche" one slides in through an alleyway just about the time that the Count, played by Lewis Stone, is returning home after an all-night party with a dancer, and there is something about the way the cat slinks around the corner that absolutely suggests the cold, gray dawn, and the miseries of an early search for breakfast, so that a title "the next morning" is rendered absolutely unnecessary.

The hyena, it seems, is also a symbol, but not for laughter. He has been used with singular effectiveness in at least one production, namely, "Human Wreckage," which deals adroitly with the verboten theme of narcotics, and has been one of the most successful films of the past year. In this instance, the hyena was used to suggest the idea of the drug, and a hyena wandering spec- trally through the various scenes, its deleterious, poisonous power.

The crushing of a flower, generally a lily, has long been a symbol for the tragedy suffered by some young girl, and is sufficiently familiar not to need further explication. Expec- tation of motherhood has been ex- pressed in various ways, but none comes to mind that is more interesting and less susceptible of misunderstanding than that which was used, I think—in Rupert Hughes’ produc- tion. Here the thought was visualized by the gradual illumination of a picture hung until all the eyes of the audience were fastened on it, and thus was offered something more than a mere suggestion, for the effect conjured a note of beauty beside.

Symbols are even assuming im- portance in dramas that have nothing to do with censorship. They are used to carry out all manner of ideas, and sustain all sorts of impressions. In "The Covered Wagon," for example, the true title is a symbol. Whenever you see a covered wagon on the screen it arouses all the pioneer hopes and longings and memories. The whole story literally rests on an inanimate thing.

One of the reasons of the vogue for costume pictures, I feel, has been their comparative safety from cen- sorship. There is such a long per- spective on historical events that they do not seem in any way to touch intimately on our daily lives. For that reason the villains seem less like conventional villains, the fights less like conventional fights than they are, fought with obsolete weapons, and the love-making less like the love-making of to-day, because it is seen through the curtains and scrims of romance.

There has been some real fire, too, in the love-making of such costume features as "The Fighting Blade," where the vibrancy of Richard Bar- thelmess was matched with the incandescent ardor of Dorothy Mack- aill. All their scenes were in the most exquisite taste, but at the same time they were eaten away by the cheap and convenient flapper manifestations of affection. Too, one must remem- ber that final scene in "Robin Hood," with its delicate sentiment, and charm of moonlight and glittering chivalry, that, carefully analyzed, is in reality very daring.

In Nota Talmadge’s "The Song of Love," which, while not laid in the past, has the far-distant locale of the Sahara, Joseph Schildkraut has developed a subtle new technique that is comprised in the gleam of his eyes, and the furtive smiles and gestures in which he engages in the presence of the heroine. In "Name the Man," Victor Seastrom’s production, some episodes of white-hot passion are suggested in the most fanciful way, just as they are. I believe, in Elinor

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A Comedy Vacation

Even a yachting cruise couldn't make Al Christie forget his work.

By Edna Foley

EVERY one knows the old story about the busman's holiday and the one about the sailor who goes rowing when he is on leave from his ship, but a motion-picture producer who spends his vacation making comedies is something new. Al Christie is the man whose habit of work wouldn't be shaken off even when he went away for a rest, and the picture he made is called "A Perfect Thirty-six."

It all happened this way. Mr. Christie had invited Bobby Vernon, his comedy star, to go on a two-weeks cruise on his new yacht, and just as the provisions had all been put aboard and their plans made for a nice indolent vacation, he had an idea for a comedy.

Now good ideas are scarce even on the Christie lot, so Mr. Christie ordered the crew to drop the anchor, and he rushed to shore to telephone the studio. Within a few hours he had lights, cameras, costumes and a troupe of players on board. Then they set sail, not for a vacation, but for location work on the briny deep.

Teddy Sampson, who has played important dramatic rôles in the last two years, was glad to return to playing comedy under such pleasant auspices, and there were several of the regular Christie players in the cast.

The whole two weeks were spent in making water scenes on board the boat, and when the company went ashore they started right in making the rest of the picture. They say it's one of the best comedies they have made.
occasion the out-and-out heroines become vamps, or villainesses; the villainesses, heroines, fun makes become bad men, and bad men straight comedians, and the division between the types is consequently not so great as it once was. What is more, even the appearance of some of the players has been changed. You’d hardly recognize them in the make-up and clothes which they wear. In “Against the Rules” we could hardly recognize Leatrice Joy, for instance, because she had been so transformed by a bond wig, while Milton Sills absolutely took us off our feet when we saw his whiskers and turban that he wears in “The Sea Hawk,” the Frank Lloyd production, in which he plays a sort of sheik.

Kosloff in Vaudeville.

Of all the dazzling spectacles that we have looked at in a long time the dancing presentation, built around a tempestuous and somewhat torrid Tartar theme, by Theodore Kosloff is one of the most astonishing. Mr. Kosloff offered this on the Coast just prior to Christmas at one of the vaudeville theaters, and subsequently presented it on tour. He himself dances and does the necessary pantomimining for the portrayal of the leading role, but the thing that caught our eye were some of the swirling ensemble effects, in which the dancers whirled about almost at random until they actually dropped to the stage with every evidence of complete abandon.

Kosloff’s skill as a dance producer has long been displayed in Famous Players-Lasky features. One of the most elaborate of his terpsichorean creations is to be noted in the scenes showing the worship of the golden calf in Cecil De Mille’s “The Ten Commandments,” in which several hundred dancers took part. This in a way suggests mildly some of the wild frenzy that filled certain scenes in his presentation of the Tartar legend on the stage.

Our Vital Record

We find that we have to bring our calendar of domestic affairs up to date again by adding to the list of divorces the suits of May Allison against Robert Ellis, and Francesca Billington against Lester Cuneo. Neither of the actresses mentioned have been seen very often on the screen of late. Miss Allison has been considered for one very big part just lately, but we have promised not to tell what it is, until the deal is settled. Miss Billington is remembered from her work in “The Devil’s Pass-Key,” the Von Stroheim feature of some two or three seasons ago. Both Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cuneo are actors.

On the side of a new-spun romance we can chronicle the rather charming affair of Bert Woodruff, who will soon be seen in a character part in “Flowing Gold” and Mrs. Addie Sprague. They were married during the fall, after a friendship that dated from their childhood in Springfield, Illinois. Both had been married before, and both had children. Mr. Woodruff was sixty-eight years old, but the bride, as brides will, refused to divulge her age, except as a matter of record, and we have promised not to broadcast the fact any more than necessary.

Pauline and Clara.

A tremendous hubbub ensued over the presence of a large number of stars at the opening on the Coast of the play “Zander the Great,” in which appeared Richard Travers, Taylor Graves and other people known in the films. The most striking thing about the occasion was the first public appearance of Pauline Frederick following her return to the West. She occupied the same box as Clara Kimball Young, and they attracted even more attention than Bebe Daniels, who was in another box, because of their presence together. Barbara La Marr, Agnes Ayres, Kathryn Williams, Billie Dove and her husband, Irving Willat, were others on whom interest was focused between the acts. Miss Williams was in a box, engaged by Pola Negri, who herself failed to put in an appearance.

Miss Frederick looks utterly different since her visit to New York, for she has changed the style of her hairdressing. It is now shingled like a boy’s and she once had glorious coal-black tresses that fell glorious down to her knees.

The New “Baby Stars.”

Every year for the past three, the Wampas, or press agents’ organization, have given Hollywood at least one thing to debate about with more or less heat and excitement, and that is their choice of thirteen potential stars. They make the selection of the young comers as the guests of honor at their annual ball, which generally means a sort of social rush for the girls, and also a lot of publicity that their contracts, if they own such, didn’t call for, but which nevertheless comes in mighty handy.

The first choice was made two years ago, and included Lois Wilson, Marvyn Aye, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Louise Lorraine, Lila Lee, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, Claire Windsor, Patsy Ruth Miller, Helen Ferguson and Pauline Starke. Last year’s list included Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Devore, Virginia Brown Faire, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Laura La Plante, Kathleen Key, Helen Lynch, Jolyn Ralston, Derelys Perdue, Ethel Shannon and Margaret Leahy, who, it will be remembered, had a short-lived career as the leading woman in Butler Keaton’s “Three Ages,” and who has since returned to England.

The girls have been variously referred to as the stars of to-morrow, and the baby stars. The former title seems to have been dropped this season, and they’re called definitely baby stars, despite the fact that somebody once remarked that some of the girls on previous lists had lived long enough to be out of their rompers at least. This season, though, the Wampas seem to have indulged in a wild breakaway for the most part to the real flapper set. In fact, the older the Wampas grow the younger they seem to pick their future sparklers.

The selected ones of the present group include Clara Bow, Blanche Mehaffey, Elinor Fair, Gloria Grey, Carmelita Geraghty, Margaret Morris, Julanne Johnston, Dorothy Mackail, Hazel Keener, Marian Nixon, Lucille Ricksen, Alberta Vaughan and Ruth Hatti, and really we can go quite a ways in commending the boys for their discrimination. We had many more objections to the group of 1923, because it looked very much as if some of the p. a. s. had done their best to have their studios represented regardless of the effect on the constellation.

A number of the girls this year were picked because they had backing and were to be well exploited by the companies to which they were attached, which at least reflects a sound commercial principle behind the choice. The ability of quite a few is also well indicated in their recent work. According to our view, a tremendous lot may be expected from Dorothy Mackail, for example, because she has already shown a new sort of dignity and even a certain amount of fire in “The Fighting Blade” and one or two other productions. She kindles very high hopes for a new emotional screen type, in fact.

Clara Bow is a bright little girl, whom everybody, including Corinne Griffith, who played the lead, is predicting will be a veritable little pin-wheel of interest in “Black Oxen.”

Lucille Ricksen is already making good as a wishtful little character ingénue, with an old-fashioned soul.
Hollywood High Lights

The Rainy Season.

Whoops! but we nearly forgot all about mentioning the girls who have wanted to play "Rain" on the screen since the winter came on. Somehow or other, everybody likes to toy with the idea of doing this drab, vigorous and somewhat-shocking-to-the-sensibilities - of - those - who - have-sensibilities success of the New York stage. The only doubt we believe, is that it has been considered at all, with the censorship regulations that now exist, is the fair way in which "Anna Christie" got by in many places, though we hear lately that the Pennsylvanians did do a good deal to make its producers wait.

Anyway, the first person who bobbed up with the notion of filming "Rain" was Mary Pickford, but that was probably only an idle thought with her, as we indicated in last month's Picture-Play. Mary has recently been talking of going abroad, and of having some writers seek out material especially for her plays. Dong, of course, will take the trip with her if—and we think maybe they will this time— they go.

To continue, Betty Compson was the next who would play in the rain—that is, in "Rain." James Cruze may direct this after he finishes making "Magnolia." Then there is Blanche Sweet, who has the record of Anna Christie as a recommendation, and finally—who might you suppose—but Louise Fazenda. Louise wants to tear herself away from comedying with the seals and the alligators for a while, and actually play a tragic emotional role. She's not joking either, and one of the producers believes that she can do the deeply serious stuff. He also told us that she looked astonishingly attractive in what he had seen of "The Galloping Fish," in which she doesn't, you know, play the title part.

Corinne Consider.

Corinne Griffith recently told us a frightfully imposing list of stories that she is considering for future starring pictures, and one of the best of them, if you recall the book, is Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth." We have often wondered why this vivid and unwavering impression of New York social life has not been screened, at least recently, because it could be brought up to date with at least a fair preserving of its withering atmosphere.

There's talk of making a happy ending, if Corinne appears in the picture, but we hope they don't do this, or if they do change the ending that they make beside the happy one, a sad one, as in the instance of "Blood and Sand," "The Right of Way," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and other films that by their nature demanded a tragic conclusion.

In addition to "The House of Mirth," Miss Griffith is considering "Zira," an old stage play of Margaret Anglin's and "Sonia." She wants to do "Sonia" because it would give her the chance in a Russian rôle, and there seems to be nothing that the stars in Hollywood like better nowadays than to put on one of those

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In the Wake of the Drama

Continued from page 22

to Italy. The line-up was the pious group of worshipers who bowed their head when her name was mentioned on one side and the irreverent crowd who saw just a gray-haired little old woman playing a young girl without make-up. This is no place for me to become involved in the controversy; I may add, however, that there were certain scenes in "Ghosts" and certain tones in the Duse voice which will ring in my ears forever. Here again, however, is another thing that is barred forever from the silent drama.

Then we have had the Moscow Art Theater and John Barrymore in "Hamlet." If you ever have a chance to see those Russians you must leap at it at all costs. To me, it is as if I saw real drama for the first time; they make all other acting seem a little false, a little insignificant.

"Hamlet," is a vital, moving and intensely human performance. Walter Hampden has had a thoroughly deserved success in "Cyrano," and "Queen Victoria" and "Robert E. Lee" have both been brought before the footlights as biographical drama. Neither of these has been a box-office success, though the "Victoria" play seemed to me an intensely shrewd and colorful piece of work.

There have been, moreover, no startling "discoveries" of new actors unless you would include a singularly handsome and persuasive young German called Ulrich Haupt who may be a living figure of Prince Albert in "Queen Victoria." A little girl with lovely blond hair has made a sudden success in "Tarnish," a play by Gilbert Emery. Her name is Ann Harding and they say that the moving-picture people are so impressed by her talent that they have made her spectacular offers for the screen. These even include an offer for the play, though how it is to be adapted, I am yet to learn.

"The Changelings" with Henry Miller and Laura Hope Crews, "Spring Cleaning," with Estelle Winwood and Violet Hening, and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," with Minnie Maddern Fiske, were among the openings which caused more than a ripple on the dramatic surface. But there has been, as I have said, nothing that would send you dancing out of the theater dizzier with joy. However, the season is still young and that pretty scene with the enraptured first nighter, may yet be enacted on Broadway. Next month, I will be able to review in somewhat greater detail, the plays which have opened during the first month of 1924.
Strong-man Stuff

Luciano Albertini, a physical marvel, has come from Italy to make pictures at Universal City

Photographs by Freulich

STONE walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." So sang the poet, but the full significance of his remarks was not apparent until Luciano Albertini appeared on the scene at Universal City. Stone walls were just a trifle for this wonderful athlete to jump over, and iron bars up to an inch thick are mere toys that he twists around and ties into knots. Other stunts which are as play to him include leaping from a four-story building with nothing but a little straw to break his fall, and sundering an iron chain about his chest by taking a deep breath.

Although outpointed in actual strength by Maciste and other gigantic figures that have been seen in pictures, Albertini can perform feats impossible for them, because of his agility. Despite his enormous strength, he is lithe and quick in his movements.

For some time he has enjoyed a great reputation in Italy as a stunt man in pictures, and during the War he was in charge of all physical culture work in the Italian Navy. Now, having cast his lot with American pictures, he is also to become an American citizen.

Unlike most athletes of such gigantic strength, Albertini is not muscle bound. He moves lightly and swiftly and can vie with fast runners on the track. He has taken part in many competitions with leading athletes here and in Italy, and while he has been outpointed in actual feats of strength, there is no other athlete who combines his agility with great power of muscle.

Such stunts as so-called "strong men" perform on the vaudeville stage are child's play to Albertini. At the left he is shown illustrating one of these which he characterizes as easy, but which is featured as a spectacular accomplishment on the stage.
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THE PICTURE ORACLE
Questions and Answers about the Screen

GARRETT.—Gareth Hughes had a role in "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri. I hate to crush your enthusiasm, but from all signs Gareth is anything but "more popular than ever." All sorts of malicious predictions were made for him after "Sentimental Tommy," but you know, no matter how good an actor is, he cannot reach the height of great popularity or artistic appeal without the right kind of roles, and the right kind of direction. And Gareth seems to have been unfortunate in not having had an opportunity to do anything outstanding for so long that the discussion he started with "Sentimental Tommy" has faded somewhat from lack of nourishment. But actors of real ability have a way of staging surprising comebacks, and they will more likely be as popular than ever" if they get just the right opportunity. So perhaps all your hopes for your favorite will be realized some time soon.

EDNA T.—I know I always told you that Marie Prevost was single, but no one else seemed to know that she had a husband for five years, either. In fact, every one was most astonished recently when her divorce proceedings against H. C. Gerke were announced. I can give you only all possible available information about the players, Edna, and when they wish to keep their private affairs to themselves, not simply demand, in the name of the we-saint-know-everything fans, that they let me in on such stuff that they don't desire to have broadcast. At present it looks as though Marie will marry Kenneth Harlan when both their divorces are final, but you know you must tell in the movies. Corinne Griffith has divorced Webster Campbell, who used to direct her Vitagraph pictures.

L. PAT.—Lloyd Hughes is married, but Kenneth Harlan is divorced. His wife was Flo Hart, a stage player. I wonder if it would be safe for me to give you that list of screen bachelors you seem to want so badly. But suppose it's just curiosity that prompts you. There aren't many, but here are some that come to my mind: Richard Dix, J. Warren Kerrigan, Eugene O'Brien, Glenn Hunter, Rod La Rocque, Robert Agnew, Ramon Novarro, Buster Coller, Raymond Griffith, George Hackathorne, Norman Kerry, George O'Hara, and Gaston Glass. Of course, there are a great many more unmarried men than that in the movies at present, but most of them have had matrimonial nasts. You will have to write to Jack Byron again for that photo, I guess, as I don't know of any other way in which you could get it. You get discouraged too easily—it takes some fans ages before they get what they want. Being a movie fan with a correspondence complex is the greatest little patience cultivator in the world—outside of being an Oracle.

KATHRYN S.—So you still think "The Sheik" is the greatest picture you ever saw? Well, that is certainly sticking to a point against strong opposition, but you have a lot of kindred souls among the fans just the same. Sorry I can't tell you the name of the first picture Rodelph Valentino will make for Ritz Pictures, but it will be something as closely as a State Secret. The only thing that seems certain is that it is a foreign story and will most likely be filmed in Europe. So you think Baddest right to have Priscilla Dean for a leading lady? I'd love to arrange it for you, but it always hurts me to realize how small my influence is whenever I try to use any of it.

George F.—Awfully sorry to keep you waiting so long for that cast, but perhaps it will seem almost a pleasant surprise to get it after you had given up hope—subtle Pollyanism, that. But here are the characters for "A Front Page Story": Rodney Martin, Edward Horton; Mayor Gorham, Lloyd Ingraham; Virginia Hayward, Edith Roberts; Matt Hayseyard, James Corrigan; Col. Carey, W. E. Law; provides; Tommy, Buddy McGarlane; Mrs. Gorham, Mathilde Brundage; Suzanne Gorham, Lila Leslie; Jack Pedler, Tom McGuire.

L. H.—Wilton Sills still retains his followers, but since he left the Famous Players-Lasky stock company and started freelancing, he does not seem to have been featured so prominently. Perhaps that is what with you have not seen so much about him in the magazines lately, he has been working steadily, and his latest appearances are in "Flaming Youth," with Colleen Moore, and "Flowing Gold," a Richard Wallace picture production. Mr. Sills is married to Gladys Wynne, who used to be a stage actress, but who now confines her talents to taking care of Wilton and their two children. Wilton Sills has grey eyes and light hair, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is six feet tall. Yes, he is certainly a pleasant person to look at off the screen, as well as on. You should write to him personally for a photograph. It'll be perfectly all right, even though he is married, because he himself always take care of picture requests, not the companies.

MORNING GLORE.—So I remind you of a Miracle Man! Well, I certainly feel that I'd have to be one to perform some of the feats fans pick out for me. Maurice Flynn was married, but divorced.

He's an American, and used to be one of the star athletes at Yale. His hair is light and his eyes blue. I'm sure you're all cut up because Antonio Moreno isn't going to be Ben-Hur. If the fans have done any of the "begging, imploring, demanding," and so on, of which you speak to the Goldwyn Company to select Tony or any one else but George Walsh for that role, it hasn't helped them any, because George it is going to be. But perhaps he'll surprise everybody.

Durley A. S.—You're no trouble at all, Dudley; in fact, most conservative for a movie fan. Here's the cast for "Blood and Sand": Juan Gallardo, Rodelph Valentino; Carmen, Lila Lee; Dolita Sol, Nina Naldi; Don Trelato, Charles Belcher; Plamitas, Walter Long; El National, George Field; Señora Augustias, Rose Rosanova; Antonio, Leo White.

Bobby.—Ah, I haven't had a "Bobby" in a long time. I think that non de plume must be going out of fashion. But a bobbed hair. No, Ethel Sands is not a screen actress. She is a fan, even as you and millions of others, who had the good fortune to be selected from all the correspondents of Picture-play to make a tour of all the studios in the East and those in Hollywood, to meet the leading players of the screen, and to write about her experiences in the magazine. The series ran for over two years, but was finished some months ago, and Miss Sands is back in her hometown again, but with enough thrills and glamorous memories to last even the most extreme fan half a dozen lifetimes. Anna May Wong is Chinese. She has a picturesque role in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Thief of Bagdad." Barbara La Marr is twenty-four, and her present husband, Jack Dougherty, is her sixth.

Anne.—No, Gloria Swanson is not Marie Prevost's sister, nor are they related. Quite a few fans seem to think that Marie and Gloria look like each other, though I can't say that I notice any striking resemblance. In "The Stranger's Banquet," Rockcliffe Fellows played the male role opposite Claire Windsor, Viola Dana, Anne Cornwall, and May McAvoy tie for honors as the tiniest grown-up actresses on the screen now, all being four feet eleven, but when Margarette Clark capped before the camera she beat them all because she measured only four feet ten. Mary Pickford is no smaller than a number of other players, being just five feet, which is quite a popular height among the film fair. Feminine screen players run to the diminutive, you know, both in height and weight.
circulating library, which I overlooked tilling you about, which makes it virtually compulsory for all girls to read books that are planned for discussion at certain meetings, and by the time all the business and discussion are over, we find our evenings quite, quite full. We do, naturally, have parties now and then. But pleasure is secondary with us. It's business and study first. Later on we intend taking up classic dancing, perhaps languages, and music."

Our Club have been offering themselves up to the muse of dance for the past nine months and after watching several of their classes, I can frankly say there are numerous embryonic Pavlows in their midst. As to languages, there seems to be only one necessary in the film colony, and while they all have a love and appreciation for music, Helen Ferguson assured me, their attentions chiefly comprise Victrola playing.

It's really quite interesting to observe what a center of attraction the two clubs are. Our Club is now a firm institution in the social and economic life of the community because it has stood the test of time, and great hopes are fastened upon The Regulars because of their sincere, serious intent. And whether they like the expression or not, people feel that they are running in competition to the older club and are mentally daring them to go through with their grave "platform."

In the meantime, Our Club isn't standing still. Its members refuse to recognize The Regulars as rivals, but it cannot be overlooked that they are broadening their activities since the nouveau organization came into existence. They have already broken their "closed corporation" of fifteen by adding two new members, Colleen Moore and Carmelita Geraghty, and ZaSu Pitts probably will accept their invitation to join.

Not only that, Lois Wilson and May McAvoy, two of their strongest members, during a recent stay in New York while making pictures, undertook to organize an Eastern branch of Our Club. That's progressing! And if you don't think they are serious about some things, listen to this. One of their members, a charming girl, was just asked to forfeit her membership because she was absent from about six meetings in succession and didn't offer excuses that fully satisfied the girls.

There are clubs in Hollywood. Well, the social life of the younger set is certainly established!
A Letter from Location

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Mrs. Torrence visited camp for a few days. What a darling she is. She and Mr. Torrence have been married over twenty years and are so devoted that poor Mr. Torrence was woefully homesick when she had to rush away to attend to some business in Hollywood in connection with the new home they are to occupy with their young son.

I am playing Mesiac, half Navajo, half Spanish girl, and thoroughly enjoying it. Mother joins me in sending love to you folks. She is wild about this location trip too. My gracious, I did not know it was so late. There goes taps. Good night.

Yours,

BEDE DANIELS.

Should a Wife Tell?

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Mine is not the desire to tear away the veil of illusion. These girls take on their glamour once they step before the camera. They assume their picturesque poses for professional purposes. So it is with most professional people. The most dramatic lawyer before the bar to-day, in New York, is a composite picture of the Tired Business Man as soon as he leaves the courtroom. The most magnetic spellbinder in politics at this writing presents a totally commonplace figure as he dines with his wife and daughter at the Waldorf.

There are exceptions. Some of these magnificent creatures of make believe retain a distinct manner, an innate individuality that constantly reminds you that this is Nazimova, or Lionel Barrymore, or Chaplin. Whether you meet Will Rogers at a dinner or on the golf links, the impression will be equally vivid. To talk to so unique a woman as Pearl White for half an hour is never to forget her. To spend an afternoon with Barbara La Marr convinces you that these actresses are charmingly different.

But the vast majority, of whom we necessarily see the most, is composed of reasonably modest, smartly attired girls and young women who, by virtue of screen-proof features and well-proportioned figures, occupy nominally lofty positions in the celluloid strata of dramatic society, girls and young women who are sometimes proficient actresses in addition to being able to wear clothes well.

What marked Alice Terry as different was her unrestrained enthusiasm for her husband, her unqualified praise of his work, with absolutely no mention of her own minor but definite achievements creeping in. When you talk to an actress she usually assumes, quite justifiably, that you expect to hear about her from her.

Alice Terry considered herself simply as Rex Ingram's wife.

Under her competent direction she will doubtless continue to acquire herself creditably. After all, there is no valid reason for her to head her own company, play Sappho, or pretend to the throne of Bernhardt, and, let it be noted, no one realizes this more clearly than Alice Terry.

The Confessions of a Fan

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It is a peculiar thing, but these first nighters are invariably the same at each première. I know most of them by heart. There is, for instance, that enthusiastic lady who always announces each arriving personage at the top of her voice. No doubt the personage feels flattered, but my lady is of somewhat erring vision and frequently mistakes her discoveries, loudly proclaiming that Scena Owen is Myrtle Stedman, or that Alma Rubens is Theda Bara, and so on.

She didn't mistake Pola Negri, however, when the Polish star stole the "Knighthood" opening away from Marion Davies. "Isn't she ex-
"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"

quise!" my lady exclaims. "Oh, lovely!" affirms her companion. And though I am somewhat dazzled by la Negri’s plaque of diamonds I, too, agree vociferously.

I think that my most colossal piece of nerve was the time that I slipped back stage at one of the Actors’ Equity benefits at the Metropolitan. Of course I had no business there, and I was admittedly in the way, but the lure of forbidden things had proved too strong, as usual. It was an evening of surprises. I was rather startled to see that Marion Davies had freckles. Also that Norma Talmadge isn’t half so eye-filling off screen. But perhaps the biggest surprise was that of finding Jane Cowl extremely beautiful. She was undoubtedly the loveliest thing there; or at least so the back-stage crowd voted her. By the way, Miss Cowl spoke to me! Ah, that divine voice! What did she say? To be painfully frank it was: "Would you mind getting out of my way?" Nor could I blame her, for among the back-stage confusion it was rather hard going, especially as she wore the exaggerated hoop skirt of "Smilin’ Through" fame.

At the two Equity benefits I have attended there has been practically the same crowd at the stage door—old actors, mostly, who seem to have the widest acquaintance. It brought something suspiciously like a lump to my throat to hear one of them bewailing his hard luck to Florence Moore, whom he had cornered. "It reminds me of the old days," he said. Those glorious yesterdays! Where would the old actor be without them?

There are always a number of curious children—I suppose I am one myself—who throng around the stage door on such occasions. There is one little girl in particular whom I always see. She is rather a fresh little girl; if she cannot quite place an actor she doesn’t hesitate to ask, "Who are you?" One famous actor at the last Equity benefit who seemed to be in exceedingly good spirits informed her that he was "blessed if he knew!"

Of course we inquisitive fans often get snubbed, by unsympathetic policemen and the like—and deserve to. But after all, it’s worth the knocks. As one of my feminine contemporaries would remark, "It gives you a heavenly thrill!" And deny it if you will, there is a great deal of romance and glamour about the motion pictures—in fact without these the cinema would be a sad thing indeed—and being a fan is a harmless enough malady.

What matter if it is incurable?
Mack Sennett's At It Again

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femininity; she must appear to be
gently bred, worthy of respect."

White is featuring, along with his
men comedians, Ruth Hiatt, a demure
blonde; Virginia Vance, a recruit of
less than two years' experience but
whose aptitude and earnestness show
promise; Hortense O'Brien, a Sou-
thern miss who first played extra in
"Maytime" and then a bit in "Black
Ocean," and Olive Borel, a peppy
brunette, seventeen years old, who
came from a Baltimore convent a
year ago to start in pictures as an
extra. Of these, Olive strikes me as
possessing most apparently those
qualities of which White spoke, plus
a vibrant personality.

Hal Roach is enthusiastic over the
possibilities of Blanche Mehaffey,
lately of the "Follies," whom he is
featuring in a comedy-drama, Laura
Rossing, Beth Darlington and dainty
little golden-haired Ena Gregory. Of
the Christie fold, Duane Thompson,
a vivacious brunette, all personality,
stands out as worthy of watching.

The old group faced the rather
chaotic conditions of the movie
growth. Talents ascended overnight;
the impossible was achieved with
scarcely a case. But now conditions
have attained a certain stability and
lines of progress are firmly grooved.
The new girls' eyes are upon the
future; they intend to profit by their
predecessors' mistakes. And, because
of this very practical attitude, because
of their personalities as well as their
pulchritude, it seems to me that the
1924 renaissance of the bathing
beauty promises well for the advance
of many of these new mermaids into
more pretentious work later, when
their novitiate training has been com-
pleted beside the ocean's undulating
waves.

The Studio Lorelei

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than feats of characterization. When
she goes about the job of acting, and
determines to register something or
other, her eyebrows become acrobatic
in their eloquence, her mouth seems
to rebel, her hands affect artificial
gestures, and the spectator profits
little. To use La Marr to the best
advantage is to cast her in a part that
fits her. After all, there are many
such. In repose she is irreproachable
and irresistible.

That she is a puissant personality
is evinced by the number of anecdotes
one hears in which she is the pivotal
figure. Uninteresting or common-
place people are never the topics of
conversation.

Returning from abroad, some time
ago, she is reported to have had a
temperamental clash with Ouida Ber-
ger, the scenario writer. There were
words, and frowns, and a gradual
stiffening of Miss Berger's manner.
Her aloofness grew icier and icier.

The La Marr ire rose higher and
higher. Finally, after listening to a
group of particularly high-flown
phrases, Barbara exploded:

"Be yourself, Ida Berger, be your-
sel"!

When Pola Negri was introduced
to La Marr it is reported that the
imported stella turned a glassy eye
upon her visitor and languidly called
Shirley.

Nita Naldi, too, is said to have
been unimpressed. During the mak-
ing of "Blood and Sand," Miss La
Marr was tacitly introduced to
the volcanic siren as "the girl we tried
to get to do Dona Sol." "Humph!" said Nita.

But you should have seen the
gentlemen overrun the La Marr re-
ception suite that afternoon. In addi-
tion to the more important ones al-
ready chronicled, there were proper
men, casting directors, still pho-
tographers, and one of the "grips," who
wanted to know how she thought the
game that day was going to turn out.
Hers is a natural, unaffected half-fel-
low spirit attempted by many but
achieved by few. The atmosphere
of her "star" quarters had the same
spontaneous camaraderie that marks
the dressing room of a college foot-
ball team. First names were the rule,
irritating the expected thing, and
gayety predominant.

She has trouped since she was
seven years old. At seventeen she
found herself dancing in vaudeville.
She had been dancing for ten years.
She was tired of dancing. So she
went to Hollywood and, without great
difficulty, found a position in the Fox
scenario department. It was not long
before she was being offered picture
contracts, and not very long before
she decided to accept them.

And now, among the half-dozen
most colorful personalities of the
perpendicular platform, stands Bar-
bara La Marr. Personality, let it be
clearly understood, has nothing what-
ever to do with acting. Personality
is another name for magnet-
ism.
rector does to a story can surprise me any more. I wouldn't even blink
an eyelash if I heard that 'Icebound' was to be filmed in Spain and 'Meron-
ton of the Movies' in Africa. And speaking of Merton, of course, you
have heard that Glenn Hunter is at last to make it for Paramount. That
means that he is leaving the stage production. And who do you sup-
pose may play it on the stage now?'
She didn't wait for me to guess
Charlie Ray but went right on.
"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He
isn't going to make any more pictures
for Famous Players. Not that he
wasn't awfully good, but his manager
wouldn't sign a new contract unless
Doug, Jr., got half of all the pro-
cceeds of his pictures. And you
know, no actor—not even Valentino
—can hold his company up that way.
"Glenn Hunter's secretary, a boy
named William Murray, got a job in
pictures that day and he filmed
so well that he is going to work in
pictures all the time, or as often as
he can get a job, at least.
"And a lot of dancers are coming
into pictures. Irene Castle is coming
to back to the screen in the spring as
soon as she comes home from her
latest honeymoon. Florence Walton
and Leon Leitrim, her husband, are
going into pictures as soon as she
finishes a country-wide vaudeville
tour, and Lenore Hughes, Maurice's
dancing partner, is already in pic-
tures. They say up at the studio that
she films wonderfully. It seems
funny to me that no one ever thought
of her as a screen player before.
She can hardly walk up Fifth Avenue
without seeing her pictures in a dozen
photographers' windows."
"But you haven't told me what she
is playing in," I protested.
"'Oh,' said Fanny breezily, 'In
'Blood and Gold,' of course."
"Well, it looks to me as though
every one would be in that picture.
"Not quite every one." Fanny in-
sisted. "But the director was really
most broad-minded. He let a lot of
society people appear in it. He was
going to make scenes in the Com-
modore ballroom after the regular
dance of the Saturday Night Supper
Club, and when the members learned of
it they asked if they might stay and
be in the picture."
"That's one society scene that the
critics can't say looks like a crowd
of starved extras."
"They shouldn't," Fanny admit-
ted, gathering up her things with
great dignity, "but they probably
will."
Making An Audience Edit a Film

Continued from page 43

the heavy played by Arthur Lud-wig and another character played by Nat Pendleton, once amateur wrest-ling champion of the world. Mr. Bennett knew that he could depend on Pendleton to put up a good fight and that is something every audience likes. Every one was intent during the fight scenes, boys were calling "Hit him again!" and up in the loge seats several women shrieked when it seemed that the heavy was about to be thrown over the precipice.

At the crucial moment, Henry Hull in the rôle of the schoolmaster, "a man of peace," stepped forward and persuaded the winner not to plunge the other man to death. At once he lost the sympathy of the audience and shouts of "Oh, you bum!" were heard. Even the part of the audience that wasn't noisy about it disapproved.

Now that scene was an integral part of the plot and couldn't be removed. But what could be done was to cut out other scenes that showed the hero to be perhaps too peaceful. Later on he became a real fighting man, but it would not have done to let the audience lose sympathy with him earlier in the picture.

When the audience was filing out we asked several persons what they thought of the picture. They said, "Simply fine."

Curiously enough, people forget their momentary dislike of certain scenes in their enjoyment of a whole picture. That is why it is important for a producer to have people watching and listening to folks in an audience while they are watching the picture run. The same persons seeing the picture in its finished form, would like it better than they had at first, though I doubt if any of them could tell exactly why.

Once I attended a "test" run, as these showings are called, with the star of a picture. During a sorrowful close-up of hers the man next to her said to his girl, "Aw, she ain't got any spirit. She's mealy-mouthed."

Now I didn't think so nor did her director, but our verdict was over-ruled. She had the scene retaken. And her one regret was that she couldn't show the scene over again to that same man to see if his opinion of her performance would change.

Entrecbats of Irony

Continued from page 24

The first press agent again.

"Chaplin's "Woman of Paris." It defies the conventions. Now here at Goldwyn's——"

"Never mind," I told him, as the third press agent cleared his throat for action, "I understand."

"I only wished to say that here at Goldwyn's they give me a free hand."

All three press agents beamed.

"They expect me to be both direc-tor and author. Formerly I never changed a line of the script, once I got it. But here it is part of a director's duty to alter the whole business. I wish that more of the big American writers would write directly for the screen. But they prefer writing the story first and selling the picture rights later. Well, it's the more profitable method."

Seastrom stopped as if surprised at his unaccustomed loquacity. He resumed again, more slowly.

"I like the simple story—divorced from crowds. But—that is not the custom."

He spread his hands in the first gesture he had used while we were talking. The press agents had begun to squirm again.

"The public, Mr. Seastrom—the public, we know, insists on a little high life in the pictures."

Seastrom looked through the press agent.

"The public has been spoiled if it does," he said.

His eyes narrowed and then expanded as he smiled.

"There remains the pleasure of little touches for self-satisfaction—the satisfaction of the man who makes the picture."

"Do you think that things will ever be different?" I asked. "Do you think there is hope of a public that will enjoy what the artist will enjoy making? Of producers who will serve this public with artistic pic-tures?"

Seastrom was standing up, smiling.

"In Sweden," he said, "we have a motto: Artist, do your work, but do not speak. I have talked too much. Good-by."

In his ice-blue eyes devils of thought were dancing. They flick-ered up and down, performing entrecbats of irony as he held out his hand.
those ordered in advance by the scenario writer. They are logical, they are genuine. That quality of wizardry with which Lubitsch invests his screen, makes you believe that Marie Prevost is exactly the sort of sensitive feline who would captivate Monte Blue and draw him from the side of Florence Vidor; and the same values apply to the attraction felt by Florence Vidor for Creighton Hale. It is quite extraordinary, this submergence of the actor into the character. It is hypnotic.

The direction, the simple, natural staging and, most of all, the brilliant acting make the picture the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. It is a comedy of innuendo, of suggestion, with more lightning flashes of intelligence, and bits of inspiration and turns of interest that cause one to exclaim at the sheer cleverness of Lubitsch. Yet I cannot sense that "The Marriage Circle" is staple fare any more than, let us say, the plays of Eugene O'Neill will draw as many people from the suburbs as those written by William Dean Smith and purveyed by John Golden. Lubitsch's picture is caviar—I hope not to the general.

But it is a special sort of effort and will make its strongest appeal to the special audience. A lady in the small gathering I attended declared in a voice that slightly quavered that she couldn't see anything to it. I fear the lady is not without sisters. Lubitsch himself, since he has been in this country, has heard enough of the box-office angle to know that producers for the most part are alive to its exactions, but he declares, perhaps a bit naively, that a picture can be artistic and commercially successful too. At least if the screen is to advance there must be some one with vision enough to produce pictures that need not clean up a million dollars in order to make doing them a joy. Some one told me that Lubitsch considered Marie Prevost the most interesting actress he had encountered here. I asked him about it and, as might have been expected, he was diplomatic. He withheld superlatives but voiced an opinion from which praise was not lacking.

"She is very, very fine," he said.

"I admire her because she can play a bad girl lightly, humorously."

That might have seemed nothing less than derogatory a few years ago when the highest art to be found in screen heroines consisted of being too good for this earth. It is precisely this quality that Lubitsch wants to
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Among Those Present

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couldn't act, so they had to take me, being the only thing at hand that would do. When they told me the salary was one hundred dollars a week I nearly passed out, but man-
aged to act almost natural until I got out of the office.

The past five years have been full ones. Several pictures with Alice Joyce. Some with May McAvoy. Small roles in films for Fox, Selznick, the Talakides. And now his Para-
mount contract and the grooming and training for big parts. He has re-
cently completed a role in William de Mille's "Don't Call It Love," adapted from "Rita Coventry," and just now is loaned to Ince for a crook film with Lilu Lee and Jim Kirkwood.

While earnestly trying his best to ac-
tain himself well, he is consumed with no theoretical notions, other than the usual likes and dislikes of an ordinary boy, has no "line" to

tand out. He has no kick against that portion of the world in which
his destiny at the moment is cast, but is quite content to play the juveniles

for which he is best suited. If as time goes on he proves himself capable of bigger things, well and good. If not—

"I can earn my living lots of ways, if I have to or want to," he says, with a contagious grin. "I don't have
to be an actor. But I like to. If the

goes ever say, 'Thumbs down on you, you poor prune, you can't act.' I could—go back to the glue factory!"

But he won't have to, for there's a naive, wholesome charm about this

ner who augurs well for his

future. He has been singularly suc-
cessful in escaping the awkward period of the actor: the self-con-
sciousness that usually intersperses intellectual immaturity and the final

achievement of poise and ease of

manner. The boy you see on the

screen in his films isn't any imaginary
creature trying to impress you with

make-believe action; he is—Bobby

Agnew, being himself and having a

peach of a time. And therein is

the secret of his growing popularity.

Thanks to Mr. De Mille

Continued from page 49

villain. The dividing line between

the totally good, the totally funny or
the totally bad had not then been
erased.

But now things seem to be differ-
ent. And so Rod, who is neither a
typical leading man, nor a comedy

cut-up, nor yet again a deep-dyed

villain, has at last his opportunity.

The New York critics, by this
time, will have rendered their ver-
dict on his performances. But of

greater importance to him is how the

public will regard him in this picture.

The public isn't accustomed to liking

and sympathizing with the man on

the screen who crashes through every

law of life and God. It may bewilder
them a little to find themselves laugh-

ing with Rod as he makes fun of

religious matters. Heretofore at such

moments the public has pursed up

its collective lips and rejoiced at the

sorry ending of such a bad young

man. But Rod's Dan McTavish will

make that difficult.
For Adults Only

Continued from page 96

Glyn's "Three Weeks." In the case of the Glyn stuff, as say "Six Days," unfortunately, there is always a chance for laughter and vulgarity, because of the author's name being associated in the conventional mind with the prurient type of literature.

It is hardly necessary to say more than that pictures and scenes, such as I have described, do not by their nature appeal to what is popularly termed the child mind. You won't find them so often in the program variety of films. They are not expected to meet with the approval of everybody, or even to be understood by everybody. Their interest is in a large degree for the more sophisticated filmgoer who is now coming into being, and they are to a degree, perhaps, building up a more intellectual public for the screen, for they are a strong contrast to the producers' stock contention that the movies are entertainment for everybody. At the same time, they do not in any sense overstep the bounds of propriety, and rarely if ever descend to a tawdry and reprehensible suggestiveness.

Even in the pictures of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, most of which are regarded as absolutely safe for innocents, is this apparent, although little has been taken away from their complete wholesomeness the while. I think some slight evidences of more sinister drama will be found in "The Thief of Bagdad," where the licentious character of the villainous Chinese prince is exemplified. This is shown not only in his actions, hideous and repellent as these sometimes are in their feeling, but also in the length and sharpness of his finger nails and the cruel slant of his eyes. Were such a personage transferred into the present he would possibly be offensive to the last extreme, but in his fantastic surroundings he merely slides into a safe niche as just part of the generally dazzling scheme.

Doug and Mary have also enhanced the intellectual appeal of their features through their choice of historical and legendary subjects, and the glorious beauty and glamour of their sets. This, however, is another story, although it too reflects the tendencies toward a "for adults only" drama.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 99

big-beaded, glistening, towering, headdresses that are part of certain Slavic costumes.

Charlie's Choice

Edna Purviance was finally selected as the lead in Charlie's new comedy, which, judging from the reports, will be some sort of burlesque on the stories of the great Northwest.

Some of the announcements regarding the comedy were facetiously printed verbatim in one of the daily newspapers, and greatly amused Hollywood, because of the quaint wording of the comedian's plans.

Somebody said that it sounded very much as if Charlie were proposing to go Warner Brothers one better and produce another "Gold Diggers," and that Charlie himself was some sort of hothouse plant, being moved out into the great open spaces. The announcement said:

"The pick and shovel of the gold seeker, together with all the other implements of manly toil, will replace, for the time, the dandy cane and elegant ease of Charlie's usual environment, and in the invigorating clime of the frozen northland, there is no doubt that he will display the stamina and energy requisite for existence in the vast and silent outdoors."

Regarding Edna Purviance, it mentioned: "The experience gained by Edna Purviance during her filming of the title part of 'A Woman of Paris' will be utilized by Mr. Chaplin himself, and he has decided that she, and no other, will play the part of the gracious lady of the snows — whom he is bound to encounter in his picture adventure."

Which is very coy, certainly!

The Trials of An Actor's Wife

Tully Marshall is married to Marion Fairfax, the scenario writer, and theirs is a genial companionship. The only time that there is a flaw in the perfect content of their household is when Marshall has to raise a crop of whiskers as he had to do for "The Stranger." His wife likes to have him look his best on all occasions.

One day recently an old friend of his came up and said, "Why, by Jove, Marshall, I didn't know you."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't," Marshall replied, "and so I know is my wife."
The Screen in Review
Continued from page 60

that might suffer by comparison at a brisker season of the year. Therefore I am grateful to Mr. Carl Laemmle of Universal for presenting two excellent pictures to brace up the slack season. For all-around satisfaction “A Lady of Quality” and “The Acquittal” come off with high honors.

In “A Lady of Quality,” Hobart Henley has achieved the difficult task of making an eighteen-century comedy seem entirely natural and spontaneous. He has taken the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett and produced it with such charm that the fact that it is a costume picture need not frighten you at all. For one thing, Mr. Henley did not allow himself to be bewildered by settings. The settings aren’t at all gorgeous and, compared with its more-expensive sisters, “A Lady of Quality” is peculiarly unpretentious. The deftly presented melodrama and gay comedy do more to make it pleasant entertainment than tons and tons of the best settings that could be assembled.

Virginia Valli, who is wise enough to make herself so scarce that we never see quite enough of her, plays the rôle of the madcap Clorinda and is thoroughly delightful.

“The Acquittal” is based on the play by Rita Weiman and contains at least one excellent melodramatic situation. By some strange accident, the plot reached the screen almost without a change. After seeing some of the hash made of good stories and plays, I half expected to see “The Acquittal” done in film form with the “catch” incident left out. Perhaps I was unusually partial to “The Acquittal” because the cast contains Claire Windsor and Norman Kerry, both of whom are favorites of mine.

Caught on the Fly

My sincerest hope for the New Year is that the movies will turn out more comedies. For instance, I would have been glad to trade “The Day of Faith,” “In the Palace of the King,” and “The Shepherd King” for one old-fashioned custard pie comedy. Too much scenery and too much straining for subtle dramatic effects which fail to come off properly has nearly taken the joy out of the movies.

And so I feel that I ought to encourage Sydney Chaplin and Owen Moore in their farce, “Her Temporary Husband.” It’s a good picture for the tired business man and the tired business woman. It isn’t long on art and sometimes it gets a little crude, still it makes you laugh and your neighbors won’t annoy you by snoring.

Emory Johnson’s picture, “The Mailman,” was presented just in time to keep a lot of persons from sending unnecessary Christmas cards. It proves that the poor postman is an heroic person and a wonderful family man. Call it hokum, if you like, but don’t laugh it to scorn. Such pictures are the corned beef and cabbage of the screen. Ralph Lewis, a friend from the old Triangle days, has the leading rôle.

“Maytime,” in its film version, still carries with it the traces of its origin, a highly popular and rather sentimental musical comedy. You keep waiting for the orchestra to strike up and for Ethel Shannon to burst into song. In fact, the picture actually has a beauty chorus. But you might do worse; you might waste an evening on “The Call of the Canyon,” which is another one of those pictures boasting what Will Rogers calls “the great mortgaged spaces.” The picture is supposed to convince you that Arizona is a better place to live than the wicked cities of the East, but I came out perfectly willing to listen to the call of the subway. Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw are in it.

I think that “Boy of Mine” will get along without extended praise from me. Only a terrible crab could withstand the appeal of Ben Alexander in a Booth Tarkington story. Assisted by Irene Rich and Henry Walthall, young Ben romps away with a real hit.

“The Man from Broadyn” is scrambled melodrama with such players as J. Warren Kerrigan, Alice Calhoun, Wanda Hawley and Miss Dupont trying to act as though they believed it. The audience on Broadway was extremely impolite to the picture but it may find a more sympathetic reception elsewhere.

“Lucretia Lombard” may come to you under its original title or it may come to you heralded as “Flaming Passion.” Theater managers have been given a choice of titles by the Warner Brothers. The joke will be on the audiences who are attracted by the title of “Flaming Passion.” Don’t let them kid you; there is no hot stuff in it.

A short picture called “Among the Missing,” deserves your interest. I hope it comes your way. Also Mae Murray has made another one called “Fashion Row,” so don’t say I didn’t tell you.
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Inclining Westward
Continued from page 94

my life was when I signed to play Hoot Gibson's leading lady in real, rip-roaring Westerns. My very happiest, an intensified tone indicated the difference in the importance of the events, "was when I at last got into a Bill Hart picture. He has been my idol from the time I was a movie-struck school kid.

"Three years ago, when the family fortunes went away and neglected to come back, I came out here, as movie maid as the average girl, determined to work in a Bill Hart film. It was seven months after I registered at his studio,—though I played extra with other companies—before I was called. Talk about a thrill! He was so kind to me, helping me and teaching me things, and finally gave me a small rôle. In all, I did extra work nine months. Incidentally, Lambert Hillyer, who directed that Bill Hart film which realized my first ambition, also handled the megaphone on "The Spoilers."

"In the refinishing of this adventurous tale, Barbara made her rôle of Helen, a small, lack-luster part in the original version, stand out. "Aside from my Western inclinations—I know I won't realize them in my work, because the West of the screen is a farce!—the ideal I am working toward is Norma Talmadge." Barbara continued, choosing plebeian string beans from among the many dishes the obsequious waiter implored us to accept. "I wouldn't want to be called 'the second Norma Talmadge,' even if I were worthy of such a title. What I ever amount to, I want that to be me, different from everybody else, not an imitator. But Norma seems to me the best actress on the screen, because she's giving us something real instead of a lot of glamorous illusion."

"There are a lot of things I don't like about all this," again a white hand gestured vaguely, "but principally the show of it all. Perhaps I shouldn't criticize the means of my own livelihood. The work is all right, but outside of that real worth doesn't count for much here—pretense, often masquerades as the genuine thing and gets away with it. Now, on my ranch —"

Forty-two minutes later, she was still going strong on that dream. Every cent saved from her family responsibilities is going toward its eventual fulfillment. Proving her common sense, she recently turned in her luxurious motor on a Beverly Hills lot, lacking the required sum for its purchase owing to other investments.

"I'm going to get a cheap little car to run around in. I want to buy and sell real estate, to make more dollars to add to my ranch fund. "You wait!" was Barbara's parting admonition, in a tone of firm conviction. "You'll see me yet, astride a wild mustang, riding my vast range, or else, with Buddy, sitting on the fence, arguing with my cowboys. I think the greatest tragedy of this country's progress is the way civilization has encroached upon and gradually obliterated the picturesque West. But I'm going to bring it back again, at least upon my own acres. Dreams are given us so that we may work and fulfill them, you know."

So perhaps we may yet see this calm, quiet-voiced young lady bossing a bunch of cow-punchers—and restoring the rugged West of Bret Harte's stories and Bill Hart's films. After all, maybe she'd fit into it better than here in this show-case world of pretense; for, though she isn't a bit wild and woolly, there's something decidedly real about Barbara Bedford.

There will always be a place for her on the screen, I think, for character and perseverance are responsible for her success, not luck.

That Little Feeling
By CHARLES GRISWOLD, JR.

There's just a little feeling
That is creeping 'round my heart,
Quite different than I've ever had before—
So I went to a physician;
And asked him earnestly
If there was something serious in store?

"We'll try and find the trouble,
Just open up your coat!"
Then he gravely listened with his stethoscope;
His grim expression scared me
So I looked at him and asked
If he thought there really wasn't any hope.

"When was it?" asked the doctor,
"That you had this feeling first?"
I thought a moment, searching for the truth—
"While sitting at a movie show
And watching, quite content,
A picture with the title 'Flaming Youth.'"

"Well, now I know the trouble!"
I've seen that film myself—
It's queer I didn't think of this before—
You'll find my diagnosis right—
Your bill? Ten dollars, please,
You've simply got a case on Colleen More!"
Valentino asserts that he owes everything to her. She is June Mathis, Goldwyn's scenario editor in chief, a woman of rare genius in discerning talent in any form.

"He's got what we want for Ben-Hur," she told me, referring to Walsh. "I have hundreds of test pictures of practically every available man in the film colony and not one, except this strange Walsh person, looks like a Roman gladiator of the Olympic games, is physically strong enough to drive a chariot, can swim and do all the other feats expected of a Ben-Hur, and yet has a face that from the nose up looks as though it belonged to a religious zealot, and from the lips down like that of a man who could love and hate intensely.

"I don't know whether he can act. I don't care. But I do know that he has everything we have been searching, searching for and that it only needs to be brought out."

You personally may scorn the idea of his playing Ben-Hur. Perhaps you feel that Valentino or Jim Kirkwood or Lloyd Hughes or Richard Dix would suit better. The manner in which productions are to-day made should be taken into consideration, however, while one is prospecting upon who will play coveted leading roles. Sometimes the players whom you feel are surely going to ruin a picture are the very ones whose performances stand out most prominently. Types are now found for roles, instead of roles for personalities.

In other words, the actor or actress who is your pet aversion may be type perfect for the role that in the old days of casting was given to the handsome male star, or beautiful ingenue, and padded or torn down to fit his or her personality.

I recall how outrageous I thought it was that Jack Kerrigan should be cast in "The Covered Wagon." But reports from all over the country agree on the excellence of Kerrigan's individual performance.

Much the same skepticism was felt when the casting of Wallace Beery as Richard the Lion-hearted and Sam de Grasse as Prince John in "Robin Hood," and Ernest Torrence in a comedy role in "The Covered Wagon." What was the result? Their performances take rank with the very finest of the past year, and I think will not be forgotten for many another year. So you really never can tell. George Walsh may yet prove that he's one of the big actors and personalities of the screen.

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What a Contrast!

I was just reading an article—an interview with Mary Pickford, which has given me courage to say what has long troubled me. Miss Pickford is quoted as saying: "I think it is a personal regret being forced to sit through long vaudeville entertainments when I've paid to see a picture."

In that sentence she has echoed the opinions of hundreds of film fans, and she also adds that "if she were an exhibitor she would have a song at the opening. No long overture to tire the audience, no accompaniments during the picture. As it is, some of the orchestras walk out in the middle of the picture and leave you at the mercy of an old organ."

How many times we have all noticed this. We hate this cheap vaudeville they force upon us, and are forced to us to refuse to see it. The money they pay for these acts can be used to better advantage.

A picture which I enjoyed immensely, and which carried Mary's idea, was "If Winter Comes," which played here some time ago, and the exhibitor, whoever he was, received my thanks. At the opening of the picture, there was a short overture— and as the picture was being run a man and a woman sang variations. What impressed me most was the scene where the soldier's daughter disguised as a man stood back stage and sang a hymn—oh, so sweet and sad. It was so beautiful that even my friends, who boasted of "having been there," were moved.

Last week I saw it at another house, and it was terrible. When the soldier's mother was passing away the girl at the fort said "Indiana Jones, What will the contrast?"

CLAUDE MASON

128 Shawmut Avenue, Suite 2, Boston, Mass.

The Movies in St. Vincent.

It is rather difficult to make a Western cow-puncher, with broad-brimmed hat and six-shooter, speak Portuguese while drinking Scotch whisky from an American frontier bar, but this has been accomplished, and the pictures shown amid the greatest enthusiasm at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, off the west coast of Africa.

To the people of St. Vincent the exhibition of a new picture provides the occasion for a gala celebration, bringing out the natives in all their finery and crazy-quit clothes, women, yellow, brown, and black, boys, all flock to see the fascinating spectacle of "people moving on a sheet."

To an outsider, the enthusiasm shown by the patrons of this drama actors is one of the most interesting sights on the island. St. Vincent is but a small coal-port and inhabited chiefly by West African Negroes. Every six weeks a main steamer arrives from England and included in the mail and cargo discharged are antiquated films, which are shown twice a week until the next steamer brings in a fresh supply.

The islands are owned by Portugal and the language used is a mixture of Portuguese and native tongue. All of the films are American made with titles and subtitles in Portuguese.

Having been marooned in the island because of a fire aboard the American steamship Eastern Globe and in search of entertainment, I learned of the exhibition of an American movie. The theater, which was a semiopen air, slinky, structure, bore the attractive name of Eden Park. I was told there was a connection between the park and the name as the islands are as void of any vegetation as the garden of Eden was luxuriant.

The admission price for the most choice seats was one cent; it was indicated by a green, pronounced "skooters," Cape Verde currency. This is less than ten cents in American money. The seats were rough, wooden affairs, very uncomfortable, and stiff. Along both sides of the theater were crude forms of boxes occupied by the elite of the island. A small gasoline generator supplied the light projector and at times the pictures would almost fade from the screen.

It seemed as if most of the population of the island had gathered for this occasion, as though they were white tracers, carrying canes, but barefooted. The girls were all attired in their finest clothing of colored cloth. A young girl, of a light yellow tint, stepped into the theater with all the majestic splendor of an American society dame. A glistening headpiece circled her brow, a plish opera coat enveloped her, with only her shoulders, but her feet were without shoes and stockings.

When the picture was ready to be shown, a hush fell, that only was broken by the approach of a subway train, was blown three times. This summoned the loiterers outside and hurried the late comers. All was in readiness for the picture. The whistle blew again and the picture flashed on the screen. Alas! The operator had made the mistake of placing the film upside down, so a new start had to be made. The whistle blew for another blast from the whistle.

The picture was typical of the American films of the 1910 vintage, with a Western setting, gun play, and rough-western fights. I did not recognize any of the actors but the greatest character on the silver screen or the most popular matinee idol could not have been received with more enthusiasm or worship shown the unknown American film hero.

The audience hung breathless on every move, although the picture was run with the sound. Day would come in order to make it last longer. They clapped, they laughed, they cheered, they shouted, they poured and stamped, and then turned around and repeated the ritual. Every appearance of the screen hero brought forth a salvo of cheers. When he folded his arms with stately men and cast his glance across the floor of the theater, the crowd blustered with enthusiasm. I believe, had he made his appearance in person at the conclusion of the show, he would have been crowned king of the island.

At the end of each reel a five-minute intermission was given, when of one accident occurred. The actors, with their hats, lit their cigarettes and sauntered over to the entrance or to the boxes, which were occupied by the young ladies; while the young ladies were the recipients of much attention and during the intermission...
sions had two or three young men each gathered around them. The easy familiarity thebodily woman emitted as she young ladies sat talking with their arms around the necks of young men acquaintances.

At the end of the five-minute period the whistle sounded a warning and the picture was resumed. I suppose that it would require too much effort for the natives of continuous personal

formance, as they are adverse to hard labor. It might have been that some reduct

was required from the hard seats. This seems to be logical reason for the frequent intermissions.

The same picture is shown twice a week until a new film arrives. The natives attend each performance with interest each, if not more, enthusiasm as they did when they witnessed it for the first time.

So the American actor on American films brings enjoyment to these simple childlike people, thousands of miles from the United States, by speaking a language they understand but doing stunts entirely novel and foreign to them.

—ALFRED P. PECK.

Cape Town, Union of South Africa.

A Protest.

Recently in one of our local theaters I had the dubious pleasure of seeing "The Drivin' Fool" rushed through so fast that the actors appeared as jumping

jacks, and when Harold Lloyd's "His Life as a Protest" was presented, it was shot through with the same ve-

clocity. In fact, it went so fast that some parts seemed to us to be left out. And when the screen burned your eyes, it was your privilege when, on leaving the theater, to note pictures supposed to be taken from the film, but which had apparently been censored, or removed to shorten the pic-
ture, posted in a large show frame. Se-

veral others commented on the same thing.

Now, if that concern thinks it is going to get any further notice from yours truly or his host of friends it is greatly mistaken.

This same thing has hap-
pended time and again, I am told. Only one result. One reason, the producers were standing, waiting to get in, and rather than pass up a few admissions, they sacrificed the pleasure of the entire setting.

"IT'S HIS FAULT!"

And then managers wonder what is wrong with the pictures.

WALTER J. KRIE.

1555 Edmund Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Some Personal Impressions.

All roads lead to Chicago. Movie stars, on their way from coast to coast, must sometimes go between trains just like ordinary mortals; and the inquisitive

fans may, if they choose, survey their favorites at close range. To the Chicago fans who goes to star hunting, there are thrill on every corner. Away from their Hollywood homes and studio surroundings, the screen celebrities become just another man and woman who measure up like all the rest of us. Out of the passersby, one can see six stars who interested me more than the rest.

At the first showing of "Robin Hood" in Chicago, I sat within ten feet of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford for nearly three hours, and I studied their movement. They are worthy of any one's attention. Fairbanks is an exten-

remely nervous, and a good talker. Miss Pickford is a beautiful young woman, cool and gracious—but she is not the "Little Mary" we see on the screen.

Valentine, when in Chicago, was all that could be expected. No star ever faced a more difficult ordeal than did Rodolph during his stay in this city. With thousands of fans, especially of the female variety, worshiping nightly at his shrine, he never once lost his poise and good sense. I heard him state his case, and I hope we wins.

After the Lew Cody for more than a half hour at the Senate Thea-
ter, I cheerfully included him among the few who possess a compelling personality.

A regular fellows in every way, he seemed more than anxious to merit the approval of the fans. In addition to his screen talents, Mr. Cody has a fine stage per-
nance.

Pearl White, when I met her at the Movie Exhibition a few years ago, was a glorious girl, high-spirited, jolly, and a beauty. She has a radiated personality, and a crowd of more than twenty thou-

sand showed their appreciation and praise.

Like on the list, but first in my affec-
tions, comes Mabel Normand. It is hard to imagine a screen artist so grateful and sincere that she will entertain one of her loyal admirers in an exclusive hotel with comfort. The film critic reporters and photographers fret and fume in the lobby below. She is the most wonderful girl I ever have met. It is no wonder that Norbert Lusk stated in the Chicago Picture-Play:

"Mabel is irresistible!" Her friendship I prize very highly.

JOHN D. CAHILL.

210 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Note from Richard Barthelmess.

It isn't always that a letter from a fan strikes so close to the mark as T. C. Van Zandt's letter to the "Chicago Herald" a few months ago.

The question of "What the Fans Think." For it happens that we have already chosen for my next picture; a modern story, in which I am to play a youthful role, and it is of interest I should communicate it to my "friends in that circle."

"The public, you know, is made up of diverse personalities, and so with motion-picture fans. Some like zippy personalities, others like costume dramas, some like comedies, some like heavy character productions.

In "Fury" we tried to suit those who want a little more than just comedy and the spirit of youth. In "The Bright Shawl" we attempted to please lovers of character portrayals, and in "The Scare of the Century" as costumes, swords, gallant men, and splendid villains.

My next picture, "Twenty-one," is almost collegiate. I do drive a zippy road-

ster and fappers of the latest, up-to-the-

most, that I can buy, and part my smiles.

Indeed, Mr. Van Antwerp has hit exactly upon my production policy.

I want to vary my schedule as much as possible in the hope that I may give pleasure to all sorts of fans.

The public is really my only guide and I welcome criticism and advice from those who are pleased but I'm no expert in me.

RICHARD BARTHELMES.

Smiles.

I remember reading an article quoting Thomas Meighan's "in a smile it pays big dividends. That, the writer stated, was Thomas Meighan's motto. I think it a mighty fine one to have and I feel sure that all professionals who invest heavily in smiles draw big dividends in kind thoughts and faithful friends. I have never dreamed that a bank would be be/get hate until I read "Only a Fan's" letter in the October issue.

In the sixteen years that I have been an ardent devotee of motion pictures I have grown to love many by their smiles, and their possessors have endeared them-

selves to me forever. I will mention a few of them.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

as he is to-day

If a Jelly Fish

Could Slap a Rat

in the Face

he would do it. But he can't. We have no arms. Neither does he have a backbone. He can't even move. But an American who was an absolute loner and a pair of arms—and wouldn't use them.

NO EXCUSE

We excuse the jelly fish. He never had anything to work on. But there is no excuse for a dally

dweller who is unable to swim with the pace of a man. You were meant to take the world in a handy animal which does not slow better faster than you do.

CUT IT OUT FELLOWS

Break up the pace you were meant to be. Don't try to imitate a jelly fish. Get some pep up and make a real man out of your self.

One of the well known sportsman drills into you that will make your old arms come up to requisition. I'll build up that chest, those shoulders and ribs the beam, muscular arms of an athlete. And that's no joke. You will start pumping real oxygen into your blood, purifying your entire system. Those old coals out in your chest will disappear. Your eyes will radiate the air which fills your chest. You have a spring to your step, and every move you make will show just how well you can go.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

I don't care what your present condition is. The week end is here, the weather is fine, and there is no limit to what you can do in the next few days. You are just one of those men who need a little exercise. You are just one of those men who need a little exercise. You are just one of those men who need a little exercise. You are just one of those men who need a little exercise. You are just one of those men who need a little exercise.

Send for my 64-page book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is Free

It contains forty-four full page photographs of myself and some of the many exercising people I have trained. Many of those are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchant, etc. Some of these came to me as pigheaded weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over and see what I was trained at their present physiques.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dep't 1403, 365 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN.

Dept. 1403, 365 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 30 cents, for which I should be pleased to receive any publication on the subject whatever a copy of your latest book, "Muscu-

lar Development."
"Why Should I
Look at the Stage?"

he asked, "when I'd rather watch your lovely eyes?"

Do your eyes excite such admiration? They will, if you heighten their beauty and increase their expressiveness by darkening the lashes with WINX. Apply WINX with the paste rod attached to the stopper—it makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Does instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and prevent growth, use Court Cream Lash-lix at night. Court Lash-lix (black, brown or color) 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

WINX today for samples of WINX and of PERT Rouge—enough of each to last a week. Samples are a dime each. Enclose 2 cents.

WINX Waterproof

For the amateur show, the impromptu dance, the party of any kind, the Hohner makes just the kind of music everybody likes. That's why the Hohner is the most popular, the most widely sold, musical instrument in the world. Get yourself one—you can learn to play it in an hour. Ask your dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York," for a copy. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

OWN YOUR OWN HOHNER

How the feet begin to patter and the hands begin to clap when the teasing, throbbing harmonies from that magical mouth organ come sweeping over the footlights!

FOOTLIGHTS

HARMONY

For the amateur show, the impromptu dance, the party of any kind, the Hohner makes just the kind of music everybody likes. That's why the Hohner is the most popular, the most widely sold, musical instrument in the world. Get yourself one—you can learn to play it in an hour. Ask your dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York," for a copy. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 202

A TELEGRAPH ROMEO.—Katherine Lewis was born in 1890, and Constance Wilson is about nineteen. Constance recently married a man who has just started her career at last, and she is being taught to manage two jobs at once, apparently.

IVAN R.—Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't think you'll be able to get a sample copy of the album, "Saving a Woman in Half," so that you can discover how the trick is done. The knowledge of how it is done is the valuable part of the act, and the only thing that its sponsors are anxious to keep secret, naturally. Aside from this, it is practically never possible to get a screen copy of a picture, as the working scripts are the property of the producing companies and seldom pass out of their hands.

K. S.—Of course Tom Mix really can do all those cowboy stunts he pulls in his pictures. You can't fake that kind of thing for the motion-picture camera. Didn't you know that Tom was a cowboy, and a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War, before he ever stepped in front of a movie camera?

A FANNY FAN.—Oh, don't waste all that nervous worry on the salutation. Anything'll do. When you don't know how to begin a thing, it's a good idea to plunge right into the middle of it. The "sheik" picture in which Monte Blue tried so hard to look like a dashing bad man of the desert was called "The Tent of Allah." Mary Alden played his mother in it. More heights. Why are you fans so interested in them, I wonder? They are the all-perpetual question in which interest never seems to die down. Well, Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half; Jack Mulhall is five feet eleven; John Bowers is one inch more than that; and George Walsh falls back to Jack's height. I'm sorry I can't tell you which stars require quarters for photos and which do not, but I have no official list of the do's and the don'ts. It's always a pretty safe guess, though, that the more important players, who receive a great many requests, will not mail photos unless some fee is inclosed. They would soon be swamped if they sent out thousands of photos that they do free of charge. But if you are writing to a player who is not so prominent, you have a better chance of getting a photo without an inclosure, and also of receiving a personal answer besides.

GINGER.—I simply can't resist any one who "begs me on bended knee to answer." I am too unused to such humbleness not to regard it with respect. I was born in 1868, Bebe Daniels in 1901, Claire Windsor in 1897, Elinor Fair in 1903, Conrad Nagel in 1896. Since coming to this country Pola Negri has made "Bella Donna," "The Cheat," and "The Spanish Dancer," and is now engaged on "My Man." The concensus of opinion about Pola's work in America so far seems to be that she has forsaken her vivid, life-like style of acting in order to appear more beautiful, or perhaps she's afraid of the censors.

H. K.—I understood your letter perfectly. You write very well for an Armenian—I mean, for the Spanish language. I am sure you wrote such a letter a short time ago. In another year you will be making some of yours, too. Steward Holmes was born in Chicago, Illinois, on May 14, 1918, in the State of Colorado.

Harry C.—The player whose picture you included is Allan Simpson, who played the part of the "Moon." He is the same man of the collar ad you noticed, as, before going into pictures, his face used to adorn advertising art. There was a call for the part of the "Moon" on December 19, 1923, issued of Picture-play under the title "Some Model Men of the Movies," but I suppose you missed out on that issue. Good. Anad Nagel plays Paul in "Three Weeks," and Aileen Pingle is the lady from "Three Weeks." You cannot locate a copy of "Three Weeks" in any of your book stores, but it can be ordered by mail. Charlotte Merriam is appearing in features only a short time, but she is not a newcomer to the screen, as she had been starring in Christie, Educa
tional, and other comedies for the last few years.

Antoinette M.—I bet I can guess your favorite word. It’s "wonderful," isn’t it? Anyway, I’m glad that I come under its flattering influence. You see, I never mixed in that crowd. Yes, I can understand that the fact that the man who is also like Antonio Moreno’s would give you a kindred feeling for him. Tony’s next screen appearance will be in Pola Negri’s "The Three Musketeers," and he plays Pola’s lover. This is the rôle that Tony’s friends are counting on to establish him in what they consider is the rightful leading role as one of our most dazzling romantic stars, so be sure not to miss it.

Elonora McF.—I can appreciate that you would ‘just love’ to have a complete list of all of Wallace Reid’s pictures and his leading ladies, but he played in a good many, you know, and my space is limited. However, here are some of them. Better cut out the list and save it for future reference, as it might not be printed again for a long time. In "The Jazz Singer," and "The Man," he was, of course, only Geraldine Farrar’s leading man, but in 1918 he started on his series of starring productions. They were: "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," with Lila Lee; "Sick Abed," and the "Dancing Fool," with Bebe Daniels; "Always An Angel," with Margaret Whitney; "Too Much Speed," and "The Love Special," with Agnes Ayres; "The Charm School," with Lila Lee; "Across the Continent," with Mary MacLaren; "Peter Ibbetson," with Elise Ferguson; "Rent Free," "The Dictator," and "The Ghost Breaker," with Lita Grey. "The Gibeau World’s Champions," with Lois Wilson; "The Hell Diggers," with Lois Wilson; "The Affairs of Anatol," with Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, Blanche Sweet, and Julia Faye; "Don’t Tell Everything," with Gloria Swanson; and the last picture he made was "Thirty Days," in which Lila Lee appeared opposite him.

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With Underwood you buy the very best, not second choice or "seconds," but the best typewriter that can be made. Every Underwood typewriter is guaranteed perfect, free from defects in material or workmanship for five years or we will replace it or refund your money. Our guarantee is a long-term, written guarantee in which you can place your confidence.

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When you send in the coupon for further information about our splendid typewriter, all we ask is your name, address, and the make of typewriter you now own, if you own one. You may order any one of our splendid typewriters, and we will send you literature about them. You may order any Underwood typewriter for as little as $2.00 a month, and we will place it in your hands at once.

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Advertising

MISS GEORGETTE.—And if your own name is Mary or something else that is staid and proper, because your note tells me that you are suffering from a frivolity complex. How did I know? I'm an Oracle.

Ainslee's

“The Magazine That Entertains”

Issued on the 15th of each month

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STATISTICIAN.—No, the huge sums that have been rumored as the selling prices of famous plays and stories to movie producers have not been terribly exaggerated, incredible as some of them seem. Film producers who pay enormous sums for stories and then proceed to change almost every title but the title, feel, I suppose, that what they pay for a well-known story is justified, and that the system must work profitably, because the high prices continue. The screen rights to “Turn to the Right” were sold for $150,000, and William R. East brought $175,000; “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,” was purchased originally by Madge Kennedy for $12,500; she intended to do it herself, but Mary Pickford was given the rights and Miss Kennedy $75,000 for the story; William Randolph Hearst had offered $85,000 in his attempt to acquire it as a vehicle for Marion Davies, but he was too late. Douglas Fairbanks paid $100,000 for “The Virginian,” and after holding it for some time finally let it go to Preferred Pictures for $250,000. The screen rights to “The Bride” paid enormous sums for Broadway plays and well-known books, and they have several potential box-office knockouts on their schedule. The play, “The French Line,” was bought for $100,000; “Daddies,” and “The Gold Diggers.” Mary Pickford is reported to have paid $150,000 for “The Tailor-Made Man”; her brother Jack has just raised the price to $200,000. The novel, “Anna Karenina,” was bought for $100,000 by Charles Ray, she got only $50,000 for it. “Ben Hur,” the skyrocket of them all, is likely to bring over a million for the rights, as the amount already paid by the Goldwyn company, the owners of the play will draw certain royalties from the film after it is shown.

A WISCONSIN FAN.—Yes, Taylor Graves appeared in Jackie Coogan's “Oliver Twist.” He played the role of Charley Bates. You have Valentine's full name all right—now do you wonder that he decided on something easy like Valentinio for his screen work? Yes, I certainly have heard of Monte Collins. He had quite a career—he was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and educated in Edinboro, Scotland. He spent something like forty years on the stage, and has performed in every country from the circus to legitimate drama. He is a blonde, has blue eyes, and is five feet six.

AFT E.—Thomas Meighan has brothers and sisters—six of 'em. If you're curious for the details, their names are John, William, James, King, Margaret, just the same as if they didn't have a famous movie star for a brother. Their father, John Meighan, who used to spend a lot of his time with Tommy out in Hollywood, died just recently at age of seventy-four.

DORIS MCG.—The Fox production of “Les Miserables” was released in 1918. Here is the cast: Jean Valjean, William Farnum; The Bishop, George Moss; Javert, Henry B. Walthall; Marius, Waldo Novack; Markova; Cosette—at eight years of age— “Kittens” Reichert; Cosette—at eighteen—Jewel Carmen; Marius, Harry Spangler; Gavroche, Anthony Phillips; Thenardier, Edwin Elkins; Madame Thenardier, Mina Ross.

FAITHFUL TO GRACE.—And your loyalty is rewarded. Grace Cunard is back on the screen again, so watch for her in “The Elk’s Tooth,” which is being made by Renelles Productions.
The Picture Oracle

IRENE RICH FOREVER.—Only that long? Your "sweet Irene's" largest important role is in "Lucretia Lombard," which was made by the studios for the purpose of building up that name, and which will be released by the time you read this. In case you see a picture called "Flaming Passion" advertised for showing on your local circuit, be sure you see it, because you will discover that it is "Lucretia Lombard" in disguise. You see, Warner Brothers are releasing the film under that revised title to correspond with the location of the theater. A title like "Lucretia Lombard" means less than nothing to the average movie patron who hasn't happened to see her picture, and that is why "Flaming Passion" is a sure box-office attraction for a certain type of filmgoer. So the Warners, while respecting the sensitive feelings of that portion of the reading public who howl and moan when their favorite stories are decked out with sacrilegious and unrecognized movie titles, are still determined that those screen patrons who are not so well read shall not be scared away from the theater because of a title that lacks box-office appeal. Irene Rich has been a favorite of the American public for some time, yet she has never been tried once or twice before, and perhaps that is the way every one's feelings will be satisfied in the future. Irene Rich has taken to her a second wife, Alice Angeles. Johnnie Walker is married to Rene Parker, who performs in musical comedy.

BROWN-EYED GENE.—So you think I must have a lot of patience? Well, I admit that there is a little since I've been married. It is a most useful thing to have, too. Richard Talmadge is not related to the Talmadge sisters. Constance was born in Los Angeles on April 10, 1900. Raymond Griffith is a tall medium height, and has brown eyes and hair. "Fools First," a Marshall Neilan production, was the first picture in which he attracted notice. Yes, I think it is possible that he'll send you a picture.

MINORE.—So you want to correspond with other fans, and don't know how to go about it? Well, why not read over "The Fans Think," and then try writing your letters to the writer of some picture which interests you, either in the way of congratulating him on his attitude, or trying to show him, in a friendly way, where he went wrong. Jean Harlow was born on April 8, 1913: Thomas Meighan on April 9, 1884, and Viola Dana in 1898. Beth Sully was the name of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks the first, and "Stephen Steps Out" was the title of Doug, Jr.'s, first picture.

M. L. M.—Lila Lee no longer answers to "single," as she became the wife of James Kirkwood several months ago. They have been on the lookout for a suitable home for some time, as Mr. Kirkwood had a serious accident shortly after they were married, but Lila nursed him back to life again. Now both of them must go in good society, and it is to be hoped that they will, as Mr. Kirkwood was not very successful in the field of acting. He was born on April 23, 1895. The full name of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is the title of Doug, Jr.'s, first picture.

THEO.—I am beginning to think that the Bert Lytell admirers are the most extravagant adorers in fandom. At least, they are exceedingly reckless on paper. Bert's address is printed in this issue so that you can send for that photo you never received, but the lack of which doesn't seem to have lessened your "worship" any. Probably you have also been uplifted by that interview with him in the February issue, called "More Notes on These Actors." If you missed it, you can get a copy by sending to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 70 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Some time ago Bert made a personal appearance, and created a very favorable impression generally—he used to be on the stage, you know—but I doubt that he will make another.

MISS GEERTHEM.—None of the "stars of yesterday" you mention is making pictures now. "Jupiter" is the wife of Harley M. Millarde, the director, and seems to find her artistic satisfaction in taking care of her young daughter. But perhaps she will make a personal appearance, as Vivian Martin has been appearing on the stage for some time now, and I hear no future screen plans for her. Lilian Bond is still making some practical film work now. She has appeared in tiny parts in a couple of English pictures that were shown in this country, but that's all.

LEONA.—Come right in, Leona. Don't be bashful. It is high time for The Oracle's desk, and we'll see if we can straighten them out. Wanda Hawley is a blonde by nature, but whether she was a true blonde in pictures I can't, of course, say. Bebe Daniels' hair is dark brown. Bebe's pout is more or less an added attraction—she doesn't have her mother and Dagmar Godowsky plays in pictures, but so far has not done anything startling on the screen. Her marriage to Frank Mayo curled her up for a time, but Frank is only one of those I-prefer-my-wife-at-home husbands, but now Dagmar is stepping out again. You may see her in Goldwyn films in the future. Leona is the other Leopold Godowsky, the celebrated pianist.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Your favorite has just finished her second picture for Cosmopolitan, which is called "The Great White Way," and in which T. Roy Barnes opposite her. It is taken from H. C. Witwer's story, "Cain and Mabel," and if you can manage to tear your eyes away from Anita you may discover various ways to punctuate the action in the film, among them being Witwer himself, Tex Rickard, Irvin S. Cobb, Damon Runyon, "Bugs" Belfry, Johnnie Walker, British lightweight champion; Joe Humphreys, "Kid" Broad and Tammany Young. After that, I don't need to tell you that it's a stinker. "The Love Picker" was Anita Stewart's first production for Cosmopolitan. I wouldn't tell you my personal impression of it, but the consensus among the players is that the plot is the story or the acting was anything to get excited about. But "The Great White Way" sounds more promising, and perhaps Anita has regained her old place among the great favorites of the fans.

ANNA G.—It looks as though Tony Moreno's serial days are over now. Anna, and you are pretty much in the minority in wanting him to continue in them. Most of his admirers, you know, have been clamoring for years to have Tony given a chance in really good roles in feature productions. Now he is under contract to Famous Players-Lasky, and after creating such an impression in "The Spanish Mail," I hope he will be given the fine opportunities which are at last going to come his way. ZaSu Pitts is twenty-five. Tom Gallery is her husband, and they have a daughter, Ceci Pitts. Betty Compson is not married, but it is rumored that she is going to wed James Cruse, the director.

Addresses of Players

Askered for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:


Harold Lloyd and Jocyna Kallston at the Hollywood and Vine Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Bunley Gordon, Clara Bow, Kenneth Harlan, Ethel Shannon, Gordon Glass, and Norwalk, California. The Preferred Pictures, Mayer Studios, 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Bert Lytell, Marion Davies, Anita Stewart, Keena Owen, Alon Rubens, Ralph Graves. "London Boulevard." Paramount, Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Raymond Griffeth, Mae Busch, Clarke Windsor, Ullman Piringer, Ethel von Struben, Dorothy Wallace, Frank Mayo, Eleanor Boardman, Katharine Key, Helen Chadwick, in shirtwaist and Low Cody at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Mary McVicker, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Ronald Colman care of Inspiration Pictures, Incorporated, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Alphonse D'Autremont, Edith Nielson, Alma Rubens, Corinne Griffeth, Jack Mulhall, Constance Talmadge, Ben Lyon, Mary Carr, Joseph Strong, and Mary Beach at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Phyllis Hawer at 6021 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Glenna Hunter, Nita Naldi, and Alice Brady care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 453 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Barbara La Marr care of Sawyers-Ludin Productions, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

John Barrymore and Walter McGrail at the Larnia Inn, 129 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.


Wynhund Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Barbara La Marr, Mary Philbin, and Blue Bruce Gueirn, Mae Marsh, Hope Hampton, Lenore Ulric, and Bert Lytell at the Mayer Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy White at the Elch Studios, Paris, France.


Maudie Powers care of Kempra Corporation, Catalina Theater Building, 1659 Broadway, New York City.


Lois Cosgrave, Robert Dean, Mary Philip- bin, Charles Murray, Laura La Plante, George Hackathorne, Hoot Gibson, Eileen Sedgwick, and Peggy at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

George Arlidas, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne care of Distinctive Productions, 506 Madison Avenue, New York City.
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and

A SUGGESTION OF HENNA

Women have found from long experience that coconut oil is the most satisfactory wash for the hair. Pure, clear, and greaseless, it cannot injure the hair, no matter how tender it may be. Nor does it dry up the scalp or leave the hair brittle as do most of the ordinary alkaline soaps.

Added to the coconut oil is the wonderful henna—the magic secret of the age-old Nile—the secret which for centuries was cherished by the ancient Egyptian Queens famous for the unusual beauty of their hair.

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Scientifically proportioned, these rare products go to make up COCO-HENNA, the new shampoo for women. COCO-HENNA is not a dye. It in no way discolors the hair. Only a suggestion of henna is used—just enough to bring out the brilliant beauty of the hair without changing its color.

If your hair is dull and lifeless—if it fails to respond fully to ordinary shampoo—try COCO-HENNA. Let this wonderful new shampoo show you first hand how it brings out new beauty you never dreamed existed in your hair.

Special Introductory Offer

COCO-HENNA meets a real need—a shampoo which cleanses the hair and beautifies it at the same time! Already its great popularity is assured. Women who try it, use no other. In it they find the new, ideal method of caring for the hair.

In order that every woman may have an opportunity to test for herself this amazing new beauty-shampoo, a Special Introductory Offer is now made—a full-sized bottle of COCO-HENNA for 50 cents!

Let COCO-HENNA bring new beauty to your hair. Take advantage of this introductory offer. Mail the coupon and fifty cents.

JAMES DRUG COMPANY
172 Fifth Ave., New York

CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS SINCE 1882

JAMES DRUG COMPANY, 172 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me a bottle of COCO-HENNA on your Special Introductory Offer. Enclosed you will find 50 cents (coin or stamps).

Name

Address
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<th>Title</th>
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<td>Robert J. Horton</td>
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<td>William H. Hamby</td>
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Matched for Smartness

A compact, slim and lovely, for your purse
... face powder for your dressing table...
in boxes of matching beauty. Finished in
rich ebony black enamel with golden
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Unmatched in Quality

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like in texture. Made of ingredients that
are especially soothing to the skin. Blends
smoothly and evenly, giving a pearly trans-
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Soft as the skin it beautifies
BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

APR. 1924

25¢

The Best Magazine of the Screen

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Painted by HENRY CLIVE
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To fully appreciate this extraordinary bargain, you must actually see the dishes on your own table. Send only $1 and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will ship complete 110-piece oval plate and gold covered dinnerware and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful 7-Piece genuine "Indian Head" linene set and also the six silver-plated knives and six forks (pictured above). Use all these things on 30 Days' Free Trial.

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Strata Vanity
This lovely little case is 25-year guaranteed gold strata. It is a permanent and beautiful piece of jewelry. It will be a charming and useful accessory for years.
Also in genuine solid Sterling Silver with the sheen of White Gold.

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A Vanity That Is Worn Like a Wrist Watch

PARISIAN women of fashion discovered the amazing convenience and chic of these exquisite little round vanities. They found that the Zara Golden Vanity, worn on the wrist like a watch, was an essential accessory for the really well-groomed woman. Purses and pockets could be fashionably flat when it was no longer necessary to carry a bothersome, old-fashioned, fat powder case.
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If you live in Canada send post office or express order.
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Green Gold ☐
Finished to look like white gold

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If there is likely to be no one at home when the Vanity arrives or if you live in Canada please enclose post office or express order for $3.89.
When you do this we pay the postage.
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NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Produced by
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"

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A SYDNEY GOLDSCHMIDT Production, from the play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forest Hallay. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
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An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shavel Le Vino. Directed by Ernst Newkirk.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A HERBERT BRENNER Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Rochefort and Howard Freeman. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell. Directed by Victor Schertzendorf.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach. Written for the screen by Edna Shearer. Directed by Robert E. Hopkins.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

A Reliable Guide
to Screen Entertainment of Quality—
the name Paramount!

What is there to go by, after all, but one thing? Individual names and faces come and go, personal reputations wax and wane—where is there something lasting?
The brand name, the leading brand name, is the lasting guide. In it is concentrated every imaginable form of responsibility—creative, artistic, ethical and financial.

Paramount provides the great and lasting stage upon which every kind of screen genius and fame may rise. The best talent seeks the greatest resources and the greatest audiences assured by the name Paramount.

Behind the scenes goes on the hardest kind of creative effort, and the result is the wonderful spirit of screen romance identified always by the one name that lasts and leads.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
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Helen Ogden

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

ALL AROUND THE MOTION-PICTURE STUDIOS THERE ARE FOLKS WHOSE LIVES SOUND LIKE STORIES OF ADVENTURE. THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE, BUT THEY ARE OFTEN THE MOST INTERESTING. EVERY MONTH NOW IN "PICTURE-PLAY" THERE IS A DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THEM. SEVERAL UNUSUAL AND MAGNETIC PERSONALITIES ARE REVEALED EVERY MONTH IN "AMONG THOSE PRESENT." LOOK FOR THIS DEPARTMENT EACH MONTH IN "PICTURE-PLAY."
Use the

Mellin’s Food Method

of Milk Modification

for Your Baby
What the Fans Think

Can the Stars Have No Privacy?

Two things in your last issue compelled me to write this letter. One was "The Confessions of a Fan" and the other was the letter about the blind man and Clara Kimball Young.

Having been a fan myself I can fully understand what prompts other fans to make every possible effort to catch a glimpse of the stars whenever they can. But I think that we often fail to look at it from the stars' point of view, and to realize how embarrassing and, at times, how annoying this can be to them.

One day, not long ago, I was walking up a New York side street, when I recognized Ethel Barrymore standing on the curb. She was watching the approach of some fire engines, apparently as excited and oblivious to all surroundings as a child might have been. Just as I was passing her, three women, ahead of me, also recognized her—stopped—and began to stare, open mouthed. Suddenly she realized that she was being stared at. The happy, excited look vanished. She fairly darted for a near-by taxi and disappeared. It seemed to me a pity that she could not step outside the seclusion of her home without thus being rudely stared at.

The story about the blind man was indeed a pathetic one. But has the writer any conception of the thousands of requests that Miss Young and every other star have for acknowledgments of letters, books and the like? If she had had some way of knowing, for a certainty, the circumstances connected with the sending of the book to her I fancy she would have made a special effort to see that it was acknowledged. But the public resorts to so many ruses to extract letters, photographs, clothes and money from the stars that I am not surprised when the players become skeptical of the good faith of the majority of requests made of them from strangers. I have read that certain stars, moved by the pitiful appeals made to them, have had several of these appeals investigated, only to find that, in practically every case they were fraudulent.

New York City,

MONICA R. RANESLOW.

I have just received your February issue and I must write to tell you that it is one of the best you have ever gotten out—which is saying a great deal. And the fan letters! Oh, what a paradise!

When Ethel Sands was writing for Picture-Play I actually devoured every one of her articles, as she seemed just as much of a fan as I was, and I know that what she saw in the players was what I would have seen had I had her chance. Since that time I have seen many of them—all, in fact, that she mentioned in her letter. But whenever I happen to spy one of them on the street I almost involuntarily avert my eyes. I know that many of the celebrities do not like the gaze of the multitude. Therefore, why should they have to assume a "hail fellow" air? Miss Sands says that the crowd felt injured because Marion Davies did not respond to that rude greeting, "Hello, Marion!" on the part of a complete stranger, yet was seen to be friendly to the personal acquaintances whom she met inside the lobby. I approve absolutely of the way she did.

196th Street at Ft. Washington Avenue,
New York City.

LILLIAN PARTOS.

A Pessimistic View of Motion Pictures.


I have never yet seen a movie that has been worthy of the title "art." No doubt they are artistic, beautiful, stupendous, and well defined, but art—never! A trail of prairie schooners crossing the prairies—do you call that art? Rosita, the Spanish street singer, wooed by a king—is that art? If such things are art, art is vulgar, common, and without depth. Such pictures are not art; they are things of magnificence, mere series of reproductions on art. The actors and actresses of nearly all the pictures of to-day are stiff marionettes walking before vast sets and assisted by intriguing titles. I have been led to see many pictures with the idea that they were worth while, but I left the theater pale and sickened. The stories are chopped to fit the actors, and the result is terrible. Look at "Anna Christie!" On the stage it was a tremendous success. On the screen—well, an animated illustration of a degraded girl's wardrobe. I am growing away from the movies because they are just "movies," things of motion. That's all. There is no life in them; they are all things of luxury displayed with disdain and the theater-going public is tricked into seeing them.

217 West Ninth Street. LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

JOHN W. WENDELL.

Who Can Explain This.

I cannot get over a sense of amazement at the apparent lack of appreciation so many persons living in the smaller towns and cities have for the wonders which the motion pictures bring to them. If the theater-going public in London, New York, Chicago, and other large

Continued on page 10
Be a Certified Electrical Expert

You, Too, Can Learn to Boss This Job

EARN $3500 to $10000 a Year

Trained “Electrical Experts” are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known. “Electrical Experts” earn $70 to $200 a week.

Learn at Home to Earn $12.00 to $30.00 a Day

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the “screw driver” kind—in making money—big money. But it’s the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the “Electrical Expert”—who is picked out to “boss” ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay. You, too, can learn to fill one of these jobs—spare-time only is needed. Be an “Electrical Expert”—Earn $70 to $300 a week.

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You don’t have to be a College Man; you don’t have to be a High School graduate. If you can read and write English, any course will make you a big success. It is the most simple, thorough, and successful Electrical Course in existence, 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 $70 to $300 a week.

Some Features of My Course That Make SUCCESS Certain

1. Practical Money-Making Instruction—no useless, high-bounding theory.
2. Free Electrical Outfit—Finest outfit ever sent out for home experiment and practical use.
3. Free Employment Service. (Helps you get good jobs.)
4. Free Consulting Service. (No chance to get stuck on anything, while studying or afterward.)
6. Free use of my Electrical Laboratory.
8. Spare Time Work—Special turn-while-you-learn lessons.
9. Reduced prices on all Electrical Supplies.

These features are all explained in my big Free Book.

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As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $1,500 to $10,000 a year. Many are successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you too, can get into the “big money” class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

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I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also furnish them with all supplies, including examination paper, and many other things that other schools don’t furnish. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME with this Outfit. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

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I want to send you the “Vital Facts” of the Electrical Industry including my Electrical Book, Proof Lessons, and a sample of my guarantee bond all FREE. These cost you nothing and you’ll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in the coupon—NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 444 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

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Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 444
2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IIl.

Dear Sir:—Send at once the “Vital Facts” containing Sample Lessons, your Free Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name
Address
City and State
Occupation
Age

The “Cooke” Trained Man is the “Big Pay” Man

The “Cooke” Trained Man is the “Big Pay” Man
in whatever rôle he appears. A wonderful good nature is one of his greatest attributes. He also emanates a great personal charm combined with an air of romance. It is to forgive this genial Irishman for seeming a little self-centered.

Lon Chaney is one of the most unspoiled and natural artists I have known. He is very sincere on and off the screen. One never forgets meeting Lon Chaney. I remember that such a nice-looking, pleasant man could be the horrible, yet pathetic, Quasimodo of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", or the pitiable cripple of "The Miracle Man". Mr. Chaney impressed me as being very studious, but not some idle at any time; I have never seen him so. Each of his characterizations is a work of art, wonderfully perfected in every detail. The name of Leatrice Joy is, to me, synonymous with "acting ability." I like working with Miss Joy; she is vivacious and very ambitious. To be in the same picture with her is like a friendly battle, with each of us striving to squeeze every atom of thought and emotion into every scene. Miss Joy seems blessed with a variety of moods. She is never happier than when she is given a good, hard scene to struggle with and conquer and pitch squarely into the camera eye.

Being a Southerner, she has a naive accent, which is most becoming to her type of dark eyes and black hair. Miss Joy seems to be more serious and sincere about her work than anything else, although one catches glimpses of a great depth of feeling and character. She never shows one always long to know her better.

Percy Marmont hails from England, and is generally of the popular American conception of an Englishman. A keen sense of humor goes hand in hand with a delightfully friendly manner. I consider Mr. Marmont a really great actor. He throws himself whole-heartedly into the atmosphere of a story and has an excellent understanding of dramatic situations. Long working hours never seem to change his cheery disposition. He is extremely courteous and considerate at all times.

When not acting, Mr. Marmont appears always calm and easy going. The fire in his own work comes as a surprise. Altogether, he is particularly nice and interesting.

At one time, however, many people might have thought that Mr. Marmont was an unimportant personality. He was known for his chivalrous and gallant actions in the army. He was always respected for his sense of honor.

When Mr. Marmont appears on the screen, he is always a great success. His presence is always felt. He is always a great actor. He is always a great personality.

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When Mr. Marmont appears on the screen, he is always a great success. His presence is always felt. He is always a great actor. He is always a great personality.
Send Coupon

30 Days FREE Trial — Money Back Guarantee

Guarantee
This set consists of 112 pieces of finest quality semi-porcelain hand fired torch-hard glazed. No toy or useless pieces. Should not be confused with inferior china.

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Send at once for a free copy of our latest catalog. See our thousands of bargains in household furnishings. No obligation! 30 days free trial — a whole year in which to pay money back guarantee if freight charges refunded on returns. Send for free catalog today.

If you are not completely satisfied after trial, return the dinner set and knife and fork set and we will refund your money and freight charges both ways. If you are satisfied, you can pay on easy monthly terms. You take no risk. You have thirty days to decide. The silverware is free but is being offered for a limited time only. So send the coupon in right now.

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Dept 12-94, State, Archer and 19th Sts., Chicago, IlL
Enclosed find $1.00. Ship advertised complete 112-piece "Love Bird" Dinner Set at $31.90. Any damaged piece or piece of incorrect sizes or shapes will be replaced at once. Ask for "Love Bird" Dinner Set.

Also send Wm. A. Rogers' Knife and Fork Set Free

Wm. A. Rogers' Knife and Fork Set FREE
Send in your order for this beautiful dinner set at once, and we will send you absolutely free six beautifully embossed knives and forks of exceptional beauty and guaranteed quality. Each piece is of standard size and weight and is warranted by Wm. A. Rogers to be 25% nickel silver, highly polished. Guaranteed by maker and by ourselves.

Order now and save! Offer good while materials last.
**Advertising Section**

**What the Fans Think**

Continued from page 10

rather satirical, humor. One is forced to respect his very fine and analytical mind. When not actually at work, Mr. De Mille is a charming, courteous gentleman and a brilliant conversationalist.

Hollywood, Calif.

**A City Fan’s Impression of a Hitch Movie**

For two weeks, since leaving Atlanta, I have been sojourning in a little Florida village, which is, to my mind, somewhere "east of the sun and west of the moon," before going on to Tampa, where I intend to take up my residence for the remainder of the winter. Naturally, the first thing I had wished to do, besides bidding still rather sore to having had to leave town without seeing "The Dangerous Maid" and "A Woman of Paris," I decided to explore the Masonic Hall, where films are exhibited every Tuesday and Saturday night.

At the top of a long flight of rough wooden stairs was a subdivided box office. Over the tiny window was a sheet of paper on which was scrawled 33¢ admission. That was, indeed, a bad beginning, but I decided to go in, arrive at the Howard and Metropolitan Theaters in Atlanta, finest movie houses in the South, with fifty-piece orchestras 'n all that, the admission is more than this, and in the summer five cents cheaper. However, I paid, and then endeavored to push my way through the usual crowd of congressmen and congresswomen. I went up the floor of the hall on Saturday nights. Before I had taken my seat on the hard benches, I became aware of a denaturing, ear-splitting sound, as of howlings, in rages and cardboard and played at the same time. It was the music—the one-piece orchestra, in the shape of a ramshackle piano and a wild girl who staggered away as the walls of the boxing, which was to keep up its raucous noise until the picture started... The hall itself was big and bleak and bare, with great, vast, glass floor, a boarded projection box at the back, and a stove in one corner around which most of the audience sat during the film, discussing nothing, bored with the film, thinking wood on the fire, alternately, as the night was very cold. In the center of the stage was suspended a white canvas screen, frayed at the edges, a bit of canvas and a light. I played the orchestra, in a dark shadow up into the bright light that came from a fly-specked bulb overhead.

Finally, the latter was switched out, the beastly piano stopped its racket, and a clicking sound and fading light is issuing from the projection box. A square of light illumined a space at the top of the screen and coming-attraction slides were thrown up onto the canvas. I've seen lots of movies, but I never saw anything like those. They looked exactly as though they were made of burned glass all striped with holes in it, and across the surface was written in a blurred, miserable hand the name of the star, the picture, and the price. And, I'll say it was taken an expert to read them all. I managed to make out two—"Thomas Meighan in Manslaughter..." and "Quincy Adams Sawyer..." Great!

After these, the steady螃蟹 started cracking and "Truxton King" made its appearance. The picture is another Fox atrocity. I knew what the film would be like, but I did not know that I would have the time of my life watching the audience. They were so puzzled through the picture, and would make loud comments as to the outcome of the plot, and how the drama deepened, and the characters-development, and would discuss the film in enthrallment.

By the time the end of the picture was reached five of these had taken place. The audience was mad at Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." You never appreciate home until you leave it.

**TRIX MACKENZIE**

Orange Hotel, Inverness, Fla.

**For and Against Historical Pictures**

Some one asks in the latest issue if there will be more costume pictures. My answer is No!

Not that I don't like costume pictures—some of them, anyway, but too much—anything is too much. When practically every movie theater in your town shows nothing but costume pictures week in and week out for a month, do you wonder that an honest-to-goodness 1924 fan rises to protest? Costume pictures are all right occasionally, but what fan likes to think of making as movies as just ordnary perfunctory than we critical city fans are who have so much in this line, and are still not pleased... I'd give most anything right now to be at the theater in Atlanta watching Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." You never appreciate home until you leave it.

**TRIX MACKENZIE**

Orange Hotel, Inverness, Fla.

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New Hair in 30 Days
-or Costs You Nothing!

Alois Merke discovers a new, simple method guaranteed to grow thick, beautiful, luxuriant hair, or money instantly refunded. Gives new life and health to hair that is thin, falling, lifeless.

At the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, letters are pouring in from all over the country requesting information concerning this new method for growing hair. So successful is it that it has been guaranteed to grow new hair in 30 days or cost nothing!

To women this method is particularly interesting as it often transforms thin, falling hair into rich, luxuriant beauty in an unbelievably short time. It is unlike anything ever known in this country. It penetrates to the starved root cells, revivifies and nourishes them—and the hair grows thick, lustrous, beautiful.

There is no massaging, no singing, no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind connected with this new method. It is simple, pleasant. Already hundreds of women who had thin, falling hair, hundreds of men who were "thin on top," have acquired new luxuriant growths of hair. Often the results are almost unbelievable.

Thin, Falling Hair Given
Glorious New Health

Is your hair thin, lifeless? Does it fall out, break? Is it dull and without luster?

All these conditions are nature's signs of starved or atrophied hair roots. Ordinary methods might revitalize the roots, but they do not reach them—no more than rubbing "growing fluid" on the back of a tree can make the tree grow. You must get right at the roots and stimulate them. This remarkable new method provides at last an efficient way of invigorating the roots themselves. The hair becomes brighter, fuller. New growths make their appearance within 30 days—if they don't, there is no cost to you.

Some of the Amazing Results

The proof-guarantee is made possible only through splendid results that have already been achieved—as these few excerpts from letters testify. The letters are on file at the Merke Institutes and anyone may see them by coming to the office.

"I have been bothered with dandruff for 20 years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in."

"I am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment."

"I must frankly state I was skeptical as to your claim, but a faithful use of Merke Treatment for a month has removed all doubt and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and growths."

I guarantee that the new method which penetrates to the starved root cells will produce a new, healthy growth of hair in 30 days or your money will be immediately refunded. And furthermore, I want you as the user to be the sole judge. My special free booklet, now ready, explains the method in detail and tells you precisely why I am able to make this unusual free proof guarantee.

ALOIS MERKE.

Free Booklet Explains the Method

We have prepared a special free booklet called "New Way to Make Hair Grow," which tells you everything you want to know about the remarkable new method for growing hair. This booklet explains the method in detail, gives you many interesting facts and proofs concerning this new method. We know you would like a copy, and we will be glad to send it to you absolutely without obligation.

Among other things, this free booklet will tell you how this method penetrates to the hair roots—without any massaging, rubbing or other troublesome methods. And it tells how the dormant root cells beneath the skin's surface are awakened, given new life, new strength.

Mail this coupon for your copy of the special free booklet today. Remember there is no obligation whatever. The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 354, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 354
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the special booklet "New Way to Make Hair Grow." In detail it explains the remarkable method for growing glorious healthy hair.

Name __________________________ (State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)

Address _______________________

City __________________________ State ______________________
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

I agree with David Jolly about costume pictures. They are beautiful, romantic, interesting, and, when properly directed, intensely dramatic. For example, "Scarlet," "Ashes of Vengeance," and "The Fighting Blade" more than any I have seen for a long time. Long may they flourish!

2806 Eleventh Avenue, Oakland, Calif.

I am getting so disgusted with the so-called big pictures of the day that are being turned out that I must write about it.

Why, oh, why, can't the producers give us a rest from the constant repetition of historical pictures, and, most of all, that everlasting having the actors jumping around trying to spear one another with their swords. What are these pictures? Nothing but display, fencing, and photography. What do the majority of people gain by looking at such antics? They come out of the picture house feeling bewildered and wondering that it had all been about. They should make pictures suitable to the intelligence of the common working mass of people — pictures that deal with everyday problems and everyday lives.

"Alice Adams," "Mothers-in-law," and others on that order. Then people can go out of the theater and feel that their own problems can be solved, and feel that there was a picture they understood. People have to understand a picture before they can get any good out of it and enjoy it.

What class of picture lingers longest in their minds? Some deep bewildering thing that happened two or three hundred years ago, or, the issues of the present day? I think the latter.

Mrs. Harry Rasmussen
Ames, Nebr.

An announcement in the February issue of Picture-Play that "The life of Abraham Lincoln would soon be released" prompted me to write and add my plea for more pictures of the same kind.

I am a great lover of the history of America, and I think I am sure that there must be plenty of others that would enjoy seeing the great men of this country in pictures. I do not believe there has been a picture made that would make anyone more severe in struggling against overwhelming odds the life of John Paul Jones. Or where could anything more thrilling be found than the great locomotive chase in Georgia, when J. W. Andrews and his little band of men stole a train in the heart of the South, and right before the eyes of a rebel army? Then there is the expedition of Lewis and Clark: the story of "Old Ironsides;" "The Ring of Paul Revere;" the writing of the Star Spangled Banner; the lives of such men as Webster, Clay, Franklin, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Hamilton, and dozens of others. The War of 1812 has never been touched upon in motion pictures; at least I never noticed any pictures of it.

P. E. Morse
Box 184, Fremont, Neb.

Our Hollywood Fan Writes Again.

"Your letter hit the spot with me, as I'm always upholding actresses, and I think a girl or a man either, can be nice — no matter how she follows. We all must recognize that it is perfectly natural for some players to be wild because their opportunities for fast living are obviously so much greater than those of the average person. Nevertheless, I am still an enthusiastic fan — always will be — and I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting Holly Kay at the Dr. Roche.

That is from a letter representative of the many I have received in answer to mine in the January Picture-Play. I was indeed surprised and pleased at the ready response of my fellow fans. I had not expected to be the recipient of such an avalanche of mail, and as it would be impossible to answer all these fine letters individually, I take this means of doing so.

The quoted part speaks for itself. Actors and actresses can be good, and on the whole they are. I spent eighteen years of my life under the mistaken impression that all persons connected with anything theatrical was entirely bad. How absolutely foolish and what a lot of my beloved family have to answer for! I have been in Hollywood more than long enough to know both sides of the question, and I must say that I have to a very warm regard for, and true appreciation of, these highly-hearted folk — movie and legitimate.

The fans asked me if I have seen the followers of the name of Hedy Lamarr, as far as the list is a very long one I have taken the liberty of cutting it down a little.

Rudolph Valentino seems to be the leading Actress of the Talmadges and Pola Negri next.

I saw Rudolph not so long ago buying some magazines at my favorite drug store. He had a beautiful picture dog that — this animal has appeared in some of his pictures, I think — and as passed close by, it made a dive at me and somewhat unceremonious gesture in the matter immediately apologized in a low, well-modulated voice. He looked very young and boyish and very attractive in his sport suit. As he was hatless, I could see a very good look at him — patent-leather hair and all. That incident, and what I have since learned about him, impressed me very favorably.

Pola Negri I saw at the opening of Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater. I was already seated when she entered the room and I was given a seat, and she was seated. She was gowned well but inconspicuously and was very pale—her voluptuous, scarlet lips being the only dash of color in her evening dress. Her drain of blood was considerable. Her whole appearance suggested fire and courage and mystery, and she is undoubtedly magnetic. I doubt very much, though, if any of you would recognize her old and young alike. "The swiftest and most beautiful of all — no make-up — and not a bit upstage," is the general verdict of those who are lucky enough to see her in person—especially on first nights when large crowds gather to look on.

I once stood so close to Ethel Clayton that I could have put my arm around her. We had an orchestral Concert in the Hollywood Bowl. She was quietly but tastefully dressed, and looked rather cold and aloof. However, that is the type which sometimes appeals to me. I did not get the impression that at heart, she is a very wonderful woman. Charles de Roché I've seen so often and have even been introduced Continued on page 116.
Amazing and Supreme Life and Health FREE
The Newest, Surest and Easiest Way to Rejuvenation and Supremacy

By Jungary Russ

THIS extraordinary and Universal Law does not require you to actively do anything or give up anything. It requires no exercise, no time, nor conscious deep breathing—no stretching, dieting, drugs or medicines.

This natural and supreme Law—must not be confounded with hypnotism, auto-suggestion, psychology, spiritual science, psychic science, mental science, nor with electricity, osteopathy or any other method—mental or physical—ever devised in the past.

No self-hypnotizing phrases or formulas to repeat—no yielding, no recession, no giving up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice, no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth—reality—Natural Law.

Perfect health cures every known and conceivable disease. This Natural Law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

Thousands of human beings die of various so-called diseases, but all of these die of but one disease—infiniteness to live.

Regardless of What Be Your Ailment, It Is But the Effect of Unfitness to Live—Deficient Power of Life and Health

There are twenty-five thousand quadrillions of units—living beings—in each human body. This Amazing Natural Law, when used, makes every one of these units more highly alive, more vital, more powerful, more efficient and thus, more able to render the highest type of service unto itself, as well as unto the entire organism. Each human being is only as alive as these units are alive, no more—no less.

This Marvelous Natural Law is pleasant and agreeable. Through it, you positively put yourself in harmony with the forces of Life and thus, you cause them to cure for you, heal for you, work for you, function for you and manifest power and supremacy for you. It makes the Creative principle of life your servant and you the Master of your health, life, conditions and destiny. Through this startling Natural Law one can rid self permanently of every human weakness.

This Unique Natural Law gives immunity from death and disease of the body, as well. This sensational Natural Law produces new and superior arteries, new and superior veins, new and superior heart, new and superior lungs, new and superior glands, new and superior organs, new and superior cells, and a new and superior organism and powers of every kind.

This revolutionary Natural Law contains no disadvantages—it has no drawbacks. Remember it requires no time, no exercise, no dieting, no drugging, no believing, no changing—nothing but advantages and gratifications through and through. It superiors health and life—the results are immediate—anyone can use it. I prophesy that this mysterious Natural Law will drive every disease weakness and delusion entirely from the human race.

I am positive it is destined to banish weakens and delusion from the human race by making supreme the health and supreme reality inevitable. Through this rejuvenating Natural Law, anyone may have the health and supremacy of a lion or a tiger, without the inconvenience of being a wild animal, compelled to live in a wild state of Nature, with all the inconveniences—the natural law that now yours, free to use.

Tigers and lions living in a wild state of Nature do not look out for their health—this Natural Law looks out for their health. They do not run away from their doctor to another or take pills and powders and try out remedies. They put the responsibility for their health on this Natural Law you may do the same through this Natural Law.

It is no longer necessary for anyone to spend money for treatments and doctors and drugs and dieting and books and systems and cures and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this health-producing Natural Law. Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may, absolutely free, become in every way, perfect and supreme through this sensational Natural Law?

This startling Natural Law yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and extraordinary power of every character of mind and body—a new and superior life.

Through this wonderful Natural Law you may have all the benefits of exercise, without exercise or its disadvantages; all of the benefits of conscious deep breathing with none of the disadvantages; the full and complete benefit of every vitamine and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs with none of the disadvantages of medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; without the disadvantages of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting and every other kind of treatment, device or assistance, with none of the disadvantages.

Perfect health prevents all disease of an infectious and contagious character—all of the diseases that thrive in inferior organisms. Every disease fails when it attacks an organism fully fortified by this vitality-producing Natural Law.

This creative Natural Law can so energize, vitalize and vivify every one of the twenty-five thousand quadrillions of living beings or units in your body, as to make ill health absolutely impossible, and, at the same time, giving you a new meaning for life, health, power and gratification.

This is to end living being or thing, a creative, curative, healing, thinking, knowing and acting Force. This force acts only in terms of reaction. This dominant Natural Law awakens within it, the highest type of health in the life without use of time or any active effort or exercise of any character.

This demonstrable Natural Law energetizes and enlivens every one of the living units in the human body. Through this Law you actually harness the creative and living power of the creative force of Life and attain results accordingly as you demand.

It has been discovered that every quality and power and process and force of the body and body comes out of, and springs from, one source. The Law through which this "source" is harnessed and capitalized without effort has also been discovered. This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer. This natural and supreme Natural Law is the most marvelous, most simple, most subtle and most powerful. It is the Law of creative power.

Remember there is nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely a Natural Law.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are not happy—if you are not the happiest you are capable of being—then you are not in possession of all the powers of mind and body in the highest degree, you are not using your own self, your own power, for yourself, free of charge, this surprising Natural Law.

Remember that demonstration and results are immediate.

If you wish to feel newly alive, newly vital, newly ambitious, newly and supremely well, send your name today.

Powerful Natural Law creates perfect health just as heat converts rigid ice into yielding water.

Through its perfectly natural phenomenon—demonstrably true, yet so marvelously simple, as to be almost unbelievable—this secret.

It transforms the gloom of disease into the bloom of health, as the rays of the sun transform the dead soil into a "sea" of luxuriant vegetation. It is destined to revolutionize human health and happiness—humanity.

Any one—male or female—above eighteen years of age is eligible to receive this marvelous secret, absolutely free.

Now—Not Now. Swoboda has privacy secrets for every human being who wishes to be happier, healthier, more vital and successful in a new degree.

Alois P. Swoboda, 1239 Berkeley Building 21 West 44th Street, New York

Send for the Swoboda Natural Law of Supreme Life and Health. To help save cost of publishing and mailing I enclose ten cents (
Not more than one request)

Name, (Write print)

Address

City State
Mary Eaton
Ripfield Folks and Screen Beauty
Maybelline Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.

Sincerely,
Mary Eaton

On Sale Everywhere

Maybelline
Darkens and Beautifies Eyelashes Instantly
An informal portrait of Anna Q. Nilsson and her husband, John Gunnerson.
Shopping

When the motion-picture director needs a scene which would or a view from some far-away corner of the earth—there's a

By Gordon

GIVE me fifty feet of cute cat stuff—in a rush!"

"Can you send me twenty-five feet of New York sky line?"

These are not orders on a menagerie, nor a million-dollar deal in real estate. They are the actual appeals of harried movie directors to a dealer in picture punches with offices just off Broadway.

Here punches can be bought for a dollar a foot. True stories have been told of fizzling productions which have been saved from the morgue by the insertion of a few feet of film from the punch shop.

This business of providing punches for pictures is not a new one, although its actual working out may be new to a large majority of readers. It covers a period of ten years, since the time it was first conceived and started by M. T. Stone in New York, until now the Stone "library" boasts one million feet of film—with ten thousand punches!

Its system of putting the punch in pictures is simple and unique—the result of demand and supply. Early in 1913 Mr. Stone discovered that a great many scenes are used over and over again in a great many movies. For instance, almost every immigrant picture had occasion to use a short shot of the Statue of Liberty. Every time a homesick heroine returned from abroad there was sure to be a glimpse of Miss Liberty as the boat steamed into New York Harbor.

Why not save each director the cost of going out himself and taking a movie of the statue? That is the question Mr. Stone asked himself. So he secured several hundred feet of film showing all angles of Liberty, and announced to the world that movie directors could get a view of it at so much a foot from him, thus saving themselves the trouble and expense and time of shooting it. And many producers jumped at the chance. Then he found out that views of the New York sky line were always in demand, and shots of Niagara Falls and the Great White Way.

These were the obvious things that movie directors often wished to insert in their pictures to "lend atmosphere." And these gradually led to the addition of other and less-usual scenes.

Camera men caught the habit of taking a few extra views of interesting events and bringing the film to Stone to be added to his library. In a few years this man, without moving away from Broadway, was able to supply scenes of all parts of the world. His price for punch inserts, by the foot, gradually increased until now it has stabilized itself at a dollar. Some rare inserts get a dollar and a half per film foot.

Now Mr. Stone is no more, and his big business is carried on in the little office just off Broadway by Mrs. Stone.

This energetic woman, in the last five years, has put more punches in pictures than any man director in the world.

Her vast storehouse, housing its million feet of film, is located in Hoboken, but at her uptown office she can quote punches to you by the hour with all the glibness and accuracy of a Wall Street broker rehearsing the stock market. It is in this office that she takes her orders, received over the two jangling telephones and by telegraph from Fort Lee or California, as the case may be.

"Yes, I have a good shot of a gypsy camp," I heard her assure one
for Punches

be practically impossible to arrange—such as a train wreck, place where he can procure it already filmed, at a small cost.

Gassaway

producer the other day, when I dropped in to get a line on the punch market.

"My 'convict being discharged from prison' retails at a dollar a foot. Mr. ——, but it is a splendid film. Yes, you can have thirty-five feet of it this afternoon," she informed another inquirer.

Imagine the relief of those directors to discover that they could have a scene for thirty-five dollars, cash on delivery, which might otherwise cost them a thousand dollars to make, including time and the expense of sets, actors, lights and other incidentals.

There is an authentic record of a certain director—not a De Mille or a Von Stroheim, to be sure—who turned out a picture for a company which was admitted to be a failure before it was ever shown outside of the studio. Fifty thousand dollars had been spent on it, and it had no punch.

"What'll we do about this thing?" asked the producers.

"Go to Stone," suggested one of the executives. And go to Stone they did, with the result that the picture became a big success. And how did it happen? By the simple expedient of buying one hundred feet of humbling railroad wreck for one hundred dollars and infusing it into the lifeless corpse just where it would do the most good. Beside this all they had to do was to make a few retakes to lead up to the wreck, and have a few extra subtitles written. That great wreck scene, as the reviewers characterized it, put over the picture and saved it from the shelf.

This business of the transfusion of blood into anaemic films does not always mean the injection of a punch. Sometimes the producers find that their finished product lacks heart interest. "It hasn't any sentimental appeal," they aver. So off they go to Mrs. Doctor Stone and see what she prescribes.

Sometimes she says, after viewing the forlorn hope: "Well, now I have fifty feet of new dove stuff. If you'll just stick some pigeons in there between where the hero kisses the girl good-by and where the villain comes to get her, I think it will do the work." So the harried producer buys fifty dollars' worth of cooing doves, and presto—there is their sentiment!

Almost every type of animal film is on file in the punch shop. There are whaling scenes, with whales in every imaginable posture. There are hundreds of cuts of kittens, tigers, polar bears, kangaroos, ant-eaters, bees, butterflies and elephants. Every inmate of the Bronz Zoo is represented. Birds are abundant.

With six thousand dollars and a visit to the punch shop I could turn out a film that would look like a seventy-thousand-dollar investment—if I had had to hire actors, camera men, scene shifters, a studio and lights.

And it wouldn't be a back-to-nature study, either.

In the first place, or maybe the last place, Mrs. Stone can quote you prices on "all kinds of mob scenes." And the best thing about most of her mob scenes is that they are actual shots of real mobs taken by some itinerant camera man who happened to be on the spot when the mob was mobbing, and caught some scenes of it. Not knowing what to do with his film after he took it, like as not, the camera man sold it to the Stone

Continued on page 103
Carmel—Exclamation Point!

Beautiful Miss Myers is often cast as a woman of mystery in pictures, but in real life she is startling rather than baffling.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Against considerable competition, Carmel Myers has been chosen to portray Irais, the Circe of "Ben-Hur," which is to be filmed by Goldwyn. The Egyptian charmer described in General Lew Wallace's memorable tale is a simuous temptress, with powers of enchantment. Physically, the rôle will fit Carmel—long, graceful lines, slightly petulant mouth, a hint of unawakened intensities.

Yet, in spite of this physical likeness to Irais, Carmel is decidedly of to-day; she epitomizes in many ways what a modern girl blessed with individuality may become. Eyes with greenish glints, very frank, scornful pretense. A certain restlessness, a driving power. Carmel has a shrewd way of getting what she wants. Perhaps it is because of her dominant qualities, perhaps merely the stubbornness of her, but strange contrasts have marked her career. She has been up and she has been down and always she will be distinctly one or the other—there are no vague, shadowy middle distances for this exclamation-point of a girl.

"Nerve? Of course"—shrugging. "I'm nobody's little clinging vine. You get just what you go after in this world and nobody fixes cushions for you. That's how I got my first taste of movie acting, out at Universal. I was a youngster in grammar school and during a holiday had gone out there with another girl, hoping to peek through the fence at the actresses. Mingling with a bunch of extras, we got through the gates. I found a make-up box and dolled myself all up, then strutted grandly around the lot, hoping people would notice me and think me a star. A director did—notice me, I mean—and when I said so glibly that I was working for Mr. So-and-so, I made a bad guess. For he was the director whose name I had grabbed out of my memory—and I was told to depart and to stay out. I cried all the way home on the street car, think—"
The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor

An inquiry into the problems and potentials of the motion-picture actor with a few theories about acting from which you can formulate your own.

By Helen Klumph

If acting is the art of frightening old ladies, then Lon Chaney is undoubtedly the greatest actor in the world. But if acting means something more than wearing a rubber suit and disfiguring your face with putty, then Mr. Chaney cannot qualify.

So spoke Agnes Smith in a recent number of Picture-Play, and immediately the question rose in my mind, as it probably did in yours—yes, but what is motion-picture acting?

Glancing through the reviews in the New York newspapers didn't yield me much information. "She thinks that emotion is something that gets stuck in her throat," was said of one young player, and "Disappointment, rage and a determination to seek revenge were expressed by him in variations of the Daily Dozen" was the analysis offered of another's acting method.

Now these criticisms may seem flippant but they point out the principal fault with much motion-picture acting. It is too much concerned with meaningless externals. There are too many people who are proficient in the craft or technique of motion-picture acting without having any conception of what lies beyond that.

But first let us decide what the job of the actor is, and then we can delve into the way it should be handled.

The work of an actor is ostensibly to represent a given character undergoing certain experiences that have been formulated by a dramatist or scenario writer. The average stage-struck or screen-struck young person says that he is sure that he is destined to be an actor because when he reads a part he feels just like the person described. Unfortunately, that isn't enough. The news reels prove adequately the difference between feeling a part and acting it. No doubt you have had glimpses of royalty in the news pictures and been disappointed in them. Probably you have seen arch criminals who appeared to be shy, confused young men. But send Irene Rich or Norma Talmadge before the camera in regal parts and they live up to the commonly accepted ideas about royalty. Give Ernest Torrence or Raymond Griffith the part of a sly, sinister character and they leave no doubt in your mind as to their characteristics. Acting then, is not feeling, it is representation. At its best it is more than that. The art of the actor is like the art of the caricaturist in that it consists of the ability to bring out high lights of character. The proportions are not altered but the salient features are emphasized so that we are more deeply affected by them.

The aims of stage and screen acting are the same, but their methods are quite different. In stage acting every effect is intensified in order to bridge the gap between the actor and his audience. In screen acting the camera lens acts as a sort of magnifying glass through which the audience looks. Movements must be simple and they must be spaced somewhat as words are on a typewriter or the only effect will be a blur. Any attempt at pantomime as it is known on the stage or in the ballet looks like meaningless grimacing or "mugging." The throwing of the voice is of such importance in stage acting that the lower half of the face becomes the chief factor in dramatic acting. Changes of expression about the eyes are almost unnoticed across the footlights. But in motion pictures the subtlest acting is done with the eyes, and the lower half of the face is often held almost motionless so as not to distract attention from them.

A stage performance is like a bird on a telegraph pole. He seems motionless until he flaps his wings very hard. A screen drama is the bird seen so close that the twitching of an eye seems significant.

Now granting that the actor's job is representation,
of other people, just how does he go about it? What is the art of the actor? Is it imitation? Is it mimery? Is it improvisation? Is it a sort of fierce abandonment to emotion? Is it interpretation? Or is it, perhaps, creation of something of its own?

It is all of these things to a certain degree. One must take into account the fact that every performance is dependent upon the rôle that is being played, the actor's insight into human nature and the particular type he is playing, and his skill as an actor.

If an actor only imitates life, if he focuses too much on studying actual types such as he is to play and too little on his own feeling for the circumstances that created the type, he is likely to give a negative characterization. He means no more to his audience than the average passer-by does to a person in a crowd. In every mob of extras there are people who give excellent imitations of some one or other. But they never quite carry the conviction that they are the person portrayed.

Mimery, likewise, carries little human appeal. There are dozens of amateurs who can laugh, cry, and rant in imitation of our most skilled performers. But they strike no chord of sympathy in your heart. Their emotional fireworks spring from no inner necessity. They express nothing but the virtuosity of the performer.

I was once privileged to see a series of crying close-ups of one of our greatest screen players. No explanation was offered about how they had been made and the people who saw them were a little timorous about admitting that none of the crying scenes moved them at all. When they did admit it, however, they were shown another film in which the same player wept again. This one was appallingly real. She gripped your sympathy, carried you along into her grief, and made you feel the surcharge of misery that forced a flow of tears.

Now the secret behind the making of those particular crying scenes was this: There had been some discussion in the studio about how different players induced tears, and the star had admitted that she could cry very easily but that she never could make a scene that satisfied her director if her tears were not "in character," that is, if they were not a direct result of the sufferings of the person she was playing. The first crying scenes she had shown us were made with glycerine tears dropping from her eyes. The tears looked real enough but there was no emotion behind them. In another film her tears had been induced by listening to sad music. In another she had been practically under the hypnotic influence of her director, who painted for her in graphic language a picture of misery and suffering. In yet another her tears were tears of self-pity for she was thinking of her own troubles. These
The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor

scenes all lacked conviction. It was only when the player lost herself in the part she was playing and her tears were a sincere expression of the grief resulting from that character's misadventures, that she gripped and held her audience.

That proves, I think, that in her case, at least, acting is both interpretation and creation.

But is acting the result of creative intelligence or just a certain emotional sensibility? Great acting, to be sure, is usually directed by a keen intelligence, but it may not be the player's own. Certainly if an actor should have to choose between intelligence and sensibility he would choose the latter, for it has been demonstrated hundreds of times that a dull-witted person with a certain aptitude for emotional expression can often succeed in a role where an actor of keen intelligence fails.

Perhaps the most famous case of this is that of Shakespeare, who certainly understood the characters he wrote better than any one else did but who never could act any save the minor parts. He is said to have been passable as a spear carrier but downright maudlin as Hamlet.

One of the first essentials of an actor is a responsive body, and this too has little to do with intelligence. Keen understanding of the psychology of underworld characters will get an actor nowhere if he is unable to adapt his body to the manners and gait of such types.

Now the art of the actor is so intimately bound up in what we call personal magnetism and personality that it is almost futile to draw any conclusions about what goes into the making of an effective actor. Different actors have different methods but their aim is always the same—to hold the mirror up to nature. The difference between good acting and great acting is that great acting merely reflects nature while great acting adds to the character and to the situation an element of abstraction that might be called the epitome of that experience. There are as many different acting methods as there are great actors. On Continued on page 110
Elsie and Laura and Old Tyrant Type

(A bedtime story for tired picture fans.)

By Harrison Dowd

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe

As this story is written for fans, tired or otherwise, I shall assume that one of your chief amusements, Boys and Girls, is the picture show.

Now there are Tyrants in the pictures as well as in everyday life. All kinds of Tyrants, even to-day, although there used to be a great many more. And since this story is about something that happened in the pictures several years ago, I shall name the Tyrants that were most prominent in those days. They still exist, all of them, but their power is weakening gradually.

The five biggest Tyrants I can think of right now are Extravagance, Bad Taste, Swell Head, Dim Wit and last, but by no means least, Tyrant.

There has been a lot said already about the first four Tyrants, but, to me at least, not enough about the fifth. That is probably because Tyrant is less brazen in his tyranny over the pictures than the others. He works in the dark, so to speak, and he is a slow worker as well; slow, but sure. That's what makes him all the more dangerous.

Tyrant usually has to wait until some young man or woman makes a definite hit with some director and then grabs him or her and makes him or her, not an actor or actress, but rather what might be called a Type Slave.

Now a Type Slave, Boys and Girls, may go for a long time without realizing that he or she is a slave at all; as a matter of fact, most of them think at first that they are pretty lucky lads and lasses, as they certainly seem to be to the general public. But it's safe to say that those who are really actors and actresses discover after a while that they would give away their pet roaster if they could only escape the Tyranny of Type.

But you've been waiting to hear the story of Elsie and Laura in connection with Old Tyrant Type. You'll excuse me for holding out on you, I'm sure; I merely wanted to introduce him and show you how it is he pulls his stuff, to speak somewhat inelegantly of him. I do that because I think he needs a little plain talk.

Well, once there were two girls, Elsie Elwell and Laura Lowder, who decided to try acting for the pictures. Elsie was the smaller of the two, and was bland,

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

Before I begin on the story of Elsie and Laura, I want to talk to you about Tyrants, Old Tyrant Type in particular.

A Tyrant doesn't necessarily have to be a person. Boys and Girls, Tyrants can be Things as well as People; They can be Thoughts too, and Feelings.

An Alarm Clock is a Thing; it is also a perfect example of a Tyrant. Then there is that Second Cup of Coffee at breakfast, or perhaps the Third—at any rate, that Extra Cup you know you oughtn't to take. (No, Boys and Girls, this is not an ad, for a substitute.) After that comes one of our best Tyrants, the After Breakfast Cigarette. Then comes a whole flock of Tyrants: Street Car, Subway, El, Bus, or whatever Thing it may be that drags you to Work, the most unreasonable Tyrant, perhaps, of all. Some people approve of this Tyrant; personally, I've never been able to make up my mind, and that is a Feeling that is likewise a Tyrant.

After Work comes Play, naturally my favorite Tyrant. By Play I mean all kinds of amusement.

Lora was the directors' joy; she did everything she was told.
Elsie and Laura and Old Tyrant Type

but not A Blonde; Laura was tall and stately and decidedly A Brunette. When old Type learned of their decision, he pricked up his eager ears and asked his brother Tyrant, Bad Taste, what the girls' names were.

"Elsie Elwell and Laura Lowder, brother Type," said Bad Taste.

"Type shook his head. "Tell them to change their names."

So Bad Taste appeared before the girls and said,

"You ought to change your names if you're going to act in pictures. You, Miss Elwell, should call yourself Peaches Pretty."

"But I think it's a silly name," said Elsie, "and I don't intend to take it. My own name suits me well enough."

This startled Bad Taste so that he nearly lost the diamond-studded ostrich egg which he wore for a stickpin. But he recovered quickly and turned to Laura.

"How about calling yourself Lora Ladeedah?" he asked with a beautiful big smile. Laura hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Yes, I think it would suit me well. I've always thought my own was a little too, well, common." And she looked appraisingly at Bad Taste.

When Bad Taste told Type of Elsie's refusal to change her name to Peaches Pretty, Type was very angry and said he'd get her for that. But he was tremendously pleased with Laura, and knew that from then on he would have little trouble with her, at any rate.

The two girls had their first chance to act in a picture called "An Adventuress in the Home." It was in the early days, when directors went around without a single puttee to their names, and their names weren't so much, either.

Lora, being dark, naturally played the Adventuress. She looked the part, certainly, with her black hair going wild all over her head and her eyes and lips, whenscreened, the color of a coal bin at midnight. She did everything the director told her to, walked around all shuddery and mad looking, clutched her imitation pearls, heaved heavily and did frightful things with her eyebrows and eyes, rolling them to the roots of her hair and dropping them to the bridge of her nose and all that sort of thing. The public went dizzy about her, practically.

So her managers hired all sorts of clever but poor people to think up beautiful things to say about her, and soon she was famous and everything.

Elsie Elwell, on the other hand, played the Poor Little Wife. She, too, looked the part, but the director said she wasn't sad enough or sweet enough. And she wouldn't wring her hands and cry in the right places, he said; instead she showed plainly that she was pretty darn mad when that snoopy Adventuress came snooping into the home.

The director wasn't the only one who was upset. Tyrant Type said that that was no way for a blond wife to behave. Besides, it was liable to spoil the continuity.

So, although the public liked the way that Elsie played the Wife, she herself discovered that she wasn't as popular with the director as Lora, and consequently was made to take almost any part that came along.

Tyrant Type said she was foolish to have acted sore instead of sad in the part, and to have refused to call herself Peaches Pretty and to be simply A Blonde rather than Elsie Elwell. It would be so much simpler for her; she wouldn't have to work half as hard. Look at Lora, all she had to do was to heave now and then and behold, there was another fat cheek.

Well, things went on like this for some time. Remember, Boys and Girls, this was all several years ago, when Tyrant Type was feared and respected by almost every one in the pictures. Then too, there was Extravagance, who was being considered more and more as a pretty important personage in the game. Swell Head was another; he looked after the directors. And Bad Taste would visit the studios every other day or so and make suggestions to the director concerning costuming, sets, society manners, et cetera.

Lora Ladeedah meanwhile had risen to the height of her career. She continued to shiver and heave and overwork her eyebrows. Extravagance had seen to it that she piled on the pearls, also the make-up and the ten-foot headdress. He even pursued her in her private life and in time influenced her to build a mansion or two in which it became her habit to pull off some parties that would make King Solomon's look like so many barn dances. She became known as "The Lustful Ladeedah," "The Dame de Luxe," "The Muncher of

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Elsie wasn't so popular with directors, but she convinced the public that she was a good actress.
Our Great Unknown

Maude Adams, who has joined the ranks of American producers, is the most admired and least known of American players. Her first season as a star is supposed to have netted her over forty thousand dollars, and later tours are said to have more than doubled that. In all the history of the theater she best refutes the argument that performers who are perfectly proper are not particularly arresting. There was nothing austere, nothing dull about a Maude Adams performance. She was wistful, she was pathetic, but above all else she was joyous and inspiring.

She will probably always be remembered for her Peter Pan, for she not only played it throughout the country with phenomenal success, it was her eerie personality that suggested the play to Sir James Barrie. Playgoers of another generation can recall her Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," in which she made her debut as a star twenty-six years ago, her exquisitely girlish Juliet, her Rosamund. They can recall too how worried her friends were when they heard that Frohman was going to present her in the trying role of L'Aiglon, and that Sarah Bernhardt was going to come to America and play L'Aiglon at the same time. Miss Adams proved that season that she was more than a winsome, charming girl. Her performance of L'Aiglon was not only worthy of competing with the magnificent portrayal by Bernhardt, it was in many ways a more thoughtful, finished performance, according to the critics of that time. In any case, Bernhardt played in New York for a few weeks and then went on tour, but the production in which Maude Adams appeared ran on for months.

"It is a pity," people are saying, "that we are not to have Maude Adams in pictures. What, after all, will it mean just to have her associated with the Film Guild in the making of pictures?"

What, indeed?

It may mean that she can find young people of talent and develop in them that exquisite quality that has made her the most widely known and best-loved of American players. It will certainly mean that we can count on the productions of the Film Guild to set a high standard of entertainment. From now on every Film Guild picture will be made under the supervision of Miss Adams. The first will be "The Puritans," one of the chronicles of America series, and the next "Aladdin," which will be made in natural colors. More than anything else,

A hint of the gay, elusive charm that made Maude Adams so adored is given in this photograph.

THere is no one else quite like Maude Adams.

Try to explain who she is and what she is like and why her coming into the motion-picture industry should be considered a matter of great moment and you have set yourself a baffling task. Maude Adams and the tremendous hold she has long had on the public cannot be explained any more than an exquisite melody or fairy story can be analyzed. One can only record that she had a magnetic appeal that no other performer has had.

Maude Adams is a feeling, not a person, a reviewer once remarked. She is an impression you carry locked in your heart, not a haughty lady submerged in grease paint with whom one shakes hands backstage.

At least three young girls, and probably many more who are gaining fame on the American stage wore down parental opposition to their careers by arguing, "But mother, look at Maude Adams!" A prominent clergyman once refused to take part in a theatrical muckraking campaign organized by some of his brother divines, saying, "As long as Maude Adams is America's favorite actress the stage has not come upon evil days." Hers was a lofty standard, and one that commanded recognition.

For years she was the greatest money maker among American
Celebrity

of motion-picture producers of American notables.

Klumph

however, the coming of Maude Adams into the motion-picture industry means improvement in the actual technical devices by which pictures are made.

It will astonish the world, no doubt, to learn that this woman whose name has always suggested winsomeness and charm is an electrical expert. The leading engineers of the General Electric Company in whose laboratories she has been experimenting for the last four years say that she is a genius. They say that she has real scientific intuition. She works unerringly toward solving mechanical problems that have baffled engineers for years.

Her objective throughout her experiments at the General Electric Company was a powerful incandescent. At the beginning of her work a twelve-hundred-watt lamp was the most powerful that had been made. This was too weak to register both color and motion successfully. She developed a thirty-thousand-watt lamp that permits clear, instantaneous color photography. Her improved systems of lighting also give stereoscopic depth to the film. Technical men say that her inventions are of inestimable value and artists say that they will make marvelously beautiful effects possible.

Miss Adams' interest in electricity is nothing of recent origin. She always studied every detail of production when she was a stage star and often made suggestions about lighting that were valuable. When she was out on the road and anything went wrong with the electrical equipment she would telegraph to an electrical expert describing what had happened and he would send back instructions for correcting the trouble. Miss Adams learned to carry out the most complicated repairs.

When her doctors advised her to leave the stage about four years ago and take a long rest, she had no definite idea of going on with electrical experiments. She went down to Pinehurst to visit a friend and it was while she was there that she saw a motion picture. She had always supposed that they would bore her but on the contrary she was so fascinated by the possibilities of this new medium that she went at once to the laboratories of the General Electric Company and began experimenting with lighting and photography. As long as two years ago she had made such amazing improvements in lighting that picture producers urged her to start actual work of production. But Miss Adams was not to be satisfied until she could develop a means of successfully photographing in natural colors. This she has now accomplished and we are promised "Aladdin."

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Baby Peggy's Contribution

As the bright, particular star of Principal Pictures Corporation she is doing her bit for the box office.

All this talk about bigger and better pictures has not passed Baby Peggy and her sponsors by, so she is now given everything in the way of a big story and a strong supporting cast. "Captain January" is her first star picture made under the auspices of Principal Pictures, and her cast includes such distinguished players as Irene Rich and Hobart Bosworth, to say nothing of the cow, who is one of those clever, sad-faced comedians.
Manhattan's Bright Lights

Anecdotes and observations picked up, not in the studios, but at the clubs, hotels and private parties where the stars may be found in New York during leisure hours.

By Leland Hayward

LOUD cheers have been reverberating of late from the very rocks of Manhattan Island. Thelma Converse has at last really started working in pictures. The newspapers have carried story after story about "Thelma Converse, the Famous Society Picture Star"—the only picture work she ever did was some extra work for a few days. I think the picture was "Enemies of Women." But when she announced that she was entering upon a screen career the papers ate it up. She is really very beautiful, and ought to make out all right. At present she is working with Gloria Swanson in Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "The Laughing Lady." The name of the play has, like most other plays, had its name changed to something nonsensical. She is a dark, sensuous beauty of a very unusual type. I have never seen any one quite like her, or even any one who remotely suggested her. And with her abundant good looks she has the great woman's secret of knowing how to dress well. She is popular both in society—her sister is Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt—and in the theatrical world. Unlike ninety-nine per cent of the society women who get a yen to go into pictures, she is very sincere and earnest about the whole thing, and is willing to work. And she has learned what she never knew a few months ago—that one just can't become a star overnight, and that it's something that must come only with much experience, knock and hard work.

I had the surprise of my life the other night at a party given by Dorothy Wallace—who played the Countess in "Merry Go Round"—at her lovely new apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes. She is taking singing lessons from Madame Novello-Davies, the mother of Ivor Novello, and the madame believes that Dorothy has all the makings of a great singer. She should know, for she is considered the finest singing teacher in the world, having coached Caruso and many others of fame. But anyway, Dorothy is intensely serious about the thing, and has surrounded herself with a large part of the musical world. Eddie Goulding was there, and it finally came out that years ago in England he had studied singing from Madame Novello-Davies. And then, of course, he was made to sing, and surprised every one by having a marvelous voice. So any time that Eddie tires of being about the highest-paid and best scenario writer in the world he can be sure of making a very good living with his vocal cords. Goulding is a great wit, and one of the most interesting figures in the picture industry. I understand he is going to direct "The Fool" for Fox and it wouldn't surprise me in the least if in a few months every one is talking about the great new director Goulding. There seems to be nothing that he can't do.

It has just been announced that Ganna Walska, the opera star, is about to blaze forth as a movie star. Backed up by the McCormick millions she might be able to make a presentable picture. She certainly never could do it on her looks.

Thelma Morgan Converse, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt's sister, is playing in Gloria Swanson's new picture.
Manhattan's Bright Lights

Which for some reason makes me think of the funniest story of the month. Some wag called up Peggy Hopkins in her dressing room at the Earl Carrol Theater, and introduced himself as the casting director of the — Film Company. The conversation, as later reported, was something like this:

"Miss Hopkins, we are casting for a new picture and have a part that we think you would be very interested in. Could you come over to the studio to-morrow?"

"Why of course, I'd love to. How wonderful," said Peggy. "By the way, what kind of a part is it?"

"Why, Miss Hopkins, we have a mother rôle we think——"

Click went the phone—I pity the poor fellow that went out with Miss Hopkins that night.

Peggy's only serious rival as a vampire has just arrived in New York. This young woman is very little known on this side of the ocean, preferring Europe as a background. Her name is Mrs. Jean Nash. Peggy will grit her teeth when she sees the diamond bracelets that Mrs. Nash is wearing. She only wears three on her arm—they take up all the space between the wrist and elbow. I'd like to take one of them and make a movie with the money I could hock it for.

I saw George Fitzmaurice at a party the other night. He is one of my favorite directors off the screen. The reason? Unbelievable as it seems, it's very difficult to make him talk about himself. He is both shy and modest. And a real director.

Fitzmaurice was rather upset about the story he is about to make—"Cytherea," by Hergesheimer. It is a story that is likely to run amuck with the amazing censor boards which infest our country, and difficult to transpose to the screen under any circumstances. But Fitz and his wife, Ouida Ber-gere, who writes all his scenarios, were stuck when it came to the ending. There are any number of possibilities, and they can't figure out which one to use. "It is like these jig-saw puzzles," said Fitz. "We cannot quite find that little piece that makes the whole thing so easy—after you find it."

He also told me an interesting bit of news. He is using Constance Bennett in "Cytherea." Constance is really a lovely girl, and once she gets started is likely to make good with a bang. She is the most perfect "flapper" or débutante type that I have ever seen. As Fitz said, "It is the part of a fresh society girl that won't stay home and loves to go out dancing all night. I think Constance Bennett will be so good in the part. She is exactly the type, and has much—what you call it?—sex appeal." Acting certainly should come easily to her, for her father is one of the greatest actors we have in this country—Richard Bennett—and her mother is also on the stage, going there by the name of Adrienne Morris-son. Connie has had a hectic career,
and her adventures have been largely exploited by the newspapers. She is more or less the original flapper. At one time—after she had passed through the flapper period—she danced professionally with Basil Durant. Then she played in several pictures as a second lead with Elaine Hammerstein. She was also in a Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman opus called "What's Wrong With the Women."

I thought I had run across the newest screen scandal. Day after day I had seen Conrad Nagel in the Hotel Algonquin. And every time I saw him he seemed to be in the process of making love to a most attractive woman. But—it was only his wife. Their devotion to each other is refreshing, to say the least.

Charlie Chaplin was interviewed, quizzed, praised and panned about everything and by everybody from our foremost critics to the chambermaids and head waiters at the Ritz while he was in New York, but all of them overlooked one of the most interesting details about his trip East. One of his chief reasons for coming was to find a new leading woman. What happened was this: the temperamental Mr. Chaplin arrived in New York and in all the excitement of getting his picture under way, being interviewed, seeing all the shows, going to all the parties, buying clothes and such things and seeing all the new dance clubs, completely forgot about his mission for the girl. He was leaving on a Sunday night for the West, and at about lunch time suddenly remembered that he fully intended taking back some new girl. Nothing daunted, Charlie left his delicate repast, and dragging his other guests, rushed out of the Ritz minus his famous cane and hat. All the afternoon he paraded up and down Fifth Avenue, looking frantically for some strange and interesting face. Unluckily, Charlie saw no face that interested him. Once or twice he thought he had found what he wanted, but after stopping and looking 'em over, passed on quickly. Imagine the expression on some young cutie's face if Charlie had walked up to her and said, "Pardon me, but will you go to California to-night to be my leading woman?" And if he had seen any one whose looks he liked he would have done exactly that. And most probably the girl would have gone.

Constance Talmadge also has been East for her yearly visit. As usual she had the time of her life, broke her usual quota of hearts and had herself rumored to be engaged to every eligible man in New York. She and her girl friend, Leonora Hughes, used to lunch at the Ritz nearly every day. They are most attractive together, both being blondes and looking a good deal alike. I wish Connie would stay East, for she is essentially a New Yorker in looks, thoughts and actions. Connie is about the most civilized girl in pictures and Hollywood is much too primitive for her.

Speaking of Leonora Hughes makes me think of something. She has just made her first picture—for Distinctive Pictures—a thing called "Blood and Gold," which Alma Rubens is starring in. I saw some of the "rushes," and think she is the greatest screen find in some time. She has a very striking personality in real life, and it registers remarkably well on the screen. Distinctive evidently think she's pretty good also, for they have just offered her a much larger part in another picture they are about to make. Whether she can do it or not is somewhat of a question, for she and Maurice, her dancing partner, are dancing in Cuba and Palm Beach this winter. They are just about the most popular dancing team in the world. In Paris they have their own club, and this fall they have danced at the Palais Royal. They were to dance there six weeks, but they were such a sensation that the management of the place came to them and offered to double their sal-

Photo by Fash Brothers

Leonora Hughes, Maurice's dancing partner, has just made her first film and promises to make a big hit in it.

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Let Alma Tell It on Herself

A personality sketch dictated by Alma Rubens with interruptions and corrections.

By Barbara Little

EVERY time a magazine publishes an interview with me, I know I'm in for a lot of kidding.

Alma Rubens told me as she took a stack of magazines out of her lap and deposited them out of reach. She gave me to understand further that only over her dead body could I read them. "Norma Tal-.

maxge read an interview with me once that I thought was simply great—disclosed my inner nature and all that sort of thing and told how I'd been simply wasted on parts that weren't worthy of my talents. And what do you think Norma said? 'How did you hypnotize that bird, Alma?' Even my mother, who pre-

tends to be fond of me, fails to be impressed by the nice things interviewers say.

"'Yes," chimed in the aforementioned mother, who seemed quite capable of reading a book, fixing tea, and following our conversation all at once. As Alma explained, the book, at least, wasn't very heavy. "I read in a magazine the other day about how Alma was as majestic and aloof and garish as an old Italian tapestry.'

"He didn't say 'garish,' mother; he said 'colorful. That's not the same thing at all.' "I don't care what he said," Alma's mother went on.

"What he meant was that lip rouge you're using is an outlandish color. Anyway, if I'd supposed that my daughter would ever grow up to affect people like that I probably would have let her strangle in her crib and not spent my nights fussing over her. One of those dirty old tapestries is nothing to have in a simple American home.'

"You have no finer nature, no appreciation of the arts," Alma lectured.

"Well, you're in the movies yourself. Anyway, I don't like it when descriptions of my daughter sound like an auction-room hybrid."

At the risk of antagonizing Alma's mother, I must admit that Alma was living up that afternoon to all the glowing descriptions of her that have been cir-

culated. She had on a soft, plain dress of Venetian red—the tone that one rarely sees except in ecclesi-

tical robes and rare old damasks. Her hair looped a careless frame around her face and her heavy-lidded eyes glowed luminously. The marblelike whiteness of her skin silhouetted against the gathering dusk of Central Park—just beyond the windows—accentuated her look of unreality. She was an illustration out of a book of medieval romance. I would say further that she did not look like a typical movie actress if it weren't for the risk of having some one ask me what a 'typical' movie actress looks like. I have never met a successful motion-picture player who looked "typical" of anything but herself.

"I'd like to be a writer." The announcement was made in a matter-of-fact way, as though she were thinking out loud. Indeed, she may have been, for the three of us were sitting there silently, as is the way of some old friends, watching the rhythmic stream of motor lights as they crisscrossed in a gigantic game of checkers through the roads in the park.

"Writing must be the most satisfactory of the arts. When you've finished, you've not only expressed your-

self, you've created something. A person can sing or play, but that achievement is as effervescent as soap bubbles. As soon as you stop, your creation ceases to have life. I'd rather write; that is lasting."

I realize now that I should have said something about phonograph records, but at the time I was not in a quibbling mood.

"You can paint, but the world rarely seems to get around to appreciating a painter until he is dead. And if you act, your work depends on the work of a hundred or more other people and influences. If you act in the movies, multiply that number by ten. Anyway, what do reasons matter? I want to write."

"You shall have your wish," I told her. "Improve for me now an interview with yourself. Not idealized fan fodder like the ones you've been kidded about, but a frank presenta-

tion of your personality, your ideas and your mode of life. When some

handsome leading man declares in the films that you are the most magnetic creature alive, the women out in the audience want to know how you got that way. And when people read that 'Among those present was Alma Rubens, cloaked in ermine and wearing a Russian headress of pearl embroidery,' they want to know why Providence works in such a mysterious way that you got those things instead of themselves. Come on now."

"I'm going to do this in my own way," Alma spoke up spiritedly. "You make the audience out to be un-

friendly and overcritical and envious. I don't believe that they are anything of the sort. Look how nice they have been to me. Even when I made some terrible pictures my fan mail kept coming in and every one seemed sympathetic. You seem to think that an interview is like a trained-seal act. The star shows how many tricks she can do that she doesn't display on the screen and then the interviewer goes forth to tell the world about them. I suppose you want me to tell you that I am at heart just a little home body; that I made all the cushions and hangings in this room; that I knitted the bird cage with my own busy little fingers and that whenever I have a day's vacation I put on a bungalow apron and romp around the kitchen baking cookies to take to the dear electricians and carpenters out at the studio who work so hard to make beautiful settings for my pictures. Bhf—"

"I'd like to see you try to romp around our kitchen," interposed the pleasantly matter-of-fact mother. "It is about the size of a telephone booth. And besides you're getting fat. It is disgusting the way you eat."

Alma tried to dissuade her Pekingese from chewing my furs and disentangled her canary from my hair, taking great care not to hurt his tiny feet, but with no such regard for my scalp. Only her goldfish refrained

PLAYING "THE FOOL"

No play of recent years has aroused more discussion than "The Fool," which played almost a year on Broadway, and which six companies are now playing in various parts of the United States.

Edmund Lowe has been chosen to play the role on the screen for the Fox company. He thinks it a great play; Helen Klumpf thinks it sentimental hokum and rubbish. Read their friendly argument about the production next month.
from making the guest feel right at home.

"And you expect me to say something about my books. Well, the ones on the table over there probably have something between the covers, but I couldn't swear to it. An interior decorator suggested getting them because the room needs a touch of color just there. I haven't read these on the window seat, either. They're junk that authors and publishers have sent me, hoping that I'll want to do one of them in pictures. The books I read are scattered all around and the covers are worn out. I won't tell you who my favorite author is."

For the sake of the curious, however, may I interpose that her favorite author is and long has been, Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman, to whom she was married last August. He is the author of "Hagar Revelly," a novel that won high favor with the literary critics and loud condemnation from the censors a few years ago. He is also author-producer-director-supervisor-title-writer and grand mogul of such box-office magnets as "Has the World Gone Mad?" Recently Alma played the lead in a picture of his called "Week-end Wives." Incidentally, he is a brilliant raconteur and one of the most thoroughly likable and unpretentious men I ever met. I won't tell you what he looks like because probably before this gets into print he will look like Adolphe Menjou in "A Woman of Paris." All the most interesting men in New York are conforming to that type this season.

Her favorite author to read has of late been Masefield. She has also read Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" innumerable times. There are moments when she likes the rolling cadences of Ibáñez's descriptions. And why shouldn't she? His "Enemies of Women" brought her considerable glory and she is slated to play his "The Temptress" for Cosmopolitan. Just now she is playing "Blood and Gold" for Distinctive, and next she will play Heirgesheimer's "Cytherea." Talk of the slump never reached Alma, as just at that time she had four big offers to choose from.

"People talk about actresses being dumb-bells," Alma remarked with chuckles breaking her tones as bubbles do champagne, "just because some girls went into movies so young that their schooling stopped with the sixth reader and a denatured version of history. But what about some writers? A nice young Harvard man once told me that I would be ideal for a film version of the Book of Ruth, and I was so pleased over it that I repeated it to a reporter who came to see me. And perfectly seriously she said, "Who wrote it?"

"The great disillusionment of my life was the city of Paris. I had imagined it as a sort of continual performance of the opera 'Louise,' a glorified fashion pageant, and a general convention of the Academy of Arts and Letters. Naturally, I was disappointed. But now I remember Paris in a glamorous haze and I want to go back. We'll make scenes for 'Cytherea' there.

"I'm getting awfully tired of costume pictures—seeing them, I mean. I love to make them. I probably never should have learned to ride side saddle if it hadn't been for those flowing robes I wore in 'Under the Red Roof.'"

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Hot Stuff for Next Summer

For years past motion-picture producers have busied themselves during the winter months shooting pictures whose setting was the frozen North.

Endless vistas of snow and ice were looked upon as great box-office attractions for the sultry summer months. It looks as though this would all be changed next summer, for up until the middle of July, when production schedules for the coming summer were pretty well under way, there wasn't enough snow to support even one picture.

Consider the plight of certain directors who were making pictures that simply demanded snow and lots of it. There was D. W. Griffith, for instance, who had counted on having snow at Valley Forge, where he expected to stage many spectacular scenes for “America.” He also wanted great cakes of ice in the Delaware River so as to film Washington’s crossing with historical accuracy. Other years he would have had snow and ice and plenty of it, but this was an open winter and in place of snow there were tiny shoots of green grass and budding plants. Northward from New York his location scouts went and they even telegraphed to various points in Canada, but the reports came back that instead of ice cakes there were ducks floating on the rivers. Perhaps, in order to finish his picture on schedule time, Mr. Griffith will be forced to cut out these scenes altogether. Or, perhaps he will emulate the promoters of the Westchester Winter Sports Carnival and ship loads of snow down from the Adirondacks.

Mr. Griffith’s difficulties are no worse than William de Mille’s. He has been filming “Icebound,” the Pulitzer prize play, whose action will take place in a New England town that is mantled in snow and ice. It was easy enough to find a town like the one described, but none of them are having any snowstorms this season.

Mr. Griffith and Mr. de Mille would be readily forgiven if they changed the locale of these strictly New England pictures to the Alps or the Himalayas.

Some Views on Art

In the columns of “What the Fans Think” there appears this month a letter from John Wendell of Lincoln, Illinois, which interested The Observer very much and set him to trying to define what art is and what it isn’t. Mr. Wendell says that he has never yet seen a movie that was worthy of the title “art.” The Observer has seen a few that live up to his ideas of what “art” is.

While pondering over Mr. Wendell’s views, The Observer chanced upon a passage in Havelock Ellis’ “The Dance of Life,” which shed an interesting light on all efforts to define art. He says:

“Thus we see the reason why all people who come forward to define art—each with his own little measuring rod quite different from anybody else’s—invariably make themselves ridiculous. It is true that all of them are correct. That is just why they are ridiculous. Each has mistaken the drop of water he has measured for the whole ocean. ‘Art cannot be defined because it is infinite.’ He said. ‘Art is only a name we are pleased to give to what can only be the whole stream of action—which in order to impart to it selection and an unconscious or even conscious aim—is poured through the nervous circuit of a human animal or some other animal having a more or less similar nervous organism. For a cat is an artist as well as a man. . . . There is no defining art; there is only the attempt to distinguish between good and bad art.’

Nevertheless undaunted, The Observer found considerable interest in getting various people’s definitions of art.

A Film Magnate Speaks

“Art!” sniffed a motion-picture magnate, when The Observer brought up the subject. “We’ve tried it and it doesn’t go. What we’re going to give the public now is entertainment.”

“But,” I interposed, a little bewildered, “isn’t entertainment art?”

He gave no definitive answer but my impression was that he believed art to be something vague and beyond the understanding of the ordinary man, something muggy with lights and distorted in treatment: oftener than not something distasteful and sordid in subject matter.

“Art,” he seemed to be striving to say, “is dust thrown in the eyes of the people by a lot of highbrows who pretend they can see through it.”

Some Definitions

Art, according to those who have given it the most careful consideration, is not just that. In the dictionary it is “the systematic application of knowledge or skill to effect a desired result.” To others it is a translation by which one thing is expressed in terms of another. Another conception of art is any interpretation of life as seen through an individual temperament. Yet another is “a reaching out into the ugliness of the world for vagrant beauty and the imprisoning of it in tangible form.” I think that my favorite expression of what art is, is anything that lights the way through the littleness of human actuality into the greatness of human dreams.

A slapstick comedy can be, and often is, art, where more pretentious offerings are just so much dramatic rubbish. A cane in the hand of Charlie Chaplin is far more eloquent and symbolic than an illuminated cross in the sky of a Fox religious spectacle. Whether a thing is art or not is determined not by its subject matter but by its treatment.
GLENN HUNTER is still playing Merton on the stage, but will not film it until early summer. So screen fans will have to content themselves for a while with seeing him as the boy in "West of the Water Tower."
FROM the rôle of the exotic tiger lady in "Three Weeks," Aileen Pringle has passed to the part of a middle-aged American wife in "True as Steel," Rupert Hughes' next Goldwyn production.
HELENE CHADWICK severed her long connection with the Goldwyn company upon completing "Reno," and, after vacationing for a few weeks, will probably join the growing ranks of free lancers.
ELEANOR BOARDMAN, whose first big part was in "Souls for Sale," will again come under Rupert Hughes' direction in "True as Steel," in which she will play a young girl in business.
AFTER years as a Universal star Priscilla Dean, apparently not discouraged by the failures of similar lone hands, has formed her own company, and you may see her soon in Laurel Productions.
COLLEEN MOORE, who is still hearing the echoes of commendation for her characterization in "Flaming Youth," will have a somewhat similar rôle in "The Perfect Flapper."
Ruth Clifford appears as Ann Rutledge, sweetheart of Abraham Lincoln in the Rockett film "Abraham Lincoln," which promises to be one of the outstanding features of the year.
The Age of Corinne

Everybody has been waiting for the day of a famous film beauty's ascendancy, and now, at last, it seems to be at hand.

By Edwin Schallert

This is the time when poets and rhymers should take up their harps and their lyres and dedicate new threnodies and odes to beauty. They should, at any rate, find a sovereign inspiration if they will but look to the screen. For thence will shine in full and glorious radiance of appropriately embowered plays the presence of Corinne Griffith.

At last—this is her hour! Long awaited! She has stepped out of the domain of supressing contracts into the magic land of opportunity. She is the mistress of her themes as well as of her wardrobe.

Already, I have caught the clamor of her popularity in the air. It has been heard emphatically, too, within the studios. The ravishing challenge of her beauty has been hurled upon the multitude of film Venuses and Helens. She has given of the kindling charm of her presence to the photo-play goers, also, in "The Common Law" and "Six Days."

A year and a half has wrought a wondrous change. It has mingled fate and growth. New alliances have been established, new adventures have been found, and mayhap even new inspirations have been discovered.

It is difficult, of course, to tell all the details of this sudden evolution of a star, who has long been highly regarded by her many admirers. It is the story more of a career in the shaping than in the making. She is no uncertain and hesitant newcomer, but her day has only now come.

I met her first after the seed of her success was planted. She had just come to California to close her contract with the Vitagraph Company, returning to the place, curiously enough, where that agreement had begun some years previously. She had no definite plans except for the eventual organizing of her own company. Her Vitagraph contract was closed by mutual agreement, three or four months ahead of the appointed time, and although she felt that perhaps she would be lonely in the West, she decided to stay for a while.

She reckoned without the West, however. She did not realize that the fact that her pictures had not shown in the best of theaters in Los Angeles, would have nothing to do with her popularity professionally. In less than a month she had been swept and caught in all the web of a golden age of social life in Hollywood. She was fêted and dined and sought, and ultimately secured for a role in an important production.

And that was the beginning. Literally her career in the colony of the films has been a whirlwind, nor has the reaping, and it promises to be a glad one, been yet.

Her own greatest joy is that she has been able finally to create her own producing organization, and that the first feature, adapted freely from the stage piece, "Lilies of the Field," will soon be screened. That will be the test in a way of what she is to do, and set a new precedent, perhaps, for those who are bent on individual stardom.

I cannot imagine that she entered into this project with lack of foresight, for in her peculiarly shrewd way she laid her plans so well. It is a big thing for a girl to attempt, who has just come out of the commercial wilderness, but she feels that she has been sufficiently long in the open to venture in again.

This is the way she herself put the matter to me:

"I felt that when I left Vitagraph, it would not be fair to my backers to have them start to build up a reputation for me until I had built up a stronger one for myself," she re-

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One of the Lincoln-Douglas debates is interestingly pictured.

It Couldn't Be Done

A few reckless visionaries wanted to film difficulties there were put in their way,

By Barbara

It was six or eight years ago that the two Rockett boys, working for various motion-picture studios in Hollywood, began to dream of picturing the life of Abraham Lincoln. At that time they were learning the business of motion-picture production as best they could: They had been secretaries, bookkeepers, property men, purchasing agents and assistants to executives in all branches of studio work. They were ambitious, but not in just the same way that many young go-getters in the motion-picture industry are. for their goal wasn't a vast fortune or a company with many prominent stars. They wanted, rather, to build up a company of skilled and idealistic people to make pictures portraying the noblest elements of American history.

It was almost that long ago that Frances Marion, one of the most skilled and highly paid scenario writers in the business, became interested in the life of Lincoln as dramatic material, and began to try to interest producers in making a film portraying his life and times.

It wasn't until two years ago that the three of them decided that the only way it could ever be done was to form a company especially for this enterprise. Financial backing was not to be had from...
The death of Lincoln, handled with admirable restraint, is one of the most impressive scenes in the picture.

—So They Did It"

the life of Abraham Lincoln, and the more the more determined they were to do it.

Little

any of the usual sources. No one wanted to plunge on anything so unheard of as a filmed biography.

"Just a series of episodes from Lincoln's life, without any drama written in is ridiculous!" old-timers in the industry scoffed.

"As though any one could write any more drama into Lincoln's life," these young zealots thought, and went right on with their research work in the face of discouragement.

Somehow, Al and Ray Rockett managed to raise two hundred thousand dollars in small stock subscriptions from people interested in the project, and by dint of careful planning this amount was made to accomplish wonders. It wasn't enough however, and in the midst of production the Rockett boys were faced with the problem of getting more money to finish their picture.

Even this wasn't their worst setback. Many of their big scenes were pirated, weather conditions were bad, their right to use "Abraham Lincoln" as a title was questioned, the director was laid up for several weeks with a broken leg, and in the midst of production, George Billings, the actor who was playing Lincoln, was stricken with heart trouble and hovered...

In George Billings, the Rockets found a man who needed to put on no make-up in order to play Abraham Lincoln.

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A WELL-DRESSED MAN OF AFFAIRS

For the fashion-plate ideal of the well-dressed man of forty, the casting directors of Hollywood may henceforth point with satisfaction and considerable relief to Huntley Gordon. One of their worries, at least, concerning the classifying of suitable types is over, for ever since “The Famous Mrs. Fair” completed its round of the major theaters, he has been the pluperfect choice for the comfortable and well-bred man of affairs.

Huntley Gordon reveals nothing that is remotely connected with the oftentimes tempestuous adventure of acting. You might logically suspect him of running a quiet brokerage office, posing for a conventional collar advertisement, or, with a rather appropriate gesture, “Helping Glorin Swanson on with her wraps,” all three of which he has done—the last in “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife”—but you would never confuse him with the popular notion of the movie hero, as sponsored by Harry Leon Wilson, James Cruze, or Spike Robinson.

The day that I met Gordon he was surveying the prospects and advantages that were open to him in the Pola Negri picture, temporarily titled “My Man.”

He was neatly dressed—correctly. No silk handkerchief protruded from the pocket of his coat, no large diamonds flickered upon his hands, nor did he carry a cane. His slightly graying hair was not hand-dried. It was nicely and conventionally parted in the middle, and his blue-gray eyes glowed with an affability that was both natural and sincere.

I liked him tremendously, because he was so unassuming. Had he been younger I should have referred to him as naive.

Gordon’s is a story that illustrates in a unique way the reasons why the screen is “so different.” It shows the subtlety of the distinctions that the camera sometimes makes in personalities, and furthermore goes to prove that acting, as it is known on the stage, may have nothing at all to do with the business of “looking” when it comes to the silver sheet.

Gordon is a rather singular but perfectly obvious type. That, perhaps, is why he has been so long in actually arriving. He simply couldn’t be placed, because the range of his personality was so limited, and so perfectly adjusted to the scheme of the ordinary.

A character actor? Yes, no doubt. But where to put him? Not a single eccentricity on which to base his adaptability to the rôle of the beggar, the butcher or the thief! He was just a nice, attractive chap, totally unfitted for romantic costumes or anything like that, but a perfectly satisfactory drawing-room leading man when the part was not too young.

For years and years, therefore—he has been in the movies about seven or eight—he was indiscriminately assigned to the parts of heroes and villains in an indiscriminate list of plays.

Then he was called to California. Fred Niblo had sent for him, because he wanted Gordon for the rôle of the husband in “The Famous Mrs. Fair.” He arrived in the new land with a new hope, knowing the stage play from which the picture was adapted, and feeling rather sure of the suitability of the Henry Miller rôle to his type.

At any rate, the first day out on location he got hold of himself. The change of environment, the experience of working under a new and very clever director, perhaps too a certain antagonism to his presence from the assembled players and extras—especially the latter, according to Gordon himself—all worked to bring about the rare composure that he displayed.

“I knew what was in the other fellows’ minds, or at least thought that I did,” he said. “They were remarkably to themselves. ‘What has this fellow got? Why should they send all the way east for him, when Hollywood is already full of perfectly good actors?’
Present

some of the most
in motion pictures.

"You know there are lots
of cliques out here on the
Coast, and I would hate to
have to break in if I weren't
engaged before coming out.
In the past few months I have
aided more than one of my
friends to return, who found
it impossible to obtain work,
despite his excellent qualifica-
tions, simply because he didn’t
have the proper introduction
of a contract.
"I was better off, fortu-
nately, than they. Conse-
sequently I couldn’t be so easily
bluffed out by the glances that
were cast at me. I said to
myself: 'The company has
sent for me. They think I’m
good. And I’m going to be
good.'"

Evidently Fred Niblo and
Louis B. Mayer, the producer,
felt that he was good, too, for
at the close of the picture he
was engaged for a definite
contract, and not long after
scheduled to appear in a good
role in Reginald Barker’s pro-
duction, "Pleasure Mad."
Finally, when Famous Players-
Lasky wanted a chap for
"Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife,”
who should look neither too
old to be married to Gloria
Swanson, and yet sufficiently
seasoned and prosperous to
pay alimony to seven other
wives, they finally settled,
after a long and tedious search
—Heaven knows why, when
the proper person was so close
at hand!—on Huntley Gordon
as the man.

REGINALD DENNY’S SUCCESSOR

WHEN Universal decided to give Reginald Denny
a boost up the ladder and make him a star
in their Jewel features, they looked far and
wide for a suitable successor to take his place in the
boxing pictures that have been so popular.
They finally picked on Billy Sullivan, the smiling
young man whose picture you see on this page.
He is a nephew of John D. Sullivan, the famous
world champion heavyweight of a generation ago, and a
son of Jerry Sullivan, who was a professional boxer of
some note.
Billy Sullivan, despite his family associates with the
prize ring, has never been a professional fighter, al-
though he is a skilled boxer, and has appeared many
times in amateur bouts at different athletic clubs.

This training prepared him to take the leading part
in a vaudeville sketch called "The Star Bout,” in which
he toured the country, and this, in turn, led to his choice
for his present job.

The first of the new series in which he appears is
"A Tough Tenderfoot.” In it he is supported, as he
will be in the subsequent ones, by the same cast that
surrounded Reginald Denny.

It is a thankless task to follow in any one’s footsteps,
and particularly in those of a man who made such an out-
standing hit as Reginald Denny did. But Billy Sullivan,
with his nice smile and likable personality, seems quite
capable not only of pleasing Reginald Denny’s admirers,
but also of winning many of his own. Particularly, one
might add, among the girls.
CARMELITA—CHILD OF FORTUNE

RecipE for one very intriguing personality: Mix the lambent fires and the languorous grace of a Spanish ancestry with the aggressive spirit and the bubbling wit of the Irish, place the concoction in colorful Hollywood, season slightly with distinguished family to add poise, and you will have one interesting and lovely young person named Carmelita Geraghty.

Carmelita is in pictures—heart and soul in them. Carmelita’s mother is of the old Spanish De Casseres family—the “tree” goes back to the thirteenth century, its branches having held the torches of many glittering achievements in Spain’s political and military history—and to her daughter she has given a gracious background. And Carmelita’s father is Tom Geraghty, who has two claims to fame—one that he is supervising director of Paramount productions and a scenario writer of note, the other that he wears the most weird and yet intriguing neckties in Hollywood. Only an Irishman could get away with the ties that Tom Geraghty wears without a blush.

A child of fortune, indeed. The doors of California’s Spanish social world are eager to receive her—and those doors are closed impregnably to the new rich who haven’t generations of tradition back of them. She has maids at her beck and call and a lovely home. It is a wonder that Carmelita has not been spoiled. On the contrary she is determined to rise or fall by her own efforts. She insists upon paying her mother board and buying her own clothes, and Mrs. Geraghty, being wise as well as gracious, permits her to do so.

Carmelita is clever. In her acting she has had as yet little opportunity to express her personality, but she has a little way of getting what she wants that is going to mean a great deal as she goes on. Still on the sunny side of twenty, naïve, childish at times, she has bred in her that feminine allure of her Spanish ancestry, which serves to temper with discretion the god-ordie spirit of the Irish.

If the director wants a scene done one way and Carmelita, knowing what the girls of to-day would do in a certain situation though the wisest of directors sometimes don’t, thinks it should be done another, she does not argue. Ah, no, not Carmelita. One killing glance from those big, brown baby-vamp eyes, the slurring cadences of that soft voice, “Of course you are right, you are so clever and know all about those things—but won’t you, just this once to please me, let me try it my way too?”

The director humors her—what man wouldn’t, with Carmelita focusing her batteries full upon him? The scene is shot both ways; and when both are viewed in the projection room, nine times out of ten her method wins.

“Mother couldn’t see at first why I should want to work at anything, when I had all the money and clothes I needed or wanted,” began Carmelita, lounging indolently against a pile of cushions, flashing brown eyes and expressive hands italicizing each word. “But, even while I was going to high school, I got tired of being called ‘Tom Geraghty’s daughter.’”

“Daddy wanted me to write, but I was crazy to act.” It is to her credit that she began as an extra, setting that firm little chin against her father’s coaxing that she let him pull a string or two for her.
ONE BRUNETTE AGAINST THE BLONDES

I AM always going into casting offices when they want a small blonde, instead of a little brunette, and they never think of asking me to wear a wig.

Thus Anne Cornwall lamented to me recently, when I inquired how she had been progressing since she played in "The Gold Diggers." You will remember her as the bright little ingenue who made a diminutive hit in the rôle of the shrinking, sympathetic Violet. She is the younger whom Jerry and Mabel and Patry are always trying to keep from going out into the natty night, and save from wild and imagined dangers symbolized by fat, money-spending bachelors.

Of course—and as is generally to be expected—Miss Cornwall personally isn't that type at all. When you meet her without costume and make-up she is the sort of girl whom you would expect to be quite capable of taking care of herself without any sisterly chaperonage. What is more, she is married, and has been for several years, to Charles Maigne, the director, who, being also an ex-cavalry officer, should be quite capable of protecting her himself.

The Maignes are delightful people, and they have a home right in the midst of Hollywood's studios, just about a block, in fact, from where Miss Cornwall played in "The Gold Diggers.

"I used to be able to put on my ballet costume each morning and run right over," she said.

Miss Cornwall began her picture work rather ambitiously several seasons ago, the culmination being the ingenue lead with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead." You doubtless remember the feature. It told a story of the Civil War days, and gave Mr. Barrymore a chance to be fairly young, and middle aged, and finally gray headed. Miss Cornwall didn't try to keep up a similar pace, needless to say, but she offered a very sweet and sincere performance that many will recall.

She was also in several features like "Prunella," the "World We Live In," and "The Firing Line," from the Robert W. Chambers novel. Later she came west to Universal, and played in a series of films, and that was where she met Mr. Maigne.

When they married she left the screen, to go back only when the temptations of the boom and the still cherished hopes for a career became too insistent to be opposed. Furthermore, her husband has encouraged her, and thoroughly and seriously believes in her ability—as husbands in the films often do—although he himself has never directed her since their marriage, preferring doubtless, that she should make good on her own.

On her return last spring she played a small part in "Ashes of Vengeance," and then in one or two lesser features. Finally she was engaged for "The Gold Diggers," and despite the lively competition for honors, in which Louise Fazenda, Hope Hampton, Alec Francis and the others took part, she came out close to the top.

She is small of stature, and though there may be a livelier demand for miniature towheads than the shadow type, just at the moment, she is so bright and clever, and has so much of the zip and go of Norma Talmadge, say, whom she diminutively resembles, that I think she may have a future of more than ordinary promise in the smarter kind of picture now coming into vogue.

CONCERNING HARRY CAREY

WHAT has happened to Harry Carey?

That is a question that more than one fan who recalls the pleasant memory of some of his performances during the days when he appeared in "Overland Red," "Man to Man," "The Fox," and other pictures of the beloved Western vagabondia for Universal, has been asking. There has always been a sympathetic something about his personality that none of the other stars of the outdoor movies possessed, and his best films have comprised not only the strong-arm six-shooter stuff, but have also been colored with a bit of solid sentiment and idealism that in their way were distantly akin to the writings of Bret Harte.

In order to relieve any suspense that may exist concerning his present status and whereabouts, I may recite the fact that he is shortly to be seen in his first production under a new contract, called "High Dawn." In this he will depart from his hobo roles to an extent
of his stories, but the distributors of pictures still refer to him as "a good bet."

Incidentally, but none the less importantly, there has been an addition to the Carey family. This is a little girl, called Ella Ada. She is Carey's second child, and he refers to her as "a perfectly wonderful kid," even though she is as yet not able to fulfill his idea of a youngster's romping life as epitomized in the "he's-a-whirlwind" antics of his boy who is now nearly four years old.

Carey never had the youthful background that would identify him with Western characterizations. His pose, to be sure, is that of a singularly rough-cut individual, and should you meet him casually, you would think that he had spent all his days breaking bronchos and herding steers. In actuality, however, he belonged to a prominent New York family, his father having been a judge. The nearest Harry ever came to going on a ranch before he settled in the West, was attending college to take a law course. Subsequently he went to sea. Once he felt the lure of pictures, he made up for the experience he lacked by buying a big place in the country at some distance from Hollywood. This seemed to provide the necessary atmosphere for the sort of rôles he was playing, and he has continued to live there to this day.

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THAT RIDIN' LANDIS KID

A BEWILDERING mixture, Cullen Landis. A star-gazing poet and Western boy-hero, his blood thrilling at the exploits he enacts, make-believe though they be.

At twenty-eight there's something eternally boyish about Cullen. The implied belief that all this excitement of the Western movie is real to him, endows even the impossible melodramatic pictures in which he has appeared recently with a semblance of plausibility.

"Like Westerns?"—incredulously. "Why, I love 'em! Down in Tennessee, when I was a kid, all I read and thought about was 'wild West stories.' Oh, boy, but I ate 'em up!" Somehow the intensity in his voice was oddly out of keeping with its Southern drawl. "Wanted to be a detective—that's why I got a job reporting on a paper—I'd been reading how reporters followed clues and found criminals.

"Now I'm crazy about these Western pictures. Love to ride and fight. Besides, they make money. Don't kid yourself the public wants highbrow photo plays. Maybe the minority does, but the box office is what counts. I always ask, did a certain picture make money? Well then, it's a good picture, no matter what the critics say."

Cullen has knocked about the studios for years; before he started acting, he was prop boy and assistant and held almost every subordinate job on the lot.

"I learned a lot about character portrayal when I played on the stage here a few weeks ago with Miss Marjorie Rambeau in 'The Valley of Content.' A wonderful artist—and she told the stage director to let me work out my rôle in my own way. In the past that has been one fault with the movies, the director tryin' to boss the works, tell you how to do everything. But now they're letting the actor use his brains sometimes."

"This picture I'm in now, Charles K. Blaney's production for Vitagraph, 'One Law for the Woman,' taken from one of Blaney's old melodramas, is full of hokum, but d'you know I almost believe in it myself! Hero goes blind, fights the villain, escapes, his faithful
horse finds him, they roll down a cliff, in the excitement he recovers his sight in time to rescue the girl as the mill is blown up, fade-out kiss, horse registers jealousy. Great stuff, that, touches the heartstrings and the imagination. It's what the sit-by-the-fires dream of doing themselves.

Cullen is undoubtedly one of the most popular actors on the screen.

High-keyed, restless, that spirit finds outlet in many and constantly varying activities. Sports of all kinds, making automobiles out of odd heaps of junk, organizing newsboys' baseball teams and playing with them as though he were one of them.

"Next I'm to do 'Magnolia,' Booth Tarkington's play, for James Cruze—a romantic Southern story. And after that, my own production, 'The Ridin' Kid from Powder River.' Every time I start to produce it something happens to the financial backing and the thing falls through. But I'll never give up and now it looks like I'll really get to do it the first part of 1924."

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THE MACHINE-GUN OF THE MOVIES

June Mathis is the machine-gun of the movies.

As editorial director of Goldwyn productions, Miss Mathis must oversee the preparation of all continuities besides completing her own script for "Ben-Hur," must supervise casting, settings, costuming, actual filming, titling, editing of all pictures. Every day she sees the rushes of each director's shooting to stamp with approval or criticism each foot of film. Her position, with its responsibilities, requires infinite tact.

A truly remarkable woman, June Mathis. Brilliant, magnetic, forceful, ruthlessly keen, a born fighter. She spars like a man but is herself essentially feminine.

"When I was a child my father and his men friends made a pal of me," she explains, "she has the almost uncanny ability to bridge the gap between the attitudes of the two sexes, seeing generalities with the vision of a man and details with the mind of a woman. "I learned early to get my own way tactfully, not by parading wounded feelings."

Her girlhood on the stage made her canny; she learned to fight, ruthlessly but quietly, for the things her growing clarity of vision told her she must have. Seasons with James K. Hackett and Pauline Frederick, with the Shuberts and with Julian Eltinge, for two years the lead in "Brewsters' Millions"—this schooling taught her much about acting and the psychology of public appeal. Her decisions are instantaneous.

"Hunches, or instinct rather, based upon experience and knowledge," she explains, "The moment I saw Valentino in a play I knew he was Julia in 'The Four Horsemen.' I went to bat for him and won."

Recently she emerged victorious in another battle—George Walsh to play Ben-Hur. The wisdom of that choice is yet under the fire of criticism; but as her judgment has seldom erred, possibly in this point too she is uncannily right.
The Screen in Review

Critical comment on the latest releases.

By Agnes Smith

Caricatures by Walter Kinsler

FOR almost a year word has been coming from the Coast about the progress of a picture called "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," produced by Al and Ray Rockett, two young and inexperienced venturers in the film world. It looked for a time as though the picture would have to be abandoned and as though a shortage of money would leave the Rocketts with nothing to show for their trouble but an unfinished film and a lot of good intentions.

However, the picture was completed, somehow or other, and the Rocketts, accompanied by Frances Marion, who wrote the scenario, brought the picture to New York to present it before a cold, hard world. A hideous fear gripped their souls because, if the picture couldn't get a presentation on Broadway, there would be nothing left for them to do but to clutch the film to their hearts and jump off Brooklyn Bridge.

You can't blame them for being frightened. The Rockett brothers aren't a bit like Cecil B. De Mille, the great box-office director. And I am telling you the story of their precarious time with "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" just to prove to you that an ounce of sincerity is often better than a million-dollar drawing fund at the bank.

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is now being reckoned in the same category as "The Covered Wagon." It is being held up as an example of what the movies can achieve when they really put their mind to serious things. It has already gone down as one of the best pictures of the hopefully young new year.

The greatness of the picture lies, not in the usual qualities of movie success, but in the greatness of its subject. It is almost a complete biography of Lincoln and the first authentic film biography I ever have seen. In this it starts a new line in film story telling. Heretofore all historical pictures have been dramatic in their construction; they have relied on a few incidents backed up with spectacular scenes to convey their idea of historical characters. They have never taken the pains to trace the character and the development of a great man.

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" begins with the birth of little Abe in the log cabin in Kentucky. It shows him as a gawky, studious boy and then as a young country store clerk. It tells of his early romance with Ann Rutledge and, surely, this is one of the finest love stories that has ever been shown on the screen. It gives you too, thank goodness, some idea of his remarkable humor and his quick wit.

Even now, the old folks out in Illinois can tell you what a wisecracker young Abe was.

And then comes Washington and the tragic Civil War. Lincoln's soul was in it but his heart was against it. He was capable of calling out troops to fight the Confederate States but, unlike any modern war barker, he wasn't capable of working up any orgy of hate against his enemy. It was this curious weakness of Lincoln that saved the country from lasting and terrible bitterness between the North and the South. And the incidents on the screen which depict this rare nobility of Lincoln are the most inspiring that ever have been filmed.

In writing of "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," I am purposely speaking in superlatives. In the past too many critical superlatives have been wasted on extravagant settings, scenes of spurious appeal, the romping of young ingenues and the hokum of the "box-office directors." And so, it is no wonder when anything so rare as a completely and thoroughly sincere and worthy picture comes along, the reviewer has to look around for a new and more emphatic set of superlatives.

The idea of a film biography is a new one and it has been splendidly worked out. The character of Lincoln is in the foreground every minute and only incidents that in some special way concern Lincoln are shown. And so the film hasn't the weakness of those historical films which have gone in for spectacle merely for the sake of spending money on big scenes. Probably the economy of spectacle in the picture was forced upon the producers, but I wish other producers also had run out of money in the middle of their historical pictures and thereby forced the cast to do a little acting.

There are no "names" in "Abraham Lincoln," in fact, most of the members of the cast were unfamiliar to me. This, of course, added tremendously to the illusion. A man named George Billings, who had never acted before, played the role of Lincoln, but I cannot think of his performance as acting in the usual sense of the word. He gives you the impression that he is Lincoln. At first I was disturbed by Ruth Clifford as Ann Rutledge, mostly because I had seen Miss Clifford in other movies and the illusion was temporarily spoiled.

No one should miss seeing "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." It is one of the real inspirations of the screen.

To give full credit to those who are responsible for the picture; it was produced by the Rockett brothers,
The Screen in Review

directed by Phil Rosen and written by Frances Marion, with Miss Marion and Harry Carr in charge of the titling and editing.

Shipwrecked on Plymouth Rock.

From the great moral lesson of the Rockett brothers it would seem that all one needs to make a picture is a carload of sincerity and a couple of cameras. If such were the case "The Courtship of Myles Standish" would also be greeted with cheers and American flags. For undoubtedly Charles Ray was sincere and, oh, so terribly earnest, when he set out to show that the Pilgrim Fathers weren't such bad fellows after all. Due to the mind of Mr. Ray, part of the unassailable belief that, after all and in spite of many dismal pictures, he is still a movie star and that, as a star, he is of considerably more importance to the great American public than the obscure John Alden.

Consequently when you leave "The Courtship of Myles Standish," you have no picture of John Alden; all you have is a memory of Charles Ray dressed up as a Puritan and acting like the leading man of a stock company.

The sad part of it is, "The Courtship of Myles Standish" was boldly announced as a successor to "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." Well, it simply isn't, that's all. It is, for one thing, intensely dull. The only really worthy part of the picture comes at the beginning, when the pirate crew of the Mayflower, aided by a picturesque storm at sea, throw a little pep into the proceedings. Mr. Ray constructed a replica of the Mayflower with all the reverence of an antique dealer. Honestly, it is so real that it would make any member of a first family feel absolutely at home.

To me, the most serious drawback of the picture was its lack of illusion in the backgrounds. The landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock looked like a snow scene built with cotton under a Christmas tree to give the kiddies a treat at Christmas. The bleak New England winters looked like comfortable studio settings, and I am still trying to puzzle out why the Indians who ran around with no clothes on enjoyed good health while the Pilgrim fathers, bundled in English clothes, died off by the hundreds.

Mr. Ray and his director, Frederick Sullivan, have made the common mistake of picturing the Pilgrims as rather insipid and dull persons instead of a vital, fighting sect. The character of poor old Myles Standish, for instance, is merely a boor middle-aged lover, while Priscilla, as played by Enid Bennett, looked exactly like a nice, sleek plump young matron who, come rain or snow, was bound to keep her hair in curl.

I hate to condemn the picture so thoroughly because I realize that it is a production that means much to Mr. Ray and that he was immensely earnest about it. But it is so smug to be good history and too lifeless to be good movie. In addition to Longfellow's poem, which is the basis of the story, Mr. Ray says that he read forty-two books of early American history. But I think if he had taken his company to the rocky shores of New England instead of trying to reproduce his genuine codfish atmosphere in California; the oldest inhabitants would have been able to imbue him with a sounder feeling for his story.

Glorifying Broadway.

"The Great White Way" is the first good comedy I have ever seen of life in that section of New York which believes that Kansas City is somehow near the Grand Canyon, that Fannie Brice is the greatest actress in the world, that breakfast is eaten at one o'clock in the afternoon, and that if you aren't at the first night of the "Follies" you don't belong. The picture, as the advertisements say of it, is a story of New York's Main Street.

Well, boys and girls, this film has positively everything and it is full of class and pep. It's all about a pug and a musical comedy cutie who begin by sitting each other and then fall in love. The romance has hard sledding on account of the interference of a couple of yeggs who are out to get the fellow and a big butter-and-egg man who is an angel to the show in which the girl is appearing. It takes you to the races, it shows you the New York fire department in action and it shows you some rehearsal scenes at the "Follies" which are just like home sweet home.

And oh yes, Cosmopolitan obtained the use of the staff of the New York American to appear in the newspaper scenes and all of the cartoonists and editorial writers are trotted out and made to behave like movie actors. Now that "Bugs" Baer has gone into the movies, Will Hays will have to work hard to earn his money.

The city editor, who has an important part in the story, is played by Harry Watson, a vaudeville comedian, who acted so much like a real city editor that he made the first-night movie reviewers extremely nervous.

Just as all the film celebrities appeared in "Hollywood," so do all of Broadway's finest appear in "The Great White Way." Since Tex Rickard, the fight promoter, made his screen début he has been besieged by offers from producers. Ned Wayburn, the Ziegfeld dancing master, also does well in a character part, that of a hard-hearted man turning chorus girls into a dancing chorus. Arthur Brisbane showed signs of camera fright, but he will improve with more experience. Bugs Baer, too, deserves another chance.

Oscar Shaw, a young musical comedy actor, makes his début in the picture and plays with so much zest for comedy that I shouldn't be surprised if you'd hear more of him. Ray Barnes, too, is such a realistic press agent that he made me shudder. It was a gruesomely true-to-life performance. As for Anita Stewart, evidently all she has been waiting for is a good comedy part, because she proved that a long series of foggy pictures haven't dimmed her native gifts.
All in all, I think that "The Great White Way" will do much to reconcile the rest of the country to New York. E. Mason Hopper directed it, while Luther Reed, author of the scenario, and H. T. Witwer, who wrote the story, deserve a nice big bunch of American beauties for the best set of humorous subtitles I have seen in a long time.

Wayward Grandmothers.

Any one who doesn't want to see "Black Ozen" is two degrees below human. For, just think of it, Gertrude Atherton's sensation novel of the beautiful lady of sixty who turned into a leading member of the younger set by methods best explained by Mrs. Atherton has been transferred into a film which is calculated to make the winter of 1924 one of the happiest that the poor old theater managers ever have known.

It all goes to prove that there is nothing like having an idea for the scenario before you go ahead and make your picture. You may not think that Mrs. Atherton's novel is great shakes as literature but you'll have to admit that the lady was enterprising when she turned all the newspaper talk about rejuvenation into the plot for a best seller.

So here is all the amazing story of Mary Zattiany on the screen and told so faithfully and with so much regard for the "big points" of the story that you cannot help admiring First National for its shrewd sense of what the public wants.

There is only one obvious mistake in the production. Corinne Griffith, before regaining her youth, is much too old a countess. Ladies in European society don't look like village grandmas when they pass their sixtieth birthday. They merely become a little tired, a little worn and a little wrinkled. However, the rest of Miss Griffith's performance was little short of brilliant. She managed to look perfectly beautiful, but, at the same time, she never let you forget that she really was an old woman enjoying a strange second youth. Her eyes, and sometimes her arms and shoulders, looked a bit weary and, at times, there was an uncomy hint of age in her face. And all this is surprising when you consider that Miss Griffith has a long way to go before she reaches thirty. Conway Tearle, as the young newspaper man, neither looked young nor was a newspaper man. Outside of that, he was all right. Clara Bow made the flapper something beyond all reason and therefore true to type. It was a good performance. And Kate Lester gave a magnificent picture of the sort of elderly Manhattanite who goes in heavily for black jet.

Making an Honest Man of Homer Croy.

Such a holler as went up from the press of New York when "West of the Water Tower" was shown to the local wise guys! Without exception every one of the critics agreed that Famous Players had made some drastic changes in the book.

Well, and what of it? If you have read the book and if you know anything about the rulings of the State censors, I ask you what could Famous Players have done? Obviously, much of Homer Croy's narrative had to be deleted. It was strong stuff, my friends. And obviously a fake marriage had to be substituted and much of the trend of the ensuing happenings altered. There was nothing to do but break the proud spirit of Homer Croy as a realistic novelist.

Unfortunately the stuff that has been laded into the plot is the oldest sort of movie hokum and so the story, which gets a great flying start, breaks in the middle. It is entirely too apparent just where Homer Croy's story stops and where the narrative inspired by the censors begins.

The picture contains some good acting and also whole stretches of inferior acting. The best performance is given by Ernest Torrence, who plays the role of the frantic father of the unfortunate Guy. Glen Hunter, as the boy, gives an earnest and sometimes unusually effective picture of unhappy youth. As for May McAvoy, she went through all sorts of trying experiences and, through it all, showed less emotion than the heroine of an old Griffith picture saying good-by to her canary before going out for a walk.

However the one thing that really disappointed me about the picture was that there is only a single short glimpse of a water tower.

Boiling Lew Cody.

One of the world's greatest illusions is that Rupert Hughes has a sense of humor and therefore, no matter how bad the plots of his pictures are, there is always something funny in the titles and action. The audience which sat through "Reno" in New York laughed but twice, once when a child in the theater yelled, "I want to go home," and once when Lew Cody, in the interests of art, fell into a geyser and was shot several hundred feet in the air.

"Reno" is the story of the complexities of the divorce laws of our various and not so United States. It proves that you may be legally married in one State, not married at all in another and a bigamist in a third. Certainly this is rich farce material but Mr. Hughes spoils everything by peopling the story with the most unbelievable set of persons I have ever seen flicker through a story.

I don't know why Mr. Cody was the person selected to fall into the geyser. George Walsh was in the cast, too, and only a matter of a subtitle would have brought him to the brink of the geyser. But no, Mr. Hughes must go and sacrifice Mr. Cody, who isn't a bad actor. But it's great sport seeing him shoot right up again into the air just as though he were too wicked even for a geyser. If you don't want to see all the picture, drop into the theater just in time for this scene.
And Don't Call It Rita Coventry.

William de Mille is the most intelligent director now subjected to the crude atmosphere of the studios. Believe me, he is so intelligent that he can take a perfectly good story and remove the kick from it before it has been on the screen for five minutes.

When he set out to put Julian Street's novel before the movie public, he decided to be just as intelligent about it as possible. Consequently, many of the details of the action are fashioned after the style of "A Woman of Paris"—only, as the fellow says in vaudeville, a long way after.

In polishing up epigrammatic subtilities and inventing cute details, Mr. de Mille completely overlooked the point of the story, which is that Rita Coventry was a prima donna and therefore not like other girls. Of course, Mr. de Mille tells us in a subtitle that Rita is a singer, but of the florid temperament and the still more florid background of the opera singer's life he gives us only mere hints.

Nita Naldi must share the blame with Mr. de Mille. Nita doesn't look like a prima donna and neither does she act like a prima donna and nothing can turn her into a Garden or a Farrar. Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt and Rod La Rocque are also in the cast.

The Ever-welcome Mr. Hergesheimer.

Something of the same qualities that made "Tol'able David" a success also make "Wild Oranges" decidedly worth seeing. Both pictures were adapted from stories by Joseph Hergesheimer, and Hergesheimer is one of the most filmable authors in the field. Like "Tol'able David," "Wild Oranges" has a fascinating background, plenty of rugged melodrama that has what one might call a psychological twist.

The story concerns a girl who has spent all her life in the swamps of the southeast. An hereditary taint of fear keeps her spellbound—a sort of enchanted princess. The girl and her grandfather are dominated by a half-witted maniac of murderous tendencies. The story tells how the girl is freed by a man who himself has been made a spiritual prisoner by tragedy.

It is a fascinating tale and has been beautifully told by King Vidor, who has set it in backgrounds of bewitching beauty. The picture has suspense and touches of horror; in fact, Mr. Vidor has captured the exact Hergesheimer atmosphere.

The always praiseworthy Virginia Valli again gives a lovely and sensitive performance, while an actor named Charles B. Post is a tremendously vivid figure as the maniac. Frank Mayo seemed to me the weakest member of the cast, while Ford Sterling again proves that many of the best actors in pictures received their first training under the tender guidance of Mack Sennett.

Ou La La Gloria!

It looks as though Gloria Swanson were abandoning her reputation as the best-dressed star on the screen. For Gloria has discovered a style of acting as well as a style of dressing. She tried it out in "Zaza" with much success that, apparently, nothing is going to stop her. And I like the new Gloria with all her strange mannerisms, her exaggerated comedy, and her flights into Mary Pickford sentiment. True enough, she is more French than the Parisians, but there is something engaging about the ginger and pep that she puts into her scenes.

"The Humming Bird" is the latest playground for her new style and, under the direction of Sydney Olcott, she performs miracles of comedy that would have been impossible for the Gloria of the Elnor Glyn period.

As a story, "The Humming Bird" represents an American playwright's idea of life among the apaches of Montmartre. The Montmartre of the picture is convincing enough so far as the backgrounds go, but the apaches and their goings-on belong to the ten, twenty, thirty school of French fiction. Just for good measure, the war is dragged into the story of the girl thief who meets a grand American and goes out to win the war for France.

Bad Luck for the Czar and Mickey Neilan.

After seeing "The Rendezvous," a woman I know went to an oculist to have her eyes examined. She came away from the picture with no definite idea of what had happened on the screen and thought that her eyes were failing her. However, she ought to be reassured; I haven't met a person yet who really saw "The Rendezvous." I'm sure that I didn't.

Mickey Neilan's latest picture is a bitter blow because much was expected of it. It had a good plot and a good cast, but somehow or other the story failed to register. In some scenes it looked as though Mickey were shooting no particular story; and in other scenes it looked as though whole episodes had been left out of the plot.

It is too bad that Mickey selected a Russian story, for something tells me that Mickey has quaint notions about Russia and the Russian people. He slips a few ikons in the proper corner of the rooms, uses a few big Russian stoves and calls it a day. It is about as funny as a modern story of America would be if filmed by a Peruvian company.

Conrad Nagel, as an American soldier in Russia, looks like a representative of the Y. M. C. A., while the actors who are supposed to be Russians, act as though they were in the thick of an imitation Graustark story. Lucille Ricksen is lovely and charming, and has much of the quiet reticence of a European girl. But her chances for acting are slim; however, one is grateful that Neilan

Continued on page 114.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. Because it is biblical and is the most spectacular achievement of the motion pictures. It is beautiful, massive, and thrilling. Cecil De Mille's most stanch admirers also like the moderate part it takes in the picture in which Nita Naldi, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, and Leatrice Joy appear.

"Among the Missing"—Pathé. A one-reel dramatic thriller made by William Nigh and played by himself and Lucille La Verne. One of the most genuine and gripping of screen dramas.


"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charles Stratton, in which the old story of the unprotected girl who goes to the big city is given fresh, natural treatment. Adolphe Menjou gives a distinguished portrait of a man about town.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Thrills and thrills and thrills with horror, mobs, and colossal sets. Back them up. Lon Chaney does some of his hardest acting.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. A charming picture of quaint yesterdays in the metropolis. Marion Davies emerges in this as a comedienne of the first rank.

"The White Sister"—Metro. Lilian Gish as a lovely young girl who enters a convent when the world seems to be too much for her. Photographed in Italy, it abounds in exquisite backgrounds.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. Following a wagon train of early pioneers across the Western plains. An impressive and inspiring historical drama.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Our Hospitality"—Metro. Five reels of adroit Buster Keaton humor—somewhat thin at times, but priceless at others. A cross-country trip in one of the earliest railroad trains that is wonderful, and a thrill finish that is startling. Natalie Talmadge plays the lead and makes people wish there were more Talmadges to play on the screen.

"To the Ladies"—Paramount. Another James Cruze production, which grows from strength to strength, and never looks unshakenly. Edward Everett Horton and Helen Jerome Eddy play the leading roles.


"Name the Man"—Goldwyn. Ample proof of what these ambitious foreign directors can do. Victor Seastrom has taken a Hall Caine story and made it human, and he has brought out hitherto undeveloped depths in Mac Busch. It isn't a pleasant story, but it is vital and诊治 the picture in which Nita Naldi, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, and Leatrice Joy appear.

"Six Cylinder Love"—Fox. A merry little comedy that plays with the idea that it isn't the original cost of a high-powered automobile but the upkeep that tries men's souls. Elmer Clifton has directed it ingeniously.

"Long Live the King"—Metro. Jackie Coogan's contribution to the movement toward bigger and more costly costume pictures. Jackie almost gets lost in the shuffle, but occasional glimpses of him are worth waiting for.

"The Lady of Quality"—Universal. The most tasteful and restrained of all the costume pictures. It gives one no feeling of an enforced Cook's tour and the characters—principally Virginia Valli—are appealing and human.

"Her Temporary Husband"—Metro. Allicking farce with Owen Moore and Sydney Chaplin that is good for a lot of laughs. It teaches no lesson, points no moral, and is just good, unpretentious entertainment.

"Fashion Row"—Metro. Mae Murray in a little different than usual. She masquerades as an emigrant girl for a while.

"The Mailman"—F. B. O. Good, sturdy, substantial film fare with all the sentimentality and hokum the film will hold. Ralph Lewis plays the noble hero.

"Under the Red Robe"—Cosmopolitan. One of the more costly and less dramatic costume pictures. The picture is weak, but it is large, and Alma Rubens and Gustav von Seyffertitz do their best to make up for the deficiencies of the rest of the cast. The story is that of the time of Richelieu and the royal affairs of France.

"The Eternal City"—First National. More dazzling beauty and another foolish scenario. The Roman backgrounds are beautiful and the swirling mobs are thrilling. There are stars and stars and stars, but you can't see the rest when Barbara La Marr is on the screen.

"Saramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram brings the days of the French Revolution to life with pomp and glory and a reckless spirit. Every moment of this picture is beautiful and much of it is thrilling. Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, and Lewis Stone head the cast.


WORTH SEEING.

"Tiger Rose"—Warner Brothers. Just another story of the Canadian Northwest, with Lenore Ulric investing her rôle with a certain amount of gypsy charm. It is melodramatic, and the scenery is beautiful, but according to most of us have seen it all many times before.

"The Shepherd King"—Fox. A Biblical film staged in Palestine that should have been wonderfully impressive, but instead it is like a third-rate operatic performance. The picture is florid and overdecorated.

"This Freedom"—Fox. Too much agony and grief for an evening's sheer entertainment. The picture was made in England, so the backgrounds are unusual and interesting. The story concerns the decay of the home when mamma goes out to work.

"The Dangerous Maid"—First National. Constance Talmadge's plunge into the costume drama. She is bright and amiable against polyvy odds, but according to most people this picture marks the low ebb of the costume craze.

"In the Palace of the King"—Goldwyn. Another of the more spineless costume dramas. The cast is large and the sets are larger, but nothing ever seems to happen.

"The Slave of Desire"—Goldwyn. A fantastic story that just fails to be enthralling. Balzac's story of "The Maggot Skin" that was granted all its possessor's wishes, but shrunken as each wish was fulfilled. George Walsh, Carmel Myers and Bessie Love are in it.

"The Light that Failed"—Paramount. Kipling's story gone sadly awry. Percy Marmont is convincing as a hero, but Jacqueline Logan, in a minor rôle, is the way with the story.

"The Day of Faith"—Goldwyn. A story that started out apparently with the idea of teaching brotherly love, but its message gets weak-winded and dies by the wayside. It is unconvincing all the while, but it has its good moments. Eleanor Boardman and Raymond Griffith are in it.

"The Call of the Cañon"—Paramount. As most of the boys and girls have learned, Zane Gray believes that the great open spaces breed noble men and pure hearts and the city fosters meanness and vice. If you don't agree with him, even Louis Jean Heydt, and Rich- ard Barthelmess in a light little comedy that is not up to the standard of his recent offerings. Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite him, and is charming and appealing as usual.
Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan rhapsodizes over recent exploits of her film favorites and flaunts a few of her preferences and prejudices.

By The Bystander

No one will ever forget Gloria Swanson's house warming. Fanny announced exuberantly, as she surveyed everything on my table and helped herself lavishly.

"Perhaps a few of us who weren't asked will," I remarked icily. "But tell me about it. Who was there and why and what house did she warm?"

"I've half a mind not to tell you," she said, and went right on. "It wasn't a house at all but a new dressing room on wheels that they move around the studio from set to set. The inside of it looks just like an exquisite boudoir pillow. It is all satin and lace, and mirrors. Gloria had a special panel put in beside her mirror for the guests at the house warming to autograph. Obviously, not more than two people could get in the house at once and there must have been about a hundred people there, so the house was placed in the center of a huge garden set— from 'Zaza.' I think it was—and we all sat out there at little tables. There was dancing to a Paul Whiteman band and some woman sang. Most appropriately she rendered, 'Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses,' just as one of Gloria's servants staggered in with an enormous basket of orchids. There was a low garden wall that separated the set where the party was held from the rest of the studio, and all afternoon the studio carpenters and electricians hung over that and watched the party.

"Some man took one look at Gloria's gorgeous little dressing room and remarked that it was a good thing Valentino hadn't seen it, because if he had he would have demanded a pink velvet covered wagon to dress in.

"Stephen Benet and F. Scott Fitzgerald and a lot of young poets were there: Rebecca West, the English novelist, Rosa Ponselle, the opera singer, Fanny Hurst, and several of the leaders of the National Women's party—I wonder if Gloria is taking an interest in politics—and dozens of newspaper and magazine writers. Every once in a while some one would pick up a camera and start grinding. That picture ought to be screamingly funny, for no one was made up for it but Gloria and Lois Wilson and Richard Dix. They wandered over from the set where they were making
'Icebound.' Lois had on a funny little homespun dress and cotton stockings. She looked so real and wholesome that she made most of the guests look like these wax models you see in shop windows. And Richard Dix! In a flannel shirt and high rubber boots, he is splendid.

"I cannot understand how such a pretty girl as Lois can think of such a variety of ways of making herself look plain. In 'Icebound' she is rather homely again and not at all in the way that she was homely in 'Lulu Bett,' or 'What Every Woman Knows.' It isn't make-up either, because she doesn't go in for nose putty and that sort of thing."

"Well, I wouldn't worry about it if I were you," I assured her. "It's a gift not many girls would need in private life."

"Lois has been expecting for weeks to go up in New England to make the exteriors for 'Icebound,' but the location scouts haven't found any snow yet, so it looks as though she would stay in town long enough to see all the new plays. I went over to the studio to see her the other day and she showed me the most realistic frost that one of the property men had put on the window panes. It was made somehow from spun sugar and cobwebs. Isn't it wonderful what those property men think of?"

"Gloria is just finishing 'A Society Scandal'—but don't worry. It isn't just one of those old-fash'oned dressed-up pictures of hers. It's got as much pep as 'Zaza,' they tell me. Anyway, Alan Dwan directed it and it always seemed just as though they were having a party while they were making it and not working at all."

"Rod La Rocque rushed East to play a part in it and so did Ricardo Cortez, but the minute their last scenes were shot they took the next train to Hollywood and started working on a picture out there. You never do know who's where, the players flit back and forth so rapidly. Look at Virginia Valli. She came East a while ago for a vacation and to talk over her starring plans with Universal. But after she had been here only a few days she was borrowed by Thomas Meighan's company and rushed off to Florida to make scenes there. When she gets back to California she is going to play the heroine of 'Damned.' I wonder how the censors will like that."

"Casting her for that part," I suggested idly, "is rather like putting Conrad Nagel in 'Three Weeks.' The only way to make an inflammable story censorproof is to cast some one in it who is beyond reproach—or who looks it."

"Your theory is interesting," Fanny granted, "but I hope that censors..."
don't drive producers to following it to extremes. We might have Mary Carr playing Salome, Mary Astor playing Cleopatra, and Baby Peggy playing Thais. They might even go so far as to cast Jackie Coogan as Casanova or Machiavelli."

"I wish they would. At least it would be a novelty."

"Have you heard about that million-dollar suit against Famous Players-Lasky Corporation?" Fanny changed the subject abruptly, having finished her remarks on it. "Jim Bridger's daughter has brought suit against them for the way her father is portrayed in 'The Covered Wagon.' She objects because the old man is shown drinking whisky and flirting with a couple of squaws. She says that it has imperiled her social position."

"Well, what is one woman's social position to all the thousands who have adored that old man in the picture?" I asked.

"Nothing. And you should read that a writer in the Helena, Montana, Independent said about it. He said that: 'If any libel has been done to the memory of old Jim Bridger, it is to allege that he did not have spunk enough to drink raw red liquor and pinch the voluptuous squaws until blushes showed through their well-smoked skins.' That, I suppose, is an example of what the real rugged West thinks of its former heroes."

"Well, for my part," I observed, "I wouldn't trade a place in any society for the way Tully Marshall plays that marvelous old plainsman."

"Oh, well, people are funny. After Frances Marion had spent a year and a half studying Abraham Lincoln's utterances so that all his subtitles in the Lincoln picture would be things that he had actually said, somebody criticized the titles for not being up to her usual standard! You just can't suit people when you start putting historical personages on the screen.

"The same holds true." Fanny launched into a dignified lecture-platform manner that somehow contrasted strangely with her dangling earrings and jangling bracelets, "of characters in widely read books. Sydney Franklin has wanted for ages to make 'The Age of Innocence,' but imagine how horrified people would be if he miscast the part of the interesting foreign girl. Fortunately, he saw Jetta Goudal in a picture and realized that he needed to look no further. I hope when he comes to make it she won't be tied up on a contract to some other company."

"And that reminds me, I had a note from Jetta Goudal a few days ago. Do you remember my telling you that she was going or had gone to California to make pictures? Well, I was wrong. She wrote to correct me. And she took exception to my saying that she displayed a bad temper at the theater. Well, perhaps she didn't."

"And I got another awfully interesting letter from a girl out in Kansas City. It wasn't intended for me but for the editor
"The engineer did all he could to make it seem more like shipboard by making the train roll and pitch until the passengers in the upper berths were almost jolted out into the aisles.

'Irene Rich must have been born with a wonderful sense of humor because working in movies hasn’t been able to kill it. The other day while we were lunching at the Plaza the orchestra played the Volga Song of the Boatmen. She said, ‘Excuse me, girls, that’s my cue to cry,’ and her eyes welled up with tears. Why do they play such mournful music in places where people go to enjoy themselves? It is hard on every one but particularly on motion-picture players who associate sad music with their hardest emotional scenes.

'Just before Miss Rich came East she was engaged for a picture called 'The Woman Who Sinred.' She was all thrilled over it because she heard that for two or three weeks the company was going to work on a palatial yacht anchored over at Catalina. She was just congratulating herself over her good luck when it occurred to her that as usual she would probably be cast as the good wife and some other girl who was playing the title rôle would do all the scenes on the yacht. And she was right. That is one of the disadvantages of always playing good women on the screen. You don’t go on nearly such interesting location trips as the girls who play sirens.

'Speaking of trips,' Fanny rattled on without ever stopping for breath, "did you know that Hope Hampton had given up making pictures for a few months so as to take
a Mediterranean cruise with her husband? And I hear that Constance Talmadge is trying to buy the screen rights to 'Irene' from her.

"Norma has finished making 'Secrets' and is here with her husband for a vacation. After they have seen all the best plays they are going to Palm Beach on Irving Berlin's yacht for a while. I should think that Constance would feel simply desolate at being left behind.

"Had a letter from Betty Blythe the other day and she says that everywhere she goes in Europe she meets old friends from Hollywood. She saw Alice Terry and Rex Ingram in London just before they went to Africa to work on 'The Arab.' She found a lot of actors vacationing at Monte Carlo. And in Paris the very first person she ran into was Claire Windsor. While Claire and Bert Lytell and all the rest of Edwin Carewe's company were working in Biskra, who should join them but Ruby de Remer! She is motoring around Europe wherever her fancy dictates, but she is beginning to feel an urge to make pictures again. I wish she would. I always liked her so much. And besides when Ruby is in New York there is no excuse for ever being lonesome. You can always find a good crowd up at her apartment.

"Alma Rubens isn't going to Paris to make scenes for 'Cytherea' after all. Somebody repented the foul deeds that had been done to the scenario and decided to stick closely to the book after all. So the picture will be made in Cuba and California.

"Alma and Marion Davies went to the opening night of 'The Miracle' and they looked so lovely that lots of people on whom the show pulled just sat and stared at them. I always used to think that Lady Diana Manners was about the most beautiful person alive, but I don't think she compares with either Marion or Alma. Her beauty is so cold. Alma and Marion ought always to go places together because they are such contrasting types that they show each other off.

"Speaking of beauties, there is a reviewer on one of the New York papers who says that the only real beauties on the screen are May McAvoy, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith and Jacqueline Logan. I wonder how many people would agree with him. And Mack Sennett says Madeleine Hurlock is the most beautiful girl in pictures.

"No such list is complete without Claire Windsor, Betty Compson and Florence Vidor," I objected. "And probably others. Can't think at the moment who

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The Picture of the Future

A peep at the possibilities which recent technical inventions have opened up for the screen.

By Don Ryan

It is growing more evident every day that the motion-picture industry or art or amusement enterprise or whatever you prefer to call it, is on the edge of something. There are pessimists who pretend that it is on the edge of a precipice.

At any rate there was sublime significance in the slump that hit Los Angeles, the capital city of moviedom, last winter. It was evident that production of a certain variety was at the end of its rope. "Bigger and Better Pictures" had proved a two-edged slogan. Producers realized there was no sense in building higher sets all the time, in an effort to outtop the other fellow's. The public was getting decidedly blasé about costumes and big sets.

Everybody in Hollywood knows now that it is a zero hour with the movie enterprise. Something is just around the corner, waiting to come in. What will this something be?

It is my rooted belief that it lies wholly within the power of the men who are making pictures to determine what the dawn of a to-morrow shall bring. There are two alternatives, it seems to me, at this present crossroads:

Pictures may return to the cheap thrillers that they were in nickelodeon days; or,

They may be raised to the pinnacle of a new and distinctive art by the employment of a technique peculiar to the camera.

Three years ago I saw "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," that fantastic Teutonic excursion into the realms of insanity. I went out of the theater with something resembling a pale light breaking over me.

That light has been growing brighter ever since, and within its are some very definite conclusions have taken form.

My whole line of thought was crystallized, as the college lecturer says, when, on a day last August I went to see another freak picture. When I got the card announcing a preview of the new spectacular production, "Secrets of Life," I tossed it away with the thought, "Another parody on human existence."

But a few days later I got a telephone call from my friend, Walter Anthony, general hired man of the movies, who, I understood, was at that time engaged in adapting to the screen the literary works of Harold Bell Wright, America's beloved novelist.

"We have a new kind of movie out at the Principal Pictures studio," said Walter. "It's called 'Secrets of Life.' If you'll come out I'll show it to you."

"Any blondes in it?"

"No."

"Any brunettes, any vamps, any dear old mothers, any cute kiddies, any he-men lords, any business men saved from ruin by their wives, any historical characters portrayed?"

"None of those."

"How can you make a movie without 'em?"

"Come out and see. You don't have to worry about the actors. There isn't an actor in the picture."

"By George! That's the kind I'd like to see. I'll be right out."

In the black projection room, waiting for "Secrets of Life" to be revealed, Walter Anthony explained.

"Louis H. Tolhurst has invented a powerful light that is heartless. By means of it he was able to make microscopic studies of insects for the camera. First I'll show you the bee."

On the screen came the picture of the interior of a beehive. The "winged citizens" of this "swarming citadel," as Walter described them in the subtitle, were magnified to the size of men. Looking at them as equals in size gave me an entirely different attitude towards bees—one of immense respect and consuming curiosity about their habits and personality.

The curiosity was promptly satisfied. I saw how the work of the hive was allotted to honey gatherers, nurses for the larvae, and so on. The bee discipline was striking. And the treatment of the queen bee by her subjects most respectful.

"All labor is performed by females in this admirable world," read one of the subtitles by my cynical friend.

He told me he had enjoyed writing the titles for the insect picture much more than the ones he wrote for Harold Bell Wright.

The next reel showed spiders. Drama! A fly caught in a web and there, deliberately preparing for her dinner, the spider—a great, gray ball of venom as big as an elephant it was on the screen!

They showed a close-up of the spider's face. I thanked my lucky stars I wasn't the fly.

The next instant the spider leaped. The poison tentacles were sunk in the victim, which ceased its buzzing and lapsed into unconsciousness while the spider drank its blood.

There was drama—drama real, stirring, fantastical. I got a

The public is getting blasé about costumes and big sets.
bigger thrill from the spider and the fly than I ever did when the golden-haired hero-
ine was flung from the high cliff.

Then came a touch of comedy—comedy and astonishing information combined. Tol-
hurst, in the picture, set down on a table a miniature spin-
ing wheel. To the reel he attached an end of silk that
was protruding from Madame Araneida Anthropoda. He
turned the wheel and the un-
willng spider spun a thin,
moonbeam thread—which you
could see winding on the reel
—spun it for a length of two
hundred and eighty feet with-
out a break.

Most interesting of all were the ants. On the screen the
tiny ant hill became an acro-
polis. Striking engineering works were visible, white roads wound up and down.
And along these roads hur-
rried an army of workers —
the strongest creatures, com-
paratively, in the world.

The ants grasped boulders in their powerful jaws
and dragged them swiftly up the hillside. We watched
a platoon unearth a great timber and hustle it out
through the entrance of the ant hill—a feat comparable
to forty men dragging a log of the Giant Forest over
a rough uphill road for a distance of eighty miles in
two minutes' time.

We saw how different work was allotted to different
groups. We stared into the royal chamber, where the
queen of the ant hill sat in state, surrounded by a
vigilant bodyguard with antennae constantly waving,
so that no commoner might brush against the sacred
person.

All this took on a new interest when the insects
were as big as horses. It was unavoidable that I should
speculate on what directed the energies of this well-
disciplined army. How did they all know in what di-
rection to move that twig which I had seen them swiftly
drag away? All the ants had pulled in one direction
at the same time. Who gave the commands? For
commands there must have been.

Did each ant think for herself? Or is it possible
that the insects possess a group mind? Could instinct
alone cope with the individual engineering problems
which vary for every boulder and for every timber?
I asked Walter if he knew. He said he didn’t. I
presume the scientists do.

At any rate they were fascinating—these secrets of
life in an insect world. More fascinating than a movie-
ized version of the secrets of Hollywood—which we
all know anyway.

I left that projection room with a new conception of
the possibilities of moving pictures as a distinct form
of art. The nebulous thoughts born of “Dr. Caligari”
were now full grown and dancing within my brain.

Jules Verne, I reflected, had nothing but his pen.
But he accomplished intriguing fantasies that fired the
imaginations of thousands. They fire the imaginations
of thousands to-day, although the things that were wild
imaginings in Jules Verne’s stories are now nearly all
accomplished facts of science.

What would Jules Verne do with Tolhurst’s light?
With Tolhurst’s light, the microscopic lens, and the
miracle of double exposure—that distinctive and un-
rivaled feature of cinematic art?

This is what he would do, I reflected. With double ex-
posure and the Tolhurst light, the French story teller to-
day would be able to make vibrant realities of his stories
about insects the size of men or men the size of insects.
The Picture of the Future

Instead of a fly in the web of the spider we should have the beautiful heroine entrapped, her golden hair floating over the silver web, the glistening gray ball of the spider looming up on the other side of the picture, creeping nearer, preparing to spring. ... A rare shot that would be—a thing of allegorical significance—a creation that would thrill with its combination of beauty and horror.

Racing along as I trudged homeward, my brain evolved a complete Jules Verne scenario by the time I had reached my own doorstep.

I called the thing "Garden Perilous" for a working title. Two young persons in love are thwarted by the girl's father, a scientist, who gives them a drug, shrinking them to the size of insects.

Enthusiasm for adventures in the garden of the scientist's house. The couple, dressed in the silk of a spider web—yes, the same web from which the hero rescues the girl, slaying the spider with a thorn as a lance—take refuge in an ant hill.

Within the winding passages of the insect metropolis they find an extensive furnished apartment, inhabited by another scientist, a rival of the girl's father, who has also diminished himself and is living with the ants, making a study of entomology.

This old fellow has gained some kind of control over the ants—here the group mind idea is worked up—and, seizing the girl for himself, he sets a regiment of the insects against the poor young hero. But the latter makes use of the inhabitants of a disaffected ant hill. Thrilling battles take place. The wicked old scientist is worsted and compelled to deliver up the secret that enables the young people to regain human size and fade out.

This is the simplest and most elementary sort of plot—a straight adventure story. Think what could be done with the same idea, working it up with the graces of satire and symbolism, grotesque humor and mystery, combined with the swift and surprising action that would be the natural outgrowth of the situation into which we have imagined our actors.

Well, there's the idea—Jules Verne's and mine. The movies are welcome to it if they care to use it.

But will they use it? Will they make use of this or any similar idea for making the motion picture something different from other art forms—from the art of the speaking stage, for instance?

Somebody is going to do it—somebody—some time. And I am moved to remark in the poignant phrasing of the billboards: Eventually—why not now?

Why should the movies remain slaves to stage tradition, spending unlimited money in an effort to outstage each other, when an entire new realm of production, unlimited in its possibilities to interest the big audience that is waiting, lies undeveloped to their hand?

It would cost much less money to make a picture combining Tolhurst's insects with human actors than it would to make a picture like "In the Palace of the King," which was an unsuccessful effort to transfer F. Marion Crawford's novel, written before movies were invented, to the screen. And I am convinced that the result would be a hundred times more interesting to everybody. Because it would employ the distinctive technique of the camera and because it would unleash the most powerful of human possessions—the human imagination.

The other day I was talking to a man who by no stretch of the imagination could be called a highbrow. He is a business man in fact, a college graduate, but possessed of no frills. In other words, he is an average American of the well-to-do class. Movies were mentioned.

"I don't go very often to the movies," he said. "Having once satisfied my curiosity and convinced myself that they really move—which happened about fifteen years ago—there is no particular reason why I should sit for hours watching them doing it.

"If I see a film version of 'Romeo and Juliet' advertised, I know without going in that Juliet will be a snappily blonde and Romeo a good-looking boy from Dubuque, who, just two brief years ago, was guiding the plow with much more benefit to his hungry countrymen than is derived from his present employment.

"And I know that instead of committing suicide in the last reel, the lovers will fade out in a clinch with the benevolent features of old Mr. Capulet and old Mr. Montague beaming from the background as they look on with their arms about each other's shoulders.

"Of this much I am certain. There may be a variation or two. Either sweet little kiddies or a cute basket of puppets may be introduced in juxtaposition to Juliet to let the audience know that she is a nice girl who loves helpless things. But this variation is a minor point. I know just what course the picture will take, whether it be 'Romeo and Juliet' or Ibsen's 'A Doll's House.'

"Therefore, as I remarked in the beginning, why should I go to see it?"

Well, why should he? Why should anybody go to see a film version of something that has been done better in a book or a play or a short story?

Why should the movies slavishly follow the technique of a spoken stage which has less to do with the art of the cinema than painting, for example?

Why should the movies continue to commit the nuisance of filming cheap novels written with a wary eye out in advance for the screen rights, such as "Flaming Youth?" Or commit the more grievous sin of filming books not fit for screen purposes because they prove popular, of which class "Main Street" is a horrible example?

Maurice Tourneur once said to me. "When we can begin to think in pictures instead of words, then—ah then, we may be able to make passable movies."

The range of the camera, thanks to the immense technical development in motion pictures, is illimitable. No boundaries hedge that vast, fair empire of the imagining...
A Letter from Location
Louise Fazenda writes of her experiences while filming unique location scenes for "The Galloping Fish."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Yuma—(On top of a roof in the middle of the Colorado River.)

Dear Myrtle:

I concluded that unless I took the wherewithal right with me on the house top you never would get a letter, for we leave the hotel at seven and do not get back until seven in the evening and being in the open all day, with our hard work and all, I sometimes go to sleep in my bath. Still it's an experience, but as usual I'm neglecting most of my correspondence. I suppose I'll die with lots of things undone. I'm like that.

You know, of course, that I'm here with the Ince Company making location scenes for "The Galloping Fish." Usually on trips like this with four women along, the situation after a week or so becomes a bit difficult, to say the least. But, strange to say, we get along famously, so all is calm along the Colorado. Truly Shattuck, playing one of the parts, was foresighted enough to bring along numerous squares of handkerchief linen to be hemstitched. So that has helped keep us good-humored on our house tops, for after we hem 'em we can wash 'em—there's plenty of water, in fact nothing else but.

Myrtle, you never saw so much dirt in your life—fine river silt that gets in one's hair, ears, and fingernails, and acts as if it had found a permanent home. During the fourteen-mile ride to and from the dam where we're working, the dust is so thick we ride the whole way with towels over our faces. It's a funny way to earn a living!

My, but it gets warm. I sent for some thinner clothes. I don't think I'll have mamma down because I know she couldn't stand it. The first few days we brought lunches from town but got so tired of them that we got a cook to fix our lunches and set up a sort of camp out here.

Poor Bubbles, the seal, was certainly surprised to see the Colorado—it would be quite a shock to any one, much less a seal. You know, Bubbles is the star of the vaudeville act in the picture and I "support" him. Bubbles has had a very sheltered life, so, to sort of compensate him for the dreadful experiences he is undergoing on this location trip—all for the sake of his art, as cold cash means nothing to Bubbles—his owner sent to Santa Barbara for a wife for him. She arrived at the freight office here, looking things over in quite a surprised way, much to the amusement of the Mexicans and Indians. Bubbles still eyes her a bit dubiously but we all have hopes that love will stir his bachelor heart. When I last saw him he was flopping around in front of her jugging a ball on his nose—which may be one way of winning a wife.

You told me to be sure to see any prehistoric ruins or antiquities in the neighborhood. The only ones I can find are the natives themselves. The agent told me these are the laziest Indians in the U. S. They don't even do any bead work, so I can't learn how, and besides I wouldn't have time because we work Sundays too.

There is a Mexican village just over the line about twenty-eight miles from here and the whole crowd has been over twice. They have bars and gambling of all kinds. It was very dirty but rather interesting to see.

The funniest thing happened the other evening. We girls went into the café to eat before we took our make-up off. Of course, our faces are colorful, to say the least, with our vivid lips and the colors above our eyes—I'm using green and the other girls blue—and as we came out the door a huge Indian buck was passing in his bare feet and blanket. (Excuse mistakes, I'm

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On the New

A glance at the offerings in Broadway abulations about the ones that may

By Alison

New York. Every film fan remembers her work on the screen, a series of vivid and surprisingly logical pictures which she dominated as to direction. But of late years, her life has been devoted to the writing of plays in which she has usually taken the principal rôle. The latest, called "Hurricane," opened not long ago on Broadway.

In regarding this play, it is important to keep in mind her early escape from the history of her childhood. There is, of course, no actual resemblance between her home in Warsaw and the Texas farmhouse in which this play opens. But Madame Petrova's first energetic impulses were stirred by what she considered the unjust tyranny of the "dominant male," and those early impressions have never left her. The struggle of woman for justice in a man's world has been the theme of many of her books and most of her plays; it is particularly marked in this one.

So in "Hurricane" we have the impetuous, misguided outburst of a young girl against a life in which she sees her own mother done to death by a brute of a father. From that moment, she resolves to revenge herself on a world of men and she succeeds admirably through the hurricane of her existence sweeps her through sordid surroundings into the very depths of tragedy. And, of course, at the peak of her triumph, she finds the one man who means love and not revenge—and finds him too late.

It is a curiously uneven play, often melodramatic, often surprisingly cool and reflective. The lines are filled with caustic digs at the male of the species which are designed to make domineering husbands write in their orchestra seats—provided they recognize themselves in the picture, which I doubt.

Altogether, an interesting, provocative play—
York Stage

way playhouses with a few spec-
later be seen in film form.

Smith

though nothing to run home and tell
the children about. Nevertheless,
Madame Petrova's acting as the
heroine is far above her craftsman-
ship as a playwright. She gives a
passionate, whirlwind picture of the
rebellious girl, making her so real and
sympathetic a character that many of
her most flamboyant situations seem
logical. I have the greatest respect
for Madame's determination as a
writer of plays, for many of them are
far better than the average output on
Broadway. But her acting is so far
above even the best of her literary
work that one can't help wishing she
would hew to that line and let some
specialized dramatist—Somerset Mau-
gham, for instance—write her plays.

A Miracle Occurs.

The first time I heard Max Rein-
hardt's name mentioned in connection
with a film was when "The Golem"
arried in New York. At that time
I considered "The Golem" the best
motion picture ever made, and I may
add that I have had no reason to
change my mind after all these years.
There were vague rumors that Rein-
hardt had been on the lot when it was
being made in Germany—not exactly
directing, you understand, but just
hanging around, giving an occasional
idea out if any one should ask him.
I remember also when "Dr. Caligari"
first came out and every one was raving
about Werner Krauss, who played
the weird old doctor, some one volun-
teered the information that he was
one of Reinhardt's boys. That was
three years ago and "The Golem" and "Dr. Caligari"
are unhappily only a memory. But the first Reinhardt
stage production has reached this country and taken
New York by storm.

You know how you feel when a play has been adver-
tised for months and months and postponed again and
again. You start off to it with an air of weary im-
patience as if you were daring the management to make
you laugh or cry. I think most of us felt that way
about "The Miracle." But this attitude dropped off
like a cloak as soon as we entered the Century Theater
—or rather the Century Cathedral, for that gilded and
ornate interior has been transformed into a stately church
which oddly enough suggests age, although the sound
of the hammers had hardly ceased when the play opened.
It has high mysterious arches of stone and windows
of deep stained glass and such a general atmosphere of
piety and awe that it was something of a shock to see
the audience—or the congregation—in evening dress.
And in this mystic atmosphere there developed a folk
drama of ancient days more lovely and more sincere
then anything a first-night audience has ever gazed upon
before.

Its theme is the old legend which has been used often
before by dramatists—the most notable example being
the drama of "Sister Beatrice," by Maurice Maeterlinck.
A young nun is lured away from her convent by the
glitter of the outside world; she passes through wild
and bewildering adventures and finally, reduced to rags
and starvation, crawls back to the quiet nunnery, hoping
to be thrown a crust of bread as the lowest and most
wretched of penitents. But the nun, her sisters, greet
her as if her saintly life had never been interrupted,
and herein lies the miracle. On the night of her de-
parture, the Blessed Virgin, taking pity on the erring
one, steps down from her niche as a statue in the con-
vent and takes the nun's place, unobserved by the
sisterhood.

It is a folk-tale full of beauty and human sympathy
and Reinhardt makes it come to life before your eyes.
There is no describing or estimating at what cost and
exertion he wrought this miracle—through scenic de-
On the New York Stage

Triumph; they are shadowy figures conjured up by a master's hand and that hand Max Reinhardt. In this miracle of transformation, Norman Bel geddes also had his share through the marvels of scenic illusion. And, for the colossal work of transferring the entire spectacle to this country, the final palm goes to Morris Gest, who, through the "Chauve Souris," the Moscow Art Theater, and the performances of Eleanora Duse, has had more influence on the stage in this country than any single producer that recent years have known.

Soon after the opening of "The Miracle," the following headline appeared in the daily papers: "Cosmopolitan Hires Reinhardt at $260,000 a year," it carols and goes on to explain that this reckless company had engaged this master producer to direct the pictures for Marion Davies. After the impressive mood of "The Miracle," this was what you might call an anticlimax. However, miracles can be worked on the screen as well as on the stage and the results of this five-year contract should be awaited with eagerness by theatergoers as well as film fans.

The Sainted Joan

It is reasonably safe to prophesy that "The Miracle" will be the outstanding triumph of the stage year. Certainly nothing has appeared as yet to compare with it and the only productions equal to it in importance are the Duse plays and that curious and moving treatise which Bernard Shaw called "St. Joan." Those who dislike the philosophical meanderings of Mr. Shaw may insist, of course, that "Joan" is not a play at all; that he simply collected another group of his pet theories on the stage, in imaginative direction, in lights and music and people. As for the actors, one reviewer said that half the population of New York City was in the cast and the other half in the audience, which about sums up that opening. By some magic of his own, he contrives to have the mobs of people passing up and down the aisles, almost mingling with the audience and still preserving the illusion of a strange and dreamlike world.

You cannot think of any of these actors as stars in an ordinary drama. Some have more prominence than others—Kosamund Pinchot, for instance, was a figure of amazing and wistful beauty as the nun. She is the niece of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania—a young and magnetic girl who had never appeared before any footlights until she stepped into this extraordinary production. There is also Werner Krauss—not recognizable as Dr. Caligari—Rudolph Schieder and Lady Diana Manners—the last in the role of the Madonnas. about which such a stormy battle was fought. But you cannot think of these as achieving any real personal universe and put them into the mouth of the martyred maid of France.

Certainly "Joan" does not follow the usual climaxes of what is generally expected to take place before the footlights. If it were done into a moving picture it would be mostly subtitles. But these subtitles would be so full of significant side lights on this episode in history that it might be even more dramatic than the ordinary picture of action. I, for one, would like to see the experiment tried.

"Outward Bound."

In all the first night furor over the Reinhardt production, one reviewer, after a solid column of lyrical praise, wound up by saying: "All the sorcery of this spectacle produces nothing in the theater that is comparable to a good play. We were interested all the way through in the Reinhardt masterpiece, but not for one moment interested as we were interested in 'Outward Bound.'"
It is true that if "The Miracle" is the masterpiece of its season as a spectacular pageant, this play which crept quietly into the Ritz Theater will have its own position when the successes and total losses are checked up at the end of the year. It was written by Sutton Vane and had a long triumph in London; a detail which might at first prove disquieting to its producers, for our idea of success does not always correspond to the theories across the pond. But the reviewers and the audiences thus far have been deeply moved by its curious developments.

Its action takes place in the smoking room of an ocean liner, a perfectly natural and ordinary scene with a group of the usual tourist-marked passengers. By degrees, however, there comes creeping upon you the realization that these passengers are a bewildered lot and at an utter loss as to where they are going or how they arrived on the ship; moreover they are doing their best to hide this bewilderment from each other. And at the end of the first act, the truth reaches you with a creepy sensation which begins at your spine; these passengers have all died on earth and the ship is the one we all must board some day and be carried to a port unknown.

There is no tracing in words the development of this strange plot or its uncanny effect on the audience. It is a theme of profound pathos and significance and has been developed by the author with a subtlety which sets it apart from anything I have seen in the theater. Fortunately for him he has been blessed with a group of actors who understand his theme and share in this same subtlety. Alfred Lunt, Leslie Howard, Margalo Gillmore and Beryl Mercer are among the phantom passengers, and they play their roles with that perfect naturalness without which a play of the supernatural would be lost indeed.

"Outward Bound" leaves you with a haunting sense of its meaning which hangs about your daily life long after you have seen the play. And this, more than anything, establishes its unusual place in the record of the season, for most plays you are only too glad to forget five minutes after you have left the theater door.

"The Potters."

I begin to realize that the openings for this month on Broadway have had more than their share of soul. There have been, however, several amusing comedies designed for that class of playgoers who will explain at length—you can't stop them—that "there are enough serious things in real life without going to the theater to hear about them." For this jovial group, I can cheerfully recommend "The Potters." It is a genial little play of family life in a Harlem flat pieced together out of an interminable serial by J. P. McEvoy in the Chicago Tribune.

"The Potters" technique is much like that of any good movie. It is a series of scenes in which a mother, father, daughter and son wander through amusing and sometimes exciting adventures. It is filled with the good old hokum; jokes about fountain pens and Pullman cars, folding beds and Fords and all the other timeworn objects which flourished in the comic strip of the Sunday papers. But with it all is a fresh vein of satire on the average American family and a really rapid ingenuity of plot which leads you up to a familiar situation and then twists the idea into something surprisingly novel. Pop gets caught in a wildcat oil scheme, daughter elopes and is pursued in the traditional manner—this is all the oldest stuff, but somehow the two ideas are merged together at the end in a surprise which brings down the house in roars of laughter.

The cast is, for the most part, excellent but the real laurels of the evening go to Donald Meek. He is the reincarnation of the long-suffering, harassed American

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Hollywood High Lights

Early springtime flares from the Western citadel of picture production.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WITH the glittering gilded chariots of Ben-Hur leading, the new season of cinema production is developing into an exciting road race, and the pessimistic who predicted that 1924 would see films written athwart the big flashing pictures, have been steadily bumping off the running boards.

Last year, it was history that interested; this year it is mostly geography, and the girls in the film flapper set have had to secure an entirely new assortment of lesson books to keep up with the times. They incidentally are scanning the time-tables and the road maps quite zealously to find out what is the best route to Egypt or Italy, and wayside points, and discover whether they can take a run home for Easter, Fourth of July and other holidays, via an airship or otherwise.

The exodus of the New Year was started when James Cruze of "The Covered Wagon" fame took a company down into the State of Mississippi, along the banks of the Father of Waters, to film "Magnolia." From the Booth Tarkington play. This was the first production made by Paramount, following their shutdown in the West, and the cast which enjoyed the honor of reopening the new campaign included Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Noah Beery and the erstwhile bathing favorite, Phyllis Haver, who is now drawing some rather lambent parts.

Simultaneously with the reopening of Famous Players-Lasky, the Goldwyn studios were making arrangements for sending abroad the players for the one and only "Ben-Hur," and George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Gertrude Olmsted, Kathleen Key, and others were expected to leave about the first of March.

The choice of Bushman for the rôle of Messala was the topic of conversation in the social and professional circle for many days, because it is the first time within the recollection of anybody that he has done anything really approaching a mean part. He has been off the screen for several years, and it is regarded as significant for his future, as well as clear proof of the changing styles in acting, that he should be selected to play the villain in "Ben-Hur." He himself seems to relish the idea exceedingly, and there is no doubt that he cuts a very keen figure in the Roman garb.

The players in "Ben-Hur" will probably be abroad for six months or a year, and as the cast is exceptionally large, this may cause the removal of quite a large slice from the talent of the Coast. Many members of the company will perhaps be selected from the newer comers, and some will be picked abroad, to be sure, but at the same time the more prominent who do go from Hollywood will be absent for quite a long while from the screen.

The backgrounds for this and other productions will reflect a new mood in the settings of pictures. It is very likely that a large number of these will be made in the outdoors, or at least in localities where the architecture is sufficiently novel and authentic to be interesting on its own account. So, soon you won't be able to see the scenes for the scenery in the features.

There is a tendency to break away as far as possible from the lavish and expensive studio settings, and to avoid the garish sort of gingerbread that made some of the costume films artistic flops. These costume features are not in the discard, by any means, but they will be made with a greater emphasis on the permanent charm of nature. "The Sea Hawk," in which Milton Sills plays the title rôle, is an excellent instance, for practically all the work on this is being done aboard some specially constructed pirate galleys on location off Catalina Island. "Manon Lescaut," which Ernst Lubitsch has announced as his next feature, may offer some of the attractive atmosphere of New Orleans, and much of the allure of even Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which is soon to be released, lies in the visions which it gives of verdant and somewhat pastoral picturesqueness.

Saturday night, and "Sing-Sing," Viola Dana's Petengese, is about to get his weekly scrubbing.

More Stellar Absentees.

If any two people really deserve a rest, after a strenuous year of endeavor, they are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. The same is true for Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge has been in the East, enjoying a yachting tour with her husband, Joseph Schenck. They were invited to go on a cruise to Florida with Irving Berlin, the song writer. Miss Talmadge is going to make about three pictures this year, the first of which will probably be "The House of Youth," by Maud Radford Warren. This is a modern story of the somewhat lighter emotional sort.

Doug and Mary are, of course, to be present at the premières of their new pictures in New York, and then will likely carry out that long-contemplated plan of theirs for a trip abroad.

Though fans may not realize it, a picture like "The Thief of Bagdad," which has been more than six months in the making, is a severe strain not only on the pocketbook of a star, but on his energies.

Doug feels the need of recuperation. We have looked at some of the rushes on the production,
showing Doug frolicking about with the invisible cloak, and making magical armies appear, and they are the most astonishing photographically in their effects that we have ever seen. It is safe to say that the fan who misses this particular picture will have committed a crime that should be punished by taking away from him the privilege of ever writing another letter to the department of "What the Fans Think."

Wears Crown Lightly.

Now that we have talked of the wanderings of the stars away from Hollywood, it is only fair to mention that the most triumphal homecoming in many a day was that of Colleen Moore, who made such a big popular success in "Flaming Youth." Miss Moore is now the one and only possessor of the flapper championship rights, and just to prove that she was going to live up to the part she brought home a whole repertoire of fetching gowns to match the demands of her rôle in "The Perfect Flapper," in which she is now starring.

Long have we watched Colleen and wondered when her great day would dawn. We never suspected that it would be in such a flip and frivolous story as "Flaming Youth," or that she would become the bobbed-haired and rolled-stocking queen, and since she has acquired the throne we are just a little suspicious that Colleen is wearing her crown at a precarious angle that indicates she doesn't take the type she portrays very seriously. What is a poor girl to do, though, when the majority of interviewers insist that she is an authority on the morals and manners and diet of the younger set? They give her absolutely no rest, and if the pace keeps up, John McCormick, her husband, probably will have to take her on a vacation to Labrador, where the women wear sealskin trousers, and the temptation to talk about flapping consequently doesn't exist.

A New Idol!
The distinction of being the most popular star in Hollywood during recent weeks, goes not to any of the marcelled or bandolined leading men; it belongs in great part to Will Rogers, who has been playing to tremendous popular success in his picture, "Two Wagons—Both Covered." This is a burlesque, you know, on "The Covered Wagon." with Rogers doing the rôle of Bill Jackson, the scout, and also mimicking the portrayal of J. Warren Kerrigan. The remarkable thing is that in one or two shots Rogers looks enough like Torrence to be his double, and he simulated Kerrigan to the extent of having his hair nicely curled.

We've always felt that Rogers was most appealing when he played sympathetic characters such as Jubebo, but he may really strike a vein in his satires that will be popular throughout the country.

It certainly pays to look like your sister. So, at least, says Helen Taylor, who is thus related to Estelle. When it came to selecting a dancer for the elaborate prologue to "The Ten Commandments," in which Estelle Taylor played Miriam, Helen was the choice, because she had to look somewhat like the character on the screen. There's a chance, too, that she will shortly be seen in pictures, which adds a further note of proof to the fact that the films are getting to be more and more a family affair.

A Select Club

Just to prove that a real aristocracy can be established in pictures, Blanche Sweet has made known her intention of starting a D. W. Griffith Alumni Club, composed of the girls who owe their discovery to the noted director. Eligibles in the West include Constance Talmadge, Bessie Love, Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge and others, and such famed and popular Eastern stars of the "D. W." school as Lillian and Dorothy Gish, will also be requested to join. Carmel Myers, who is also a Griffith discovery, is another moving spirit in the formation of the club.

Even to this day it would be difficult indeed to find a director who has contributed so much to the silver sheet in times gone by through the new faces that he has brought out. His eye for winners has been exceptional, and though many others have attempted to make a success with newcomers, most of them have given it up in despair. At any rate, D. W. still has the bulk of the sweepstakes and several cups to his credit.

Things to Look Forward To.

What Valentino's pictures will do to men's hair this year.
The day when titles will mean what they say.
The reinstatement of ukulele and the hula dance through the filming of "The Bird of Paradise."
Ben Turpin and Will Rogers in a revival of "Damon and Pythias."

Zane Grey.

Lustre More General

The question of whether they are really receiving as much for their money as under the old star system of picture making may never worry the fans, but it does strike us as rather propitious time to point out the excellence of some of the casts that you will shortly see on the screen. These are in general evidence that the producers do not plan to skimp in their choice of actors.

We find among others grouped together, the following: Barbara La Marr, Lew Cody and Percy Marmont, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew;" Aileen Pringle, Huntley Gordon, Norman Kerry, Eleanor Boardman, Louise Fazenda, Raymond Hatton, William H. Crane, and others, in Rupert Hughes's story, "True as Steel;" Corinne Griffith, Connee Tarrel, Myrtle Stedman, Charlie Murray, Phyllis Haver, in "Lilies of the Field;" Matt Moore, Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller and George Fawcett in "The Breaking Point," which Herbert Brenon will direct; Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Robert Agnew in "Those Who Dance;"
Hollywood High Lights

Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Michael Varconi, the Hungarian actor, who has played in some of the more important films made abroad, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Charles Ogle, Anne Cornwall and Shannon Day in Cecil B. De Mille's feature, "Triumph."

Not all of these, to be sure, are the glittering sort of would-be successful stars, who were tremendously press agented a few years ago, but the quality of their work has established them as the worth-while players of the screen. For the most part, too, their salaries are gaining, and you can be sure that when actors are grouped together as in these pictures, the producing costs are anything but light. Better leading roles, too, are constantly being won by such actors as Milton Sills, Adolphe Menjou, and others who are not of the conventional young and handsome type. Too, the more competent actresses who have a range of expression, Miss Sweet, Irene Rich, Miss Stedman, among others, are keeping splendidly in the forefront.

Dangerous Competition!

And now the players who are demanding extra-high salaries had better look out. Because, if they don't, the next thing that will happen, some producer will be making a big feature with nothing but dogs and horses and cows as the stars, or perhaps one featuring insects only, and not the human kind.

New talent is being developed with such astonishing rapidity from the animal world that it may well cause fear and trembling to enter the heart of the old-time trouper. In one recent picture, "The Galloping Fish," as many fans no doubt by this time know, major honors are said to go to a seal, with an alligator also very prominent, and Baby Peggy has had to share some of her laurels in "Captain January" with a pelican and a lobster, and by lobster we're not referring to her leading man.

We hear, too, of a new dog star rising to fame in Jackie Coogan's "The Boy of Flanders," not to speak of a donkey and a cow. Serves Jackie right, we say, for changing the title of the story from "The Dog of Flanders" to "The Boy."

Talk there is, too, of reviving insect circuses that used to be made some years ago. You may remember the films in which potato bugs and caterpillars and beetles were used to perform stunts. Louis H. Tolhurst, who has filmed several Educational features, depicting the professional and artistic activities of the ant, the bee and the spider, which have been intensely popular, has in one of his latest pictures succeeded in getting a fly to juggle a cork ball with his feet, and soon he promises, without any discomfort to those who may attend the proceeding, to develop the acrobatics of the flea.

Mae Surprises.

Nobody who has ever watched Mae Murray dance and prance her way through one of her dizzy jazz-maniacal Cinderella fantasies would ever believe that this capricious and effervescent star could ever settle down to such serious business—that is, we suppose it is serious business—of making speeches before a dignified and parliamentary woman's club.

The strange thing is that the talk was a big success. And we are not depending on the press agent's word for this. Because an astute club woman, who was present at the meeting, told us that Miss Murray was a tremendous hit.

In a sprightly little talk she told the members all about pictures and the effects of censorship, and where it should stop and where begin. And when she was through they liked what she said so well that they elected her to their organization, and so now, among her other enterprises, she is to take as active an interest as possible in the club work.

Paying the Piper.

Yes, yes, the large salaries of the picture stars have certainly generated a healthy spirit of optimism. Consider, for instance, the lawyers who are now busily engaged in making out the income tax.

The Oracle Speaks.

Since he recently stated that the actual work done by an actor was worth only five hundred dollars a week, and that any overplus was due to his box-office drawing power, Conrey Tearle has come to be the popular mouth-piece of what's in screen acting. So more lately we approached him as an oracle and asked him how many expressions the average player was capable of using before the camera. To which Tearle replied with facetiousness, but a trifle of vigor as well: "One."

"How many fans will agree?"

(Elza, who is more of a genuine fan than Edwin, thinks that the above is a very undiplomatic allusion, and wants it distinctly understood that Edwin with his somewhat cynical turn of mind was the one who wished to have it printed.)

Hatchet Under the sod.

Golden dreams of great success are entertained at the Paramount studios for Pola Negri, now that her destiny is once more being guided by one of her European directors. To be sure, this is not the famous Ernst Lubitsch, maker of "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," and "One Arabian Night," but at any rate it is a gentleman with an imposing-sounding foreign name. He is a Pole called Dimitri Buchowetzki, and as Miss Negri has very strong leek-ball toward Warsaw herself, one may feel sanguine over the community of their interests and thoughts. Besides, Buchowetzki directed the feature called "Peter the Great," which excited feverish praise in critical circles when it was presented in New York. He is also the author of "Mad Love," in which Pola starred, though

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Marion—the Extremist

She was an incompetent actress in poor stories that were excessively upholstered, but she jumped from there into the meagre ranks of highly skilled players and now is acclaimed as one of the best.

By Leland Hayward

The average story of a screen star's rise to success has, by this time, become rather conventional; the start in extra parts, the long hours of drudgery, the despair of ever succeeding, the first chance in a small part and then seeing it in a movie house cut to almost nothing, the struggle up to parts of importance, the grand chance in a real part, the quickening of interest by the public and finally the blossoming out into a star with all the trappings that go with it.

The story of Marion Davies is of a different sort; from almost her first appearance in pictures she has been a star—in name at least. She is one of the flock of “Ziegfeld Follies” girls who has gone into pictures. There have been many of them—Mae Murray, Martha Mansfield, Justine Johnston, Katherine Perry.

Up to about a year ago the chief characteristic of Miss Davies' pictures was that they were terrible. Lavish, extravagant, beautiful sets, the best stories that money could buy, marvelous directors and supporting casts but nevertheless—terrible. The reason? Miss Davies simply wasn't an actress. Beautiful, attractive, sweet, but an actress—no, indeed. And all the wiseacres along the Rialto stated quite frankly that she never would or could be anything but a nice, sweet girl who hadn't the remotest idea of how to act and that it was foolishness for any one to think that she could ever develop into anything. Miss Davies never got sore, or if she did, never showed it. When making the kind of pictures I had been making. There is an end to everything. When I first went into pictures it was commonly thought that all that was necessary to make a star was to put the name up in lights,
get a lot of publicity, and make some pictures. I guess I'm the best example that such an idea is ridiculous. 'Knighthood' is the kind of part I like—but I had a really marvelous chance in 'Little Old New York.' I'm Irish, you know, and I've always wanted something with some comedy in it. I've contended from the beginning that if I ever did anything it would not be in very girl parts, but something with a good deal of comedy in it. And I think I've proved my point. But tell me the truth, did you really like the picture?"

"Of course I did," I assured her gravely, "I wouldn't say I did if I didn't. You know, it's the first picture you've ever made that I could sit through and enjoy."

She laughed. "I don't blame you. They were pretty bad, weren't they?"

Which reminds me of a story that is typical of Miss Davies. But first it is necessary to say that at times she has a little idiosyncrasy of speech—not exactly a stutter, but rather a slight hesitancy on the first word of any sentence she speaks. It was several years ago, and Miss Davies was making a picture down at Miami in the winter. One day she was at the beach taking a swim with a crowd. A little old lady—one of those sweet old ladies that one sees so seldom nowadays—came up to her and said, "Oh, Miss Davies, you know I have heard so much about you, and have seen photographs of you everywhere, and read about you in all the papers and magazines, but do you know that I just never have happened to have seen a movie with you in it? But the next time I see a picture of your advertised I am certainly going to go and see it."

Marion looked at her sweetly and then said, "D—d—don't. I'm r—r—r—rotten!" Of all the people playing in pictures whom I know she is the least conceited and the most natural. And she has a real quality of sweetness and consideration for people. She is terribly shy. In a crowd of people, she is almost as silent as the Sphinx, but when once is lucky enough to know her at all well, one discovers with amazement that she has a most engaging sense of humor.

Any one who has conversed with a great many of our picture luminaries will agree with me when I say that it is an overwhelming relief to find one picture star who does not think she is the greatest person walking on this side of the grave. It is truly amazing how that little word "I" is so firmly fixed in their minds. It's an obsession with many of them. But Marion is unaffected about the whole thing. If you try to talk about her, she'll shift the subject, and the first thing you know you're discussing the relative merits of roller coasters at Coney Island.

All this is probably explainable by the fact that Miss Davies possesses a keen sense of humor. It's a saving grace to any one, but most particularly to a highly successful cinema star. The Irish are notorious for their humor, and Marion has more than her share.

Seena Owen and Alma Rubens both work a good deal at the Cosmopolitan studio and they are Marion's two closest girl friends. The three of them keep the studio in a constant state of hubbub. Whichever of them gets to the studio first is sure to wreck the other's dressing room. If Marion finds her room in a state of dilapidation she'll take no chances but wreck both Seena's and Alma's. It's hard on the maids, but lots of fun.

The famous beauties of the screen may have faces that are one-hundred-per-cent screen perfect, but some of these off the screen give forth about the same percentage that a first national bank allows on saving deposits. But through Marion screens "like a million" she's even prettier off the screen. She has a high coloring that is, of course, totally lost in pictures. It's a broad statement, but I think she's just about the loveliest girl off the screen of the whole bunch. And she docs know how to dress. I have observed that a woman's taste in clothes is in direct ratio to the amount of time she spends in New York. And Marion makes all of her pictures right here in "Little Old New York."

I have seldom seen a person who did everything so whole-heartedly. When making a picture she does nothing else. People at the studio say she's the first there in the morning and just about the last to leave.

Between pictures it's the same way. Everything that she does is done with tremendous enthusiasm. One of the delights of her life is Coney Island or anywhere else that specializes in roller coasters and such affairs. A friend of hers told me that one night she, Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schenck, Mme. Elinor Glyn, and some others went to Venice, which is the amusement park of Los Angeles. They chanced upon a huge slide, about fifty feet high. You skid down it into a huge bowl, and the trick is to get out. Naturally enough, many disastrous things can happen on the way to a woman's apparel. Norma and the others went through it all right, but the madame was a little shy about the thing. Any one who has ever seen the madame can well understand why. Finally some unsympathetic soul—just who is a deep secret—gave her a push, and away she went, plunging into the abyss below.

"Honestly," my informant, who was in the party, told me, "it was worth your life to see her come flying down that slide, with her skirts above her head, yelling like an Indian and almost scared to death. She'll probably never forgive us for taking her to Venice."

Marion has a lovely home on Riverside Drive very tastefully done. Rare antiques everywhere, soft and soothing colors and little personal touches that make or break a home. If one nowadays speaks of a picture star and her books it is good for a laugh almost anywhere, but one can truthfully go into libraries over Miss Davies' library. It's a hobby with her and she has some of the finest books in this country. All the standard sets of classics, of course, but with the finest bindings I have ever seen. And unusual, out of the ordinary writings that show many hours spent in wandering about musty old bookshops. The better current novels, such as "The Four Horsemen," she has specially bound in rare vellum.

The general style of the house is Georgian—however, some of the rooms are French, notably the library, which is a perfect copy of a room in the palace at Versailles. Miss Davies has taken the basement of her home and made it over into a projection room so that she may see her pictures and others at home. It is a beautiful room, with soft chairs to rest in while viewing the great cinema. Almost any picture looks great here.
When "The Goldfish" was performed on the New York stage it was characterized as "slight but charming," but now that it is coming to the screen with Constance Talmadge in the leading rôle it will probably develop into a riotous farce. Constance plays a jazzy young woman who bangs a piano in a Coney Island dance hall. Later she grows socially ambitious and sheds her young husband in favor of a richer one, but of course she is a good girl at heart, and it all comes out right in the end.
The ever-delightful Anna Q. Nilsson had scored many triumphs on the screen before "Ponjola," but, ironically enough, her ruthless shearing of her golden locks for that rôle aroused more interest than her acting had ever done. Here she is pictured as she looks in real life, now that her close-cropped hair is growing again, and also in the wig that she wears in "Flowing Gold."
One of the most terrific battle scenes Mr. Griffith has ever staged is his representation of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Every care was taken to make this scene historically correct, and eminent historians cooperated with Mr. Griffith in achieving this result.

A few advance glimpses of the gigantic historical film on which D. W. Griffith has been working for several months give a hint of its scope and power.
“America”

A simple but impressive ceremony marked the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and this Mr. Griffith has endeavored to reproduce in staging the scene before the camera.

The simple, drowsy little town of Lexington in peace time had a quiet charm all its own. Its air was languid, and the townsfolk idly gathered at the tavern to swap stories of the countryside and pass the time away. The picture at the left shows how Mr. Griffith has visualized this.
Few people will recognize in these pictures of a nerve-ridden, shell-shocked patient and a homely spinster, Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy, who have always been admired for their good looks. These pictures show them in "The Enchanted Cottage."
Love's Eyes

by Bangs

When love comes to these poor unfortunates they look beautiful in each other's eyes. "The Enchanted Cottage" is a tremendous love story, and in it May McAvoy is said to surpass even the work she did long ago in "Sentimental Tommy."
With

Ben Hur

Following the long-awaited announcement that George Walsh was to play the title rôle in "Ben Hur" it was announced that these three players would have the other featured rôles: Francis X. Bushman will play Messala, the villain; Gertrude Olmstead will play Esther, and Kathleen Key will play Tzarah.
The Story of An Average Girl

Not a fairy tale of sudden success, nor one of bitter defeat. But if you have any aspirations for the screen, this girl's career will interest you, for it probably is about what would happen to you, if you have as much pluck as Lela Sue Campbell.

By Myrtle Gebhart

The story of Lela Sue Campbell might well be the story of Any Average Girl.

For the things that happened to Lela Sue—the discouragement and initial failure, the reality which replaced the glamour in her excited vision—might happen to any girl who seeks film fame. A little prettier than Any Average Girl is Lela Sue, perhaps, just as in all towns there is one of whom everybody says admiringly, "She ought to be in the movies!"

"That's what they said about me back home in Little Rock," began Lela Sue, when I asked her about her struggle for silver-sheet recognition. "So I submitted my picture in a beauty contest and was chosen a winner. The film company went to pieces financially and could not live up to its agreement, but finally the magazine arranged with another company, Universal, to try me out, and I reached Hollywood, wild with plans. I wasn't idiot enough to think I would be starred right away, but it was only a question of a little time, of course."

Lela Sue's lips twisted ever so little in self-rebuke, but the laughter gleamed in her brown eyes—it's fine. I thought, that a girl can see her illusions burst, one by one, and still retain that dogged determination to get something good out of it all, until she can look back upon those early heartaches, not from the peak-of-great achievement, to be sure, but from the middle distance of understanding and definite promise, without losing utterly her faith in herself, in her destiny. Perhaps Any Average Girl might not have stuck it out the way Lela Sue has; a good many, similarly placed, have gone crying home to the folks and knocked the movies.

"I was seventeen—and spoiled," she went on. "My parents and my five big brothers have always let me have my own way. The first and perhaps the most difficult awakening which every girl going out on her own must meet is the realization that people—outside your own family—don't give a damn what happens to you. I could have died that first year for all Hollywood cared." Her lips set and into her eyes came an echo of that force that had impelled her on.

"They weren't particularly unkind here—they simply didn't notice me. Universal gave me a chance in a small role. I didn't do it well, of course. I felt, like almost every movie fan, that I was a born actress. I knew I had that feeling inside of me—but I couldn't express it. I was awkward, self-conscious, impossible. It seemed terribly blunt and heartless when people told me that I did not have an exceptional screen personality."

"Other illusions had to go. The glamour in which the movie folk are supposed to live was torn to shreds. I saw the hard work, the real life, the petty quarrels, the wonderful sacrifices that many of them make for their careers and for others, too. At first it bewildered me, but later, in the cold light of truth, many were even more likable, some not so at all."

"Sometimes a player would help me, tell me things. Few of the more famous ones will bother with a newcomer. They haven't time. They realize we must hoe our own rows, as they had to hoe theirs. Then, too, their own crowns are perched too insecurely on their heads—screen faces change and it is only a very splendid girl star who will take a chance on bringing into focus one who may become her competitor."

"But I knew if I quit and went home people there would say, 'She tried to be a movie actress and didn't make good.' So I asked them at Universal to let me try to learn to act. They put me in stock, to play 'bits,' filling in the gaps—better than extra work because the pay was certain, but I didn't have a chance to ruin any big picture! I played in comedy, Westerns, was featured once, but mostly in inconspicuous corners."

"My struggle wasn't one of poverty, for I had my small salary, and my family, while not approving of a
career, would never have let me want. It was the way nobody noticed me that hurt, the heartache, the loneliness. I would glue myself on the sets, studying the work of the different players, spending almost every bit of recreation time in the theaters here seeing pictures over and over, trying to reason out for myself what I needed to learn. I began to understand vaguely that one reason I couldn't act was because I didn't know a thing about life, about real feeling. The feeling I thought I had was just exaggerated imagination. You don't need actually to do wrong things to be an actress—but you certainly must know human nature, why people do things, motives, character—in order to make your actions on the screen seem real. What do these seventeen-year-old girls know about such things?

"Being a beauty-contest winner hindered rather than helped me. Everybody just smiled and shrugged—though one director kindly said he would try not to hold it against me! I learned to keep it a stark secret."

In a way, Lela Sue's story is similar to that of Eleanor Boardman, another contest winner, in that fame and fortune did not immediately follow her arrival in Hollywood. But Eleanor had even in those days of her first ineffectual efforts, a certain glimmer of personality—and a firm little way of knowing what she wanted and how to get it. Everybody ignored her; alone in a corner she felt neglected, injured—and sooner or later that very pretty helplessness was bound to attract notice, to win sympathy for her cause.

But Lela Sue lacked that inherent pathos or the ability to assume it. Though of fragile build—she had always been delicate—somehow, perhaps through having had her own way at home more or less, she did not have that downtrodden air which attracts sympathy. She carried her hurt within her heart; she could not unconsciously—or did not know enough consciously—to parole it. Hence nobody bothered with her. It is Hollywood's

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The Real Richard Dix

Only a person who has known him when "off his guard" could have written this intimate picture of one of the best-liked men on the screen to-day.

By Caroline Bell

WHY is Richard Dix about the only young man on the screen now whose popularity approximates the hommage tendered the matinee idol of days gone by? And why do his performances leave us with a vague feeling that he has somehow failed to realize the heights of which we think him capable?

He is the only one of to-day's players whose popularity approaches that of the lovely Wallie Reid. They are in some respects very alike—the same restless vitality, the same love of fun, the same generous impulsiveness. Could Rich displace that mantle of consciousness which he wears before the camera, he would very likely come closer than any of the film fraternity to filling the vacancy left by Wallie's passing.

It is not egotism that makes him self-conscious. He cares less about his own appearance than any actor I have ever met. In no way does he strive actually for effect. It is merely that, when on parade, he feels the restraint of the youngster who, while in his own vivid dreams of imaginary exploits acquires himself with glory, is suddenly placed in the spotlight and given an opportunity to show off—and becomes tongue-tied, strangely ill at ease.

Rich is still pretty much the small boy play acting before an audience and, something of the vastness of the undertaking swamping him, is on his good behavior. A decent, thoroughly likable young fellow, in the camera's focus those traits are overemphasized, he seems conscious of the watching eyes, of some small voice that seems to be whispering, "Rich, do well by us." He earnestly, and perhaps too apparently, tries; and in so doing, much of his own irresistibly interesting, volatile personality is shrouded by the nebulous cloud of The Perfect Leading Man.

For that very reason he does not always give the best impression of himself to a casual interviewer. He isn't shy or reserved or introspective as is, for instance, George Hackathorne. It's just the hangover of boyish self-consciousness, the fear of making a fool of himself, that drives the real Rich into a sort of shell when he is up for public consideration and analysis. You have to know him off stage, to be with a bunch of jolly young folks of which he is the central motivating fun force, to appreciate him. Then he loses that restraint; kidding, all restless energy, dancing, talking, singing—oh no, he can't carry a tune but he will persist—a wholly delightful companion.

At formal dinners and such, though whispering that his high collar feels darned uncomfortable and he'll be glad when the agony is over, he is outwardly a bit stodgy, like a Booth Tarkington juvenile hero at a dress-up party, determined to do his duty by the folks at all costs. One sees, then, Rich as the correct young man who subconsciously dyes his own personality in a mantle of uncustomed dignity. He has yet to acquire in his work and in his contact with the public, either directly or through the medium of interviewers, the ease of the actor who can be himself, can give free rein to his own personality.

"I can't help it," he tried once, in that futile way we all have when we attempt self-analysis, "but when I'm up for public inspection I feel like a Shriner on parade. It seems so darned silly, showing off that way."

But out of focus, on a picnic, on the set between scenes, eating a ham sandwich at a lunch counter or out at the Plantation—even on an "off" night when the place is like a graveyard—then you have the Rich who is Hollywood's favorite boy.

Only once did he feel a role so deeply, so poignantly, that, even though it was far more aesthetic than his own character, strangely enough something of the real Rich shimmered through. That was in "The Christian"—and it expressed a dream of years.

When he was playing in those amusing but frothy Goldwyn comedy dramas, he first gave vent to that slumbering ambition in my hearing. As is the way with him, his seriousness struck him at an odd moment. The scene of the revelation was not a correct luncheon table, where actors are supposed to bare their souls to inquisitive writers. We were up in the air, literally, skimming swiftly over the beach cities in a plane piloted by a skillful friend of his. Suddenly he interrupted his shouted comments on the people way down below—some sort of foolishness, I forget what—to exclaim, above the din of the motor, clenching his fist vigorously,
The Real Richard Dix

"If they'd only give me something with meat in it, something I can get my teeth into!"

For a moment that purely physical magnetism of the man who wants action, depth, and feels those forces stirring within him wasted on frothy nothings, was in control. An instant later it was gone and his eyes were twinkling at me as the plane zoomed and dipped.

How well he acquitted himself in "The Christian" you know; it was the one high mark of his acting career. But still those slumbering fires, only that once expressed, are clamoring for another chance to imprint upon the screen some of that depth of feeling which Rich will seldom admit. Usually he hides his own better qualities—"That's all apple sauce, I'm not half as good as they say I am," he says wistfully.

At odd times he gives voice to his own uncertainty: the next moment he is kidding, or wildly enthusiastic over some new book. At present it happens to be "The World's Illusion," which Ingram is to film and Ingram, Rich thinks, is the greatest genius of the movies.

While only amused by flattery, genuine feeling strikes a responsive chord in his heart.

"One evening not long ago, at the Plantation, he broke off humming the orchestra's foolish ditty to recite, with a surprising well of feeling in his eyes, a poem written and sent him by a "lifer" in a penitentiary. The meter of the rhyme perhaps was not so good, but the thing was gripping, stark in its realism of a soul that longed for freedom. Every bit of its tragedy he put into the simple recital—and that led him to a discussion of character, motives, showing a boyish certainty of himself, of what he would or would not do, and yet a wonder, too, if he would really acquit himself well if ever actually tried by some quirk of fate.

A moment later—gay, bantering Rich. It made me feel inexpressibly annoyed with the films that they cannot somehow convey those chameleon, interesting qualities of the real boy, the way he jumps from high lights of drama—the uncanny expression of those wells of emotion within him—to light shades of humor, instead of forever giving him to us as the staid, correct, impeccable and sometimes frightfully impossible hero.

Of late, it has been his misfortune to be cast in several very mediocre pictures in which his work, despite his capable handling of the too-heroic roles assigned him, has done little to increase his prestige as an actor, though to be sure his fan following has been loyal, regardless of the "sneezing pictures." That is Rich's term for the particularly bad ones because once, in a wedding scene, an impossible script demanded that he turn from the altar where he was being wed to perceive his true love entering the church door and—sneeze.

Rich argued with a certain nabob of moviedom that it is not quite the thing to sneeze at weddings. One just doesn't. One controls all such impulses. But the nabob was adamant, having some strange notion that sneezing would "prolong the suspense." So Rich obligingly sneezed and so did the two young almost-brides and the picture was not hailed as a masterpiece.

"The Ten Commandments" is by far the finest thing De Mille has ever done—and I don't sneeze once!" He was triumphant over C. B.'s masterly handling of this lofty theme, even though his own role is impossibly upright. "In spite of the fact that Will Rogers says

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How Doug Gets that Way

Or, better perhaps, how he keeps that way. For this rapid-fire impression of Fairbanks by an enthusiastic young actor upon his first visit to Doug's studio gives you a very good idea of what you would see—and of how you would be impressed—on a visit there yourself.

By Ralph B. Faulkner

It was a solid piece of luck that got me inside the high fence around the Fairbanks unit of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. Frank Sheridan, veteran trouper, dropped in to say "Good-by," and he took me in with him.

Well, I got inside the fence that shuts in the eighteen-acre lot. There has to be a fence. If there weren't Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford would have long since been pulled apart by souvenir hunters.

Inside it seemed odd to see the slender spires of queer, fantastic Oriental palaces and the turrets of sturdy English castles thrusting three hundred feet up into the California blue almost side by side. The Oriental sets were, of course, for Doug's "The Thief of Bagdad," and the replicas of English castles were for "Dorothy Vernon."

It's a fascinating place—a complete film city, with a big central building where the interiors are made, and a crowd of workshops, paint shops, carpenter shops, and a big electric power plant. But it wasn't buildings I had come to see. It wasn't electric dynamos. It was another sort of dynamo. A human dynamo named Doug, beside whom every one looks only half alive.

He entered with a whoop. He leaped on Frank's back. No matter how often you've seen Fairbanks on the screen you are not prepared for the radiance of this living, laughing fellow. "Red roses, straight from the heart," as the Finns say. That's Doug. And I'm no star-struck miss from Iowa, either. I've done nearly everything from lumbering to tramping, and I've seen a lot of men of all sizes, colors and shapes. Doug Fairbanks is a man, a regular man, and you feel it the minute you see him.

He isn't so very big; not a giant, anyway. He stands five feet ten, when he stands, which isn't often, for he is more like quicksilver than anything else. His face was as brown as a cavalry saddle from the outdoor life he leads. He has a smile that actually flashes. It's a boy's smile. It's the sort that can't be counterfeit. It says, "I'm myself. Doug Fairbanks. No bunk, no bluff, no pose. I like people. I want them to like me."

This was my first impression of Fairbanks in the flesh. I gained it while he was pounding the daylight out of Frank and telling him how glad he was to see him.

I couldn't help harboring a wonder how Doug Fairbanks would treat a young stranger, just breaking into pictures. How would this star, this millionaire, this husband of one of the most beautiful and talented women in the world, this man who had carved himself a unique niche in the world of pictures, treat an ordinary, everyday young actor? I soon found out.

Frank introduced us. Doug gave me a grip that would have wrung an orange dry, said a few words and in a minute he made me feel that he was an old friend of mine. There was none of this "I am Doug the Great—you may look at me, if you wish" sort of stuff about him. He was simple and friendly and interested. He wanted to know about my work. He wasn't patronizing or upstage.

"Let's go out on the lot," he said, in that quick, enthusiastic way of his. "Got some trick apparatus: want you to look it over."

We went past the giant sets that had taken months to build and I forget how many thousands of tons of cement, lumber, etcetera. We heard a yelp. A ten-year-old kid was being pursued into the lot by an irate gateman.

THE TORTURE ROOM

That is what they call the studio projection rooms where the players, directors, and executives gather to see each day's work run off while a picture is being made. Edwin Schallert has been collecting anecdotes from the players on how it feels to see these "rushes," and to hear the criticisms that so often are a necessary part of these gatherings. It will appear in an early issue.
How Doug Gets that Way

"Oh, Doug," cried the kid. "I saw you in 'Robin Hood' last night!"

"How'd you like me?" asked Doug.

"Fine! Great! Oh, Doug, can I come in?"

"Well," laughed Doug, "you seem to be in. I guess we'll let you stay. But you must try not to be a pest."

The kid stated and he was a pest, and Doug knew he would be a pest. But he treated that kid as cordially as if the kid owned a fleet of Rolls-Royces and a string of theaters.

A gang of us, including the kid, and an ebony-finished fellow six feet six tall, who plays in the picture, went to the space where the athletic producer had set up some of the strangest looking apparatus I had ever seen. Doug didn't say a word about the big job he is doing in pictures, but talked like a schoolboy about his "meets" and his stunts for keeping fit. No prize fighter trains for a championship bout any more thoroughly than Doug trains. He's always fit. He hates fat and he hates flabbiness.

I was something of an athlete in college and have followed athletics keenly, but Doug taught me some new ones. There are no prizes in his meets, the apparatus is all his own invention. You just follow the leader—which is Doug—if you can.

Peeling off his coat, Doug grabbed an iron ring that hung from a twenty-foot rope, took a short run, jacksleved as he swung to clear the ground, let go, arched his body and sailed feet first over the cross rod of a pair of vaulting standards about twelve feet high.

He alighted on his feet.

Then he went to a contraption that was a combination of horizontal bars, built in the shape of a rectangle, eight feet long, five feet wide and five feet high. Doug ran, dove over the first bar, grabbed the second and swung under it. His sinewy body shot out on the other side, and he marked the place where his feet landed. He laughed.

"Peat my old friend, Doug, how's your record by half an inch," he said.

He has all his visitors, if they have any athletic skill, try these stunts, and he is delighted when they beat his records. It spurs him to greater efforts, he says. He seems to be more interested in being "high man" than in winning film glory. I'd hate to be the man who would try to get in right with Doug by throwing one of these contests. The men on his staff aren't that sort at all. They are alert, athletic young fellows, and if Doug beats them at any of the stunts, it is because he is better, that's all.

Raoul Walsh, who was directing Doug, was a college football player, and a good one. So was "Chuck" Lewis, an assistant director. The air around Doug is always crisp. I was told that "dopey little shrimps" came out there to work with him and he soon had them kidded into trying his stunts, until some of them became cracks at the vigorous games.

"All Class A men," said Doug, proudly of his staff. "That means they can go through the whole series of stunts without missing."

He told me what the stunts were and I agreed that anybody who could do them deserved to be ranked "Class A" at least.

"Want to see the fastest game in the world?" asked Doug.

We went on the run to his dressing room.

You always do things on the run with Douglas Fairbanks. His dressing room is a house that looks like Dempsey's training camp. It is full of shower baths, a plunge, and athletic clothes and equipment.

The fastest game in the world is "Doug." That's what the people around the lot call it, anyway. The star changed to gym clothes to play it. Doug has a beautiful build—no waist to speak of, thick, muscular shoulders and splendidly developed biceps. Any middleweight fighter would envy that physique. His back muscles stand out like young wings.

While he was dressing, Doug was constantly in motion. He paused, dressed as Adam, to see if he could jump a high-backed chair. He could.

He paused again to illustrate how he had learned to fight with a broadsword for a picture.

We went to the "Doug" court, a court smaller than a tennis court, with a much higher net. Mary Pickford had paused in her work to watch the game.

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The Wear and Tear in Comedies

Even the worst-dressed men in the movies spend a lot at the haberdasher's. In their case ruining a suit a day helps to keep the audience's gloom away.

By Helen Ogden

The question that bothers most comedians is not what costume to wear in a picture, but how many of them. If a comedy begins to get rough—and how many of them don't?—the leading man's costume will have to be duplicated over and over. And while he may be merry enough before the camera, he is apt to acquire sudden pains when he views his haberdasher's bill. For the nondescript clothes that comedians wear are not cheap. Sometimes they are more expensive than his regular clothes.

Harold Lloyd always has on hand six duplicates of every suit worn before the camera and keeps as souvenirs the remains of the clothes of which his dangerous predicaments have taken their toll. In addition to his own black and blue marks, there was little left of three suits worn in "Safety Last" but the tailor's label.

Buster Keaton's business suits—that is, those worn in his pictures—are made at a cost of fifty dollars each and at least four duplicates are made for each picture. He also has an equal number of his little pancake hats, which cost four dollars, and of his shoes, made to order at twenty-five dollars a pair.

Sometimes the entire quota of reserves get ruined and production has to be held up for days because some comedian's trousers are not in a fit state to get the public. Though his wardrobe at home may house numerous suits of the latest cut, he may have to wait around with a darkened studio and expensive cast running up the overhead while a tailor duplicates the essential parts of his costume.

Buster wore out all his extra trousers in "Day Dreams," though the coat suffered a little and worn in other films. In this picture two suits were torn on the ferry wheel, while in "The Electric House" the revolving stairs took their toll of two more. "The Boat" was another costly production, his baggy suit setting him back one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the original and fifty dollars for each of the duplicates.

The haberdasher won't starve as long as St. John continues frolicking for the films, either, as those delicate plaid shirts of his cost twenty-five dollars each and one rarely lasts more than three days.

Of all the comedians Charlie Chap-
Comedies

lin alone boasts but little expenditure on costumes, the large, flowing garments he wears usually being purchased from second-hand shops. He keeps on hand three duplicates of the suits and six derbies, the former costing but a few dollars and the latter fifty cents each. His canes are quite inexpensive and are bought in half-dozen lots, as they frequently are broken, but the big shoes are the identical ones in which he started his celluloid career. They have been faithful, those shoes, and Charlie regards them with paternal solicitude. After each production—and sometimes even during the making of a picture—he has them resoled and repaired until you can hardly find a spot of the original leather left.

This pair of shoes is the only instance I know of where a film actor has worn the same article of clothing in every picture for years, and it is Chaplin's hope to continue wearing them until his retirement, when they ought to be placed on exhibition in some museum along with Napoleon's sword, Madame Pompadour's wig, and other articles of historical interest.

Larry Semon's suits are made to order by the same tailor who makes his off-stage clothes and cost forty-five dollars each. His derbies fare worse than any other part of his costume because they are always getting hit. But the worst wear and tear in his pictures is on him. He was in the hospital for several weeks because in making “The Hiek” he jumped from one silo to another and the ground came up and met him on route.

HELPFUL HINTS

By Rose Pelzwick

You want to write a movie, and you haven't got a plot?
You're surely up against it, for there ought to be a lot; Why don't you take an old one—use a standard plot as start—Elaborate and twist it in the way it suits your art.

The old distiller's daughter accidentally meets a man. She sees that he is wounded and she tenders him as she can; They learn to love each other, and for weeks he lingers high. When one day dad discovers he's a governmental spy.

If the city suits you better, you can have some rich man killed, Detectives find his fountain pen with chloroform was filled; The office girl confesses, in hysterics then she goes, And tells how death came on him as the fumes went up his nose.

You're bound to cause some heart thobs when a tiny little hand Of pioneers set out from home to seek some promised land, As they say, “Good-by, God bless you” and without a teardrop shed turn their faces to the westward, bravely facing what's ahead.

Historic plays are popular—strong drama's bound to win, With heroes battling for their lives, and saints that turn to sin, Fools that were, and still will be, and Western "bad men" thrillers Can always be depended on to prove themselves good fillers.

You ask me which succeeded, and which suited me the best, Which brought me fame and fortune and permitted me to rest? Somehow the stupid editors who haven't got the knack Of telling what's original, keep sending all mine back!
Their Filmy Past

Some of our most eminent motion-picture directors have a keen understanding of the actor's job, for they used to be actors themselves.

The picture above shows Marshall Neilan and Donald Crisp as they appeared back in 1912 in a Famous Players-Lasky picture called "The Commanding Officer." Alice Dovey, the star of the picture, has dropped out of public life.

The oval center picture shows Rex Ingram, taken in the days when he specialized in playing artists and other temperamental roles.

Elmer Clifton also writhed effectively through "The Fox Woman," a Fine Arts picture that starred Seena Owen.

How many fans remember that it was Elmer Clifton, director of "Down to the Sea in Ships," who played Lillian Gish's brother in "The Birth of a Nation?"

John Robertson, Richard Barthelmess' present director, played in such classics for Vitagraph as "His Wife's Good Name."
The Age of Corinne

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counted. "That was the reason I accepted various picture engagements first. They were all good features made by large companies, and I was certain that they could not possibly do me anything but good. Even in 'Six Days,' I now feel that I was successful. The critics have all been lovely to me.

"I was afraid for a time that the love scenes in the duologit, which caused some unfavorable comment, might reflect on me, but they didn't. They wanted us to act out that episode in just the way that Frank Mayo finally had to do it. I simply couldn't play it that way. I knew that the situation was going to be false, and I feel that Frank did too, but he didn't have the chance that I did to avoid the false note. I sought to remain as passive as possible while all the violent love making was supposed to be going on, and that saved me, I believe, from criticism.

"The only bad result that I can name is that the report has gotten around that I am temperamental. It all started from that, and from some talk that was spread around by some one who wanted me to have a reputation for possessing a flighty and obstinate disposition, believing that it would be for my good."

On the occasions when I have met her, I have always felt that Miss Griffith exhibited not the least sign of such a pose. If she has a pose at all, it is perhaps the languid and languorous one, conjuring the spell of the South, and that is always with her.

When she talks of herself, it is in a simple detached way. There is in her voice at times the petulance of a child. It is the same sort of petulance that quivers around her half-opened lips, concerning which all the experts on feminine attractiveness have sung raptures.

Certainly there is something about her that naturally inspires impassioned rhapsody. It is more noticeable when she glows among the shadows of the silver stage than when she meet her in person. I have caught it, too, at night, once as we were walking away from the studio set, and when her face was outlined in the vague lights coming as if from nowhere, for these seemed to illuminate all that was intangible about her beauty.

The evanescent quality of her personality is no discovery of mine. Frank Lloyd, who directed her in "Black Oxen," remarked it to me, when he said that it was remarkable how different she was on the screen from what she sometimes appeared on the set. "At first, I was not sure whether I was securing the effect that I wanted or not when she acted," he declared, "but when I went in to see the rushes it was simply marvelous the way her personality seemed to come out and the feelings registered. It is something that is almost impossible to explain."

Personally, I have a notion that the strange and somewhat uncanny way in which her radiance shines forth in pictures may be traced to the languor that I have described, and that becomes in a way calm and reserve when she is actually playing.

You know, possibly, that a great deal of the more intimate sort of acting is reposeful. The least ineffective motion or gesture becomes confused, and sometimes for this reason one who is in a sense phlegmatic can, before the camera, if skillful, make obviously apparent the least sign of animation.

I do not mean by this that Miss Griffith is naturally unmotional. That would be hardly true. Her work is full of the deepest sort of vibrations, and her magnetism, as for example when she first came on the scene in the artist's studio in "The Common Law," oftentimes draws the bulk of attention to herself. What she does is full of life and the living of life, yet you never feel for a moment but that she has more forces in reserve, and that she has never quite thrown herself headlong at her audience's feet. Nor would the results be effective if she did.

Corinne is bound, of course, to be a romantic figure. No one could help being who plays the highly colored and deeply sympathetic roles that seem in store for her. Men and women both will worship her for the mystery that she suggests, for the strange thing that producers are wont to call sex appeal. She has this in a measure that is greater, I think, than that of any other popular actress of to-day. It is irresistible when combined with the sort of spiritual balance that her reserve seems to indicate.

As it is generally known that she secured a divorce from her husband, Webster Campbell, who directed her in a series of pictures before she came West, wild tales have commenced to go out of Hollywood about the way men have gone mad over her. I would not dispute these as potentially true, but I do feel that she herself is not wildly interested.

"I don't think that I will be able to look on marriage with quite the same eyes for a while," she told me, "I was really hard hit. I worshipped the very ground my husband walked on, and for several months after I came to California, although I knew this was probably the end, I did not want to believe it. I lived on the hope of a readjustment, but I found later that this would be impossible. And so eventually I secured my divorce at my old home in Mineral Wells, Texas, where nobody was in the courtroom and even the bailiff was deaf."

No—the future for Corinne is in a sense impersonal. That is, for the time being. We hear rumors, to be sure, of an engagement between her and Walter Morosco, and she does not herself deny that she has been "very fine" and a "rare and true friend," but marriage to her mind belongs to another and far-distant time.

Whereas the present, glowing and mayhap glorious, is devoted to the shaping of her career.

Marion—the Extremist

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I think every one that knows her admires her courage. Many people would have been sour at the whole world if they had had to face all that she has, or would have quit in disgust. It is hard enough to struggle along with failure, all by oneself, but with the whole world looking on and making unpleasant comments it is doubly hard. No one knows the heartaches and struggles Miss Davies has gone through, and no one ever will—she doesn't delight in telling her troubles to every one.

When you consider the general verdict that was passed on her early productions, and her part in them, you may be able to realize the courage she must have had to begin her work in "Knighthood:" for had she failed in that lavish production, the failure would have been doubly conspicuous, and the cause of much more comment, than in the case of any of her previous pictures.

And now she faces even greater responsibilities, for Cosmopolitan has engaged Max Reinhardt, who is generally regarded as the greatest theatrical producer in the world, to direct her forthcoming productions following "Janice Meredith," which is now being made. Under his direction no one knows how far she may go. Any one who has improved as she has in the past might achieve almost anything.
Mae Busch expresses her individuality background for her personality. And would do well.

Directed by

really achieve this end. There are, indeed, enough instances to prove that women try hard enough, but their results invariably indicate that they are guided by impulse, rather than discretion, in choosing gowns that express their own, distinct individualities.

At a table opposite us, for instance, was a young débutante with four girls of her own age, somewhere around twenty, and a young matron, probably twenty-eight. Without exception, each of those girls was dressed in the height of fashion, but without a modification of present styles to suit her type.

One of them had a nose of extraordinary length and eyes that were of a light hue, and which, because of the general contour of her face, looked peculiarly small. Instead of wearing a dark-faced hat of wide brim and sweeping line that would have softened her features and given distinction to her nose, she unwisely selected a snug-fitting Oriental toque with a sacred serpent of Egypt jutting from its center as an ornament, and practically resting on the bridge of her nose. The effect, instead of being modish, was ludicrous and caused considerable comment from adjoining tables.

Another girl wore a dark seal jacquette, heavily trimmed with monkey fur. A handsome wrap, to be sure, but entirely too mature for a lass of eighteen summers. And with this costly garment she had dangling from each wrist at least eight or ten bracelets of various colors, studded with cheap, colored glass that looked as if they had their origin in the five-and-ten-cent store. Each time she raised her cup her bracelets jingled an obbligato to her conversation, and she might as well have sounded a fire gong for the attention her jingling jewelry junk attracted.

There are in public and social life so many instances of the badly dressed woman that when one steps into view who wears clothes reflecting taste, judgment and style she is entitled to be the inspiration for poet and painter.

At tea recently in one of the fashionable hotels of Los Angeles, we were discussing the subject that is nearest and dearest to all feminine hearts—clothes. But before we could become comfortably launched into our discussion we had to retire to one of the far corners of the salon to avoid many distractions, and these distractions were the very thing we were trying to talk about—clothes. All about us we saw ill-chosen, ill-fitting, ill-worn clothes.

It is woman's instinct, not to say her interest, to bring out her personality through her gowns. Yet how few
it with Frocks

in her clothes, as well as making them a pleasing
the woman who, like her, has an irrepressible spirit,
to follow her example.

Peggy Hamilton

Whenever I think of a woman who has distinct style
off the screen, as well as on, Mae Busch comes to mind.
For this reason Miss Busch consented to pose for
PICTURE-PLAY a few gowns and costumes that she is
very fond of and ones that are typical of her wardrobe.

If you have seen her on the screen, you will recall
that she is a combination of ultrasophistication and
genuine naïveté. In personal life she is much the same,
with her personality high-lighted by a certain irre-
 sponsible, irrepressible spirit and a lashing wit that is
ever stimulating. Her hair is wavy chestnut, which
she wears in a smart shingle, her eyes are blue-gray
and her features very regular. She is often described
as a vivid type, due possibly to her alive, almost dynamic
qualities.

It would be quite natural for her type to choose gowns
of daring line and flamboyant hue. But Miss Busch
shows a good sense of values and wears clothes of
sonmer colors and fashioned along the most simple lines.
In this way she achieves a dual purpose. The dark
tones, very often black,
form a striking frame
for her gay, alert per-
sonality, and the long,
simple lines of her
frocks, gowns or wraps
emphasize her natural
grace. Thus, there is
nothing to cloud her in-
dividuality.

A rich, dignified, yet
very practical three-piece
costume is the black
crepe chârmeuse
trimmed with deep bands
of lustrous lynx which
she wears in an accom-
pnpanying photograph.
The dress is a straight,
two-piece, sleeveless gar-
ment with its only trim-
ing a narrow belt of
self material joining the
waist with skirt, and a
band of lynx for the
hem. Any woman who
is capable of making her
own clothes could fash-
ion this stunning gown.
Tiny sleeves may be in-
serted but the sleeveless
dress, particularly with
a cape of same material
or luxurious wrap, will
again be extremely pop-
ular for spring and sum-
mer wear.

For formal afternoon recep-
tions Mae Busch’s wardrobe
includes this lovely gray velvet
suit extravagantly trimmed
with silver fox.

Miss Busch is one of the few women who understand
that every swing of a sleeve, every swirl of a skirt
expresses individuality.

The wrap she wears is also a striking affair
cut in two pieces with the broad drapes of
sleeves cleverly inserted in the arm pits. The
beauty of this costume, of course, depends en-
tirely upon the quality of its material and the
lines, but particularly on how the wrap is
carried. So much depends upon this one point.
Carrying an interesting wrap like this one is
an accomplishment in itself, and Miss Busch
is one of the few women who understand that
every swing of the sleeve, every drape of the
skirt indicates a mood.

Another luxurious, but exceedingly simple
three-piece costume—a type, by the way, which
Miss Busch strongly favors and duplicates,
with minor changes, from year to year—is of
Continued on page 112
Ena Gregory, Stan Laurel's leading woman, sat down and tried to figure out how he does it.

**LIFE** on the Hal Roach studio lot in Culver City has never been the same since Will Rogers went there to make pictures. After the other players had seen him ambling in, carelessly swinging his lasso and jumping through it, they decided it was easy. So they tried it. Then they tried it again and again. According to latest accounts work on comedies is being delayed until the principal players get disentangled from their ropes.

It all looked quite simple to Frank Butler, who plays in the Spat Family comedies, but when he tried to do it the rope became unruly.

Marie Mosquini is Will Rogers' leading woman, and we wouldn't be surprised if he had given her private instructions in handling the lasso. At any rate she shows up the others.

Blanche Mehaffey as a "Follies" girl had plenty of chance to watch Will Rogers, so she knew how to start the rope a-twirling.
Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster .......................... $460
Superior Touring ............................ 495
Superior Utility Coupe ....................... 640
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe ............... 725
Superior Commercial Chassis ............. 595
Superior Light Delivery ..................... 495
Utility Express Truck Chassis .............. 550

Superior Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.
father, whom most of us know to be the greatest combination of hero and martyr in the world. He looks like the figure labeled "The Common People" in the political cartoons, and his acting has just that touch of genuine pathos without which no comedy can be effective. The play is also remarkable for the most engaging pair of kid sweethearts I have seen for years—Raymond Guion and Helen Chandler, who deserve a Booth Tarkington comedy all to themselves.

"The Song and Dance Man." George M. Cohan has emerged with his annual comedy which always follows his annual announcement that he has quit the stage forever. This time it is amusing enough to make that threat really alarming. "The Song and Dance Man" is vastly entertaining, though I haven't yet been able to decide how much is due to the star's own writing and how much to his acting of a rôle in which he has given himself his best opportunity for years.

It is a stage story and the song and dance man is an ambitious but hopeless performer who goes through the years still hoping for the triumph that never comes. The climax comes when he realizes that the young girl whom he loves is a star of the greatest genius while he himself has not talent at all. Here again is the underlying touch of pathos which makes comedy real, but Cohan has overdone this almost to pathos, or would have if his acting could not pull the lines out with a jerk whenever they seem about to descend into slush. The cast has been deftly chosen and the entire production has that smoothness and spirit with which Cohan can so gallantly finish up a play.

"The New Poor." We have been asked to weep so long at the sad fate of the titled Russians in this country that a comedy about them is rather refreshing. Cosmo Hamilton has written this airy little play about four aristocrats from Moscow who find employment in a New York family of the nouveau riche. Of course the daughters fall in love with the handsome butler, footman and chauffeur, and the son of the house is captivated by the charms of the new chambermaid. Underneath the usual complication which would carry this plot is a vein of satire which gives it just the touch of somewhat malicious spice. Lynn Harding and Lillian Kemble Cooper share the acting honors in a very gay little play.

Among Other Things. "Mary Jane McKane," "Kid Boots," and the André Charlot "Revue" are about the most important of the group that say it with words and music. None of these is up to the standard of "Sally" or "The Night Boat" of other years, but as most musical comedies go, they are excellent. Of the three, the Charlot show is the most interesting. This is chiefly because of its novelty, for it came straight from London and is as English as crumpets. It brought over a new collection of English jokes which unfortunately set their American hearers into fits of laughter. You don't have to understand "Punch" to get the point of this comedy.

Leo Carrillo has arrived in a sentimental comedy, "Gipsy Jim," which is one of those things about a wandering gipsy who drifts into a quarreling family and sets everything right. It is glorified by that remarkably clever little actress, Martha Bryan Allen, as the beautiful heroine. Laura Hope Crews and Grace George are together in a play by Laurence Eyre—a pair of middle-aged twins, a millionaire wife and a woman of the slums, who are sisters under their skins. It has moments of real comedy. There has been the usual drama of neurotic life called "Roseanne," in which the spirits of a religious revival were the best part of the show. Also the inevitable play of the Blue Ridge Mountaineers is best represented by "Hell Bent for Heaven," in which Augustin Duncan makes the religious theme really thrilling. Altogether, however, the output of ordinary plays has been something below fair-to-middlin' this month. Most of the applause must be exhausted on the headliners.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 72

this was not so good, and he is filming a modern story now called "Men." The title is sufficient indication, no doubt, that Pola is to play a vamp.

The case of the foreign stars and directors has been rather perplexing up to this time. They have all been very pompously heralded, but their first associations with American enterprise have been disappointing. It looks now as if Lubitsch had been the first to shake the traditional dust of hokum from his feet after stumbling a little in "Rosita," and get away with a real winner in "The Marriage Circle." The presentation of this picture in Los Angeles augurs well for its popularity, especially since it is a comedy.

Pola was present at the première and sat directly in front of her former director, and when Will Rogers, who was master of ceremonies, called on her to stand and bow, she tendered Lubitsch the bouquet of flowers that she was carrying, and shook him by the hand. Needless to say, the impression made was thrilling, especially since it has been frequently reported that there were differences between the two since their arrival in Hollywood, arising over the departure of Lubitsch from the Lasky fold, which precluded the possibility of his directing Miss Negri, at least for the time being. The bouquet tribute at the theater was considered as meaning that all was well between them once more, and now some hopes are being entertained that Lubitsch may even direct Pola again.

Barbara's Progress. Barbara La Marr may now be named as Nazimova's successor. At least she has fallen heir to a picture that at one time madame contemplated making. This is "The White Moth," which Maurice Tourneur is directing.

In this latest film she portrays an exotic dancer—yet another note of variety added to her gamut during the past year. She has played successfully a somewhat luxurious enchantress in "The Eternal City;" the emotional Spanish housewife in "Thy Name Is Woman," and the Alaskan dance-hall favorite, the "lady that was known as Lou" in an adaptation of Robert W. Service's poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." All of these roles have been much better suited to her incandescent personality than such parts as she had in "Poor Men's Wives" and "The Eternal Struggle," which her growing popularity has enabled her to avoid.

For the first time within human recollection Cecil B. De Mille is to make a picture without any fancy allegories or prehistoric cutbacks. "Triumph" is reputedly one of the simplest features he has yet attempted, and Barrett Kiesling, C. B.'s lyric press agent, glowingly and proudly mentioned to us the fact that "Triumph" was nothing more nor less than the story of a tin can. The facts are that the plot deals with modern industry, and the effort of meeting modern business problems
Love Mid the Frenzy of the Oil Fields!

When the oil wells burst aflame two hearts found happiness in the fight against death—an epic of oil from the pen of the famous novelist, Rex Beach, and declared to be a greater picture even than "The Spoilers"—a story filled with dynamic action, adventure, love and romance.

Richard Walton Tully presents his screen version

'FLOWING GOLD'

The Famous Novel by
Rex Beach
Directed by
Joseph DeGrasse

BIG ONES COMING

Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc., presents
"LILIES OF THE FIELD"

Featuring Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle
From the novel by William Hurlburt and directed by
JOHN FRANCIS DILLON

Thomas H. Ince presents
"GALLOPING FISH"

With Sidney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Paul Stratton, Charles Ogle, Lottie Rogers, and Bill Goldsmith, under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince.

NORMA TALMADGE

In "Secrets"

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck; written by Rudolf Besier and Roy Fagan; based on Sam H. Harris play "Secrets"; directed by Frank Borsage.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Presented by Inspiration Pictures, Inc., Charles H. Denski, president, in the
John S. Robertson production, written by
Sir Arthur Wing Pinero,
"The Enchanted Cottage"

A First National Picture
From Sennett to Sob Stuff

It isn't only beautiful bathing girls who have graduated from the Sennett comedies and gone into drama. From the slapstick studio there have also emerged some grotesque comedians who afterward distinguished themselves in more serious characterizations. There is Dale Fuller, for instance, who used to appear in comedies as she does in the photograph at the left. At the right she is shown in one of the leading dramatic roles of "Greed."

One of the outstanding characters in Goldwyn's "The Day of Faith" was the crook played by Charles Conklin. Who would have thought, as they looked at this burly, sinister figure, that he once hurled custard pies with verve and abandon?

Charles Conklin, as he was in those dear, dead days of slapstick. The stiffly waxed mustaches, the slightly large derby hat, that in some miraculous way seemed to survive the most terrible catastrophes—are but fond memories now.

Frank Hayes is the third of this trio that came from Sennett's, and are now all on the Goldwyn lot. In the old days he played an old maid in the Sennett comedies, made up as he appears at the left. At the right he is shown in more serious men as he appears in "Greed." There is no better training, directors say, than comedy. Judging from the recent appearances of these three, it must be true.
Results from the Adaptation of the "Power Within" to the Stress of Environment

It is a question of relativity.

Disease is the result of supernormal stress or of subnormal resistance.

When the nerve, over which the "power within" sends its adaptative impulses to the cells, is impinged by a subluxated vertebra, the "power within" cannot adapt the organism to the stress of environment and we become sick.

To regain health it is necessary to turn on the power of adaptation—resistance.

To turn on the power, the impingement must be removed from the nerve, in order that it may again function normally.

To remove the impingement the misaligned vertebra must be adjusted, and this adjustment of the vertebra is the work of the chiropractor.

By giving Chiropractic a fair trial millions have recovered their health.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTORS' ASSOCIATION
Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
words, rather they mirrored a common-sense viewpoint, for with experience has come the realization that nothing really worth while comes without effort, without suffering of one kind or another. "That's what hurt—I was oversensitive, exaggerating every little thing, as most spoiled home girls do. The first thing any girl must learn—in the movies or in any place in the business world—is to separate the personal from the business, to forget her own feelings."

After six months of grueling stock work, when Universal wisely kept her in small rôles so that her hopes would not be raised again only to be blasted by her own lack, while she assimilated, got the best kind of trouping and training, Lela Sue decided it wasn't worth a candle, even if one could find somewhere within oneself the magic torch with which to light it. So home she went. But, pampered again by her five big brothers, still she couldn't be happy. So she came back.

"It seems as though something just pushes me on. I won't quit. I've just finished my best part, in Robertson-Cole's 'Born of a Cyclone'—not a big rôle, but something that shows me I am slowly getting ahead, gradually learning to act. By practicing dance steps and walking gracefully, by studying the actresses, by forcing myself to go out places even though I was lonely and nobody noticed me, I've overcome my screen awkwardness; I'm beginning to understand people a little and why they do things, to lose my own petty problems in the life all about me, and to put some of this into my work. Some day I know I'll be a good actress."

Lela Sue's personality is still a little indefinite. It is the spirit back of her struggle that interests me. Personality is impossible of description; upon it many celluloid careers have sprung into glory; without its irradiance an actress has but little appeal. Though pretty, candid, interesting in a normal, ordinary way, one couldn't select Lela Sue from a crowd here in Hollywood, where beauty blooms on every corner, as being worthy of more than passing notice.

But that thing that spurred her on, that kept her shoulders straight and her chin out when her first dreams were punctured by disillusionment, is beginning to express itself more tangibly, to be a definite part of her. I never realized before that personality could be cultivated, but have regarded it as some God-given gift to the more fortunate. Now, after studying this prototype of Any Average Girl, I am inclined to wonder if that chameleon thing called personality can't be cultivated. Perhaps unconsciously, impelled by the determination to achieve this thing which the cinemnave have so radiantly, this Little Rock girl is developing personality.

Individually, from the standpoint of her silver-sheet accomplishment, Lela Sue Campbell has yet to make her mark; but as an example of how circumstances, environment, influences, and above all that inward determination, can mold the malleable clay of immaturity into a more definite promise, she is interesting and well worth watching.

"To the thousands of movie-struck girls who long to be actresses, I would say," she spoke seriously, "if there is anything else in the world that you can do and be happy doing, that you are suited to, do it. If you have any other talent, encourage it. But if the one thing that you feel you must do is acting, if there is something in you that forces you on, that won't let you quit, if you are willing to see every bit of the glamour torn from your eyes and to settle down and learn the trade of acting—ror that is what it is, in its outward form—I'd say, come ahead, provided you have enough funds to live on for at least six months and to buy a ticket back home if necessary. And if you at last decide to quit, don't blame the competition, blame yourself for not being a stickler."

If I have shattered some of your illusions by telling you of what befall Lela Sue Campbell inside the gates of Hollywood—what might happen to you if you should seek to storm its portals with your own youth and prettiness and lack of training—I hope that I have also shown you that Any Average Girl, if she has enough grit, can eventually win in the movies.

**THRILLS**

By Billie Rainsford

There are lots of thrills in the picture game, There's a dozen or more that I could name;
But all the thrills that have come my way,
Couldn't compare with the one to-day,
I sat like a sinner awaiting his doom,
In the forbidden projection room,
I quaked inside, for I had never seen
My face before on the silver screen.
I watched, I waited, and looked about,
And thanked the Lord that the lights were out.
Then I grabbed the man that was at my side,
"Oh, Look, it's me. it's me," I cried.
It was gone in a flash, but oh, the thrill;
I can feel it yet and I always will.
At last! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

**Look More Slender At Once**

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

**Actually Reduces Fat**

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

**Free Booklet Tells All**

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

**The Madame X Reducing Girdle**

The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc. Dept. G-244, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________
FATHER.—The film, "Columbus," which you mention must be the one produced by the Yale University Press in the series "Chronicles of America," which are being released by Pathé. This series will deal with various dramatic events that have marked the history of America, and should be valuable not only for the entertainment value of the pictures themselves, but for the accuracy and authenticity of historic detail, as the Yale University Press has spent months and months in research work for the productions. Beside "Columbus," just one other of the films has been released to date, and that is "Jamestown." If you and your son wish to keep up with all of them here are the titles of some that will be brought out presently: "Vincennes," its deals with the historic campaign of George Rogers Clark against the British stronghold of Vincennes during the Revolutionary War; "Daniel Boone" will follow that; then "The Frontier Woman," which shows the heroic part played by women in the pioneer life of America; and "Peter Stuyvesant," which deals with the Dutch settlement on the Hudson. "Wolfie and Montcalm" and "The Gateway of the West" will be other releases in the series. "The Gateway of the West" introduces George Washington as a boy, going into the garrison of Fort Necessity in 1754.

OLD-TIMER.—You are right. That old play "Chris," which you saw some time ago, and in which Lynn Fontanne appeared as Anna, was written by Eugene O'Neill, and, in fact, is the very play which emerged last season as "Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord in the title rôle. The play failed as "Chris," but when Mr. O'Neill rewrote it with Anna as the central figure instead of her father, it won the Pulitzer prize and all the fame and success you have heard about. It's too bad you missed the revamped play, but having seen Blanch Sweet in the picture you have seen the next best thing, as her performance is generally conceded to be about the finest that could be accomplished on the screen, and the play itself was very faithfully translated into film terms.

CRITIC.—Edwin Schallert's list of the ten best pictures of 1923, which was published in the February issue, was, of course, compiled from the artistic standpoint of the professional critic. The list submitted by Trix MacKenzie, which was printed in The Observer in the March number, showed the preferences of a typical fan with strong personal prejudices for certain players. It is true that neither of these lists are representative of the selections of the public as a whole, as shown by box-office returns, but the Motion Picture News, a trade magazine for exhibitors, has compiled a list of the best pictures for 1923 from the reports of exhibitors all over the country. This list is made up from only one angle, that of the box-office, and shows the average percentage value of each picture. There are fifty-two pictures in the list, but I will give you only those in the first ten percentages. They follow: "The Covered Wagon," ninety-eight per cent; "If Winter Comes," ninety-seven per cent; "Little Old New York," ninety-six per cent; "Robin Hood," ninety-five per cent; "The Champ," ninety-four per cent; "Merry-Go-Round," ninety-four per cent; "Circus Days," ninety-four per cent; "Rosa," ninety-three per cent; "The Spoilers," ninety-one per cent. The following tie for eighth place with ninety per cent: "Human Wreckage," "Safety Last," "Anna Christie," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The White Rose," "Scaramouche," and "Ashes of Vengeance." There are three with eighty-nine per cent—"Daddy," "Within the Law," and "Rob Roy." They claim tenth place, with eighty-eight per cent, are: "The Eleventh Hour," "Why Worry," "Knighthood," "The Green Goddess," "The Sea Hawk," "Long Live the King." To save you the trouble of hunting up your last issue, I'll give you Mr. Schallert's and Miss MacKenzie's lists again, for your information. If you want to see "Long Live the King," "Scaramouche," and "Ashes of Vengeance," you will have to go to the nickelodeons, but if you prefer "The Sea Hawk," "Daddy," or "Within the Law," you can see them at the first-run houses. And if you are interested in the Chinese, you can see "Long Live the King" at the Chinese."
How Doug Gets that Way
Continued from page 87

a minute. Doug patted her shoulder as he passed. Just then a colored worker, trying to watch the two famous stars and his job of plastering a castle in the same time, lost his balance and did a comedy tumble into a bed of plaster. He came up white. Doug and Mary were among the first to rush to his side to see if he were hurt. He wasn't. He was grinding.

"Say," said Doug, "in my next picture I'm going to have you do a fall like that. Will you?"

The dark-skinned plasterer nearly burst with pride, and said "Yassuh, yassuh, yassuh," at least a dozen times.

Doug played his new game with three other sturdy men. It is played with rackets and a cork ball, something like a shuttlecock, and the ball can be wallapped with tremendous force over the net. Back and forth it flew, and you could hear Doug's cheerful shout "Good shot!" when one of his opponents drove the ball over to a spot where Doug could not reach it. Doug and Roaull Walsh are the championship team.

It came time to go. Doug had changed to his tweeds and was discussing some angle of his current picture. He was the same animated, interested, alert man that a few minutes before I had seen slamming the ball.

"Come in, any time," he called to me. "I'm always getting up some new stunts. It's good sport, don't you think?"

It is good sport, and Doug Fairbanks is a good sport.

Manhattan's Bright Lights
Continued from page 31

ary if they would stay on a few weeks longer.

They are tremendously popular personally. Some of the picture people I have seen there time and time again, are Constance Talmadge—generally at Leonora's table—Dick Barthelmess, Owen Moore and his wife, Katherine Perry, Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Eddie Goulding, Gloria Swanson, Thelma Converse, Eileen Percy, Anita Stewart—no telling who else has been there that I haven't seen or recognized.

Alma Rubens is the most enthusiastic admirer of Leonora's screen work that I know. And Alma is seldom wildly enthusiastic about anybody or anything.
The Real Richard Dix

Continued from page 85

‘The Ten Commandments’ wouldn’t be a success because nobody has ever read the book, I think it is going to surprise people. It has a sweep of dramatic reality. Even the pictorial qualities have verity, instead of the usual glamorous illusion; the whole thing is marvelously realistic and I think it will start DeMille along a new line in which he will subordinate his genius at spectacular effects to a vital theme.”

Generously, Rich gives full praise for the best work of the cast to Rod La Rocque, in the human role of the unscrupulous son who awakens to his own unworthiness. In his part as usual, Rich has to be too impossibly upright, though De Mille has permitted him to shade the role a bit.

“If I could only be a regular fellow instead of a wholesome hero on the screen,” he often groans. “I have to be so upright that I feel like posing in a corner of the living-room, draped with batik, waiting for somebody to evoke melodies from me. That stuff’s all apple sauce.”

Perhaps it is a mark of honor, and then again it may be a belated effort to help Rich lose some of that screen wholesomeness, anyway they have given him the dressing-room suite at the Lasky studio formerly occupied by the stave Valentino. Maybe they realize that in him they have a potential gold mine, if his proper métier can be found, and in a vague way are trying this and that to bring out more definite individual qualities. Though he swears she is trying dutifully to be immersed in the ex-Valentino inspiration, so far he can’t see that it has had any effect.

Again they sought to give him a romantic air in the minds of his public by having him pose in those heroic athletic pictures, doing his daily dozen. Rich took one look at the wispy B. V. D.’s and beat it.

“Nothing doing. If I’ve got to take off my good old blue serge to be romantic and intrigue the lady public, I’ll stay ordinary and wholesome.”

He lives in a Hollywood bungalow with his mother and his special pal, his kid sister, Josephine Victoria Dix, whose working title is Jo, and his life is pretty much a counterpart, despite his insistence to the contrary, of the wholesomeness he portrays on the screen. He is almost bovish in his adoration of his mother. Not long ago, when she was away on a visit, he came over, told me to go and bury myself somewhere—and proceeded to appropriate my mother for a ride! “Gee, you’ve got the sweetest little mother, almost as good as mine,” he chuckled, as they stepped out to see the sights. That incident explains Rich better than can words of mine.

Jo is his levener. “A great one to take the starch out of a fellow,” he often says, with a wide grin. When that restlessness stirs in him and he italicizes everything he says, a bit of Jo’s admirably done disdain tones down his vitality, keeps his feet on the ground, his head out of the clouds.

His great idol is Lewis Stone, who not only is a splendid actor and a charming, likable personality but also because Stone, in his fine, clean manhood epitomizes those things in Rich which he disclaims as “apple sauce” and yet which are the basic rock of his own character.

“As a kid, I was crazy about Lew Stone,” he said one day, the glow of real idol worship in his eyes. “When I was twenty-one I followed him in stock at the same theater and got the greatest thrill out of acting where he had acted before me. Just recently I met Lew personally—he’s playing my elder brother in ‘The Stranger,’ with Betty Compson—and I have found him in every way the cleanest, finest man I’ve ever met.”

Richard is under contract now with Paramount and too often has been cast into the stereotyped portrayal of The Upright Hero. Lately they have been experimenting, searching for that nugget of real talent which unquestionably he has, giving him human roles, still a bit too much the perfect specimen, in “To the Last Man” and “The Call of the Canyon.”

It is rather difficult to say just what his métier is. Certainly he has too much depth of feeling for the light, frivolous things in which Wallie Reid imprint his charm of personality; and yet his real self, could it be stripped of its camera consciousness and brought to play in all its changing colors, is too light, too whimsical, to indicate that his niche might be the raw meat of action drama. If they could but strike the happy medium between the two extremes—find roles for him without exaggerations, help him to shake off that public garment of self-consciousness—there is little doubt that he would quickly become the leader of the film fraternity.
Our Great Unknown Celebrity
Continued from page 27

Nothing could offer more gorgeous opportunities.

Fans will never know Maude Adams as they know other personalites connected with the making of motion pictures. She lives like a recluse and in her work she remains quite aloof from all but her fellow-workers. She has not had a photograph taken for years. Since the days when she became a Frohman star she has never granted an interview. Once a reporter on a New York newspaper was told to get an interview with her or lose his job. He waited outside her house until she came home from the theater and then went up and spoke to her, intending to explain the situation to her. With her reputation for kindness and charity, she could not refuse him, he believed. "Miss Adams," he began excitedly as he rushed up to her. She never went any further, for one glance from her big wistful eyes and losing his job was as nothing compared to bothering her.

The public has not always been so considerate. Many times visitors have forced their way into the grounds of one of her country homes and waited there for a glimpse of the star. Once, it is said, she hid for some time behind a clump of trees but she had to flee from there for her pack of dogs which are always with her in the country found her and came yapping at her, giving her hiding place away.

Because she was always taxing her strength, she frequently had to take prolonged vacations. Sometimes she rested at her home in the Adirondacks, sometimes it was her farm on Long Island that attracted her. But after a few days of inactivity she would start making plans for remodeling her house and soon the place would be buzzing with carpenters and builders. She is interested particularly in Elizabethan architecture, and her home on Long Island is built like a baronial castle with a big central hall.

Once, failing to find rest and relaxation at home she went abroad and made arrangements to be admitted to a convent at Tours as a boarder. There living the simple life of the nuns she found rest and quiet. It is said that when the mother superior learned that her quiet visitor was an actress, she said to her, "No, I am not shocked. I am sure that you were a good woman before you were an actress and I am sure you are a very good actress."

Those days in the quiet and peace

COCO-HENNA

Gives Beautiful Lustre to Dull Hair!

At last a way has been found to bring a bright lustre to the dullest, most lifeless hair. No longer need any woman feel that she need be deprived of the rich radiance of glorious, sun-kissed hair. A wonderful new hair treatment has been perfected which makes dull hair bright—instantly. Women everywhere are using this new method of caring for the hair—COCO-HENNA, with the purest of coconut oil for washing the hair, and the finest of Egyptian henna to bring out its rarest beauty.

Pure Coconut Oil
and

A SUGGESTION OF HENNA

Women have found from long experience that coconut oil is the most satisfactory wash for the hair. Pure, clear, and greaseless, it cannot injure the hair, no matter how tender it may be. Nor does it dry up the scalp or leave the hair brittle as do most of the ordinary alkaline soaps.

Added to the coconut oil is the wonderful henna—the magic secret of the age-old Nile—the secret which for centuries was cherished by the ancient Egyptian Queens famous for the unusual beauty of their hair.

Hair Does Not Change Color

Scientifically proportioned, these rare products go to make up COCO-HENNA, the new shampoo for women. COCO-HENNA is not a dye. It in no way discolors the hair. Only a suggestion of henna is used—just enough to bring out the brilliant beauty of the hair without changing its color.

If your hair is dull and lifeless—if it fails to respond fully to ordinary shampoo—try COCO-HENNA. Let this wonderful new shampoo show you first hand how it brings out new beauty you never dreamed existed in your hair.

Special Introductory Offer

COCO-HENNA meets a real need—a shampoo which cleanses the hair and beautifies it at the same time! Already its great popularity is assured. Women who try it, use no other. In it they find the new, ideal method of caring for the hair.

In order that every woman may have an opportunity to test for herself this amazing new beauty-shampoo, a Special Introductory Offer is now made—a full-sized bottle of COCO-HENNA for 50 cents!

Let COCO-HENNA bring new beauty to your hair. Take advantage of this introductory offer. Mail the coupon and fifty cents.

Ask your local drug or department store first.

JAMES DRUG COMPANY 172 Fifth Ave., New York

To make his offer attractive, the ad uses phrases like "The public has not always been so considerate," and "The public has not always been so considerate." to highlight the actress's reputation for kindness and charity. It also mentions her love for Elizabethan architecture and her time spent at a convent. The ad promotes COCO-HENNA as a new shampoo that brings out the beauty of dull hair, with the purest of coconut oil and the finest of Egyptian henna. A special introductory offer is also mentioned, where a full-sized bottle of COCO-HENNA can be purchased for 50 cents. The ad is aimed at women who are looking for a method of caring for their hair that does not change its color.
Advertising

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores sell the world over Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postage paid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
412 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Library and she filed it away in Hoboken for future reference, or until such time as some hurried director was in sore need of a mob at a dollar a foot. Maybe the mob had appeared in a news reel last year. What of it? Next year it has lost its identity, and becomes just a good, general mob.

Have you spent a small part of your six thousand for a mob scene as a working basis, I should then build my story around that, adding bits of film here and there from the Stone shelves, until I had my picture—plot, atmosphere, stage, and all.

And the best part of it would be, that I could choose my actors from all over the world—and they would be beyond price. When Eric von Stroheim made "Foolish Wives," he hired expert actors, at large sums, to play the parts of world notables, such as the Prince of Monaco (Monte Carlo), the American ambassador, and so forth. At Stone's I could get films of the real prince, and the ambassador and the King of Siam, if I wanted him for a "bit."

I could have the Kaiser, the crown prince, King George in a hundred poses, Taff, Poincare, and Carranza.

My choice for a hero could be Pershing, for I think there are more available shots of him than any other living notable.

And I could take my plot by the hand and lead it around the world. In the punch shop there are scenes from Paris, Bombay, Ireland, Hawaii, and never received callers. One of her few intimate friends was the sister of Richard Harding Davis. With her she once traveled up the Nile and camped on the Lybian desert. Even there Miss Adams did not remain inactive but searched out ancient parchments, seeking to find for her library the oldest play manuscript in the world.

During his life Charles Frohman, Miss Adams' manager, took the responsibility for keeping the public away from any personal contact with her, saying that he had forbidden her to meet any one. It was well known, however, that the decision was Miss Adams' own.

People have ceased to expect her to be as other public characters. They accept that in Maude Adams we have one of the most charming, genuine, and most valuable personages in America. And so the public grants her one wish, that she be left alone just to do her work.

Shopping for Punches

Continued from page 19

vana, England, New Zealand, Turkey—oh, those harem scenes!—Rome.

I could make my hero a cotton picker, an olive king, a sugar planter or a harvester, as I chose, for there are complete footages of all the industries the world is heir to.

And there would be no dearth of famous views. In my picture I would stir the memories of travelers (which is sure-fire success) by some quick shots of the Thames Embankment, the Houses of Parliament, Yosemite Valley, the Grand Caion and Riverside Drive.

When the picture threatened to sag for want of human interest, I would cut in fifty feet of "a small excursion boat deck filled with passengers in silhouette"—as it is listed in the archives of the punch shop. Then I would use a piece of "forested mountains with snow" and a flash of "men in conference at table."

As is bound to be the case where miles of film are collected from every imaginative source, there is much which is "verboten" at Stone's. Scenes taken during the war, for instance, cannot be released, at least not yet, as they show actual trench warfare and doubtless are too dreadful.

Some of the scenes there of Roosevelt, Wilson, and others, can never be shown, because they are too intimate.

But if there is practically anything you can picture, even in your most startling dreams, I'll bet you'll find it at the punch shop.
Let Alma Tell It on Herself
Continued from page 33

"Yes, you wrecked many a happy home by your riding in that picture. All the girls who live near Stamford, Connecticut, and go riding in La-Jdin Rock Farm are determined now to jump that ditch you went over or-die in the attempt."

"Right. I'm naturally adventurous," Alma remarked, sinking back further into the cushions and languidly rattling two or three diamond bracelets together.

"Yes, you're adventurous," I told her scornfully. "Do you remember the day we were lunching at the Ritz and some one told us that the first women taxi drivers had just appeared in New York? We decided it would be a great lark to go for a ride with one of them. When we finally located one on Fifth Avenue in the midst of a gaping crowd you shut me in the taxi and announced that you had decided to walk.

"At least, that proves I'm not intimidated by the press."

"I wish you were, and I'd make you go on with this interview in more dignified fashion."

"Oh, you mean talk about bigger and better pictures. All right." She leaned forward smiling but the flippancy passed from her tone as she spoke.

"I hope that a lot of motion-picture directors will try to imitate the spirit of Charlie Chaplin's 'A Woman of Paris.' The result won't be as stimulating as his picture was but at least it will be an improvement on the old imitations of something less good. I am heartily tired of pictures that are nothing but a sort of Cook's tour. Isn't the public weary of them? Rambling through several centuries and half the world doesn't make my idea of a story.

"Mr. Chaplin has shown what can be done in pictures. All the others have to do now is follow his lead.

"I think that Albert Parker is a tremendously interesting director. In 'Blood and Gold' he is having us play scenes naturally instead of always facing the camera. In my first scenes my back is turned. You don't know what a joy it is to work with some one with the courage to let you do things like that. Most-directors think of their sets as rooms with only three walls acting as. We, with all action distorting to face the space where the fourth wall ought to be. Mr. Parker gives the illusion of people being in a regular room with all four walls."

"Keyhole drama," I suggested.

"No, realism," Alma corrected.

Don't think that a conversation of this length can be carried on with
Alma uninterrupted. Costumers who demand time for fittings, photographers who want a chance to take her pictures, friends who want to invite her places, packages of books.

"We need two thousand more photo-

m"l, Miss Rubens," from her sec-
tary and. "Have you time to auto-
\-graph some pictures?" "You're to
go down to the studio to see 'Week-
end Wives' run off," from her mother.
They aren't through cutting it, but it's in pretty good shape, I guess."

"I'm going to tell Dan that I think

Males," and all that sort of thing.
"Elsie always managed to find
plenty of good parts, and that's
about as much as could be said at
the time. A critic or two—by that
time there had begun to be movie
critics—wrote enthusiastically about
her, to be sure, but Swell Head saw
to it that no director ever read what
the critics wrote, and if he did—pro-
viding he could—he must never pay
any attention to it.

Tyrant Type by this time was
frankly put out at Elsie's refusal


or to be A Blonde. And that wasn't
all she refused to do, either. She
refused to put on more than just so
much make-up or more than one
string of pearls; real ones left her
by her aunt. She didn't have to use
glycerine for her sad scenes; as a
matter of fact she seldom registered
tears. As for clothes, of course she
never refused to put those on, but she
was stubborn about choosing her
wardrobe, and insisted on dressing
exactly as the person whom she was
supposed to be would dress, not as
A Blonde.

And once—think of it!...
she put on a dark wig and
played a naughty lady! The direc-
tors looked at each other, and each
dropped an open jaw. One didn't do
that sort of thing in the pictures,
really you know. One cultivated a
good English accent at this stage
of directing. And when they saw
how the public ate up that particular
picture, their jaws began to resemble
something very like a permanent fly
catcher. They actually forgot their
accent and went about muttering
something that had to do with the
fickle public.

Now here's where the public
comes into the story. Boys and Girls.
It isn't that the public is fickle at all;
I wouldn't dare say so even if it were
true, because you are the public. In
this case it was that the public—this
was before your time—was getting
sense, and getting sense isn't being
fickle.

Every one has a right to one's own
change of opinion. And getting sense
obviously includes a change of opin-
ion. Well you once considered to be
the real goods turns out to be
only a near-imitation at times. That
is what is known as observation.

Well, the public had observed that
though Lora Ladeedah could certainly
heave a naughty chest, it was Elsie
Elwell who made them really loathe
the naughty lady, although she was
playing that sort of thing for the
first time.

A second picture called "A Heart
of Platinum," in which Elsie played
the Bad-lady-who-wasn't-really-bad-
after-all, convinced the public that as
an actress, Elsie was really good. As
for Lora, they decided that as an ac-
tress she had been really good looking.

As for Old Tyrant Type, he flew
into such a rage over Elsie's success
that his health went back on him and
since then he has been less than half
as powerful in leading astray young
men and women who want to be ac-
tors and actresses.

To-day Lora Ladeedah, once more
Laure Lowder, is playing ingenues
in the Marbrletown Stock Company.
I went to see her the other day, and
enjoyed her work very much. After
the show she talked to me for an hour
and said some things about Old T. T.
that weren't so horribly ingenue,
after all.

Elsie Elwell has her own company
and plays whatever rôle she chooses
to. I went to see her also one day
last week; she was working on a big
mob scene. There must have been
nearly a thousand extras, all told.

And there, waving an invisible
megaphone and shouting in an in-
audible voice, and altogether much
less important than he imagined him-
selves to be, was little Old Type him-
self, unconscious of the fact that he
was no longer Tyrant!
A Letter from Location
Continued from page 65
writing this under difficulties, for the house top gets the shimmies every few minutes.) At sight of us he stopped dead still and stared, his eyes popping. It occurred to me that he probably thought we had war paint on and was ready to swing his own tomahawk.

We are so tired of eating at the Chinese café that I hunted up a Mexican woman who has agreed to cook us a whole Spanish dinner tomorrow night in her home. I had a rather difficult time explaining because my Spanish is limited, to say the least, but we finally made each other understand. She really seemed pleased and I think we will have a lot of fun. We will have abondegas (soup), galina mole (chicken with chili), frijoles con casa (beans with cheese), enchiladas, chorisito (can't guarantee this spelling, but you say it like three gulps and a sneeze—anyway it means a hash of meat and chili) and chocolate. Doesn't that sound grand?

I got my first thrill on the river yesterday. The men are all on one roof and we women on another and float down over the falls. They divide us, just as at country churches they used to seat the stalwart protectors on one side of the aisle and the weak sex on the other. I am lying on the peak of the roof and the other women are down below in a sort of hatchway, supposed to be a skylight. This river is muddy and full of submerged, water-soaked logs—when caught in small whirlpools they suddenly stand end on end. They were pulling us upstream, but the current is so strong that the peak of the roof was a brook away from the rest of the house and one of those darn logs came right up through the side, breaking through the shingles. Everybody is so crazy about getting into the movies, I guess even the logs in the Colorado River have got the germ. I'll admit I was scared because the current is so swift one can hardly swim except close to the shore, I wish I could say that I was brave and regarded my imminent doom with fortitude, but the truth is, I was all goose-flesh and felt darn funny in the pit of my stomach. I thought I was a goner. They came out and got me in a motor boat, so the sun still shines.

I hope you can read this scribble, but I'm sure you won't mind under the circumstances. Thanks for the books—they will help a lot. Think I'll be home sooner than I expected. Hope you're well.

Much love,

LOUISE FAZENDA.
The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor

Continued from page 23

the stage, Bernhardt has long represented the greatest exponent of the theatrical, violently emotional type of acting. The method of Duse is the other extreme, as it portrays the essence of life without heightening it. Bernhardt's method has been called "purple" and contrasted with the "gray" method of Duse. On the screen we have no performers whose methods can be classified as easily as that. Mary Pickford's is a curious combination of both and so is that of Lillian Gish. Mary Pickford's appeal to the emotions is perhaps more constant than that of Miss Gish and to that extent she is more like Bernhardt. Furthermore, she lacks that eerie quality of grace and purely physical eloquence which is typical of Duse and which Miss Gish has to such a superlative degree.

The screen, by its very nature, tends to develop actors of a quiet, reflective method rather than highly theatrical ones. But within the ranks of screen actors are found performers of diverse methods.

Good acting is often skilled acting unillumined by the magic glow of personality. Classed as good acting would go all those triumphs of the make-up expert and the costume by which an actor completely transforms himself. The ability merely to submerge one's own personality and take on another's is not great acting. The result may be lifelike but only as a reflection in a mirror is lifelike. Great characterization includes more than that; it includes interpretation of the character played.

The difference between good acting and great acting is somewhat the same as the difference between an illustration for a story and a painting. The first merely carries out the thought expressed by a writer. The latter is a creation in itself.

The question of just what is the greatest acting is often raised by our readers. Should an actor so submerge his own personality that each characterization of his is distinct from all others? Should one see only the material created by an author brought to life or should the personality of the actor shine forth?

The actor who submerges his own personality savors to me too much of a trickster. I believe that in every worth-while artist there are certain individual qualities that should determine the quality of the terms in which he expresses his art.

Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Blanche Sweet always play themselves, although their roles are diverse. I believe much of their work to be great art. William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks play themselves with variations and I do not consider their characterizations art. There is too much of a prepared and set formula to their work. One has no sense of their method being a fluid thing which adapts itself to each new undertaking. One feels rather that the parts they play are adapted to the limits of their acting method.

Perhaps the most satisfying explanation that has ever appeared of why the great actor's own personality is always present in his characterizations was written by Mary Cass Canfield in an article on the art of Duse which appeared in the New York World.

She says: "Beyond external gifts, graces and acquisitions there is the thing which we fundamentally look for in all art—the thing that lies beyond facility and technique and which we can only call personality. It is a fallacy to claim that in each part the great actor metamorphoses himself, achieves a trick transformation, is a quick-change artist. Under no matter what felicitous outer disguise, what intelligent outfitting of himself to suit circumstance and mood in a role the great actor preserves his essential self, his profound instincts and reactions and choices and is great by virtue of something indestructible in himself, a personal vision to which men turn with their everlasting thirst for the new word, the message that has not been heard before. We shall find in his work a personal quality as authentic and undisturbed and continuous as we feel in the fine creations of plastic art. Velasquez remains relentlessly himself, whether he is painting a brocade or a human face and in the same way the interpreter of genius wears this or that part as a mere outer garment on the pondering, seeking, urgent reality which is his spirit. He provides us with the stimulating spectacle of that phenomenon forever incaulable and yet unchangeable which we name personality."
Carmel—Exclamation Point!

Continued from page 20

ing I'd never have another chance to get in the movies."

But later when Griffith sought her father's help in preparing Biblical data for "Intolerance," the flashing beauty of Carmel caught his eyes, with the result that she joined his stock company. A gradual ascendency, until stardom seemingly crowned her. Only briefly, however, for the absurd, mediocre pictures in which her name was high lighted almost sounded her career's death knell. Then for a time Carmel disappeared —another "has-been."

"They made me too much a type," she explained the vagaries of her ups-and-downs. "Always Italian, Russian—odd characters. I couldn't act well enough to put them over, and they wouldn't let me dress up. I knew I could work my way back if they'd let me resort to fine feathers to help 'carry' me. Fred Niblo finally gave me a tiny part in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Then in "The Dancer of the Nile," 'The Slave of Desire' and other recent pictures. I've been a sort of demi-vamp—a female sinful but subtle; human, not overexaggerated, as the sirens usually are.

There's too much stressing anyway on the screen. It may be drama, but it isn't life. Take love—it is the pivot of the story; you can't take it or leave it alone, you have to have hysterics over it or sacrifice your life for it. And one of the ironies of real life is that, if we're honest with ourselves, we must admit it isn't quite such a matter of life and death. The person whom we believe to be so indispensable to our happiness proves a while later, to be quite unnecessary."

"The only thing that really counts is your work, your ambition to get to the top. There's too much silly nonsense about our acting and our lives anyway; it creates a false illusion. I can't be something I'm not; I won't try to be. I'm going to make something of this Carmel Myers person that is me, or I'll quit."

Carmel's personality has few uncertainties. She bursts upon you, somehow like a streak of color, a bold radiance, to like or dislike immediately. From her comes a flame of individuality, electric, vitalizing. You cannot ignore her. She has potentialities for exceptional feeling—but seldom would she let those feelings make a fool of her.

"In ' Poisoned Paradise,' for Preferred Pictures, I'm a 'lady with a past,' but such an adroit, clever person, with delicate ways of showing she isn't quite as bad as she seems. A sort of handy sly tooniedoes. Fine clothes have served to focus attention; I've brought myself back to notice; now it's up to me to prove myself by acting."

There's a brain beneath that glossy black hair—not a highbrow brain, perhaps, but one that thinks in the terms of modern problems. There is a tenacious quality in these greenish eyes, in those capable, firm hands. She needed time to learn to act, and knew the power of appealing garments with which to accent her physical charm. Now that the chiffons and pearl shoulder straps have once more focused attention upon her, Carmel is determined to make use of the acting technique in which she has been schooled herself, that Iros may be humanized, made appealing, the while magnetic.

There is a subtle quality of leadership, a dominant streak, that causes her to stand out from the flock of other girls. Hers, one feels, are broad colors; hers indubitably the central, cascading spotlight.

The Picture of the Future

Continued from page 64

tion where lies the true métier of cinematic expression.

The camera can show as realties the imaginings of Edgar Allan Poe. The camera can show thoughts emerging from the brain and taking shape in actions. The camera can show the hinterland of dreams, where shapes of monstrous ugliness and incomparable beauty are born, live, fight, love, and die.

The camera is not limited by life on this planet, by brick and steel, by flesh and blood. The camera has wings. It can soar beyond the skies. If somebody would only cut it loose —cut it loose from the stakes of convention to which it is helplessly tied.

The man who has courage and foresight to use the knife and loose the tether will probably make a great fortune. This making a great fortune will be only incidental. The liberator will have the satisfaction of being the Michael Angelo of a great new art—the true and living art of the motion picture of the future.
Saying it with Frocks
Continued from page 83

wedding-ring panne velvet, trimmed with extravagant silver-fox collar and cuffs. This outfit is preferably for formal afternoon receptions or teas or certain informal dinners. With it she wears a medium-sized, richly draped velvet turban of the same shade of gray as the costume, which is neither too small nor too large, to fit into the deep standing collar of fur.

Miss Busch’s quality of naïveté is well defined in the accompanying picture showing her in a most engaging morning and shopping dress, called the tomboy suit, but which she describes as a “clever trick.” It is long and straight, short sleeved and cut in two pieces from very new, but very old-fashioned alpaca cloth. Its collar is the youthful Buster Brown, tying with long ends of narrow black grosgrain ribbon, and the deep hem of the skirt, the pocket, sleeves and head opening in the blouse are all trimmed with bands of Roman braid.

A short, dull-black kid jacquette, or one of the new five-sixth-length coats in camel’s hair with panther trimming makes the proper coat accompaniment for this type of dress. Simplicity should be the keynote of the entire ensemble, including a small, close-fitting hat such as Miss Busch wears, which happens to be made with a brim of ivory squares set in checkered design, but which any clever girl could duplicate, making the brim of any fancy ribbon interlaced.

Over the Teacups
Continued from page 61

they would be, though. It’s reckless to make general statements about people in pictures. Some one—and usually a mob of people—is sure to disagree with you.”

“Yes, think what a lot of discussion Samuel Goldwyn caused by saying that there were only thirty-three good actors on the screen. Failing to get him to commit himself on who the thirty-three are, a lot of people have started making their own list. I can think of dozens of interesting players, but I cannot think of more than fifteen skilled actors.”

“And I suppose now you will be less tactful than Mr. Goldwyn and tell who is on your list?”

“Well, I would have,” Fanny admitted, “if you hadn’t spoken in just that way. By the way, have you heard that Clara Bow fell over a precipice while she was working on ‘Poisoned Paradise’ and got quite badly hurt? Wonder if some one who didn’t care for her performance in ‘Black Oxen’ pushed her.”

“You can’t incriminate me,” I declared haughtily. “I was three thousand miles away. But speaking of that picture, at least fifty thousand people have remarked. ‘I wonder who is playing the part of the poison.’ If you do it, your life isn’t safe. It is almost as passè as remarking that Goldwyn must intend to make ‘Ben-Hur’ a comedy.”

“That reminds me—did you see in the newspapers that bandits had stolen Will Hays’ mail? They expected to find secret papers about Hollywood scandals—”

“And I suppose all they found was letters protesting against George Walsh playing Ben-Hur.”

“Yes, and letters asking if it is really true that Lois Wilson is engaged to marry Richard Dix.”

“Well, is it?” I chimed in brightly, proving myself one of the Great American Public.

“That’s their secret.” Fanny insisted mysteriously.

A few minutes later she was raving enthusiastically about her two latest discoveries quite as though they were a brand-new experience for her to find some one on the screen whom she liked. One of them is Blanche Mehaffey, a “Follies” beauty whom Hal Roach is presenting in comedies, and the other is Edith Allen, who played in “Scaramouche.”

“We mustn’t call her Edith Allen any more, though,” Fanny announced pompously. “From this day forth she is to be called Hedda Lind, because Whitman Bennett, the producer who is going to feature her in pictures, thinks that is a better name for her. She is Scandinavian, though not at all the usual Scandinavian type. She is brunette. She took the name of Hedda because Hedda Gabler is her favorite Ibsen heroine, and Lind because Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, was a friend of her grandmother’s.”

“The first picture she is to be featured in is ‘Virtuous Liars,’ and after two or three others she will be starred if she has made a big hit.”

“And that reminds me,” Fanny went on in the manner of an archconspirator. “I know of two young
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Agents and Help Wanted—Continued


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Stammering

Over the Teacups
Continued from page 112

actors who are going to be starred by one of the biggest producing companies within the next few months. Every one is going to be thrilled when they hear it."

"I am willing to be thrilled now," I announced.

"But I am sworn to secrecy. Of course, if you stopped to think that the most sensational picture of the year is 'The Ten Commandments,' and then thought of the young actors who made big hits in it, well you might arrive at some conclusion about who the rising stars are. But I can't stop to tell you any more about it. Rudolph Valentino is starting work over at Famous Players' Long Island studio on 'Monsieur Beaucaire' and Sidney Olcott has invited me to come and sit on the side lines whenever I like. I think I'll just move over near death for days. Finding an actor to play Lincolns was no easy matter in itself. A mere impersonation, such as stage actors often present with the aid of nose putty and facial make-up, would not do. The camera is too searching for that. And it was a tremendous task to find just the right types and locations for certain rather primitive scenes.

Throughout their difficulties and in the face of the most terrible discouragement, the Rockett boys and Miss Marion did not falter in their purpose. They kept their vision clear. In "The Screen in Review" in this magazine you can read of the result of their sincere endeavors.

One of the most frequent criticisms of the movie business is that every one is in it for money. It has few reckless visionaries. It has no artists who are in the work simply because they love it and because they have some great idea which they are striving to express. Motion-picture producers do not ask their artists to give their vision of beauty to the world; they send questionnaires to exhibitors asking what the public wants, and then they proceed to stifle their product into the limits of what they consider public demand.

The producers don't want to risk their money; they want sure-fire stuff.

Now any one with a practical mind will admit this is all as it should be. It is good business.

But what would the movies be if there weren't any young, ambitious visionaries like the Rockett boys to break the barriers of prejudice and bring something new and fine to the screen?

The Screen in Review
Continued from page 55

didn't choose a typical Hollywood flapper for the part. The only touch of humor is liberally supplied by Sydney Chaplin.

Also Accounted For
"The Extra Girl," presented shortly after Mabel Normand's chauffeur put an abrupt end to a little New Year's party, is Mabel's annual picture for Mack Sennett. Poor Sennett always has just one film starring Mabel on the shelf just as the welfare societies are wondering whether or not to allow her to continue her career.

It is an unhappy fact that "The Extra Girl" is Mabel's weakest picture. Mabel herself is good; she always is. She knows comedy perhaps better than any woman on the screen. She has a way with her and a style that it is impossible to imitate. But in spite of Mabel, "The Extra Girl" is not big-time entertainment. It is old-fashioned, it is short on new ideas,
it hasn't the speed and snap of the best Sennett stuff.

Although I am prejudiced in favor of comedy, be it ever so rough, I cannot say much for Harry Langdon, the new Sennett find. He doesn't belong to the royal family of Sennett genuses. But, of course, I am terribly sorry to blight his career right at the beginning.

"Big Brother" probably has already found its way to your theater by this time. So why need I tell you that it is good? It is a delightful story of that section of New York which speaks of Thoid Avenue and of persons who know that cops are something more than handsome street corner ornaments. Tom Moore and a child actor named Mickey Bennett do much to make it charming. "Three Miles Out," with Madge Kennedy, probably has come your way too, if you're lucky, for it is good comedy melodrama. The story was written by Neysa McMein and it has a neat touch of originality.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 96

upon the two leading male characters. All of which won't be half as weighty as it sounds, if we know C. B.

We are particularly interested in the production because it will introduce a very talented Hungarian actor named Victor Varconi, who appeared some time ago with Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock," foreign-made, and also more recently in "The Queen of Sin." C. B. espied him in the latter picture, and tried to secure a contract with Varconi, but for some reason or other this proved impossible. Later on, Varconi succeeded in coming to Hollywood, and as he knew Mr. De Mille by name, found his way into the presence finally of the director-general of Famous Players-Lasky, who was so elated that he immediately signed him up for one of the three featured roles in "Triumph."

Now it is Baby Peggy who has upset the equilibrium of all the high-priced stars in Hollywood by having her face insured for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Nothing in the contract says anything, though, about having it lifted, which is considered the best insurance in the world by many of the girls on the Coast who are fair, fat and thirty.

It was quite to be expected, of course, after her performance in "Name the Man," that Mae Busch should sign another long-term contract with Goldwyn.
to him that he has become quite ordinary to me. There is a little café on Hollywood Boulevard where he often goes for refreshment, and as I often think of myself rather he has a rather well-dressed and interesting man.

Altogether he is a charming fellow, though I do wish he wouldn’t dress quite so much like an Apache.

Malcolm MacGregor is delightful, and I know that lots of you women will fall in love with his real self as well as his screen self. He is very good looking and has nice dark eyes and is as natural as he can be. I’ve seen him at close quarters many times than I can remember, but I have not had the chance of talking with him, though a funny little incident occurred not so long ago which might be interesting. We were both in a certain drug store, and I was glancing around at the pictures of stars which decorate the walls, when I leaned over that I might see better the picture of a young man who was a poster.

This move on my part attracted Mr. MacGregor’s attention and he looked, too, and then our glances met and we laughed. The last time I saw him away she was looking very tired—no doubt from making all those—or—strenuous pictures of hers—strenuous on the heart, of course! Today she is very small and her lips are not as bee-stung as they appear on the screen. She looked chic and rather cute in a close-fitting tulle dress. There was something more than the turban, of course! She was with her attractive husband, Robert Leonard, and they were both greeting old friends, among them the handsome Tom Santschi. It was at the formal opening of the “Covered Wagon.”

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are very charming and pretty, in a cute, baby way. They are very friendly in person, with their screen selves, and Viola’s eyes are just as large and effective. They were coming out of a market laden with parcels when I saw them. Stars must eat! I later saw Shirley looking boyishly sweet in a knickerbocker suit, and I was very thrilled and missed a few heart beats when she glanced over at me and smiled rather shyly. I was the only person around at the time for her to look at so I know that smile was meant for me.

Now, then, that leaves Mac Bush and Wallace Reid. I have seen them both. There is a little crack in the Lasky Studio fence and through it I watched Wally at work on a film quite often. One time I saw him dressed for a part, in silk hat and evening clothes, and he looked very handsome and the same lovable Wally the fans know so well. It was a fine sight, for the car he was driving quickly turned the corner on which I was standing. He will always remain “just Wally” to me.

Mac Bush is a paradox. I fancy that it is because he is so conscious that he appears haughty and aloof. I don’t know what she saw through my head, but when we passed each other on the boulevard she looked quite clean through me rather arrogantly. She has a perfect right to look through a person if she can and if she wants to. of course.

How do Leatrice Joy and Agnes Ayres act off the screen? Now how do you think? I haven’t seen Miss Ayres, but I have seen Leatrice Joy, and she is very charming and, I assure you, acts just like a woman. I will write her being at home soon.

Now for the final one. Once I asked her what her chances for obtaining work in Hollywood or Los Angeles are. She told me that she has been planning to come here for a long time and has written to my advice. Of course this girl wants office work, but I strongly suspect that her real ambition is to try her hand at the movie game. She might make a good writer, but I wouldn’t guess at any kind of any kind to all those who are flocking here by the hundreds day after day! And believe me when I say that it really is a lot of constant struggle, and many heartaches to achieve any kind of success in the movies.

ROSE EDWINA BUSCH
6224 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

What an Outburst!

I think the best way for me to start the new year right will be to unload a little of the irritation which has accumulated upon my patience, and which will no doubt give me a lit if I don’t tell somebody about it! Well somebody please tell all the movie children, except young Coogan, and lead them into the Red Sea? I will offer one quart of wood alcohol to the person that leads them into the Red Sea!” I said, and John Martin Gaet and Joe Martin each a good, strong dose of rat poison.

To the bad man who will oblige me by writing me a note, I will give a free pass to the Stigma Studio for five days and a pocket full of old postcards and an old photo album.

On second thoughts I believe I will give another trial. You have Don Ryan to thank for this. He wrote my opinion exactly of the Great King of Them all. Only, of course, he wasn’t quite rough enough with his adjectives to suit me. Still, it is the best thing of its kind so I’ll make it known to him, and I enjoyed it to the last period.

Hope I haven’t been too violent. My feelings have been outraged by so many unjust and malicious attacks, and I feel like putting a stop to them.

We average almost two hundred and fifty feature pictures a year. They are my favorite and only recreation. Thus I have some very strong views on the subject.

M. SOLONNETTA
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What the Fans Think
Continued from page 116

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ROY DAVIS
452 South Main Street, Woodstock, Va.

A Boost for Ralph Lewis and Johnnie Walker
After seeing "The Mailman" four times I must have some way to express myself, so I am choosing this way. It was one of the finest pictures ever produced. You can always depend upon Ralph Lewis to give us a real performance. His "Ralph" was a real horse. Of the pictures that make us appreciate what these men risk their lives for us daily are doing for our country. I want to take this opportunity to express my thoughts of Johnnie Walker. The finest pictures that I have seen were made so by his acting. And how he remembers our big Irish star, Thomas Meighan. Probably that is why I like him so well. He has Glenn Hunter "beat a mile," so let's hope we see him in bigger and better roles, for he is certainly deserving of them. I am not talking about his looks either. It is his actions and acting that was good enough all the Dust,' but he was supreme in "The Mailman!" I have never admitted crying during a picture, but when he was playing "Ralph" I have been a "weepy" to tears. I could just hear the tender strings of his violin, and I certainly did cry. I am proud of it, too.

(Miss) H. E. STYLES.
2520 H Street, Sacramento, Calif.

Let's Have Refined Pictures.
I really think it is a mistake to show such pictures as "Nice People," for it does not set a good example to our young people, girls who are inclined to smoke and drink. Some of our most intellectual and supposedly refined women do these things and get away with it, but there is a large majority that resents this.

A short time ago I was in a large city and went with a friend of mine to the best hotel for lunch. There were four young women to smoke, and only half of them were smoking cigarettes. The dining room was full of men and you could see them smoking in the corners. And before lunch was over I was terribly mortified to think I was there. I have talked to several men in regard to women smoking, and find that they do not approve.

Miss Colleen Moore and her husband were in Minneapolis the week before Christmas, and had an article in the Minneapolis paper saying that they were married for good, and I only wish more people in their vocation felt the same way, for I am a great movie fan. It seems to be that whenever I pick up a paper I see that some actresses or actors have just got a divorce, and it makes me very much disappointed. Of course there are lots of other people besides the movie people who get divorces, but we do not hear so much about it. If the movie people want the public to uphold them and respect them then they should give more regard for the marriage ceremony. Things like the William Desmond Taylor murder, the Roscoe Arbuckle trouble, and the shooting of the Denver oil man do not help the movie people. When we hear those things it is surprising that we wonder what kind of lives those people live?

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The Daughters of Kings Would Have Burned It.
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

MRS. I. W. S.—What quaint notions some of you fans take! I don't know why it should be so important that you know the screen actresses who have dupes in their cars, to oblige my clients. Let's see, there's Bryant Washburn, Eugene O'Brien, both John and Lionel Barrymore, Mitchell Lewis, Noah Beery, Robert Gordon, Lew Cody, William Russell, Cullen Landis, and Norman Kerry. How does that list please you?

JUST ANN.—Ah, so simple. But you don't write like an Ann. Something like "screen" would be more in style, I think. However, that isn't getting you any nearer to Norma Talmadge's history, is it? Norma started in pictures at the Vitagraph stage when she was fourteen, and has been working steadily in them ever since, without any long vacations or excursions into stage work. She tried another option at one time for the sake of variety. So you are keen about Eugene O'Brien as a leading man for Norma, too? They seem to have been a picture couple, and you will have the opportunity of seeing Eugene opposite Norma again in her latest picture, "Secrets."

INVESTOR.—Don't, if you have any desire to hold on to your money—and who hasn't—it to lend to a company that you never heard of before, no matter how glowing the promises for quick returns are or how many prominent people are supposed to be interested in it. In years past, many persons inexperienced in movie matters lost anywhere from a few hundred to hundreds of thousands of dollars on deals by small and large companies that sometimes never even got as far as producing a picture. In cases where a film or two was actually made, they were so poor that they were never released. There hasn't been so much of this particular method of fraud lately, because people have been warned so often and are a great deal more careful. But every once in a while a new scheme will bob up, more ingenious than the old ones, and a number of persons are bound to be taken in by it. I know nothing about the company you mention, but I would advise you to keep away from it, and to find some other safer means of making your dollars grow.

EDNA F.—The plump girl that played with Wallis in "The Rest Cure" was Gertrude Short. She has been in Hollywood all the time, but has not been cast in productions very often. You may see her in "They See Her Walk."

"The Life Passed By." The metro film in which Percy Marmont has the leading male role. Miss Short starred her professional career at the age of fifteen. She appeared on the stage in "Nance O'Neill in "The Golden Fleece." She is a sister of Astrin Short, the stage comedian; Hassard Short, the playwright and director is her cousin, and Blanche Sweet is another cousin of hers.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Marion Davies, Anita Stewart, Alma Rubens, Selma Owen, Lionel Barrymore, and Louis Wolheim, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.


Charles Arliss and Alfred Lunt, care of Distinctive Productions, 566 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mabel Logan, Pohl Negri, Cullen Landis, Charles de Roches, Richard Dix, Agnes Ayres, Laurette Smit, David Manners, La Rocque, Thomas Meighan, Ernest Torrence, Edward Everett Horton, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Gish,1 Mary Astor, Betty Compson, Bobby Azern, and Charles Ray at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Pearl White at the Eclair Studio, Paris, France.

Alice Brady, Herbert Rawlinson, Hoot Gibson, Virginia Valli, Mary Philbin, Ruby Keeler, Evelyn La Rose, Legaz, La Plante, Norman Kerry, William Dean, and Helen Holmes at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Nita Naldi, Glenn Hunter, Gloria Swanson, and Edward Burns, care of Paramount Pictures, 5555 Wilshire, Los Angeles, New York City.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kurnna Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, Innes Building, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Jane Darwell, Raymond Hatton, Conrad Nagel, Alphonse Ford, Eric von Stroheim, Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Frank Mayo, and Peter Brough at Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Barbara La Mar, Lucy Lyde, Alice Terry, Mitchell Lewis, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pat O'Malley, Laurette Taylor, Paul Bennett, Malcolm McDowell, Keaton, and Sam Rocke at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Helen Hayes at the Pageant Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Clara Bow, Kenneth Harlan, Hunter Gordon, John E. Ellis, Edward Sheldon, and Harrison Ford, care of Preferred Pictures, Mayer Bros., 1379 Mission Street, Los Angeles, California.

Madeleine Griffith, Conway Tearle, Norma Talmadge, Wallace Beery, Jack Mulhall, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, and Victor McLaglen at the Selected Studios, New York, California.

Alexis, Edmund Lowe, Charles Jones, and John Gilbert at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jeanne Wales, Ralph Lewis, and Warner Baxter at the R.C. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

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City
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The title of a Picture is its label, but the carat mark is Paramount, authorized by the greatest number of the greatest pictures. Two recent examples are James Cruze’s “The Covered Wagon” and Cecil B. De Mille’s “The Ten Commandments.”

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AGEORGE MELFORD Production. By Princess Hodgson Burnet. With Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence and Raymond Griffith. Adapted by Harvey Thaw.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
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**What Will the Verdict Be?**

Mary Pickford has made “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall” her most elaborate and costly production. Except for portions of “Rosita” it is the most grown-up of all her rôles. Will she continue to play such parts or will she go back to portraying the ragged, impulsive, child—the type of rôle in which she scored many triumphs? The public’s verdict on “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall” will decide. This picture is the deciding factor.

With “Robin Hood” Douglas Fairbanks established his leadership among producers. In conception and execution it was a model of semihistorical, costume drama that has not been equaled. Now he has brought to New York his latest production, “The Thief of Bagdad,” which promises to usher in a new era of fantastic, imaginative drama, as Don Ryan tells in an article in this issue. It definitely stamps him as the movies’ artistic trail blazer.

Both of these pictures are soon to open in New York and next month’s *Picture-Play* will contain reviews of them in Agnes Smith’s usual brilliant style. They will make film history, not only in themselves but in the way they influence the production plans of other companies. Don’t miss reading about them. The next *Picture-Play* will also contain accounts of what Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks did in New York—where they went and what they saw—what they thought of New York and what New York thought of them, as seen through the eyes of Leland Hayward, conductor of *Picture-Play*’s fascinating new department, “Manhattan’s Bright Lights.”
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L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
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What the Fans Think

What a Fan's Father Likes.

WOULD the stars and the other movie people who read "What the Fans Think" like to know, I wonder, what kind of pictures and movie actors the fathers of us fans like best?

Our fathers are rather important persons, for they furnish most of the quarters we drop in the box office every week, and since they are too busy to write to this column—and they probably would not do it even if they could—I am going to tell what I have observed. I am going to use my father as an example, for I have discovered that his likes and dislikes are very much the same as those of other fathers.

First of all he does not care for "sob stuff," though he appreciated very much such pictures as "The Old Nest" and "Humoresque." Some of his favorite pictures were "Penrod and Sam," "Twenty-three-and-a-Half-Hours' Leave," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "The Four Horsemen," "The Birth of a Nation," "Robin Hood," "Tol'able David," "Ruggles of Red Gap" (he laughed so hard at that one that all the people around us were prostrate, too) "To the Ladies," "Grandma's Boy," "Safety Last," "Our Hospitality," and "The Covered Wagon."

There was great rejoicing among the male members of our family when Bill Hart's first picture since his return to the screen was shown in our town.

Ernest Torrence is easily my father's favorite actor. How he did enjoy him in "The Covered Wagon" and "Ruggles of Red Gap!" Other favorites of his are Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Mary Alden, Douglas Fairbanks, Edward Horton, Helen Jerome Eddy, Ben Alexander and Marguerite De La Motte. He also likes Colleen Moore, but can never remember her until he sees her.

Needless to say, he does not care for Mae Murray. And there's simply no use asking him who he thinks is the prettiest actress, for whenever I point to one I like in particular and ask him if he doesn't think she is pretty he always studies her with mock seriousness and then says, "Yes, but she's not half as good looking as your mother."

ALICE CLIFTON.

231 East River Street,
Peru, Indiana.

From a Chinese Fan.

I am Chinese boy that like the moving picture and my uncle make say for me write such letter for you so will tendency moving picture should be more of consequence to Chinese go-theater man. This is because I understand English sometimes and know more than is understood by me of it.

In moving picture Chinese man is frequently of villain person always mostly. Not so. I know many Chinese man which is least villain of any, except Quong Sun, who owes me some money and is worse. Quong Sun is not of motion picture, sadly, as I am thus unable to make funny noise when he is up on screen, as he is not there. My uncle say that American man make moving picture of Chinese which show Chinese man as some good and China girl which is not Manchu princess as none is seen. Also is not many stick spearers in darky alley as like moving picture. To my house I come many times at night when I am bigger than little and only one I get trouble, which is when I am hit swiftly with front of Automobiler by China make-go. I am like Lew Cody and we fight magnificent because headlight is broke on me and cannot recover. I am near to win fight when my uncle come and take villain from my top off, where I lure him by lay down on back.

So please make us not so villain man all time. China go-theater man like not so much the woman of pretty as man who throw pie. Is not no longer any pie to get in America? If not is maybe China send much pie so pie-throw picture make begin now. China go-theater man is of much sorrow than is no more that policeman is in moving picture. Is best to hit policeman with the pie than any one, as this is very laughter. What also is make Chas. Chaplin now so sad? His feet are not so sensible of humor as formerly made China go-theater man merry. One time I make rice-drink and feet are like Charlie so that I am follow home with many who laugh and do not pay. This is wrong, say Uncle, and I do not know if he say for rice-drink or that crowd do not pay for laugh. I am not good yet next day but funny is all gone and I am sad at head.

If some time you come to Shanghai my uncle shall stand with me on wharf side and hollo "Welcome is" with very loud tone if you make moving picture as above.

SUNG-TAO LING,
Chan-Chong Road,
Shanghai, of China.

From a Puzzled Flapper.

Last summer some of our crowd got together and decided we'd amuse ourselves by writing to Richard Dix. We wrote him the most awful letter—chock full of most personal questions and extremely dumb. I don't know what we expected to get out of it, but I was in a rotten humor and tried awfully hard to say things that would make any ordinary gent rise up and curse us.

Continued on page 10.
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This No-Money-Down Offer is Special to Readers of Picture Play Magazine—This Issue Only
Imagine my surprise when the letter was answered, and not only that, but a beautifully autographed photo, and so on. Well, never have I despaired any one so—to think any one could be such a jellyfish—so dull, so gray, so dark, so devoid of all human handshakes. Of course that wore off, and now I like him much, but it certainly is tough to have such a price for popularity. He probably would have liked to choke us, but instead look what he did!

As a matter of fact, I realize now that beating the letter, the one who wrote the answer certainly must have swallowed their first impulse. Now I suppose they must be nice to the fake. I don’t see any good to cheapen themselves like that. Of course if that letter had been seriously written by some fresh thing she would probably have been overjoyed to get such an answer, so I suppose that proves me all wrong, as usual. Isn’t it a queer world, anywhere?

Boston, Mass.

K ATHRYN X.

From a Student of Acting

At the last number of the Picture-Play called "The Art and the Craft of the Motion-picture Actor" was brought to my attention by a fellow student at drama school, and, indeed, if one of considerable interest. I was surprised and pleased to find a fan magazine exploring such ground. Some days after reading the I chanced upon an article by George Arliss which explained so eloquently one of the points brought up in your article that I am sending it to you. Perhaps if you print it, it will reach others who are vitally interested and perhaps bring some utterance about the art of acting. Mr. Arliss said:

"Acting is an art, not merely the exhibition of talents, but the expression of emotions, and the expression of emotions has no true existence unless it is brought over the stage: if he did there would be nothing to prevent his walking off the stage in his transports of emotion and finishing his big scene in Piccadilly Circus. But his emotion need be no less sincere because it is harried; it may be just as true. In real life we have to exercise control. If we must all be honest we are generally conscious that we must not make an exhibition of ourselves, but we do not lose our grip on the less pleasant emotions. We feel the same on the stage, the fact that we are conscious of our audience and of the mechanical limitations of the theater should not prevent the trained actor from the feeling of being himself, or we would lose the audience.

"My opinion is that the practiced actor is at his best when he feels the emotion that he is attempting to convey to his audience, and he has the advantage of being free from the necessity of making an exhibition of himself.

"Now what bothers me about acting is the necessity of repeating an action a number of times. That is much more of a strain to the body than making it, of course, but I am told that even the most intelligent picture directors often make actors do a scene over and over again. Not that I blame the director, the actor keep "feeling" a scene over and over in the same way? In real life a girl might agonize terribly over the death of a pet cat. But if the cat had the proper, intense, and a life, and died each one of them in the course of a single afternoon, I should think that the owner’s grief over the last one would be tempered by resignation. I should think that they would not hold the audience. Whenever a motion-picture actor when they have to do a dramatic scene over and over. I wish that some motion-picture player wouldn’t volunteer some details about his or her own experiences in earning the art of acting.

GENEVIEVE MOLLEY T. BARBARD

Passaic, N. J.
Marvelous New Discovery
Grows bobbed hair back to normal — in half usual time

Milady! If you are tired of your "bob," but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again—here is wonderful news for you—straight from America's leading dermatological laboratories.

Science has discovered a new liquid that will grow your bob back to full length again in an amazingly short time—giving you softer, curlier, lovelier hair than you ever had. But this news is not only for "bobbed heads." It is for all women who would have gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short.

If your hair is unruly and hard to keep in curl; if it is straggly, scrubby, brittle and dry; if it is dull, discolored, streaky or lustreless—do not despair. This new liquid will revitalize your hair as if by magic—giving you practically a new head of hair.

From the very first day, when you start to spray your hair and massage your scalp with this delightful liquid, you will see and feel new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Hair growth will be apparent surprisingly soon. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an almost unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Where There Is a Need, Science Finds a Way

Probably the women of America never needed any beautifier so suddenly and so urgently as they needed this one, for Paris has decreed that long hair must prevail.

Science has answered woman's call with this amazing liquid called Nitrox. Although Nitrox is so pure that you could drink it, it is the most powerful hair growing product Science has ever known. As its name suggests, it is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen combined and liquefied by a formula of my own. I have simply gone directly to nature and bottled her oxygen and sunshine by a secret process of my own, mixing them with delightful balms and emollients. The result, I firmly believe, is the most wonderful hair grower and beautifier the world has ever known.

In addition to promoting hair growth, Nitrox rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; flakes off dead and listless hair, and gives it a wondrous light and sheen. One week after you have started the use of Nitrox, rubbing it into the scalp for five minutes each day, at bed time—your new hair will differ from your old hair as day from night. No more straggly, loose hairs blowing every which way. Your hair will stay in place perfectly, with that delightful, natural lustre that can come only from perfect hair and scalp health.

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McGowan's Nitrox is not offered for sale through drug or department stores, for the vital elements in this remarkable liquid evaporate when kept standing for any length of time. I distribute this wonderful product direct from laboratory to user, shipping, in every instance, the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Nitrox through personal treatments only. But that method would confine the product to a very limited market. And since Nitrox is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious to make this discovery known universally. It is no trouble to apply it. Indeed, it is very simple and delightful to use.

So I have decided to retail the first 25,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just $2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage. Whether your hair is bobbed or long, if you want to control its length and add to its splendor, don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just sit down and fill out the coupon and send it in—you can pay the postman $2.47 plus a few cents postage, when he delivers the package.

Myrlie McGowan
President

The McGowan Laboratories, 710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 514, Chicago

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NAME

ADDRESS

If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose $2.47 with your order, and Nitrox will be mailed postpaid.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

From a Thoughtful Fan.

All the fans seem to be discussing the query, "What's wrong with the movies?" Naturally some things are imperfect as everything must improve, though there is always progress and improvement, although we may not notice the last, except when comparing earlier days with the present time. I think perhaps the causes of the discussion is the fact that fans audiences are, like myself, growing up, losing the capacity for crowds, for great enthusiasm, and becoming daily more critical.

Recently I saw "Ashes of Vengeance." Four years ago it would have made an impression lasting some weeks, now it was almost forgotten the day after. And I remember quite curiously incident in "Merry-go-Round," which I saw three months ago. It is the scene in which George Hackathorne, as the Viennese, -hunchback -introduces his son, life, happiness for another. Those liquid eyes, melting with the pain of a tortured soul, are unforgettable. Once I had a dog which was -affected by this, it lay in the road, its ribs crushed in by the wheels. I spoke to it, and, though it was dying, it raised its head, looked at me, and feebly -longed. Last week the pictures are linked for me, although one was only make-believe.

Norma Talmadge has always been one of my favorites. I enjoy both, Wallace Reid, and Richard Barthelmess, but lately her pictures do not take me out of myself. She is lovelier, better dressed, and probably more popular than in the old days, but she seems to have lost the dramatic fire she once had. If it was genuine, and I think it was, she must still possess it. I would like to see her again.

One of the reasons why Picture-Play soars into the top position is because it is always ready, anxious, indeed, to welcome struggling newcomers. Of the number mentioned by Edwin Schiller, I have noted Jack Oakie, Donald Meek, and Jetta Goudal, Mary Philbin, and Clara Bow. The last because of the tiny part she played in "Down to the Sea in Ships." The other three appeal to me because of a personal preference for their type, the oval-faced, slim-necked, wistful type as opposed to the chocolate-box, circular type of which Helene Chadwick and May McAvoy are such pretty examples—in other words, the W. T. Benda type as opposed to the collective type of all the other magazines.

Will some one please tell me if Colleen Moore is a genuine star, or a publicity-made one? I seem to hear, see, and read a lot about her, not half of which is justified, but I think one thousand dollars a week is neither exceptionally poor, nor an exceptionally clever actress. She seems to have easily aroused emotions and is not colorless as I thought, but I think she is rather restrained touch of the true artist.

If any producer is looking for a new star, how about Dorothy Devore, who has such excellent comedies? She is pretty and clever, piquant, sparkling, yet demure. I would certainly like to see her in light comedy dramas, and I feel sure that many others have the

Continued on page 14
Waist and Hips Reduced
With New Girdle
Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary.

Regardless of how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips "almost while you wait!"

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthful and slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengths, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthful slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

**Actually Reduces Fat Quickly—Pleasantly**

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Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

some desire. Betty Francisco always plays her small and often unsympathetic parts well. Isn't she about due for promotion?

Suite 4, 168 Eighteenth Avenue W.

No Word is Good Enough for Normal!

After reading Ruth B. Watson’s one-word opinions of a few actors and actresses in the March issue of Picture-Play, I felt indignant because she called Norma Talmadge "lovely." Why, Miss Talmadge deserves a much better word than that!!

I think "wonderful" would be better, but that isn't even as good as it should be. I have seen the "Song of Love" and think that Norma Talmadge, three times, and would enjoy seeing it again. Her actions are full of expression, and she can dance. If her voice were a little more broad as the "Song of Love" I will be satisfied.

GERTRUDE KARLSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Still Holding the Fort in Defense of Realism

In the January number of your ever interesting PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE you devoted some space to my letter, and I was exceedingly flattered at first. But what grief I found when I looked into myself—how far reaching have been the effects of my innocent remarks.

My life has been threatened by flappers from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. At a result I have received as many letters as if I were a hero in the bullions. The postman on my beat had to hire an assistant, and I a secretary.

All of this because I had the temerity to fleece the dust off a few idials. My worst crime, however, was appearing in saying that Norma Talmadge was now the "well-fed Mrs. Sackett" that President for president I am sure she can be easily elected by the rising flapper and flipper vote. They are so avidly for her that she could cause a rebellion in the national cake eaters' union by a mere nod of her lovely head.

I said further that I like the stars who thumb their noses at the public, Marie, Susie, Wertensteiffe, of Alhambra, Nebraska, has blood in her eye over that remark. She can't stand to hear of an actor divorcing, nor petting like a puppy Mr. Halio.

Well Righteous, of Punkin Center, Iowa, upbraids me and says that Heaven is on his side, because I asked for realism in pictures. He denies people like me flippant and rich—I don't know who told him I was rich—should not be allowed to go to shows, much less voice an opinion of theirs. Our poisonous worldly influence should be removed from the young and the tender old people.

Well, as a result of all this vitriolic abuse that has inundated me, I have had to change my address and hide to the tall timbers to escape being bombed or kissed by a hotbrick. Yet even neither defeated nor overcomen by this intimidation. I hereby tell all the Susies that I would rather see Barbara La Marr, Pola Negri, Mabel Normand, and Pearl White than all the pictures in Hollywood. I care if the young women mentioned shot baby lambs for sport and earise people with cutting knives. I like 'em.

Furthermore, I maintain my stand for realism, "A Woman of Paris," "Anna Christie," and "The Marriage Gir-

cle" are worth a hundred "In the Palace of the King" and "The Dangerous Maid" sort. By realism I do not mean unpleasantness. Certain pictures can remind one as gloom if treated right. Witness Cruze's "To the Ladies," for example.

The principal thing is to have the pictures approximate life or experience, whatever it be. People will come to see that every picture has a different appeal, and will be more discriminating in their choice of a show. There are certain books, plays, and pictures that have an injurious effect upon younger people who fail to interpret the real thought correctly. Some books, plays and pictures if seen by an adult will convey a profound lesson.

The day "Anna Christie" comes to town Mr. Gaverty cannot talk little Mary and Johnny off to the Orpheum to see the club dancers and trained seals perform. This picture is only for those mentally past the eighth grade, or it is true and vigorous. If Mr. Righteous is shocked when Miss Blanche Sweet enters the saloon a little worse for wrar, the best thing for him to do is to rush her to the hospital and join the kiddies at the vaudeville show.

PICTURE-PLAY is a fine magazine in all respects but one. There is too much print about the "harry-Secret's Club," and "The Regulars' Club." If you were young ladies who want to organize into cliques, it's their business, but of sent to interest in most art. I am sure they are so very sweet and every simple on the screen, and their interviews are so vivid that one is moved to wish that some time they will write their fudge or be otherwise disqualified.

If you must go on publishing stories about these young women, use your influence to have them please S-ntimental Play, and Picture-Play, and The Regulars' Club. But if you were young ladies who want to organize into cliques, it's their business, but of sent to interest in most art. I am sure they are so very sweet and every simple on the screen, and their interviews are so vivid that one is moved to wish that some time they will write their fudge or be otherwise disqualified.

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I hereby retract my criticism of Parma. They are as follows: Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, and Gloria Swanson some great opportunities with "Shadows of Paris," "Vendome," "Bootless," and "The Humming Bird" respectively. Now if they will only reissue "Sentimental Tommy" and the Wallarts Reid Eilis Fersum version of "Forever." They shall not be captivated again.

EDWARD LEF. SEY.
3300 West Sixty-third Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

A Star in a New Setting

On January 31, 1924, I and about seven hundred persons had the pleasure of a close-up of Marion Davies, at a graduation of a high school in West-Now, New Jersey.

Marion did not look like a movie queen at all. She wore the plainest dress, of

Continued on page 112
Ainslee's

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The magic carpet carries *The Thief of Bagdad* and his princess, played by Douglas Fairbanks and Julanne Johnston, over the spires of the mysterious city and far away.
The Setting for Rudolph's Return

The gorgeous court atmosphere of Louis XV. of France, and all the tender whimsicality and sentiment of Booth Tarkington’s "Monsieur Beaucaire" are being brought to life in the picture that marks Rudolph Valentino's return to the screen.

By Barbara Little

The ladies of the court, motionless as dolls in their stiff brocades, statuesque in their high-casqued powdered wigs, stood idly about the room, frankly bored, but ready at a moment’s notice to murmur polite compliments when the Queen had finished working on her painting. Soft-singing violins and the throb of a harp followed the stately measures of a minuet in the distance. A courtly cavalier guided the Queen’s hand at her work, but glanced languishingly at the beauty behind her. All was quiet, and dignity—and boredom, until the wide doors of the reception room were thrown open and in strode the Duke d'Orleans with his attendants.

"Doesn't Rudy look marvelous?" a girlish voice announced, breaking the spell of the French scene before us and bringing us back abruptly from the romantic year 1745 to the more prosaic 1924. All agreed with her. But though the Duke must have heard her, his composure was unruffled. He advanced, saluted the Queen and departed with the more seductive Princess de Bourbon-Conti.

The fourth or fifth time this little scene had been enacted, the spectators ex-
hausted their adjectives for Rudolph Valentino and noticed that Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels also were looking unusually well. Lois, as the unhappy Queen, and Bebe as the Princesse de Bourbon-Conti, graced their exquisite brocades and powdered wigs with a majestic hauteur. In the background, beautiful Betty Carsdale of the "Ziegfeld Follies" languidly fanned herself with a wisp of lace handkerchief and exchanged pleasantries with Yvonne Hughes, another beauty well known to the New York footlights. On the sidelines, Paulette Du Val, a favorite in Paris, who will appear in the picture as Pompadour, chatted with Mrs. Valentino.

Never before, I believe, have such gorgeous costumes been used in a motion picture. Designed by George Barbier, a French illustrator, and fashioned in Paris of wondrously beautiful fabrics, they are a sheer delight to the eye. If there is any girl who will not be drawn to the theater by the magic name of Valentino, these costumes will get her. When you see "Monsieur Beaucaire," you will see what his idea of a picture really is, for the entire production is being supervised by him and his wife.

Bebe Daniels plays the lovely Princess de Bourbon-Conti.

Photo by Russell Ball
“Don’t-you-dares!” for the Movies

There are many things the producers can no longer show on the screen beside those prohibited by the censor.

By Gordon Gassaway

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

The Japanese, and many other races, have effectively protested at being shown as screen villains.

W HEN “The Cheat” was produced several years ago its big punch was contained in a scene where a white woman was branded with a hot iron by a Japanese. Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa were the principals in the first version.

Recently the same story was resurrected for the use of Pola Negri, in the rôle made famous by Miss Ward, but in the later version there was no Japanese and although the branding scene remained as the punch, the application of the hot iron was left to a character who was really a white man disguised as an East Indian prince. There was no suave Japanese, and as a matter of fact, very little kick.

Since the first version was so successful, and the second so much less successful, perhaps you would wonder why the producers did not retain the idea of having the branding done by a yellow man instead of a white—which reduced the situation to the commonplace. It is a logical question and one which opens to view a series of rather startling facts in the present production of motion pictures.

For this is not an isolated case, but merely one of a long list of cases in which organized pressure has been brought to bear to influence the producers of pictures to refrain from representing on the screen situations which would be distasteful to some large group of persons. These prohibitions, which did not exist a few years ago, have been increasing until, added to the “Thou shalt nots” of the censors, the producers find themselves listening to so many “don’ts” that they sometimes wonder what they can “do!”

There are two reasons for these prohibitions. The first is the growing tendency throughout our modern civilization for groups to organize for the furtherance of their own ends and for the preventing of other persons from doing things distaste-

ful to the said group. Whether it is right or wrong—whether we like it or not—we only have to look back a few years to recognize that we find more restrictions on every hand. Why, there are cities in the Northwest where the newspapers do not dare to refer to a local blizzard. Blizzards may occur in neighboring states—but not at home! The chamber of commerce, having decided that references to blizzards might be injurious to the city, pressure is brought to bear on the papers, and the papers wisely comply. In other cities the papers do not mention earthquakes in connection with local seismic disturbances. And for the same reason, Organized protest! One of the most powerful things in the world.

Another reason is that motion pictures have become, of late years, so great a factor in our modern life. When they existed only as a cheap amusement no one paid much attention to them. But as they began to expand public interest began to turn their way, and public opinion—or at least a certain organized portion of public opinion, began to demand their regulation.

That resulted in censorship boards in several states, and the prohibitions laid down by these boards limited the producers along lines which the censor boards and the organizations responsible for them felt to be concerned with public morals. But it was after the establishment of these limitations that other “don’ts” began to arise—each put forth by some nation or large organization of persons strong enough to bring pressure sufficient to have their wishes respected.

When the movie producers are asked, or told, not to put something into their pictures they very seriously consider both the request and its source. Of course, the stu-
diom are bombarded by hundreds of foolish suggestions and these are promptly discarded—but there is an ever-growing list which is not thrown into the waste basket.

Heading this list of objections which are seriously considered and complied with are those registered by foreign countries. It is natural that our American picture makers should listen with a gracious ear to the don't-you-dares of the lands across the seas, for two reasons: a lot of money is made by American films abroad; and the movies really do not wish to bring about any international squabbles.

It seems to have been Mexico which first came forth, among the nations, with the ultimatum that there should be no Mexican villains in American pictures. Mexico felt that the people throughout the world where our pictures are shown would be let to believe by the movies that all Mexicans were bandits. This was considered a very logical request, particularly by the Famous Players-Lasky organization, and that company sent a representative to Mexico City for the express purpose of drawing up a movie "treaty" in which was outlined just how far the motion-picture producers on this side of the line could go in using Mexican characters and scenes in their pictures. Since that time there have been no more naughty Mexicans in American films. So far as our pictures are concerned, there is practically no such thing as a mischievous Mexican.

Other nationalities were pretty prompt in registering objections to having their folks shown up as villains. So far as I have been able to find out, and I've talked with Ralph Block of the Lasky scenario forces and with E. D. A. McConville of Universal, the Eskimo is the only race to date which has not said, "You mustn't make wicked people of us"—and even Nunkitok will probably voice something on the matter in the course of the year.

Closely allied with the question of international villains is the matter of international run running. Perhaps you have wondered why the movies do not show us some stirring dramas of the bootlegging business as it is said to be carried on between Canada and certain parts of the United States? It is not because this isn't good drama. It is—shots in the dark, wild rides through the night and all the stuff dear to the heart of a scenario writer. But Canada has raised an objection to the movies showing that this alleged condition exists, and so that is that. As far as the motion pictures are concerned there is no run running between Canada and the United States—and perhaps there isn't.

England very definitely says that American motion-picture makers should not show anything on the screen which might tend to disturb the peace of British rule in India or Egypt. So far as I could find out, there is no law which says that you can't put disturbing elements into pictures dealing with India or Egypt, but at any rate, this is so serious a "request" from the British Empire that all our American motion-picture companies observe it—for the two reasons, I suspect already given above, namely, policy and box-office receipts in England.

Just how far the movie makers will go in observing these don't-you-dasts from the nations of the globe is shown in an instance connected with the making of the picture "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime," which featured Walter Hiers. Some posters were required in a scene for advertising a bullfight—the picture had a Latin-American locale—or a bandango, and when the artist prepared them he put all the lettering in Spanish. This, thought the producer, might make Mexico mad—so the words were changed to French—because France had as yet raised no objections to anything of this nature.

But right here at home, where the business of curbing expression, whether good or bad, in as many ways as possible has reached its climax, are evidenced the most interesting examples of the obstacles surrounding the production of screenable films. The success achieved by the S. P. C. A. and other worthy organizations in securing the abatement of certain abuses on the screen has led to a flood of other and many less meritorious objections to this, that and the other thing. However, I shall point out only those which are being avoided to-day by our picture makers.

These are: Capital and labor; religion; the Ku-Klux Klan; the late war, and the American Legion. Scenes dealing with these subjects in almost any form are practically taboo.

Labor dissension in any phase, particularly as regards strikes, cannot be screened. It involves a sub-
"Don't-you-dares!" for the Movies

There are many things the producers can no longer show on the screen beside those prohibited by the censor.

By Gordon Gassaway

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

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There may be dishonest policemen, but not in our films.

—20—
"Don't-you-dares!" for the Movies

By H. B. BURTON

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Labor dissension in any phase, particularly as regards strikes, cannot be screened. It involves a sub-
ject too touchy to be contemplated, as does the showing of capital in any guise, and scenario editors actually rend their hair when they are forced to reject an otherwise good story because it depends for its punch upon a strike or a clash between Mr. Capital and Mr. Labor.

Just what the religious complex is in picture making can be best shown perhaps by the example of a legitimate play now running to crowded houses in New York. This play derives its kick from a clash of wills between a young woman of doubtful morals and a minister of the gospel serving as a missionary in the South Seas. The young lady indulges in some not very respectful remarks about the missionary's religious convictions which are leading him to secure her deportation back to the United States. There she must inevitably be arrested on a false charge and do penance in a penitentiary for a sin she suspects of, apart from the false charge, even though she promises to be good if let alone on her South Sea island.

So far, no movie producer has purchased the rights to this popular play despite the well-known eagerness of the movies to screen every popular stage hit. And it isn't because the price is prohibitive—it is merely that they are afraid of the religious tirades which might result. The stage producers, because of the long run given the play, have had time to overcome the objections by the clergy by skillful explanations, but in the case of the movies, where a film may be shown for only three days, or at best for a week in a majority of towns, they are afraid that they would not have time to prepare the public for the reception of so debatable a theme. If this theme, and others like it, is objectionable to the churches, and the churches have indicated that it is, then off the screen it stays.

Religion as a general subject for screen use is not forbidden, of course. Many successful and beautiful pictures have gotten by the thou-shalt-nots of the churches—notably "The Christian." I am only pointing out that the church is a very real factor in curtailting picture production—and it probably is a very good thing at that.

Before the Ku-Klux got to kluxing so clannily, D. W. Griffith made a huge success out of "The Clansman," known on the screen as "The Birth of a Nation." But it would be dangerous. I am told, to attempt to show the Klan of to-day.

Motion-picture makers aren't quite sure about the American Legion. They haven't forgotten what happened in Los Angeles when the German film "Dr. Caligari" was shown there. At that time a crowd representing itself as standing for the Legion mobbed the theater showing the picture and secured the removal of the film. This threw a scare into the producers so far as monkeying with the American Legion is concerned, and they have avoided mentioning it ever since.

In line with the minor threads of this web being woven about the activities of the human race, and especially in regard to the movies, are the don't-you-dares concerning police departments, history, the newer generation, specific communities, traveling salesmen, the Negro question in the South, and prohibition.

Nowadays, so far as motion pictures are concerned, no cop is ever anything but upright, just and pure. There has sprung into being among the studios, as the result of so many objections from police departments about kiddering the cops, an unwritten law that corruption shall not be shown as lurking in any police station. Perhaps the ruthless slapstick comedies, with their hordes of stumbling patrolmen, have brought this about. It is very likely.

There has been a sort of reverse English, in billiard terms, on the case of the flappers and flippers in pictures. Objections have been raised to showing the younger generation as anything but fast, furious, and fastidious. What the Gerry Society did for the stage in keeping children off it, has been done for the pictures by an unidentified cult which has fostered the idea that the youth of the nation is going a pretty swift pace.

Quite recently a group of traveling salesmen, getting their heads together somewhere, expressed a request that the movies would please not show any of their profession as having villainous instincts. In this they joined with doctors, lawyers, and dentists who likewise have from time to time appealed to the pictures to keep their professions neat and clean on the screen. One wonders where our future villains will come from, with all these objectors bobbing up!

In the filming of stories where a definite community is written about and must be reproduced for motion-picture purposes, great care has to be exercised not to tread on the toes of the members of that certain community. In cases such as this the community itself becomes a vibrant don't-you-dare factor—inasmuch as any misrepresentations might be going on. It is another threat in the web of confinement to the movies which is closely tied up with the question of historical inhibition. At the present moment, the producers of "The Covered Wagon" are being sued by the granddaughter of Jim Bridger, a historical character represented in the picture—or rather misrepresented—according to the granddaughter.

Any scenario dealing with Negroes must be handled with gloves. There are the Southern States to be considered. Prohibition is too new and vital a subject as yet to be either condoned or condemned in pictures, so they let it alone—on account of public opinion. Just as public opinion governs the actions of politicians—and most all of us to some extent—so is it a powerful molder of motion-picture policy and one of its sternest censors. The producers watch it very closely.

Now that we have considered so many things that the movies

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The mayor and the chief of police came down to meet the trains and the streets were thronged with people who came to see the stars.

Hollywood's Biggest Party

The fact that it was held in San Francisco and not in Hollywood made it no less a Hollywood affair, for the publicity men who gave the party are the men who have made Hollywood what it is to-day.

By Myrtle Gebhart

All aboard the Wampas Special for San Francisco!” bellowed the train announcer. The station resounded with medleyed shouts, the bustle of dispatching the three special trains which were to carry five hundred movie players and directors to Frisco for the publicity-men’s annual frolic, the legions having been decided upon when the blue-law reform elements in Los Angeles threatened interference with filmdom’s one big play event of the year.

Such excitement!

“Movie stars?” Signor Bull Montana grunted. “Act like keeds to a circus. Me, I got-a dignity. See my high-a hat?” Ah, how could one miss it!

Even the statuesque Pola, in her newly achieved affability, radiated a glow, scurrying to a drawing-room with Kathleen Williams, Viola Dana and sister Shirley Mason. Vi negotiating the steps with difficulty owing to the long and very tight harem skirt of her blue traveling frock. Bebe Daniels and Priscilla Dean together, Norman Kerry and Hoot Gibson. Buster Keaton with mournful face wailing because he couldn’t go—Natalie wasn’t well and he wouldn’t leave her. The beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson, swinging in a suave of mole-skin, carrying a snappy long black cane. Incidentally, Anna Q. proved the most popular star of the caravan.

Helen Ferguson, Lillian Rich and I spilled our bags and boxes in our compartment, with Helen guarding Bill’s roses against crushing. In the next compartment, ears pointed, eyes glistening, were quartered Mr. and Mrs. Strongheart, the latter known professionally as Lady Jule.

Shrill whistles, final shouts. We were off! Up and down the coaches, such a gay spirit of camaraderie everywhere, an anticipatory thrill for this three-day pleasure jaunt. In the diner, everybody ordering a

Gloria Swanson

has become one of the most interesting persons on the screen, and since she has come to New York her fascination has greatly increased, thanks to her new experiences, acquaintances, and surroundings.

Leland Hayward, whose acquaintance with the stars is not that of the casual interviewer, but that of an intimate acquaintance, has written an impression of the new Gloria, the Gloria of the New York setting, which we shall print in our next issue. In it he tells about her parties, her receptions, of the distinguished persons he has met at her home, and of the places of public entertainment which she frequents. It is one of the most interesting personality sketches we have ever had the pleasure of publishing.

Wampas Special” and rewarding the harried Wampas with sarcastic comments when the dish proved to be tomatoes stuffed with shrimps. Chatter, everybody talking at once and nobody listening to anybody. Nobody slept much that night because Norman, in the high key of good spirits, insisted upon warbling. “Hail, Hail, the Gang’s All Here,” just as if we didn’t know it!

That refrain met us when our three trains pulled in abreast next morning at the Frisco station, blared forth by a brass band. The mayor and chief of police presented Fred Niblo, master of ceremonies, with the gold key to the city. Wampi so dolled up in trick morning coats we thought them at first misplaced members of the Cabinet.

Crowds of San Franciscans eager for a glimpse of the stars, News cameramen filming the players individually and collectively. Parade in seventy cars through streets packed with people, hundreds leaning precariously out of office windows, perching even upon smokestacks, cheering. Nine times out of ten they erred in their greetings—which Anna Q. smilingly suggested might be good for any actor suffering from conceit.

“Hey, Bebe!” they welcomed Estelle Taylor. “Hi, Tom Mix—naw, it’s Hoot Gibson”—and Jack Hoxie obligingly waved his sombrero. The climax came when our car was surrounded by a bevy of gushing beauties, begging “Conrad Nagel, please give us a kiss!” and Arthur Hagerman, long, lean, lanky publicity man, who bears only the most vague resemblance to Conrad, rose to the occasion gallantly.

Luncheons, sightseeing tours, the city in holiday dress. Truly, that gold key had magic qualities and was no “prop,” for no king or president ever was accorded such an ovation as were those stars of the screen.

Evening, a scurry of dressing. Helen frantically demanding my curling iron, me raiding Vi Dana’s bags
Hollywood's Biggest Party

Here are seven of the thirteen baby stars who were selected by the Wampas.

for a pair of hose, the hotel packed, the streets jammed, while cars whisked us to the Auditorium.

Outside, a blaze of lights, their rays piercing the sky in waves of white. Inside the vast hall boxes ranged the semicircular floor on which were packed twenty thousand people, making dancing, as Helen pointed out, not a matter of movement but merely one of anchoring to your partner and hanging on. In the balcony, hundreds of fans, cheering favorites.

Of the program acts, Ben Turpin's humorous antics were awarded the biggest "hand" by enthusiastic Friscans. Pola Negri danced out on the stage in her Du Barry costume, carrying a mammoth hat box. Carmel Myers, gowned in orange velvet with silver bodice, sang, quite winning all hearts. Lew Cody's monologue proved a happy choice for the girl fans. Larry Semon's "nut stuff" and Bull Montana's boxing act caused tauturous giggles. Vi and Shirley Mason travestied the famous dance of Valentino and his wife—but you have to see the impish Vi all gotten up as a Spanish cavalier to appreciate her drollery. Dancers twirled on nimble toes, with the Belcher Ballet, in which the first crop of baby stars participated, an exquisite finale to the program.

Placed upon by multicolored lights that rainbowed like dawn vapor over their foamy chiffons, the thirteen baby stars of 1924 were presented—girls of promise selected each year by the Wampas. Carmelita Geraghty—the languorous Spanish beauty of her belied by the Irish twinkle in her eyes. Margaret Morris—cool and pleasant as a water color. Clara Bow—short, red hair bristling with the fire of a tropic sunset, a frame for her excited little face. Lucille Ricksen—a tiny golden flower girl.

Dorothy Mackail—of a breath-taking loveliness. Julanne Johnston, self-contained, as is her wont. Blanche Meaffee, a tiny replica of the auburn-haired mother watching proudly from a box. Roth Hiatt in a swirl of chiffon, blond and petite, dimpling despite her too-tight slippers. Alberta Vaughn, Vera Stedman, Elinor Fair, Gloria Grey and Hazel Keener—all attune with eager eyes to the moment's thrill, all half-incoherent with excitement.

But a fillip, their introduction, to the presentation of the more famous players that followed. Thousands of voices rose as one by one the stars stepped down the keys of a big typewriter, laved by brilliant lights: Barbara La Marr, regal in white satin and pearls. Pola Negri's black hair with its pearl headdress shining above her ermine coat. Viola Dana, a fluffy ruffle of golden skirts; Agnes Ayres wrapped in a gorgeous ivory, scarlet-embroidered shawl, her blond hair drawn straight across her brow in a coiffure of striking simplicity.

Bebe Daniels, in white chiffon; Estelle Taylor, her robes of crystals draping her in opalescent loveliness, Wanda Hawley in white satin and pearls. Exquisite little Marguerite de la Motte of the red-gold hair and the topaz eyes, tired but game. Bill Hart, in Western garb, waving his hat to cheering throngs—Bill had endeared himself to Frisco by a big spread for all the employees of the hotel and their folks. Lillian Rich in the fur clothes of the Far North, leading Strongheart and Lady Jule, who barked their greetings from the typewriter keys.

By the fans' hand clapping were favorites easily catalogued, the greatest applause going to Anna Q. Nilsson and Friscilla Dean, to Bull Montana, Lew Cody, Ben Turpin, Gene O'Brien and Francis X. Bushman. But each received his share—Tony Moreno, Bill Russell, Johnny Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Syd Chaplin, Billy Haines, Warren Kerrigan, Norman Kerry, Ralph Lewis, Bill Duncan, Bill Desmond—oh, everybody was there.

Dancing then like phosphorescent fireflies, white throats encircled by chains of pearls, diamonds gleaming among marcel waves, the flower of Hollywood making merry, hand to hand with Frisco's folks.

After the ball—supper at Coffee Dan's, one of those

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The Movies Speak Up at Last

After many years of experimenting Dr. Lee De Forest has invented talking motion pictures in which the film literally does the talking.

By Barbara Little

At last it has come—the motion picture that talks, sings, and reproduces sound of all sorts. For years inventors have been experimenting with various devices for synchronizing phonograph records with motion pictures, but it remained for Doctor Lee De Forest, the wireless telegraph expert, to make the motion pictures themselves actually do the talking.

Doctor De Forest is the inventor of the Phonoilm, which records pictures and sound waves on the same strip of film, as illustrated in the film clipping below. The sound record is on the margin of the film on a strip about three-thirds seconds of an inch wide. When this film is projected on the screen the players talk, sing, and play musical instruments quite naturally. At the Rivoli Theater in New York several of these have been shown, including dance numbers wherein the musical accompaniment was recorded on the film, scenes from several operas, orchestral numbers, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address enacted by Frank McGlyn. The earliest Photofilms shown were accompanied by an unpleasant scraping sound quite as the first photographs were, but now much of this fault has been eliminated.

Doctor De Forest explains his marvelous invention in this way:

"An especially designed gas-filled lamp, called the Photon light, is inserted in the moving-picture camera a short distance away from the usual objective lens. The light from this Photon tube passes through an extremely narrow slit and falls directly upon one margin of the film. The margin is screened from the picture itself so that only the light from the Photon falls upon it. The film is driven continuously with an even speed in front of this narrow slit, but with the usual step-by-step motion in front of the picture aperture.

"Now the light in the Photon tube is generated by the electric current which is passing through the gas enclosed therein. The intensity of the light depends on the intensity of the electric current. Therefore, if a powerful telephonic current is passed through the Photon the light emitted varies exactly in accordance with the strength of the telephonic current at any instant. The light, therefore, fluctuates in brightness hundreds of thousands of times a second in perfect rhythm with the telephonic current pulses, and..."

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Above is a strip of the film with the sound waves recorded on the right side. At the left is an enlargement of the way in which the vowel sounds register on the film.
DON'T interrupt me," Fanny ordered curtly when I finally located her in the farthest corner of the Ritz, "I'm in the throes of composition. I'm still under the spell of the blinding array of jewels I saw at the opening of Marion Davies' picture last night and I am writing a song to be called 'Coming Through the Rhine-stones.'"

"And I suppose you will dedicate it to the girl with the largest rock pile. Too bad Hope Hampton is away."

"Don't let that bother you," Fanny remarked airily. "There are plenty of other girls who look like a special jewelers' exhibit. It's a poor picture star who doesn't summon a waiter by jangling her diamond bracelets together. But let's drop the song. There is something I want you to help me with. I've a letter from a girl in boarding school up near Boston. She and her chum are coming to New York for three days during spring vacation and they want me to plan a film-fan's tour for them. They want to lunch where the picture stars go, shop where the smartest clothes are to be had, and see where Dick Barthelmess lives. And they want to 'learn all about the movie business!' Three days hardly seems enough in which to learn all about the movie business. But let's see—"

"The first day they should lunch at the Algonquin," I suggested, "because that is the old standby. If they are lucky they may see Thomas Meighan and Richard Barthelmess and Pauline Garon and Dagmar Godowsky. They can't miss Pauline. she is so tiny and so cute, and she wears an ermine jacquette and a tiny red hat and a long bright-colored collegiate scarf. Mabel and Hugo Ballin are likely to be there too."

"Yes," Fanny assented. "And the second day they ought to come here to the Ritz. They would have to come a little before one or they would never be able to get a table. I'll tell them to pick out the smartest-looking girl in the place and they can rest assured that that is Lilyan Tashman. They will recognize dozens of others."

The California real-estate advertisements have so completely hypnotized Pauline Garon that she is willing to give up a New York stage engagement in order to get back home.
Teacups

Parties, to say nothing of a proposed all engage Fanny the Fan’s attention.

Bystander

“And the third day,” I announced inhumanly. “they might just as well go to the Astor and learn the worst about the film business.”

“No,” Fanny retorted. “To accomplish that they would first have to walk past the office building at 729 Seventh Avenue and hear the groups of film salesmen talking out on the curb.”

“Then they ought to go up to Mother Ashton’s to dinner. Just about every one from the Famous Players studio, and particularly Gloria Swanson, is likely to be there. And another night they ought to go to the Stage Door Inn on West Forty-seventh Street. They would love that. And for clothes”—Fanny warmed up to the subject and her words fairly tripped over one another in her excitement—“of course they should go to Frances, and Madame Kahn and all the shops on Fifty-seventh Street—”

“Assuming, of course, that they are millionaires,” I chimed in, in my crude, practical way.

“And they really should go to some of the big beauty shops and see how many survivals there are from the practices of the Spanish Inquisition that picture stars go through for the sake of looking young and fresh.”

“And when they get all prettied up then I suppose they will go up and patrol the street where Dick Barthelmess lives—”

“Oh, yes. I must tell them that,” Fanny admitted. “Well, isn’t it lucky that Rudolph Valentino and Dick Barthelmess live in adjoining buildings? I’ll tell them just to go to Central Park West and Sixty-seventh Street, keep an eye on the Hotel des Artistes and the Town House and perhaps they will see one of their idols.”

“If they are so crazy about Dick Barthelmess,” I offered, “they really ought to go to see his wife’s show. She is darling in ‘Mary Jane McKane.’”
Over the Teacups

"And now that that is over"—Fanny sighed as though she had just finished something important—"we can give a thought to our own program. Life holds no brighter prospect for me than the party Universal is going to give down on the Bowery for the opening of Mary Philbin's Bowery picture, 'The Fool's Highway.'"

"That's what you said about the Valentine party in honor of shooting the first scene of 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'" I reminded her.

"You're so literal," was her comment. "And anyway that was an interesting party. The crowd gathered at the Famous Players offices on Fifth Avenue and drove over to the studio on Long Island just before noon. You never saw anything more gorgeous than the scene they were making. The costumes were designed by a Parisian artist and made of exquisite brocades, and even the extras in the very back of the scene were beauties. Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels both look stunning but they have terrific competition from the 'Follies' girls—Paulette Du Val, Betty Carsdale, Yvonne Hughes, and Dinarzode. Incidentally, Paulette Du Val has left the 'Follies' for pictures. She is going to play a big part in Valentino's next picture.

"Sidney Olcott offered to let two of the guests film the first fifty feet of the picture. Every one drew a slip out of a hat and the lucky ones who drew marked slips each turned the camera for a while. Then he had a fashion parade of the ladies-in-waiting at court. Dear old Flora Finch was one of them. It was so good to see her again I nearly cried—" "You would get emotional—" I started, but Fanny rumbled right on.

"And meanwhile the caterers had arrived with little tables and chafing dishes and ice-cream freezers and set up a regular little restaurant just outside the court of Louis XV. Lois and Bebe had to take their costumes off and come to luncheon in dressing gowns because the costumes are so heavy they cut into their shoulders. They put on just simple little kimonos and started out but Mr. Smith, the costume director, nearly had a fit. He said it would never do for the leading ladies to appear before members of the press in anything so plain. So he sent up to the costume department and got resplendent affairs of turquoise-blue chiffon velvet with white fur and a rose-colored chiffon tea gown trimmed with marabou and dressed the girls up like models in a Fifth Avenue window.

"After luncheon everyone hung around the set and got in the way of the electricians and made a general nuisance of themselves. But Sidney Olcott has such a nice disposition he never complained.

"Aside from that," Fanny went on quite without any urging from me, "I feel as though I had been spending a quiet week with a tornado. Because of my magnificent abandonment to emotion at the first showing of The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln' the Rockett Brothers have invited me to go to Washington for the opening there and lead the crying in the audience. I am to have four or five seats scattered throughout the house and as soon as I have..."

Corinne Griffith has startled her friends with the announcement that after making only three more pictures she will retire.

*Photo by Richard March*  
Little Una Merkle, whose profile bears a startling resemblance to Lillian Gish's, and who used to rehearse in mob scenes for her, is playing in the new De Forest phonofilms.
one section crying, I am to move on to another. I went up to tell Alma Rubens about how I had been honored and incidentally to say good-by to her. She’s gone to Hollywood, you know, to make ‘Cytherea.’ And you know how it is when Alma is going away anywhere. Everybody drops in to say farewell to her at once, the maids are all rushing around packing trunks, and between disposing of the dog, the canary bird, and the goldfish there is wild excitement. This time to complicate matters Mrs. Rubens decided that all of Alma’s fan mail should be answered before she started to California, so we all turned to and addressed photo mailers. I nearly got thrown out because I would read some of the letters out loud. Alma thought it was disgraceful for her friends to be put to work, so she tried to distract us by doing dramatic recitations to the Victrola. It is too bad that people who know Alma only on the screen can never know what a wonderful comedienne she is.

And then Pauline Garon came to town to make ‘Plaster Saints.’ She says that she knows she is getting to be a personage at last because now when she comes to town the scandal papers call her up and want her to buy advertising to protect herself from getting slammed by them. Pauline told them that if they knew anything terrible about her to go ahead and print it, she’d be interested in reading it.

“Every time any one tries to interview Pauline she asks them please to mention ‘The Regulars,’ the new Hollywood girls’ club. Virginia Brown Faire, the president, appointed

Pauline the Eastern publicity representative of The Regulars during her sojourn in New York and Pauline has taken the appointment very seriously—that is, if Pauline ever takes anything very seriously.

“She is playing a chorus girl in ‘Plaster Saints,’ and I supposed that of course she would pretend that she was taking dancing lessons every night and practising eight or ten hours every day in order to play the dancing scenes herself. But Pauline was frank as usual. ‘I suppose they’ll have a double do the dancing,’ she admitted. ‘Anyway, who am I to deprive a poor double of her work by learning to do everything myself?’

“Evidently the California real-estate promoters have completely hypnotized Pauline because she turned down a wonderful New York stage engagement in order to go back home. Life is funny——”

“Original observation!”

“Here is Pauline in New York wishing to get back to California and Dorothy Mackaill is out there languishing for a glimpse of New York. But Dorothy should be happy. She is making a picture for Frank Woods, and they are making it at the Pickfair stu-

Rudolph Valentino and company, which means his wife, are hard at work on ‘Mon-

Continued on page 98
Fantasy Arrives on the Screen

And to Douglas Fairbanks goes the credit of having ventured a fortune on a type of production which no one else has ever attempted.

By Don Ryan

One of the fanciful touches is Doug's battle with a dragon.

It is too dangerous—this living in Hollywood. Living in Hollywood inevitably makes one optimistic.

The enthusiasm of the real estate salesmen who have driven frightened sheep from the dun hills that squat about Cahuenga Pass in order to subdivide the great outdoors, is not a bit funny to anybody in Hollywood. It is called vision.

Perhaps the general contagion has infected me. I fight against it as hard as I can, but I cannot rid myself of the idea that we are going to have better motion pictures. There are many evidences of this, but none more striking than one I have recently encountered.

The reader may perhaps recall how, in an article in the April issue of Picture-Play, I belabored my favorite whipping boy, accusing the movies of drab unoriginality and slavish imitation.

"Why don't they explore the realm of fantasy?" I demanded. "That is the place where the peculiar advantages of a camera can make of motion pictures a distinctive art."

Since writing that I have learned that the movies have done just this thing. And it took Doug Fairbanks—of all persons, bounding Douglas—to do it. From what I gathered during a three-hour tour of the sets used in "The Thief of Bagdad," to which William Cameron Menzies, his new art director, acted as guide and lecturer, Doug has done the job especially well. The realm of fantasy is just the realm for bounding Douglas anyway; and I was made sure by the bubbling enthusiasm of the art director that he gave this fantastical young man full rein.

Had it not been for the misguided defensive measures of Mark Larkin, satrap of publicity for the Commander of the Faithful and his golden-haired sultana, I would not be in the position of having to alibi myself for the previous article. I should have seen "The Thief of Bagdad" while it was being shot. But Mark reasoned:

"We're trying something new here. We're going into imaginative photography. Ryan probably would kid the whole idea. Or anyway he would up and tell the fans how all the trick stuff is worked. That fellow has an unreasonable flair for veracity. We'd better keep him out."

So instead he invited somebody to go out and write a story about how Julanne Johnston was really the daughter of an Arabian sheik, but had been kidnapped in her youth and brought up by missionaries in Milwaukee.

I daresay I shouldn't have got on the lot at all if it hadn't been for Kenneth Chamberlain, who made the drawings for this article. He went to art school in New York with Menzies, so he took me out and introduced me to the art director.

However, it all turned out for the best. We always hold this thought in Hollywood, you know. Optimism forever. It will all turn out for the best.

In this case it did. The tour conducted by Menzies, the art director, was a lot more instructive than one conducted by Mark, the publican, and I didn't have to promise to say anything about how Doug Fairbanks loves kiddies or how kind Mary is to movie extras and other helpless things.

Menzies won my sympathy right away when he con-
fied that "The Thief of Bagdad" is first of all a pure movie creation. It is not an adaptation of "The Arabian Nights," in spite of rumors to that effect. In the second place it is a truly imaginative affair in which anything may happen—and frequently does.

Score one for Doug. He wrote the continuity.

But he wrote it around the drawings which this art director Menzies devised. It was a great opportunity for the art director. A young man with imagination and a great medium, who had been struggling along with commercial art, is given a studio, materials, a substantial advance check and carte blanche. He could draw and design anything he wished. So he did.

The sets, built from designs by Menzies, are studied efforts to get as far away from realism as it is possible to fly on the wings of imagination. To get away from photography, even. Menzies strove for a pen-and-ink effect.

They are all, black, white, silver—with here and there a touch of gold. Nothing is flat. Everything masses. And shadows.

How that enamored artist steeped his voluptuous soul in shadows! He built sets that were just intended to cast a shadow. Never used for anything else.

He painted trees black. He blackened the insides of arches to force the depth. He set crazy stairways revolving under frowning, overhanging walls. He laced white depths with dreamy balconies on which human ants might posture, casting other grotesque shadows—shadows that are reflected far below.

Menzies led me into a little street, lattice, vined, pillared and dormered to an inconceivable degree.

"Here we just played with shadows," said Menzies. "You can see what, the result must have been. Costume? Bah! Walk through that set. You get a thousand penciled designs—different at every turn. It beats costume. See what we did to those posts? That gives the pen and ink effect we strove for. It will photograph like a drawing."

I followed this Mad Mullah of an artist out into a courtyard that rolled up and burst across the vision in a thousand billows. Domes, pointed towers, minarets—straight black lines, vast white expanses, keyhole arches of incredible depth, through which showed vistas ever renewed—a kaleidoscope of dreams. Steps that went up in thousands to the clouds. An arch for Titans with a bridge for midges of men cutting through the center. And little black balconies that clung like birds' nests to the rearing cañon walls.

Everywhere this contrast—the little and the big. Everywhere the unreality, coupled with the human certainty, of a dream.

Here amid these walls of Bagdad—a Bagdad that existed only in Oriental fairy lore—here indeed might one expect action of the occult, the bizarre, the heedless, the monstrous, the impishly acrobatic.

Once I had been shocked and resentful when I saw Doug Fairbanks, grinning like an imp, slide down the arras in Prince John's castle. Because I felt that history and legend, artistic veracity and the stately sets of "Robin Hood" had all been outraged. But here, looking at what Menzies had done, I sensed that whatever antics Douglas may have indulged in on these spider balconies, on these finger minarets, against these gray-ghost walls, will have been artistically sound.

I am convinced that when the picture is released it will bear me out. Menzies, the art director, has given Fairbanks, the acrobat, his first great artistic opportunity.

As Menzies described some of the mad-house tricks with which Fairbanks punctuated this picture I was more than ever convinced. Menzies pointed out an angle of the walls, at once jumbled and expansive. A miniature nightmare growing on a sturdy stem of exaggerated height.
“Fairbanks, in his character of the thief, smells food cooking up there.”

“His point to an esplanade among the clouds.

“He sees a fat man asleep in that corner. Steals
his turban. Ties one end to the tail of a passing donkey
and throws the other over that balcony rail. Then he
boots the donkey, which runs away, pulling Doug aloft
to a footing on the balcony.

“The thief steals the food and leaps to the next bal-
cony. He is pursued by the angry housewife. Mean-
while a faker below is performing the rope trick. He
has thrown the rope into the air, where it remains—
rigid—without any support—to the astonishment of
the crowd. The end of the rope sticking up there is within
reach of Doug’s hand. As the housewife makes for him
he seizes it.

“Just then the muezzin calls to prayer from that
minaret. Everything stops and the devout Moslems in
the street below prostrate themselves. Down
comes poor Doug with a thud in the middle
of them.”

I dare say “The Thief of Bagdad” will not
be popular in Constantinople. But, for-
tunately, there is nothing here to offend any-
body in Muncie, Indiana.

“I don’t suppose I’ll ever have a chance like
this again.”

The art director sighed. He was still a little
dizzy with the surprise of what he had been
permitted to do.

We were looking over the wash drawings
around which the astute Douglas wrote the
continuity for his acrobatic excursion into the
region of the imagination.

“That was a sort of a steal from Doré,” ex-
plained the honest artist.

He pointed out a ghastly effect achieved by
unreal trees—trees that were like the skeletons
of distorted human cadavers.

“The thief touches this tree, which comes
to life and gives him the chart of the sea.
Oh, the continuity of this reads like a mad-
house product. There’s a fairy boat in which
the thief carries off the young princess over
a magical sea. It’s full of flying rugs, flying
horses—say, let me show you the stable of
the flying horse.”

A broad flight of steps tapered away into
a cloud-carpeted upland where blossomed a
bubble castle. The flying horse, wings and
all, was just taking flight with the irrepressible
thief upon his back. Later Menzies showed
me the set itself, partly dismantled, but with
a very substantial ramp for the fairy steed.
The old circus horse which was cast for the
role was still grazing on the lot.

When this picture is shown the audience will
be unable to determine just where reality leaves
off and fantasy—made possible by camera

A dozen other sketches he showed me.
Sketches of interiors—grilled windows leaping
to unforeseen heights.

“They let me take one detail and feature the
devil out of it,” explained the artist. “That’s
the way to get effects in pictures—height.
That’s the one dimension that lets loose the
imagination.”

He showed me a drawing of the thief’s
home. It was a cross-section of a well. Built
into the masonry were human skulls and ribs.
The thief slips down in the well bucket and
slides like a rat into a little passage that gives upon
a furnished apartment hewn from the bowels of the
city of Bagdad.

Menzies took me out and showed me the actual set.
If I could have had that set to play with when I was
reading “The Arabian Nights” at the age of twelve my
devoted parents would never have been able to pack
me off to school at all.

Yes, I agree with the preachers. The movies are
having a terrible influence on children. Stimulating
their imaginations. They’re likely to forget that they’re
living in a world of plain machinery and mathematics.
We were standing under a black head, blocked out
of what appeared to be solid marble but was not. It
was a square, angular, jutting monster, one hundred
and fifty feet high—I mean the head alone.

Up there in the eye sockets gleamed one silver eye.
The other was missing.
“This is where somebody tries to steal the jewel out of the idol’s eye,” explained my guide and lecturer. “He gets a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot fall. We used a dummy, of course. But when the thing hit the ground it sat up—in a terribly likelike attitude—and then crumpled over. It’s the ghostliest thing you ever saw.

“This,” he continued, indicating a fancifully decorated caldron of the same gigantic proportions, “was a little stunt for boiling prisoners in oil—sort of a chafing dish effect. The Chinese do this trick after they take the city. Now I’ll show you the Chinese set.”

This time he led me across the black-paved courtyard, past rows of immense jars—the street of the potters—beside cliffs that must have been suggested by Dore’s illustrations of Dante’s “Inferno,” although Menzies did not admit it—clear across the lot to a point of vantage.

We stepped around the projecting corner of the crystal palace—no, not the Paris one familiar to the A. E. F.—and the thing leaped out at us—a nightmare of color and design.

Chinese indeed—but such Chinese as exists only in Chinese prints where foreshortening is unknown. The center of the picture was focused where a little banyan wharf projected above the black waters of a lake. Even the water had been treated chemically. It was, in the words of the enthusiastic Menzies, “goofy-looking water.”

Above this ghostly lake was woven the interlacing colors and angles of this Chinese-puzzle of a city. The eye attempted in vain to follow the skyrocketing streets, to win through the interstices of the latticed and colonnaded balconies, under tiled roofs set awry. The composition, dazzling in its exotic brilliancy, seemed to swim lazily in the mist of the declining sun.

“It looks like a dream, doesn’t it?” asked my guide.

“No, I don’t suppose I’ll ever have a chance like this again,” he continued, a little regretfully. “But I’m going to do sets for a picture by Schenck and”—he lowered his voice—“I’m going to try to get away with a goofy tenement. Perhaps I can.

“Oh, this is the realm of the pictures, isn’t it? This is the thing they can do—if they’d only see it. Realism is so unnecessary when we have at our disposal all the resources of the camera to produce effects that can only be rivaled by dreams.

“What’s that? Will the public stand for it? If they don’t then Doug Fairbanks will have to go to work, that’s all.”

I told him that I admired Doug’s courage and his own imagination.

“And I hope,” I added, “for the sake of the future of motion pictures, I hope that the public will like it. I think it will.”

As I was sneaking out by the side gate I ran smack into Mark Larkin. Mark most evidently considered the damage already completed and now he thought the best thing he could do was to salvage something.

“Come into my office,” invited Mark with affected amiability. “I want you to meet Doug. Mary and Doug are going to sail for Europe soon. This may be your only chance.”

“Forget you’re a press agent for once, Mark.” I begged him, “and tell me the truth. Has he anything up here?”

I indicated the region above my shoulders. Mark smiled enigmatically. [Continued on page 116]
Last month the Observer told you the sad story of how the unusually warm winter had kept D. W. Griffith from getting necessary snow scenes for his historical picture, "America." It looked for a while as though he would have to dispense with the scenes showing the army at Valley Forge, a circumstance that caused Mr. Griffith acute dismay. But weep no more for Mr. Griffith. Just ten days before the film was scheduled to open in New York, there came a heavy snowfall to Valley Forge, and the company, notified by telegraph, rushed down there. Everything was in readiness for them, the cabins and other "props" needed in the scene having been erected last November. Before the warm breezes carried the vagrant snow away, Mr. Griffith had procured all the scenes he needed.

Ice for Mr. Griffith

Some time ago Samuel Goldwyn started considerable discussion by stating that there were only thirty-three good actors on the screen. Immediately thereafter many of our best young film players spent a quiet evening or two at home trying to figure out who the other thirty-two were. Now B. P. Schulberg, the impresario of Preferred Pictures, has given them more food for thought by his announcement that there are but fourteen stars who through their box-office value are entitled to top billing. He says that there are seven men, six women, and one child in this list. This does not include comedians, incidentally.

Puzzling over who the gifted fourteen are, the Observer sought a prominent exhibitor and together they tried to figure it out from available box-office reports. Here is their list: Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray. The men are Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan, and John Barrymore. They couldn't think of any other men stars, so they decided the seventh ought to be Conway Tearle or Milton Sills. The child, of course, is Jackie Coogan.

These may not be the people Mr. Schulberg had in mind, and you may not agree on their being the fourteen best. But from all available data they look like the best box-office bets among the dramatic stars at present.

Future Stars

Any one who is interested in watching for new players of promise will tell you that one of the most deplorable mistakes of the motion-picture makers is their failure to build up some sort of system that will train young players and develop future stars. Except for a few random experiments there has been no effort made to groom young people of promise. Goldwyn took Eleanor Boardman and William Haines more than a year ago, but they have not repeated the experiment. Famous Players are bringing up Mary Astor and Bobby Agnew, but they are now experienced players. Universal is constantly trying out young girls in comedies, Westerns and serials—graduating them in time into leading-lady roles in their feature pictures. But the industry as a whole is doing nothing adequate toward grooming future stars.

The Troubles of Exhibitors

The Observer rarely gets excited any more over the troubles of stars who cannot find the right director, directors who cannot find the right story, or scenario writers who cannot find producers with vision enough to present their masterpieces just as written. Theirs are all old, old stories. But just recently we have been hearing the troubles of some exhibitors which seem rather novel.

In the first place, there are the Broadway exhibitors who are all wrought up because the best seats in their theaters are occupied every afternoon by a sleeping club.

Then there are some exhibitors in northern New York who have solemnly held conferences recently to determine what can be done to discourage petting parties in the audience. One exhibitor, incidentally, has hit upon the brilliant idea of having a spotlight turned on demonstrative couples.

And as though it weren't troubling enough to handle these weighty problems, the exhibitors also have the baby problem to worry over. "Children under six years of age cannot be expected to remain quiet for any length of time. They are, therefore, not admitted to this theater," reads a sign that has been posted in some theaters. But that often makes the mothers stay home. A few exhibitors who tried to solve the problem by offering parking space in their lobbies for baby carriages, found the entrances to their theaters blocked with them.

These problems are all so new to the Observer that he finds himself unable to offer any solution to them. And he frankly admits that he has keenly enjoyed hearing about these strange happenings. Won't some kindly exhibitor please write and tell the Observer more about wild life among the aboriginal audiences?

A Signal Honor for "Scaramouche"

At the testimonial luncheon given to Thomas Edison on his seventy-seventh birthday by the leaders of the motion-picture industry, the first motion pictures made at his studio, were shown. Later a recently made film was screened to show what wonderful technical advances had been made during the short history of motion pictures. The film selected to be shown was "Scaramouche."
BARBARA LaMARR is fast acquiring most of the choicest siren roles in pictures. 
Lady Lou in Metro's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" is her latest prize.
RENEE ADOREE seems to have uncovered a gift for emotional work, and is doing some effective acting in Reginald Barker Productions.
MARY ASTOR plays the heroine in Booth Tarkington's comedy "Magnolia," which Paramount is filming under the title "The Fighting Coward."
At last Blanche Sweet has actually started work on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which Marshall Neilan will direct her for the Goldwyn company.
THOUGH out of bathing-girl pictures for good, Phyllis Haver finds her comedy training invaluable in such roles as she plays in "The Fighting Coward."
DOROTHY MACKAILL, after only a few leading roles, is already a firmly established favorite. She will appear next in a Frank Woods production.
BETTY COMPSON enthusiasts will be glad to know she is not going back to England, but will make a series of pictures for the Hodkinson company.
Going in for Extravaganza

The Christie Brothers have adopted for their comedies some of the features that have made the "Follies" famous.

Which came first—the Tired Business Man or the shows that make him tired—promises to become as moot a question as the old one about the hen and the egg. Not wishing to enter the controversy, perhaps, Al and Charles Christie are leaving the problem plays to other producers and are featuring something to look at rather than something to think about.

The dancing sprite in the corner of the page is Charlotte Stevens, and just at the right is Vera Steadman.

Natalie Joyce, above, and Dorothy Devore are two of the decorative features of Christie Comedies.
Manhattan's

The latest cabaret news of few observations about who's

By Leland

ticularly enthused about his daughter marrying such a Romeo. Possibly he felt that a girl with the chances of Miss Rogers could have plucked off something better than the forty-year-old count, who was knocking 'em cuckoo all over Europe when Millicent was just beginning to wonder about Santa Claus and the boys were marching home from the Spanish War.

At any rate the Salms are now going over the count's old hunting grounds—Paris. He sold his life story to the Hearst newspapers, and let me tell you that it makes marvelous reading matter. Duels fought just at dusk, violent love affairs with the background of Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, tennis courts and other such places. I cannot help feeling that the count should have gone to Hollywood. With an imagination like his, scenarios should come very easily.

Miss Rogers was formerly reported engaged to a strapping young fellow by name James Thomson, and it is now learned that he also is movie struck. He has played in several pictures—he and several thousand other extras—and when the Salm story broke, it all came out in the papers. The New York American had an interview with Jimmie that was a darb.

By all odds the high light of the past few weeks has been the elopement of Millicent Rogers, America's most famous heiress, with that dazzling, baffling, dangerous delineator of Broadway's night life, Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten, the pride and joy of Austria. The reason why their affairs come under the jurisdiction of this department is very simple. The count is a movie hero. Yes, indeed, a real-in-the-flesh movie hero. It is true he never got very far in this country—chiefly extra work—but in Europe he almost had a leading part several times.

Apparantly "Ludi," as he is, or was, affectionately called by his girl friends, never had time for much real work on this side of the Atlantic. He was too busy dodging cuties who were determined he should have them and no other. All of cabaret's society hung on his neck—dressmakers, hatmakers, actresses, movie stars, ladies of variegated description—they all fell for him. As far as I can see, the only woman in New York who wasn't in love with him was Eleanore Dusé. And maybe she was.

From what one hears, papa Rogers wasn't par-

Marion Davies and Rudolph Valentino were crowned queen and king at a movie ball by Fannie Brice and Eddie Cantor. Just at the left stands Paul Whiteman, the jazz master.

Photo by International Newsheid
Bright Lights

filmdom’s younger set with a who among movie celebrities.

Hayward

It started off by Jimmie saying he really didn’t see why he should be brought into all this. And then he went ahead and talked for a solid column of newspaper space about the movies and how thrilling they were. And the climax of his story was when he stated an unknown fact—“I believe that the motion pictures are still in their infancy.”

Speaking of Europe reminds me that we have had two very distinguished guests from England of late. Justine Johnstone and her husband, Walter Wanger, paid us a flying visit over the holidays and have now gone back to the other side. Walter Wanger is a big motion-picture man there, and Justine has been an enormous success in London, both socially and on the stage. It is no wonder, for she is one of America’s real beauties, and has a most engaging sense of humor as well. You probably remember her as a former Realart star. There are no two more popular personalities in the world than the Wangers. Just before they returned a party was given for them by Sam Goldwyn and every one of any note in New York’s Bohemian set was there. Memory fails me, but among those there were Jeanne Eagles, who has been playing in “Rain” for over a year, Edith Day of musical-comedy fame, and her husband Pat Somerset, Gilbert Miller and his wife, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Jack Pickford, Robert Kane of Famous Players, Arthur Hammerstein, Edgar Selwyn, Alice Joyce and her husband, Carter DeHaven, Anita Loos and John Emerson, Charles Cochran, the famous English producer; Willie Rhinelander Stewart, Edward Knoblock and Frederick Lonsdale, the two playwrights, Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, the stars of the big hit, Charlot’s Revue, John Runsey of the American Play Company, and many others of lesser importance. Anyway, it was a grand party.

The usual monthly quota of motion-picture balls has been filled quite successfully—one given by the Theater Owner’s Chamber of Commerce, whatever that is, and the other some charity ball called the Motion Picture Carnival.

At the first one Marion Davies was crowned queen of the screen, and Rudolph Valentino was made king. I don’t know what good those titles are, but everybody had a lot of fun at the coronation. It was held at the Astor Hotel, as most movie parties are, in the large ballroom. At one end there were the two largest chairs I have ever seen for the king and queen. They looked exactly like the chairs in some of Cosmopolitan’s flossy sets. Eddie Cantor and Fannie Brice helped handle the thing. Eddie nearly spoiled the whole party. Just at the crucial moment, when the announcer was telling how wonderful the show was that Mr. Ziegfeld had provided and Mr. Wayburn was running, somebody turned the spotlight on Marion’s chair, and Eddie was discovered in it, curled up, and sound asleep. The usual quota of movie stars, film salesmen, motion-picture executives, curiosity seekers and chorus boys were there. Marion looked very lovely, dressed in white, and Rudolph was just as handsome as ever. He made a little speech telling how glad he was that he had been made king, and said that he knew that the life of royalty nowadays was very short lived, but that he hoped that his public would stick by him. Marion didn’t make any speech. All she had to do was just be there. She very wisely let the king do all the talking.

At the Motion-Picture Carnival movie stars were all over the place. Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Seena Owen, Marion Davies, Anita Stewart,
Among Those
Brief sketches of some of the

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST PATIENT DIRECTOR

First prize for patience in Hollywood goes not to those newcomers who wait outside the studios week after week, hoping and praying to obtain a job in pictures; it belongs to a tall, slender, but affable man, whom no fan has probably even heard about—a man by the name of Louis H. Tolhurst. He is the chap who makes the insects act in the films—the ant, the bee and the spider, and the performers he directs are reputedly the most temperamental in the world. Sometimes it takes hours, sometimes nearly a month, for him to secure a single scene, and during the most of that time he has to watch with an eagle eye the slightest movement made by his talent, and be ever on the alert to set his camera apparatus speedily going.

There are lots of opportunities in the movies, of course, besides the ones to act. Nothing spectacular, to be sure, endows them with a glitter to attract the casual audience in microscopic photography was the obtaining of a light which should be sufficiently powerful to illuminate every
eye. Who is concerned, for instance, with the machinery behind the delightfully amusing and peful cartoons of Felix the Cat or Aesop's Fables? It is enough that the quaint picture-book animals scamper hither and yon, getting into complications and performing deeds such as you dreamed that they might do when you were a child. Yet once in a while a query must arise as to what peculiar principles of photography and technique are behind their animation and their antics, and many people doubtless realize that it is only by the most laborious and tedious process that the phenomena of cartoons and sketches coming to life is accomplished.

In a way, Tolhurst is doing much the same thing with insects. The only difference is that the actors in his pictures are really alive. They are so much alive, in fact, that they are maddeningly difficult to handle. Every move that they make, every wiggle, almost, eludes the eye, unless one is trained in observing them, and to attempt to follow these motions with a comparatively ponderous mechanical device like a motion-picture camera, and what is more to get the various insects to perform special stunts, like that where a fly juggles a cork ball, or an ant lifts a miniature telephone pole, is indeed a feat that is not without a thrill.

Tolhurst started experimenting all of eight years ago. In his youth he was interested in microscopy, and had learned through his study a lot about the habits and peculiarities of rare bacteria, as well as the more familiar bugs. He had also done a lot of still photography of insects, and had never been satisfied with the results. It came to him eventually that if he could succeed in using the motion-picture camera, instead of the still camera, he might obtain much more satisfaction, and also add something to the store of popular knowledge of the world.

Five or six years ago he had so far perfected his apparatus that he was able to assist the D. W. Griffith organization in the filming of a picture called "The Microscope Mystery," in which Constance Talmadge was the human star. You may remember this feature, for the plot hinged upon the discovery of some tubercular bacilli on the handle of a revolver. These were detected, of course, by the microscope and through Tolhurst’s system of photography you were also enabled to see the evidence on the screen.

The great obstacle that stood in the way of progress
move an insect or a germ made, and yet so to dispose of the heat from this light that it would not burn the bug up. The exact manner in which Tolhurst solves this problem he keeps a secret, but the close-ups of ladybugs and flies and spiders that he obtains on the silver sheet prove that he has brought his lighting process up to a high degree of perfection. He has also constructed all sorts of mechanical devices that will set in motion like lightening his camera and other contraptions. In this way it is possible for him to catch the slightest grotesque gesture, or even the changes in facial expression of one of his subjects. He has incidentally made the bee spin a thread on a spool, he has shown the fly juggling a tiny dumb-bell made out of cork, with its feet, and he has actually photographed a spider devouring its winged prey.

Some of the pictures are positively uncanny in their vivid impressions of the tiny six-footed and winged creatures.

The curious part of it is that he does not have to carry on this work for the sake of earning a livelihood; it has been simply a hobby with him. He has an independent fortune in his own right. Just the same he is going right ahead and photographing all manner of strange and wonderful phenomena of nature.

PEG RETURNS IN A NEW DRESS

A SWIRL of skirts, of flying, straight, red-gold hair framing a saucy face, as Jennie of the tenements danced to the hurdy-gurdy's luring wail. An imp of humor blazed in her eyes and pert words fell in a scathing cascade from her curling lips, for Jennie was of a mind to do and say what she pleased.

Jennie, little shopgirl, makes her way into an aristocratic home to “help fix things” for a lonely heart; Jennie has many merry clashes, for she isn’t overversed in etiquette. But she has a way with her, has Jennie, that gets her what she goes after—even happiness, and its radiance to light others’ lives.

Jennie—Laurette Taylor—for the two are one and Miss Taylor, in imprinting the charms of the flaming little Jennie upon the screen, as for two years she did upon the stage, is but giving us once again her own personality. In “Peg o’ My Heart” she first brought her rougish, appealing self to the shadow world—and succeeded, despite the handicaps of a new technique and of being beyond the age of the character pictured, in making Peg vividly real and entertaining. The central figure held attention because the fragile threads of the story were woven about her quaint Irish impetuositites.

So is “Happiness,” the Metro picture in which Jennie makes her film début, a story of simple charm, lacking spectacular background, great dramatic conflict, the supporting structure of an all-star cast. No sweeping passions—no romantic illusion—just the character-development of a spirited girl. Without the vivid interpretation which Miss Taylor is giving to Jennie’s life, it would be merely a resuscitation, and a rather feeble one, of the deceased program film dependent solely upon one personality’s appeal. Only a strong individuality can hold up a story like “Happiness,” and the question of its advisability merited frank discussion with Miss Taylor and with J. Hartley Manners, her husband and playwright.

“Nobody else could make Jennie live on the screen in such interesting fashion,” said Mr. Manners. “I wrote the play around my wife’s little mannerisms and ways, so it is up to her. We believe that a picture featuring her personality will go—.”

“Because the screen public only sees me once a year,” Miss Taylor chuckled. “If I put out a Jennie film every few months, it would be Laurette—exit.” But the novelty of a stage star’s occasional appearance in the movies will appeal—we hope. For in such a case, it is the personality they wish to see rather than a spectacular production.”

Inasmuch as the character portrayed is a youthful, spirited one, as was Peg, and as the camera’s eye magnifies the fact of the years’ passage so much more pointedly than does the stage’s glamour, Miss Taylor’s second silver-sheet appearance, like her first, has not been devoid of difficulties. But, with the aid of spotlights that soften and highlights where those magic are most needed, and with the fire and impetuosity of feeling which she is giving to Jennie’s film début, “Happiness” should prove of interest in presenting Laurette Taylor in her annual celluloid dress.

And if this proves as popular as Peg did, she may play other favorites for us.
BY WAY OF A PULPIT

FEW of his athletic friends were mildly surprised when Fred Thomson, best all-round athlete at Princeton, and in fact, in America, decided to go into the ministry. But they shrugged their shoulders, saying he always was a scholarly duck and maybe preaching would give him leisure to pursue his studies.

Their surprise was but a quiet prelude to the whole-hearted consternation of his friends when he up and left the ministry to go into the movies. Not being the sort of person who feels it is necessary to go around explaining everything he does, he didn't tell them that he honestly looked on the movies as a more vital educational force than the church. The church, he found, was reaching mostly middle-aged and old people, and he was only interested in obstreperous young boys. If the movies were the best medium through which to reach them, then the movies were the place for him.

Returning from the Great War somewhat weighted down by medals for bravery but still young and enthusiastic and eager for new experiences, he started his career in movies. His first picture was "The Love Light," in which he played opposite Mary Pickford. Then a Universal serial, "The Eagle's Talons," presented him as costar with Ann Little. In this he did all sorts of stunts that had never been attempted by a player before. He became the hero of that army of acrobats who doubles for Hollywood actors in dangerous scenes, for they have the utmost respect for an actor who risks his own neck.

Then he began starring in a series of Western pictures for the Monogram Company. They are just the conventional Western, with lots of riding, shooting and scenery, but they have a quality of irony and humor that reminds one of "The Bad Man."

Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, the eminent scenarist, and whenever an interviewer attempts to meet him, Miss Marion is left to make apologies.

"He won't have photographs taken and he won't answer fan mail and he simply won't meet—especially girl interviewers," Miss Marion lamented to me.

Eventually, though, he couldn't avoid me, and I found him a pleasant, argumentative, good-looking chap with a most amazing fund of general information at his tongue's end.

"Between his thorough education and his marvelously retentive memory, what chance have we in an argument with him?" his wife asked as he proceeded to down us on each and every subject. And what chance, I wondered, has the old-fashioned Western star against the competition of this humorous, keen, athletic young man.

He heralds a new day in motion pictures.

BAFFLING ESTELLE

SCANT half-dozen years ago a slender, dark-haired girl with slumberous brown eyes in whose depths a restlessness stirred, taught elocution to young dramatic hopefuls in a Delaware town. Rebellion against the monotony of her niche roused her dormant ambition and took her to the stage, then to the screen. Several times optimistic words have been written concerning her, merited by a few bits of praiseworthy acting—but such experiences have always been followed by lapses into mediocrity.

The elocution teacher of a few years ago is Estelle Taylor, the Miriam of the Biblical prologue of "The Ten Commandments," the Mary, Queen of Scots of Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

A woman of imperious beauty. Mary, Queen of Scots. She was courageous, her biographers report, and yet strangely influenced at times by impetuous vagaries. A woman, in short, of outward calm and of inward uncertainties. Estelle is like that herself.

Pleased when her work on the stage led her to pictures via a Fox contract, it was not within her province, she felt to dispute; rather, she accepted, in her easy, contented way, roles of monetary return but of little actual advancement. Now and then her work would merit notice; almost in surprise the critics "discovered" her again and again, in "While New York Sleeps," "Footfalls," "Monte Cristo," and "A Fool There Was."

But always after such a success she would drop through some inconsequential thing.

Recently, appearing once more out of obscurity, she gave a surpassing depth of feeling to her Miriam in "The Ten Commandments." And once again her name took on box-office value.

"My part in 'The Ten Commandments' brought me an avalanche of offers and, somewhat astounded, I accepted the most money, playing in a succession of independent productions. I was too easy-going, too content with the things that were coming my way again
—clothes, good living, a luxurious background.
I love comfort."
She stretched into a yawn, yielding the curves
of her to the softness of receptive pillows. A
Babylonian creature of eye-compelling, somewhat
bold, beauty. An Egyptian slave girl, not versed
in the craft of allure, but of an elemental fasci-
nation. The tawny light in those somnolent brown
eyes held infinite possibilities for the imagination
to conjecture with.
"But I saw the shoals ahead this time," her
matter-of-fact tone dispelled the image that her
slumberous type of beauty arouses in one's fancy.
The independent producers will pay for big
names, but they haven't the releases and soon the
patrons of the better-class theaters forget you.
"Jeanie Macpherson pointed out to me the harm
of being exploited in mediocre films. "You girls
make me awfully tired sometimes," she said to
me, 'You all want to get to the same ultimate
point—and you all take the longest way there.
You think of money, of immediate returns, in-
stead of the final valuations.'
"I have made lots of money, so I am going to
visit my grandmother and rest until I have an
opportunity to do really good roles for big com-
panies that have the releasing advantages to offer,
regardless of salary. I am tired of volplaning."
If she will really allow her head to guide her
instinct, as she promises, Estelle Taylor has splen-
did possibilities. There is something slightly crude,
unpolished, about her, which but adds to her charm.
The infinite arts and grace of appeal which most
screen vamps add to their repertoires, that absurd
posing, she has not yet assumed.
Her career has been such a baffling thing, with
unexpected highlights of achievement, the more
noticeable because of the mediocrity out of which
they sprang and in which immediately she would
again bury herself, that prediction as to her future
would be futile. Her rôle as Mary, Queen of
Scots will no doubt carry her once more upon an
upward wave. After that—who knows?

GEORGE O'HARA—HIS CAREER
George O'Hara, who is starring in the Witser fighting stuff
Has a long career behind him that for one youth is enough.
He was born in Salt Lake City and at five went to Spokane,
There his godfather is living, millionaire, and his best fan
Mining experts were his kinsfolk, but that didn't suit young George.
No, the mines gave him a headache, he preferred the plow or forge.
When a schoolboy his fond parents moved to Hollywood one day,
And young George earned his first money as an office boy, they say.
It was on a big newspaper where the phones made each nerve jump.
Three or four would start a-buzzing which would send him up a stump;
Otherwise young George O'Hara rather liked the atmosphere.
But a friend took him to Sennett's, where began his real career.
He did everything at Sennett's in the years there—except bathe.
He was cutter, writer, gag man, actor, wielding megaphone and lathe;
Then he played with Shirley Mason as her handsome leading man;
After that he soared to stardom when the "Fighting Blood" began.
He has routed many boxers—Rivers, Salvadore, McCoy—
Some big names and just a starter, as a boxer he's "some boy."
As an amateur, his trainer says that George can box with class;
He's a whirlwind with that left hand and a shark with his right pass.
George O'Hara you can count on, for he does each task up brown,
And obstacles that'd daunt most folks, he's always sure to down.
Perhaps they're better chauffeurs, myself perchance, or you;
But give the lad a chance, now please, O'Hara's twenty-two.
THE CURSE OF AN ACTING HEART

A

At some time in almost every man’s life he gets stage-struck. There is nothing unusual or significant about that. But when a man so loves the theater that he would rather be an obscure and struggling actor than to win an eminent position in some other kind of work, then he is really born to be a trouper.

There is a highly successful play running on Broadway this season that exposes the heart of a “Song and Dance Man.” It gives the public a hint of the unrelenting grip the theater has on some people. The leading character of this play after years of playing in third-rate theaters breaks away and becomes a successful business executive. But as soon as he has paid all his debts he goes back to the stage.

That character might be any of a thousand men on the stage or in the movies. They are there simply because they love it, because the lure of playing in a land of make-believe is irresistible to them. Douglas Fairbanks, as you may remember, promised to leave the stage when he married Beth Sully. For a year he worked for a bond house and then the call of the stage proved too strong and he went back.

The call of the theater is strongest in people whose mothers or fathers have been on the stage. Talk as they will to their children about the cruel demands of the theater, yet a note of awe is bound to come in their voices. And the children will try to follow in their footsteps.

It was only natural then that young Burton McEvily should feel the glamour of the theater. His mother, Mary Burton, was a popular prima donna in musical comedy twenty-two years ago. His aunt sang at the Metropolitan. Their dearest friends were Fred Stone, of musical-comedy fame, and his wife.

Young Burton really got hopelessly stage-struck at the age of eleven. He started playing Hamlet all over the house even when his sister was banging ragtime.

When he got to prep school he specialized in dramatic club work. Really, his classes hardly existed for him. And later at Seton Hall College his major study was again that playful off-shoot of the English department. There he played in “Richard III.”

He started out on the stage the next season perfectly willing to uplift the drama if he could only get to it. He started out bravely with a bit in “Jack and Jill,” a musical comedy that featured the incomparable knees of Ann Pennington.

By the end of the season he was acting as understudy for the leading man, but they were a healthy lot and never gave him a chance to play.

After that the stage cold-shouldered him and he studied photography. Eventually, he landed in Richard Burke’s studio as assistant.

And then one day the makers of Screen Snapshots brought Pauline Garon to the studio to make one of those little informal movies of theirs. Burty was asked to be in it, and of course the old urge that should have been dead came back stronger than ever. He had to go back to acting.

At first he played extras. Just a little more experience, directors say, and they will give him a real chance.

Whether he is a good actor or not, no one can say yet. But one thing is certain, he is happier than he ever would be anywhere else. The urge to be an actor is nothing to laugh at, for it overshadows everything else in the life of a person who is really stage or screen struck.

A CASE OF SUP-PRESSED VILLAINY

Charlie Chaplin’s brother, Syd, has been shyly flitting in and out of pictures for a number of years, but now he is in to stay. You may already have seen him in “The Rendezvous,” in which he made a boisterous bow under the direction of Marshall Neilan, and he’s followed this with two other exhibitions—and they are exhibitions truly—of his comedy in “Her Temporary Husband” and “The Galloping Fish.”

Relatives of the famous always have their troubles. Any success they attain is likely to be attributed to the prestige already belonging to their families. It is always a question whether they should hover in the background, or attempt to strike out on their own.

You know, of course, that for several years he was generally known as the manager of Charlie’s affairs. He also dallied with other business enterprises, among them the manufacture of Sassy Jane Frocks, an undertaking that proved very successful. Charlie and he had been together more or less since childhood, with Syd, as a rule, looking after the financial affairs.

I don’t know how the arrangement worked out. No one does in fact, for in some matters the Chaplin family
Among Those Present

Patrick Should Worry!

To explain the seemingly sudden success of Pat O’Malley, it is necessary to explain Patrick himself.

America gave him birth, Ireland a hit-and-miss education. Chicago’s ten-cent-meal restaurants and five-cents-a-flop rooming houses knew him for months during one of the down stages of his ebullient career when stubbornness forbade his seeking aid from relatives. As a child he ran away with a circus, walking a tight rope, and he has held—temporarily—about every sort of a job there is.

“I’m gettin’ along,” he smiles quizically, though for sure he’s not exactly what you’d call bowed down by rheumatism. “Used to worry about how I looked, thought I could maybe be a handsome hero. But now I see my chance is in character roles, so it doesn’t matter how many lines I’ve got in my face or if my trousers need pressin’ or not.

“I’ve got no looks, but I’m hefty,” he chuckles. “I was made when meat was cheap. I fit into the new scheme of things where the character man—long A. W. O. L., from the party—again has a look-in on the feast.”

He talks interestingly, continuously. The blarney of the Emerald Isle’s talented, guileless children is in his words, in the cadences of his voice—and his twinking eyes give the lie to it all. Pat takes himself seriously—and his one fear is that everybody else will take him that way.

The curious way he seemingly slipped when almost upon the topmost rung of the ladder, O’Malley says is due to cussed self-conceit.

“Sure, and don’t every Irishman think he knows it all? That’s what got me, at first, being too sure. The second time I fell was through not being sure. Y’see, I was like this: I’d been knocking around the old Edison Company, and with the Kalem players all over Europe and way stations, and began to think I was some pumpkins. Universal brought me out to the Coast five years ago to play in Holubar’s war picture, ‘Hearts of Humanity.’ Instead of dinin’ all over the lot, like actors mostly do, I did my dinin’ like a gentleman, tryin’ to look happy about it so’s folks wouldn’t be bothered.”

After that success, Misher O’Malley got the cocky idea he was some actor. Others, though, didn’t agree, so he “rested” for almost a year.

Several pictures with Mickey Neilan—“Dinty” and “Bob Hampton of Placer” particularly—took him on another upward wave. Offers came. Pat grabbed the most money, thought he was sitting pretty and didn’t work his brain overmuch—and soon he woke up to the fact that the producers were buying his name for inconspicuous roles. After a while, when big productions were being cast, the wise ones shook their heads with an ominous, “No, he’s only doing little things now, he’s slipping.”

Happily, though, he got another good chance in “Brothers Under the Skin,” a zippy, brazen yearling of married life’s squalls; and, having a red-headed wife of his own, he knew the business and walked away with it, high, wide and handsome. A comparatively small part in “The Virginian” he made stand out. Now he’s playing Laurette Taylor’s leading man.

“I’ve figured it all out,” he wags his head sagely, “I’ll stay on top now.”

But he won’t. He’ll disappear and then pop up again. His kind never stays put. And that’s the charm of the lad.
Dead Ships that Live Again

Copies of picturesque vessels that sailed the seas centuries ago have been especially built for two forthcoming screen productions.

The strange, primitive ships of the past have a gripping fascination. Glamour and romance surround them; tales of fierce battles and the feats of daring men cling to their memory. Even to look at an old print or read a description of the times when they dominated the seas is enough to thrill the imagination. How vivid, then, will be the impression when these ships actually come to life upon the screen, with all the reality of that raw, reckless existence when only strong men conquered, and the weak were merely slaves.

The three pictures on this page are from “Romola,” produced by the Inspiration Company in Italy, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the leading roles. These ships were constructed in Florence, Italy, after pains-taking research work by director Henry King and his
staff, and they are said to be perfect reproductions. The pictures at the top of the page at the left represent the latest thing in Italian pirate craft in the fifteenth century. At the bottom of the page the sailing vessel on which Tito, the hero of the story, is traveling from Greece to Italy, is shown being attacked by the pirate ships off the Italian coast.

The photographs on this page show what Frank Lloyd has done for "The Sea Hawk," a First National picture. A fleet of four vessels had to be built for the production, and since the story calls for several battles that take place on the high seas, the ships had to be constructed so as to be able to withstand the actual battles as well as any severe sea storms the company might run into during the filming. At the top of the page is shown a battle between an English frigate and a Moorish gallease. At the right, Milton Sills, who plays the title rôle, appears with Wallace Beery, and below is a group of galley slaves.
The Screen in Review

Critical comment on the latest releases.

By Agnes Smith

EVERY so often—but only too infrequently—D. W. Griffith quits his Mamaroneck studio for Broadway with a few cans of film under his arm and proceeds to make a monkey of all the other directors of the stage and screen. And that goes for Professor Reinhardt. When he makes one of these little excursions and lands a one-hundred-per-cent hit on Broadway, somehow or other he manages to leave every one with the impression that, not only are all the other directors colossally ignorant of their craft but that they are incapable of learning anything.

For each Griffith picture impresses you with the melancholy thought that ten years ago this director set a standard for screen technique that never has been surpassed. And while you may sometimes be annoyed because he himself has not surpassed it, it isn't within reason to expect one man to carry on the entire progress of the screen.

All this is a prologue to the statement that Griffith's new picture, "America," is the best thing he has done since "The Birth of a Nation." And I am not so sure that, as a fine display of the art of directing, it isn't the best thing that any one has done since "The Birth of a Nation."

The story of "America" is the story of the War of the Revolution and Griffith has achieved the immense feat of turning routine school history lessons into fine dramatic material. Even the remote George Washington comes to life under his spell and the Cause of the colonists becomes as real and as vital a thing as the Civil War.

Robert W. Chambers supplied the plot of the picture, which isn't much of a plot, but the value of Mr. Chambers' services may be seen in his interest in, and knowledge of, early American history. Griffith, following the simplest form of scenario construction and, at times walking step by step in the path of the development of "The Birth of a Nation," takes the story and makes it hugely exciting and entralling in its interest.

The story belongs to feud Series No. 1-A. The lovely daughter of a proud Tory falls in love with a handsome young nobody who is serving the rebels. Her brother, magnetized by the personality of Washington, deserts his father's cause to mix up in the battle of Bunker Hill. He loses his life and the girl, to spare her aged father, allows him to believe that the boy was killed fighting for his king, George III.

And then, ah then, up springs the Menace in the person of Captain Walter Butler, who, by throwing his Indian fighters to the side of the British, played an ignoble part in the war. In the crisis, Captain Butler, who has been wooing the lovely Nancy Montague, proves that he and his followers are No Better Than Beasts. And so Our Hero rushes to rescue the girl and her father from either death by the tommyhawks or the fate that is worse than death. At the moment that the hero wraps Nancy in his arms, Cornwallis surrenders to Washington and the orchestra bursts into the "Star-Spangled Banner." What could be fairer?

With only a hack story and a cast of limited ability, Griffith was working against tremendous odds. Therefore, "America" is a sheer triumph of directing. He is at his best, of course, in depicting the actual scenes from history. After watching his reproductions of the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, the stupidest schoolboys would be able to see just why the British campaign failed. Griffith directs a battle scene like a general turned movie director. His war scenes have not only the sense and design but also the spiritual significance of the conflict.

While "America" is whipped up to an exciting and melodramatic climax, the best scenes come during the first part of the picture. The ride of Paul Revere is a magnificent bit of pictorial description and if you fail to get a thrill from the "embattled farmers" defending the bridge at Concord, some one ought to summon you to Washington for investigation before a Congressional Committee.

It seems to me that "America" is Griffith's least sentimental production. In many of his smaller pictures he has spoiled his best effects by spreading the marshmallow sauce too thick. The pathos of "America" is always touching and nearly always genuine. To give you an example of his reticence in this particular instance I need only tell you that there is only one kitten in the whole film and that the colored servant doesn't try for any hokum comedy.

Most of the acting honors go to Carol Dempster. Miss Dempster is not, as the saying goes, a good film type. She doesn't look a bit like a movie actress and heretofore she has shown no instinct for the work. But in "America" she takes her place in the Royal Ranks of Griffith actresses. She has forgotten all her painful mannerisms and she goes through the whole picture without breaking into one romping skip. Hers is a performance of charm, tenderness and real feeling.

With not a single old favorite to fall back upon, Griffith proves that he is still capable of training new players. I particularly liked the work of Charles Emmett Mack, who gave a delicate picture of the young aristocrat from Virginia who joined forces with the Yankee farmers of the North. Neil Hamilton made the hero, Nathan Holden, the most conventional figure in the picture but I recommend him to the girls as a likely look-
ing young leading man. Lionel Barrymore, as the terrible Captain Butler, deserved more of a chance. I wish Griffith had made the villain a more dominating force in the story, for evidently Barrymore was just looking for more villainies to perpetrate. Barrymore is at his best screen under Griffith's direction, as why shouldn't he be? For, if you remember, it was as a member of the old Biograph Company that he first received his camera training. Another excellent actor in the cast is Erville Alderson, who makes the gentleman from Virginia look like a figure from an old print. Lucille La Verne contributes a touching bit with her usual skill.

**Married Life the World Over**

It's a great temptation to write an essay comparing the technique of Griffith with that of Ernst Lubitsch. If Griffith is capable of getting the last ounce of enthusiasm out of a melodramatic situation, Lubitsch can draw out the last faint snicker from a comedy entanglement.

“The Marriage Circle” is Lubitsch's first American-made picture produced under his complete control. The Warner Brothers kindly gave him free hand and Lubitsch rewarded them by handing them one of the best pictures of the year. It is a high comedy of married life in the upper circles of Vienna but it is foreign in its externals only. Merely by changing the names, Lubitsch might have made it a comedy of married life in Akron, Ohio.

Lubitsch’s direction is so intelligent and his character drawing is so keen, that many reviewers made the mistake of calling “The Marriage Circle” a highbrow picture, thereby scaring business from the box office. As a matter of fact, “The Marriage Circle” is about as highbrow as Clare Briggs’ “Mr. and Mrs.” in the comic supplements. It is shrewd and it is observing, but its apparent subtleties really resolve themselves into the current jokes about matrimony.

The plot of “The Marriage Circle” is almost non-existent. Only Lubitsch's great ingenuity and inventiveness manage to stretch the slight story into a full-length picture. It is a picture made up of little details, brilliantly devised scenes and exquisite touches of comedy. Like Griffith, Lubitsch has a gift for making his players act. He is one of those geniuses that could turn the members of a college dramatic club into a bunch of Barrymores. If he would only talk about it, I suspect that the little German would be able to clear up the mystery of Pola Negri.

In “The Marriage Circle,” Lubitsch transforms a cast of varying ability into a company of skilled comedians. Adolphe Menjou, who has turned the trick before, overtops his performance of “A Woman of Paris.” Monte Blue and Creighton Hale are so good that you wonder where they have been hiding their remarkable comedy ability all these years. Florence Vidor who, like Menjou, doesn't need a Lubitsch to bring her out, nevertheless shines with a new radiance while Marie Prevost, believe it or not, actually snaps into a little acting.

Fortunately for the good name of American direc-

tors, Griffith rushed in and saved the day, otherwise Lubitsch would have walked off with the best film treat of the month.

**A Good Meal Warmed Over.**

After making a big hit with “When Knighthood Was in Flower,” Cosmopolitan said to itself, “Well, why not hit 'em again in the same place?” And the result is “Yolanda,” which is “Knighthood” turned into roast beef hash.

Yes, “Yolanda” is just as big as “Knighthood” and maybe a little bigger, and it is just stuffed full of old castles, and moats and drawbridges and knights in armor and ladies in beautiful clothes and kings and dukes and everything. Unfortunately, it is rather weak on new ideas or original situations. Obviously when Charles Major wrote the story he was trying to duplicate the success of his earlier novel and obviously Cosmopolitan was looking for another knockout.

Marion Davies also sets out to duplicate her performance in “Knighthood,” and succeeds in doing just that and nothing more. Two similar roles within a year are too much of a strain on the ingenuity of any actress and so there are whole episodes in the picture when Miss Davies seems to be remembering an earlier performance instead of creating a new one. Nevertheless, she is charming to look at and she has some delightfully piquant scenes. At times the massive scenery seems to get in her way and you feel that she would be more effective in less Barnum & Bailey backgrounds.

Aside from Miss Davies' work, the acting is just so-so. Holbrook Blinn, as Louis XI, does his best but all he manages to suggest is that Louis was rather weak in the legs. However, since Mr. Blinn has made a success of playing kings, nothing can convince directors that he isn't just the person to play all kings, regardless of age, appearance or character. As the romantic young prince, Ralph Graves looks thoroughly wretched. And wretched is the only word for it, because I never have seen an actor wear costumes more uneasily.

In spite of its moments of impressiveness and in spite of the charm of Miss Davies, "Yolanda" proves that the limelight of success seldom strikes twice in the same place.

**While on the Other Hand.**

Perhaps any comment on Will Rogers' comedy, “Two Wagons—Both Covered,” doesn't belong up near the front with the reviews of leaders of the industry. But as far as I am concerned, Rogers is one of the leaders, and although his covered masterpiece may only measure two thousand feet by the yardstick it also measures a two-mile advance in short comedies.

It is a gorgeous burlesque on “The Covered Wagon,” with Rogers playing two roles and giving imitations both of Ernest Torrence and J. Warren Kerrigan. Not only is Rogers funny, but somehow or other, the scenery manages to be funny. And the wagons are funny. The best laugh I have had at a movie this year came when I saw Rogers about to ford Oakland Bay in a Yale swimming suit. And one title deserves to be quoted as a sample of Rogers' humor. Describing the sufferings of the pioneers, the title says, "Human nature wasn't so different in those days. The women did the
The Screen in Review

In "The Marriage Circle" Adolphe Menjou overtops his performance in "A Woman of Paris."

"Daddies" is the sweetest film I ever saw. It is all about the sweetest little orphan and some of the sweetest kiddies that ever spread sweetness and light. If you can stand a lot of sugar, it is worth sitting through the picture for a few excellent comedy scenes contributed by Harry Myers and for some appealing moments played by Mae Marsh.

Mrs. Glyn's Fireside Story.

After all, why say much about "Three Weeks?" If you have made up your mind to see the thing, nothing can keep you from it. And if you are convinced that you don't want to see it, nobody will be able to drag you to it. This ancient shocker has been galvanized into life by the Goldwyn Company with Elinor Glyn herself applying the smelling salts. To a public hardened by flapper literature, the forbidden book of our younger days seems about as wild as a two-step. It has its flaming moments, as for instance when Aileen Pringle climbs aboard the tiger skin and darts wicked looks at the baffled and amazed Conrad Nagle. Many a girl was tossed from boarding school for having the book in her possession, but in this day and age, the censors manage to look at the screen version with calm.

Aileen Pringle was a good choice for the daring queen because she looks a little like Mrs. Glyn. And she vamps as earnestly and as seriously as though a long starring contract were dependent on every scene. As for Conrad Nagle as Paul—Baby Paul—you feel so sorry for the poor innocent that he fairly wrings your heart.

Naturally, the story of the Great Love is played immensely seriously, but there is some good, clean comedy in the settings, which are something terrible, and in a neat little orgy staged near the end of the picture.

Heavy Sugar "Daddies"

"Daddies" is the sweetest film I ever saw. It is all about the sweetest little orphan and some of the sweetest kiddies that ever spread sweetness and light. If you can stand a lot of sugar, it is worth sitting through the picture for a few excellent comedy scenes contributed by Harry Myers and for some appealing moments played by Mae Marsh.

"Painted People" is another Cinderella story and if it had a few touches of the sort of appeal that is overworked in "Daddies," I should have liked it better. For the picture has an excellent plot which is thrown slightly out of

Claire Windsor is the persecuted heroine of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."
kilter by too much hokum and melodrama. The story concerns a poor boy and a poor girl who work their way up the social ladder. It is good human stuff, and Colleen Moore’s portrayal of the poor little girl who turns into an actress is the best thing she has done.

“The Stranger,” adapted from a story by John Galsworthy, is undoubtedly high-class stuff. All the time you are watching it you congratulate yourself on seeing something worth while, something “inner and better.” It is rather slow and occasionally it is downright dull. But it is so faithful to its London atmosphere and so conscientious in its story development that you forgive it for being rather prosy entertainment. The acting is unusually fine. Betty Compson gives a remarkable performance of an outcast girl. It is really the first time in many pictures that she has shown a glimpse of the ability that was discovered in “The Miracle Man.” Richard Dix, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall are the other members of an excellent cast. In fact, Marshall’s acting in a heartbreaking rôle is little short of brilliant.

Anyway, He Works Hard.

Old musical-comedy plots usually are bad film material. Douglas MacLean manages to put over “The Yankee Consul,” Raymond Hitchcock’s old success, by main strength. The old plot is all gagged up with no place to go, and so it goes to the dogs of melodrama. It has its moments of spontaneity, however, and MacLean throws himself into his hunt for adventure with so much zest that he coaxes you into enjoying yourself.

“When a Man’s a Man” is adapted from the novel by Harold Bell Wright and I am divulging no plot secret when I tell you that it glorifies the great open spaces. As I watched it, it suddenly struck me that maybe it might be a lot worse; for instance, with any one else but John Bowers playing the noble hero it certainly would have been a whole lot worse. Incidentally, the hero doesn’t marry the heroine but rides off into the sunset accompanied by his own noble thoughts. This, I believe, is the old William Hart Variation No. 1.

Speaking of Men who are Men, there is Dustin Farnum in “My Man,” which is the story of another big, strong he-guy who also falls in love with Patsy Ruth Miller and proves that he can be just as successful in love as he is in politics. It’s old-fashioned stuff.

“The Shadow of the East” is by the author of “The Sheik.” And that’s that. Only it isn’t a desert story but a romance of India in which a young Englishman has a horrible time being haunted by a native girl long after he has married an English wife. It’s not so bad. Only don’t get all worked up over it just because E. M. Hull wrote it.

Pied Piper Malone.

“Pied Piper Malone,” by Booth Tarkington, has an amusing idea back of it, but an idea so light and sentimental that only a star of Meighan’s great charm could carry it. In fact, I dare any other star to attempt a picture in which the hero is so beloved by children that they follow him all around the village, and when he is ordered to leave town, walk right out with him. So far as I know nobody has yet suggested Meighan for the rôle of Peter Pan in Barrie’s play so this is as good a time as any to put his name up along with Gloria Swanson’s and Baby Peggy’s.

The Virginian.

If you haven’t seen “The Virginian” I think you will welcome it when it comes along. Sometimes —as, for instance in the case of “Three Weeks”—when you see a story on the screen you can’t find out what it had in it in the first place to make it popular. But “The Virginian” is real melodrama and it is excellently told in its screen version. A slight shadow was cast over the production for me by the presence of Kenneth Harlan in the leading rôle. He looked too much like an actor to me.

A Twice-told Tale.

“The Fool’s Awakening,” adapted from a story called “The Tale of Triona,” by William J. Locke, leaves you wondering if Locke ever really wrote anything like that or if the story were thrown in a sausage mill at the studio. The picture proves that it is wrong for Englishmen to try to fool their wives by posing as Russians or something. Harrison Ford and Enid Bennett have the leading rôles.

Norma’s Latest.

Unless you are dead set on seeing every picture that Norma Talmadge makes, there is no use going out of your way to hunt up “The Song of Love.” It is the story of a desert girl and a handsome French officer who pretends he is an Arab, so that he can act like a sheik. It’s rather silly stuff, although Miss Talmadge does her conscientious, best with it. But Joseph Schicklkrant, her leading man, isn’t going to steal any popularity from Valentino. He acts too hard and he has one of those wandering eyebrows that writhes up and down his forehead in the emotional scenes. There are some furious cavalry charges of Arabs and Frenchmen, but the game should have been called on account of darkness, for you cannot tell which side is winning. There is also a snappy fight with wicked-looking knives between the hero and villain. Norma enjoys it immensely, so the audience ought to also.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln"—Roeckert Brothers. The first authentic film biography, faithfully, sincerely, and beautifully presented. George Billings, who has never before been seen on the screen, plays Lincoln so well that you think this is an actual performance as acting. The beautiful love story of Ann Rutledge is there, and so are all the main events of Lincoln’s career.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. Because its Biblical prologue is the most spectacular achievement of motion pictures. It is massive and thrilling. The modern part of the production directed by Cecil De Mille’s domestic-problem drama, Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, and Rod La Rocque are in it.

"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charles Chaplin in which Edna Purviance plays the leading role. It is the old story of the girl disappointed in love who goes to Paris, but it is given a subtle treatment. Adolphe Menjou contributes a distinguished performance as a man about town.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Unquestionably a horror and thrill on thrill, backed up by magnificent sets, tremendous mobs, and Lon Chaney’s strongest acting.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A great film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains, braving every adversity and meeting every adventure with a hymn in their hearts and guns on their hips. The forces of nature and the most brutal bandits are at once the hero and the villain of this picture, but Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, and J. Warren Kerrigan appear in roles that are magnificent.

"The White Sister"—A poignant and beautiful Italian love story with Lilian Gish as the heroine. The story of a girl who enters a convent when the world is seen as her utopia.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"—Paramount. A convincing story of a small town in the Middle West with all of its prejudices, anomicities, and occasional gripping tendernesses. Glenn Hunter is the star and Ernest Torrence the man who has a hand in all the atmospheres. The story of a girl and her grandfather is dominated by a murderous, half-witted man. Heading the picture is the King Vidor, and splendid performances are given by Virginia Valli and Ford Sterling.

"The Humming Bird"—Paramount. An engaging and amusing story of Montmartre in war times, made fascinating and lovely by the charm of Gloria Swanson. She more than lives up to her promise in "Zaza."

"Big Brother"—Paramount. Tom Moore and an irrepressible young rascal, played by Mickey Bennett; the Bowery, the cops, and great gobs of sentiment, dominated by Alan Dwan’s clever direction.

"Our Home"—Metro. The usual humorous incidents of a Buster Keaton two-reeler stretched into five reels. There is a cross-country trip involving the famed interplanetary train that is delightful, a thrill finish, and, for good measure, Natalie Talmadge plays opposite the star.

"To the Ladies"—Paramount. Directed by James Cruze—which means that it is apt, imaginative, and wonderfully amusing. Edward Everett Horton and Helen Jerome Eddy play the leading roles.

"The Acquittal"—Universal. A thrilling melodrama with Claire Windsor and Norman Kerry in the leading roles.


"Six Cylinder Love." A sparkling little comedy that shows it isn’t the original cost but the upkeep of a high-powered automobile that tries men’s souls. Emlen Cliffton has directed it ingeniously.

"A Lady of Quality"—Universal. A charmingly simple, true story of the picture with none of the usual masquerade-ball atmosphere about it. Virginia Valli is tasteful and gracious as ever. This picture has the distinction of being refined without being dull.

"Fashion Row"—Metro. All of the usual attractions of a Mae Murray picture and a little more. Macaserading in an imported tent, while still, contributes some unexpected bits of genuine characterization.

"The Eternal City"—First National. Everything is that good railroad atmosphere: the ruins of Rome, the Fascisti, many exquisite interiors, and a cast that includes Barbara La Marr, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. Rex Ingram brings the French Revolution to life with swirling mobs and a gay, reckless spirit. The story of a gay adventurer who really lived, and is an inspiration to the study of the nation’s youth and dignity. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, and Ramon Novarro head the cast.

WORTH SEEING.

"Reno"—Goldwyn. A story built around the absurdities of the conflict over divorce laws in the United States by Rupert Hughes. The characters are all quite impossible, but not always dull, and there is a big scene where the lawyer gets shot up in a gosy.

"The Rendezvous"—Goldwyn. If Marshall Neilan could make a poor picture, it would be something like this. But the irrepressible Neilan steals the picture and it becomes a success. It is short on originality. At that, Mabel is funnier than any other girl on the screen.

"Call It Love"—Paramount. A first-rate story of an operatic star with most of the glamour removed by William de Mille, who directed it. He is also masterful at the art of playing the prima donna weakly. Mr. de Mille has learned a great deal about directing; next he should learn how to be intelligent without being dull.

"Tiger Rose"—Warner Brothers. Another story of the Canadian North, well directed by Paul Hurst, showing some unusual skill by Sidney Franklin, and made thrilling by the presence of Lenore Ulric, the stage star. It is melodramatic and the music is beautiful.

"Maytime"—Preferred. A pretty, sentimental little piece adapted from a musical comedy. It shows traces of its origin, and one wishes that some- one in the cast could break the silence with song. Ethel Shannon and Harrison Ford head the cast.

"Unseeing Eyes"—Cosmopolitan. The most snowbound of all the great frozen North pictures; also one of the most thrilling. Lionel Barrymore, Seena Owen, and Lewis Wolheim are in it.

"Twenty-one"—First National. Not up to the standard of Richard Barthelmess’ other pictures, but charming in its way. It is a modern story, and Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite him.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Courtship of Myles Standish"—Associated Exhibitors. Announced as a great masterpiece and a successor to "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." It is nothing of the sort. It is a somewhat artificial representation of a historical period that does not interest the audience, requires painstaking effort, but it is too smug to be good history and too lacking in human interest to be good movie.
Hollywood High Lights

What's going on at the West Coast studios

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHY,” queried an observant fan in writing to us recently, “will motion-picture producers insist on paying so much money for novels and plays that are clearly unsuited for the screen, and that won’t get over as they are written? Why don’t the movies stand on their own feet and write their own scenarios? I think it is a most careless and wasteful custom, and that it oftentimes indicates that, after all, many directors and stars have not the least notion of what will make a good picture.”

The fan averred that she had not the slightest personal ambition to become a scenario writer, but that she was merely interested because she felt that some of the very best pictures that she had seen in the past few seasons, like “Robin Hood” and “The Ten Commandments,” had been created from popular ideas and were not adaptations. And we are, to an extent, inclined to agree with her.

The problem of stories is one that has been troubling Hollywood very much lately. There has never really been so much aggravating puzzlement over obtaining the right sort of enticing materials, because needless to say, not all the present taste can be satisfied by Zane Grey. Some of the leading directors and stars have actually been stumped, and almost any of them would probably welcome some suggestions of a general nature by letter from the theatergoers as to what they would like, and perhaps a few would give their heart for a plot that was really worth while.

The question of expensiveness of stories that was raised by the inquirer is, of course, of minor importance. Story cost is a comparatively small item, when you consider that everything in a picture really depends on the theme.

In the figures submitted to us by one of the leading producing organizations, which made many big films during the past year, it was clearly set forth that the average amount of money invested in a book or a play, and also the continuity, amounted to less than fifteen per cent—that is, in a picture costing $150,000, the average of the better program class, the total for story would hardly exceed $20,000. In the costume features, owing to the fact that the rights on the books or plays have in many cases run out, it is generally even less.

Many fans have been shocked and astonished by reports that such exorbitant sums as $50,000, $60,000 and $100,000, even, have been paid for the privilege of celluloiding (cellu-wrecking would sometimes be more like it) certain books. In this event, the producers trade on a certain popular value accruing, as in the case of “Ben-Hur,” through the vogue which a book has attained with the reading public, or the popularity of a play, and as this is considered sure-fire box-office first aid, they are willing to pay high for it.

It is true, of course, that Cecil De Mille obtained the stimulus for “The Ten Commandments,” which cost over a million to produce, for the comparatively paltry sum of $10,000, as a result of a newspaper contest, and that the theme for his new “Triumph” came out of a perhaps quite reasonable Saturday Evening Post story, and his own sedate reflections on the importance in modern life of the industry of making tin cans.

Douglas Fairbanks paid nothing for the inspiration of “Robin Hood,” as far as we know, but he had the best talent available for the writing of the continuity, and in the case of “The Thief of Bagdad” he engaged so prominent a dramatist as Edward Knoblock, of “Kismet” fame, to put the necessary glitter in the story. And Knoblock would hardly undertake this for a song or a dance either.

These pictures are exceptions, anyway. The only other outstanding one is Charlie Chaplin’s “A Woman of Paris,” which the comedian himself devised. That is the best example of an original conception, aside from the comedies, like Harold Lloyd’s, which always do seem truly to spell advancement in the natural movie style, and though many regard the bare plot of the Chaplin picture as the weakest part of the production, it is generally admitted that the film shows the most striking qualities of treatment.

“Scaramouche,” “If Winter Comes,” “The Covered Wagon,” “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” “The Mar-
The Swinging Taste.

The problem of securing good stories is complicated just now by the veering of popular taste from the costume features, and the sudden and outrageous raising of prices in the book and play mart. The producers are not out to spend big money on anything unless they think it has a value this year, and they are all seeking themes that may be filmed at more reasonable expense than the glittering historical spectacles entail.

A demand is springing up for modern stories without ostentatious trappings, but that have strong character in their plots, say even as vigorous as "Rain." For the most part, though, it is desired that these subjects be censor proof, and with the sensational and racy type of literature that is now going the rounds, they are becoming more and more difficult to find. The wildest and sexiest yet accepted, we believe, is "Sinners in Heaven," which will be made in the South, and in this no doubt even the "sinners" will probably be nicely enameled with virtue.

The stage also offers nothing very encouraging, because in many instances the plays are just about as bald as the novels.

The Present Prospect

Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for two, are likely to take quite a long vacation before they start a new set of pictures. Doug is thinking of doing a story with a highly spiritual motif, possibly the Quest of the Holy Grail, but may change his mind, and it wouldn't be for the first time either.

Mary may seek some material native to the lands which they visit. Which recalls that she and Frances Marion, the scenarist, obtained the idea for "The Love Light" in this fashion while they were both on their honeymoons in Italy.

Nora Talmadge, for her part, is planning next to film "The House of Youth," which, at best, is a rather shoddy tale of jazzits. She will probably drop the scheme of "Romeo and Juliet" if the chances for costume features do not improve. Corinne Griffith has been honeymooning lately with Walter Morosco, whom she recently married, and therefore has not settled all her future plans. Pola Negri, strange to say, is the best satisfied among the stars, for she has been vamping judiciously again in "Men," which is an original suggested by her newly imported director, Dimitri Buchowetzki.

Of the directors who are in favor, James Cruze is to swing completely away from epical and historical stuff, and do "The Enemy Sex" from a somewhat sultry—we suspect—novel by Owen Johnson, with Betty Compton starred. Ernst Lubitsch and Victor Seastrom both had a terrific tussle with the story problem for a time, as did also King Vidor, who has lately acquired considerable favor through his picture, "Wild Oranges."

For the rest, there are always "Ben-Hur," "The Sea Hawk," and "Monsieur Beaulicaire," those new and better costume films to which one may look forward, beside "The Arab," which Rex Ingram has been making abroad; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," with Blanche Sweet featured, and husband Marshall Neilan as director; "The Woman on the Jury," in which Sylvia Breamer has an exceptional rôle; "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," with Barbara La Marr; Viola Dana's "Revelation," and the Colleen Moore flapper plays.

But, gee whiz! These are nearly all adaptations.

Universal Corners Comers.

One of the pleasantest adventures that can be enjoyed as part of the routine of film rascouteurs just now is a trip out to Universal City. They're refurbishing up the lot with new stages, so that the many visitors who saw this famous studio in the past, would hardly recognize the grand old interior, and what is more the "U" seems to have a nice bright little corner on the services of some of the best of growing favorites.

Virginia Valli has, of course, been in the East, playing opposite Thomas Meighan, but Reginald Denny, Mary Philbin and Laura La Plante are there to gladden the eyes, and we are among the prudent boosters for the three of them, not to speak of the fair and liled Valli.

Denny is a brisk and gracious individual whom everybody seems to like immensely, and truly we approve him more than a dozen sheiks. We thought his racing picture, "Sporting Youth," was the best thing of that sort we've seen since Wallace Reid last drove a fast and furious roadster in a race along the highways.

The film contained one gag which was worthy of Harold Lloyd as any one knows who saw the wild bumping race that Lucille Ward took in the limousine as the heroine's aunt. We have seldom heard such roars of laughter in a theater as greeted the scene in which the character she represents, still suffering the effects of some Chinese gin that she had accidentally drunk at the start of the plunging, hurling ride, steps out of the car holding a sacred white chicken in her hand, and frightens a speed cop into thinking she is a manic.

Denny has quit boxing for good, and is now playing another comedy called "The Reckless Age," which has something to do with obtaining insurance against falling in love. We wager there's a clinic at the end, though.

Miss Philbin is again going to win the admiration of her increasing group of fans, everybody predicts, through her portrayal of a young English heiress who becomes a dancer in the Gaiety Theater in London—this in "The Inheritors." The plot of the picture concerns her attempt to save the castle of her ancestors from the creditors.

We personally do not feel certain whether you will like her character so well because it is said to be a trifle sophisticated, and Mary is anything but that. For she has that same childish, girlish charm that first attracted the attention of the world to Mary Pickford.

Miss La Plante is a sprightly sort with flushing dimples in either cheek. She is for all the world the feminine counterpart of Denny, and we are sorry that for the present they are not going to appear in any more pictures together. It seems the "U" wanted to make her a star, and have put her in two pictures with exciting-sounding titles, one adapted from "The Thrill Girl," and the other called "The Dangerous Blonde."

We like the last because the boys seem to think she is really the most dangerously captivating blonde that they've seen this season.
Tears and Ambition

Mary Pickford and her maid Bodamere have finally parted, and Bodamere is now to become, if her plans do notmiscarry, the “female Wallace Beery.” That, at least, is her screen ambition, and Mary gave her leave to fulfill it when she departed California.

Bodamere wept copiously on Mary’s neck when they said good-by at the train, and Mary, too, could not resist the emotion of parting and herself shed a few sad tears, for Bodamere had been her constant companion for nearly four years. She told her, though, that since she was bent on having an acting career, it was better that she seize this opportunity to give her talents a trial.

She also arranged for Bodamere’s comfort at the Studio Club, where many young girls, who are seeking to make a reputation in pictures, still stay and Bodamere radiates joy over this seeming renewal of her own youth.

“If things don’t turn out as you expect, Bodamere,” said Mary, “you may return to me when I come back home. But”—and here she shook her finger and tried to look severe—“don’t ever let me hear one word about acting again!”

It Must Be the Humidity.

We’ll simply have to set this down as the warmest season that there has ever been in the pictures. Look at this assortment of titles, “Flaming Barriers,” “Flaming Youth,” “Flaming Passion,” “Hot Lips,” “Flaring Husbands,” and “Incandescent Wives.” Some of them are our own invention, but the rest really are all right. And that’s not mentioning a word, as the press agents would aver, about the Burning (Mae) Busch.

De Mille’s New Thrills.

Cecil De Mille simply wouldn’t let a picture go to the cutting room without a few thrills. Either the chauffeur has to drive across the bridge right into the headlight of the approaching train, or the motorcycle cop has to smash into the automobile and plunge head over heels out into the grass, or the Red Sea has to open vividly and plainly before your eyes.

Something, at any rate, must be assured to make the fans gasp.

The breathless moment in “Triumph,” as it happens, will be a fight between Rod La Rocque and Victor Varconi, the new Hungarian actor, in a limousine. During this, one as a chauffeur and the other as a passenger, struggle together through a broken window in a madly speeding machine, and run the risk of being very severely cut by a pane of jagged glass that remains in the window frame.

Of course, the technical department probably helped to make the filming less disastrous for the stars than might be anticipated, but that won’t detract one whit from the excitement of the dramatic occurrence of the splintering glass and the frantic tussle that you will see on the screen.

La Rocque’s Style Attracts

Rod La Rocque, who has worked only for the brothers De Mille ever since he was signed under contract by Paramount, is now to test his wings in another field. He and Lois Wilson will journey together on an oceanic adventure called “Code of the Sea,” and no doubt, if this is a success, the company will begin to talk of starring Rod, since his portrayal in “The Ten Commandments,” which was so dramatically vivid, has already entitled him to a lot of popular credit.

La Rocque quite upset the equilibrium of guests at the new Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles recently by appearing in a waiter’s suit and marching nonchalantly down the esplanade in front of all the stout dowagers and open-mouthed matinee boys assembled there.

Not a few of them, of course, recognized him from having seen “The Ten Commandments,” but they wondered what the deuce he was taking the air for thus attired, and could hardly imagine him as bidding for tips and engaging in the honorable old job of attending at a dining table, especially after the glittering success that he had achieved.

It soon became apparent from the hubbub around the dining rooms of the hotel that Rod was frocked simply to take part in a glittering café sequence that will add to the spectacular allure of “Triumph.”

We suppose, though, the very next thing the matinee boys will do, since they took up the Valentino styles so readily some time ago will be to adopt waiters’ garb as their regular afternoon dress.

And that doesn’t hurt our feelings either.

The Tower of Babel.

Polar Negri’s set reminds us of one of those signs that you see on banks in a foreign quarter, where announcement is made that:

“On Parle Ici Français.”

“Se Habla Español.”

“Hier sind Deutsch Sprachen.”

Her director, Buchowetzski, is a specialist in languages, but he explains all the finer and subtler meanings of his scenes to Pola in his native Russian, which she understands. He has some extras who only respond to French, because Paris happens to be the locale of the play, and he uses German to his own assistants whom he brought from Berlin, and English to the other people on the set, to whom most of his talk is Greek. Well—we’sh ka bibble!

Carmel Looks Ahead

Carmel Myers, being gifted with an unusual amount of foresight, didn’t take any chance on her presence
In and the
Wherein we see most part, while

Here you see little Frank Darro and Cameo, his dog, giving a concert while on location just off the Catalina Islands, where they went to work on the Metro picture, "Half-a-dollar Bill."

No, this isn't "How Pearl White Keeps in Training." It's just a snap from the production she recently made in France.

Take a good look at Viola Dana, for you won't see her in many more of these hoydenish pictures after she begins appearing in serious productions like "Revelation."

Richard Rowland, president of First National, holds a conference with Strongheart, one of his company's stars.
Out of Studios

the players, for the they are off duty.

And here is Baby Pegay, out on location, all tricked up in an improvised costume, playing orchestra leader for the musicians who help her work up her emotions when she’s acting before the camera.

Estelle Taylor at basket-ball practice with “Pep” Kerwin, trainer.

Here is Claire Windsor, photographed—not on the California dunes—but on the real Sahara Desert. A letter from her, describing some of her experiences there, appears elsewhere in this issue.
No more drinking scenes in Pennsylvania! Will that shut out the beautiful Italian production called "Messalina?" For in it is a scene showing the goings on at what appears to have corresponded with the corner saloon in Rome, back in 12 A.D.

Below you see a group, snapped between scenes at Paramount's Long Island studio. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix, you see, have wandered over from where they have been making "Icebound" to the set where Gloria Swanson and Ricardo Cortez are making "A Society Scandal." In the middle of the group stands Alan Dwan, the director.

At the right is Peter Stuyvesant as he appears in the chronicle of "America" by that name.
You have to get your feet wet every now and then if you work in motion pictures. Here is Jean Tolly, leading lady in Metro's "The Uninvited Guest," stopping between scenes to powder her nose.

Here is a recent picture of Mae Murray, taken in San Francisco, where she went to see Ibañez, the Spanish novelist, who is said to be writing a story for her use on the screen.

Do you wonder sometimes where the directors get all the small articles that are used in arranging a set? Many, of course, have to be especially procured, but every studio has a great collection that takes in most articles in common use. These are kept in what is called the property room.
On the New

Critical reviews of new offerings
speculations about the ones that

By Alison'

Show-off," which has been hailed by
the reviewers as "one of the best of all-
American plays." Certainly I have
never seen a play of any nationality
that gave a more definite illusion of
natural, every-day life or presented a
familiar character with more insight
into the absurdity and pathos of hu-
man nature.

This character is Aubrey Piper—
"the show-off." You have all met
him—the glib, boasting, bluffing young
man who wears a carnation in his but-
tonhole and a toupe on his head, with
a line of cheap, pomposus talk, mostly
lies and entirely about himself. He
is the sort of figure that in the ordi-


nary play would be quite plainly
stamped as the scheming and obno-

ious villain. But George Kelly, who
wrote the play, doesn't see human
nature in terms of heroes or villains.
Underneath all the cheap, noisy bom-
bast of this character there are mo-
ments when the author makes you feel
the wistfulness of the man who sus-
psects, deep down in his heart, that he
may not amount to much, and who
puts up all the bigger bluff for that
reason.

Louis John Bartels plays this rôle
with a fairly true sense of character-
ization. There were times when he
overacted, as if this matter of show-
ing off was something to be pounded
home to the audience at all costs. But
his manner on the whole was perfect
and the echoes of his full, hearty,
nerve-racking laugh will remain with
you long after the curtain falls.

The play was built around this
character; it has very little plot and
no sensational action. Nevertheless, the show-off him-
self is only one important part of this very important
comedy. He wanders into a humble household in a
Philadelphia suburb; he captivates the daughter of the
house but nearly maddens the rest of the family. And
it is this family, so perfectly drawn and acted, that
really makes the play so great. Especially Ma, who
with her scolding and bustling and shrewd philosophy
is a masterpiece as played by Helen Lowell. I have
never before in the theater had such complete illusion
of living through the jogtrot routine of daily life. And
that sensation is much more exciting to me than the
most extravagant thrills of the wildest romance.

"Mr. Pitt."

Here is another study of a character that only a
mother could love. Zona Gale's favorite theme is the
well-meaning soul who is misunderstood. It was she
who wrote "Miss Lulu Bett," which was the prize stage
play of its season and which was made into such a

The play about the American family is still
flourishing but it has changed a little since the
days when "Turn to the Right" made such a
hit. Perhaps "Main Street" had something to do with
it. In any case, there is a little more malice and much
more truth in the pictures of the American household
as our recent dramatists see it. The old folks at home
aren't always gentle, meek old angels who utter pious
advice while they blink at you over their spectacles.
The young girl of the family isn't always a saint in ging-
ham and the boy doesn't always return a repentant
sinner from the wicked city where he learns that home-
keeping hearts are happiest. In fact, the home folks
of later years are much less like plaster saints and much
more like the petty, bickering, pathetic human beings
that we all are.

Frank Craven did a lot for this cause with "The
First Year." This later season has launched at least
three plays which are worthy to be compared with that
very genuine comedy. Of these, the best is "The

Louise Huff, who forsook movies for the stage last year, is an important part of
"The New Englander."
simple and genuine film by William de Mille, with Lois Wilson in the title role. Mr. Pitt is not exactly a masculine "Miss Lulu," for Lulu had charm and this was exactly what poor Pitt lacked. He was one of those unfortunate souls who mean well. But he had such a positive genius for saying and doing the wrong thing that on his wedding trip, his bride very nearly eloped with a band player who understood women. Later she really does leave him and at the close we find Pitt seeking consolation in his grown-up son and a fortune which the plot has been kind enough to leave him.

This happy ending has been tackled on rather hastily and you still feel that "Mr. Pitt" is something of a tragedy. It is a very sincere and moving tragedy of the human being who wants to be loved but who is cursed with a personality which makes people want to murder him instead. Walter Huston gave a very touching performance; he made you understand Mr. Pitt as few actors can make you understand any one. The background has hardly the easy, everyday flow of "The Show-off," but there are some scenes—with the village gossips of 1898—that are masterpieces of local color.

"Fashion."

"Mr. Pitt" is a long way from that still popular type of play which shows life in a small town as filled with sweetness and light and life in a city as rowdy, wicked and generally de-moralizing. Audiences are beginning to get used to the idea that there are people living in villages who are not altogether noble and people in the metropolis who have their share of the human virtues. But the "back to the farm" idea is still popular as a dramatic motive—and probably always will be. In this connection, it is interesting to consider one of the first American plays ever written which makes the most of exactly this situation.

It was written in 1845 by Anna Cora Mowatt, who called it "Fashion." After all these years, it has exactly the same assortment of characters that are flourishing on the stage to-day. There is the rich and purse-proud family who treat the sweet young thing from the country with contempt until nature's nobleman appears in the form of an independent farmer who makes her an heiress. He offers also to save the family fortunes and keep the man of the house out of jail, but only on condition that they all move back to the farm. These sentiments were applauded lustily by the audiences at Niblo's Garden seventy years ago and reviewed by none other than Edgar Allan Poe, who was then a dramatic critic. And to-day they are giving the great-grand children of these audiences the same pleasure, though from a slightly more sophisticated point of view.

The Provincetown Players have dusted up this old manuscript and presented it with a lively humor and a certain tender pathos for the old days. It is, on the whole, acted in the same spirit, especially by Mary Morris, who as Gertrude might be any one of those gentle, swooning figures out of a "Ladies' Book." Some of the actors saw fit to spoof the roles with deliberate burlesque and this, I think, was a mistake. For anything brought out of the past with the sincerity of this play cannot be utterly ridiculous. It is just as well to remember that we will sound just as funny to the audiences a hundred years from now—funnier and perhaps a little louder.

Among the most charming details are the old songs which Brian Hooker and Deems Taylor have dug up from the latest hits of that day and which the characters sing in the midst of the most dramatic action. "Not
On the New York Stage

Encounters in the course of his nightmare, all the ridiculous pomposities of our daily life—the newspapers, the courts, the business office, the cant of our popular poets and our uplift magazines. It ends in a fragile and luminous pantomime for which Deems Taylor has written such lovely and insinuating music that its overtones remain through your memory of the entire performance.

In the hands of the right director, this play might be made into an uncommonly interesting film. Its spirit of fantasy and its certain wistful satire could be recaptured perfectly by the right people on the screen. I add this, however, with some nervousness and many reservations. For if left to the tender mercies of some directors, it would emerge as a stupendous and elegant "super film" in which the hero spurns the vulgar heiress and marries the poor, gentle beauty when dawn came to the loveliest after several million dollars of scenic effects.

"The Way Things Happen."

"A Bill of Divorcement" was a great play, although they didn't do so well by it in the movies. It was filmed in England with Constance Binney in the girl's rôle; a cruel error because the chubby, winsome Constance is about as far from the type of Katharine Cornell as types can be and Katharine Cornell seemed, to me at least, the only possible person for the rôle. Now there arrives another play by the same author and with the same Katharine in the girl's rôle. But unfortunately, while Miss Cornell is as vivid and genuine as before, the play is a rather cheap affair and many stages below the first one.

Miss Dane saw her heroine as a noble and self-sacrificing martyr, but to many in the audience she appeared as something of a meddling nuisance. Moreover, she affected the hero in much the same way. He has misappropriated some bonds from his office, the villain of the piece holds the telltale papers and the girl, to save the man she loves, offers herself to the villain in exchange for the incriminating evidence. When she tells the young man of her sacrifice, however, he is quite naturally indignant. He has never loved her, he has never asked for such an extraordinary favor and he is so furious at the obligation she has forced on him that he rushes off to jail to escape it. Years after, there is a stormy scene in which the girl slaps his

For Joe," "Walking Down Broadway," and "Call Me Pet Names," bring back the spirit of that age of innocence as nothing else could.

"A Beggar on Horseback."

"Give a beggar a horse and he will ride to the devil." George Kaufman and Marc Connelly have used this fragment of half-truth from the old proverb as the basis of a play which is as far from "Merton" as you can imagine, but not so far as it might seem from "Duley" or "To the Ladies." Like those first priceless comedies, it is a satire on some absurdities in these United States, but in place of the deft, cool technique of those domestic sketches, it takes the form of a poetic and imaginative fantasy. Through the feverish mazes of a dream it shows what happens to genius when it falls into the clutches of Big Business. It is a young composer—shrewdly played by Roland Young—who dreams and who en-

Photo by Edward Thoery Morton

Not even the magnetic personality of Katharine Cornell can make "The Way Things Happen" anything but irritating.

Photo by White Studios

Norman Trevor is smooth and convincing in "The Goose Hangs High."
face and he discovers that he did love her after all.

Not even Miss Dane’s crisp dialogue or the magnetic personality of Miss Cornell could make this play anything but irritating. If there is anything more maddening than the woman who insists on loving and saving a man against his will, I have never found it. Katharine Cornell is artist enough to lose herself in this rôle and to convince you that you ought to think the girl heroic. But, for all her charms, my sympathies were entirely with the harassed young man. He was played with sincerity and real force by Tom Nesbitt.

“Sweet Little Devil.”

Constance Binney has come out of the movies into musical comedy with such success that you have an obstinate feeling that here is where she really belongs. Some of her pictures were pretty and ingratiating, some were merely dull—but never did her personality light up on the screen as it does before the footlights. It is her dancing that does it. One reviewer called her “an iridescent soap bubble with a sense of rhythm” and the phrase—allowing for the enthusiasm of the moment—exactly fits. She has color and buoyancy and a certain child-like joy in her dancing that is irresistible.

The show itself has rather more plot than most musical comedies and the usual mild tinkling music. Miss Binney sings in an artless, frail little voice and pirouettes through the action from curtain to curtain. Her puff-bell charm is so ingratiating that you resent the time lost with the rest of the performance which takes her out of the spotlight. If you have ever watched a pet kitten playing with a piece of fluff, you know what Miss Binney is like in this show.

“The Goose Hangs High.”

Every one has been scolding the younger generation for years on all sorts of complaints, some of which were deserved and some the utterest nonsense. I believe Scott Fitzgerald started it with “This Side of Paradise;” certainly since that time the novelists and dramatists have never lost a chance to show up the shocking manners and worse morals of the young folks of the present day.

Now comes the reaction. There is a sudden rush to their defense, and high time too, for if this kept up the only solution would be to chloroform everybody under thirty. In this last month I have read four novels pointing out that the young folks of to-day have hearts of gold under their barber-pole sweaters. Now the dramatists have started it with a rush of noble flapper plays. “The Goose Hangs High” is one of them.

According to old standards, this pair of twins behave very badly in the first act. They are rude to their relatives and they throw money to the winds and are generally pert and sophisticated. But when trouble comes to the family their real nobility then shines out. Instead of swooning when father loses his job, as the old-fashioned children might have done, they rush out and get jobs of their own and save the family fortunes. It is a pretty idea but nevertheless the first acts are better than the last. (Alas, wickedness is so much easier to write about than nobility!) However, the basic idea is popular and consoling. It is that all’s well with the American home.

Norman Trevor, Miriam Doyle, Katherine Grey and Eric Dressler do smooth and convincing work as mem-

Continued on page 100
Two Letters from Location

Virginia Valli writes of her experiences
in the North woods of California

To Myrtle Gebhart

Northspur, Mendocino County, California.

Dear Myrtle:

Well, I guess I'm "farthest North," as they say in books; just
about as deep into the wilds of Northern California as any picture
player has ever ventured. It's beautiful: great redwoods, the
bluest sky I have ever seen and brown and yellow maple leaves
lending a dash of color to the deep green of the firs. It's so beau-
tiful it's actually awe-inspiring.

You'll see all this when "The Signal Tower" is released. We
have put in three weeks up here on a little stream called the Noyo
River; three weeks filled with fun, a little excitement—and even
a little tragedy.

I'm playing a placid housewife with a small son and a hard-
working railroad-man husband—Rockcliffe Fellowes plays that part,
with Frankie Darro as the little boy. Wallace Beery plays the
"other man," and Clarence Brown is the director. Mrs. Brown
came up with us—and that makes it nice: a sort of feminine point
of contact with a director in a camp where the lack of many con-
veniences and little refinements might pave the way to many little
misunderstandings ordinarily.

But we're just a great big family up here. We all sit around
after supper and pass time with all sorts of little pastimes that
would sound foolish back in Hollywood—a sort of short-and-
simple-annals-of-the-poor existence, as it were.

A few days ago I had a little time off and explored the country.
There was an old abandoned estate; once a beautiful place, and
it seems from countryside legend that the owner wandered off one
day after breakfast and never came back. Left a charming house,
beautifully furnished, stables, dairy, and all. The natives are rather
reticent about it.

We passed two evenings speculating on it and inventing
romances to fit the strange happening.

Wallace Beery suggested that maybe the man was disappointed
in love and went to Mexico or Canada or some place like that
to drown his sorrow. Or else he might have fallen over a cliff,
Continued on page 108
Dear Myrtle:

The last time you heard from me I was in Mexico City and now it's the opposite side of the globe. At the present writing I'm in Touggourt, Algeria, and in case Touggourt doesn't mean anything in particular to you—as, I must confess, it didn't to me until a few days ago—I'll add that it is a good one hundred and fifty miles into the Sahara Desert and is completely surrounded by the finest-grained sand you ever felt the wind blowing in your face.

We came to the Algerian Sahara here, a large party of us, including Bert Lytell, Rosemary Theby, Montagu Love, Walter McGrail and Paul Panzer to make "A Son of the Sahara." Edwin Carewe, the director, thought that a story of the Sahara demanded the real setting. He thinks people rather tired of seeing Oxnard, California and Montauk Point, Long Island, passed off on the screen as the Sahara. I agree with him. The Sahara is the most impressive stretch of space in the world. In the day great rolling dunes casting cubistical shadows and billowing off into seemingly limitless space—like the ocean. And, at long intervals the Arabs, with their caravans of camels, bearing dates from distant oases. The nights! An atmosphere wonderfully clear. Never before have I seen stars so brilliant and so numerous. And they seem near enough to touch, too.

We enjoyed a beautiful crossing on the S. S. Paris. Then came three days in the most wonderful city in the world, Paris. My time was chiefly taken up by shopping for my costumes for my role in "A Son of the Sahara" but I did get time to see some of the sights that makes Paris the city it is. However, Mr. Carewe tells us we are to have a month there on our way back, as we are to do our interiors at the Eclair studio and I'll have more to tell you of Paris after that.

Continued on page 108
Doubling

In addition to being what every Blythe has no false illusions, but

By Malcolm

vivacity, wears daring décolleté in a delightfully matter-of-fact manner, thereby enhancing the effect, and obviously appreciates her artistic limitations.

Despite the protests of many restless readers I must once more double for Paris and pass to Betty Blythe one of his coveted golden apples. Paris, I know, had but one, but one would not be enough in this eye-filling age. It has been claimed, in letters written to the editor, that I have at times been so prolific of bouquets that the air has become overlaid with sweet scents. "We want to know what's wrong with these pictorial pippins," writes a curious picture patron from Denver. Other correspondents, kindly but critical, imply that in my prodigal dispensation of gilded apples I have latterly been dishing apple sauce, which of course, has no classical connotation. Without slipping further into the vernacular, however, let it be said that although Betty Blythe is no beauty, she is beautiful.

Her nose, she will tell you frankly, is too retrousse; her upper lip, she will point out, is too full; yet gazing upon the lovely ensemble the spectator is aware of a definite sensation of pleasure. All is right, as Browning probably said, with the world. Here is something worth looking at, he tells himself. Nor does he lie.

The Blythe pulchritude may be technically non-existent; it is academically unsound; but it is sufficient to exert a deleterious effect upon the casual visitor, the genial reporter bent upon hearing of favorite flowers, hobbies, and congressmen.

So to a winter that has included the ultimate blonde—Claire Windsor still qualifies—and the compelling La Marr, must now be added the devastating Blythe.

In selecting a place of rendezvous with

A picture she made in Europe called "Southern Love" will probably be shown here later.
young man should know, Betty has a genuine sense of humor.

H. Oettinger

Betty Blythe it seemed appropriate that a characteristic Manhattan evening of gleaming lights, slurring music, and magnificent head waiters be arranged. Like the night-blooming cereus, she would unfold under the dim glowing lamps of Club Royale or Trocadero.

Because it was imperative that we hear Paul Whiteman and his superlative sons of syncopation, we dined and danced neath the gaudy canopies of the Palais Royal, Betty regal in a certainly Parisian gown and an arresting head-dress ingeniously fashioned with cloth of gold.

"I haven't been out for an evening since I'm back from Europe," she said. "They met me at the boat ten days ago, and rushed me off to the studio, and I've been doing hard labor ever since. Being at the studio every morning at nine, made up, is hardly conducive to visiting the Palais the evening before, no matter how Royal it is."

"I used to think it would be grand to be a star."

When her father died, Betty Blythe was eighteen and Betty Blythe was not her name. Obliged to leave the luxury of college, her thoughts turned, conventionally enough, to the stage. With the theater and its pretty alliterations in mind the California girl chose the letter B and devised her present pleasing name. It was simpler to find a name than a job. Studio and stage door remained barred to her. Sheer desperation finally drove Betty into the chorus of "So Long Letty," one of the musicalities deploying the lean and lanky talents of Charlotte Greenwood.

A wearying season of the merry-merry was followed by further apprenticeship in the temples of Thespis—a more or less euphemistic way of saying that she portrayed Slander in the road company that carried "Experience" into the provinces.

"Conrad Nagel played Youth in that company," said Betty. "He and I used to shock and disgust our colleagues by going to church on Sundays. He's a fine boy. I'm so glad he's doing well.

Betty Blythe is one of the stars who lives up to the slogan, "Be yourself."

The Queen of Sheba was hardly more daring in her dress than this heroine of "Southern Love."
Doubling for Paris

From the road our heroine escaped to Vitagraph. As early as then, 1917, she was impressive, make shift though her pictures were. Her allure is authentically transferred to celluloid. Her charms radiate glamorous from the cold silver sheet. As the voluptuously beautiful *Queen of Sheba* she attained the high water mark of her career: the artistic boiling point, so to speak. Following that triumphant spectacle of fleshly splendor Betty cast her lot with the money changers, making picture after picture of no importance, but accumulating the savings for a flock of rainy days, if any.

The European jaunt intervened, pleasantly and during the past years Betty has made three foreign pictures, *Southern Love,* "Chu Chin Chow,“ and *The Recoil,* in which she maintains she has done her best work. I imagine "Chu" should bring her exotic figure to the screen under extraordinarily satisfactory auspices.

"We made 'Chu' in Berlin, you know, using the studio Pola Negri used to have. We were in Berlin seven weeks, and I lived at the Adlon, occupying—imagine!—the royal suite formerly graced by Pola herself. That gave me a woozy thrill! Sleeping where the famous Negri had slept . . . bathing in the same imperial tub . . . sitting at the same rococo desk . . . I loved it.

She was unrestrained in her curiosity concerning the newer cinemese, elevated to prominence during her year's absence. "What is Barbara La Marr like?" she wanted to know. "I envy her her level head. She has taken only two short years to get where it has taken me seven. She's so clever. I'm not a bit."

If these two potent personalities ever met there would be a tempestual explosion that would make that shot that echoed round the world sound like a pin dropping on plush. The fireworks attendant upon the meeting of Blythe and La Marr would be cataclysmic. But Betty assured me that I was wrong.

"I'd tell her how I admire her," she said. "She's so beautiful! She looks fascinating. I should love to know her."

"Who?" she asked suddenly. "Is the most interesting actress you've ever met?"

Nazarina was.

"When I was a high-school girl," said Betty, "I saw 'Hedda Gabler,' and thought her marvelous. I saw 'The Wild Duck' and worshiped her. I only wish that I might get her to teach me how to act. She is superb. And what a pity her Salome failed! A picture that was ten years ahead of its time."

The orchestra had just finished the haunting "Lime house Blues," from Charlot's Revue, when a whim seized Betty.

"I wish they'd play that fruit song." Her wish was mother to her action. She requested the surprised violinist to play the melody that made last summer a musical nightmare. To ask for a song of last season's vintage was akin to reading yesterday's paper. Yet under the spell of the Blythe smile the maestro led his wondering followers through "Yes, We Have No Bananas," not once, but thrice. I doubt not but what he would have played "Dardanella" for her. Or anything.

As our steps led us from café to theater and from theater to each of the smaller and better clubs devoted to the dance, our conversation strayed from pillar to post and back, with side trips and diverting excursions. We considered the wayward debutante, the reprehensive French of the maître at Club Royale, the decline of genteel shabbiness, marriage as an escape, the advisability of prohibition, Joseph Conrad's adaptability to screening, the miscasting of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," Mistinguett's legs, the ludicrous goings on at the Washington investigations, Parisian revues and their superiority to German, and tea as a stimulant. Our idle chatter was of little moment and of probably no consequence but it should be distinctly understood that it was not without its high points.

It would be impossible for Betty Blythe to assume the swank of An Actress unless she rehearsed for days beforehand. She belongs to that naturalistic group numbering Loretta Young and the not infrequently mentioned La Marr among its distinguished members—the group bandaged under a common banner on which these words are emblazoned: Be Yourself!

"It's so strange," Betty confided, "I've always wanted Elliott Dexter for a screen lover, and I've been mad to have Lowell Sherman chase me round tables and things. In the picture now on the fire, both wishes, count 'em both are realized. In addition to Sherman and Dexter, Robert Warwick is also with us. Never have I seen three more blase men. And it's such a mistake to be blase. You miss so much!"

"It's like religion, though. You don't get religion until you flirt with death. I was a sheltered daughter, and I went to church as often as most daughters, but religion never occurred to me as a vital force until I found myself in the middle of the Atlantic, with waves sixty feet high breaking over the ship. Lifeboats were washed away. People practiced shouting, 'Women and children first!' And Betty spent three nights sleeping in a life preserver."

"What I thought during that storm made up for lost time, spiritually!"

Even before religion assailed her, however, Betty felt that one of the three great pictures was "Earthbound." Continued on page 107

In preparation for her role in "Southern Love," she studied with the premiere danseuse of the *Royal Opera at Vienna.*

*Photo Copyright by Wide World Photos*
"The Fighting"

James Cruze has brought Booth Tarkington's of the South in pre-Civil War

The action of this romantic old comedy takes place near Natchez, Mississippi, and it is there that James Cruze took his company to make the picture. The picture at the top of the page shows Cullen Landis and Mary Astor, who play the principal roles. At the left is Phyllis Haver, and just above is Ernest Torrence, who plays General Orlando Jackson, proprietor of a gambling den, who befriends the hero.
Coward"

"Magnolia," a charming comedy times, to the screen.

The hero, played by Cullen Landis, is at heart a naturalist and butterfly chaser, but in order to live down a reputation as a coward he poses for a time as a desperado. "You don't have to fight, boy," the old gambler advises him. "You just have to make people believe you can fight."
In her second star picture Mary Philbin has found an ideal leading man in young William Haines, borrowed for the occasion from the Goldwyn company.

"The Inheritors"
Corinne Griffith, tired perhaps of being called beautiful, does her best to look ugly in "Lilies of the Field." The result shows a new ruggedness and strength.

Photos by Paul Grenbeaux

"Lilies of the Field"
After preserving in him such universal favorites as "Peck's Bad Boy," "Circus Days," and "Long Live the King," Jackie Coogan has decided to keep up the good work by filming Ouida’s "Dog of Flanders." The picture, however, will be known as "A Boy of Flanders," for, after all, Jackie is the star, even if the dog is awfully lovable.
Flanders

Little Jean Carpenter plays the girl who inspires "A Boy of Flanders" to work at his sketches and become a famous artist. Jackie is supremely happy in this role, for he loves ragged clothes, and he loves having a dog companion to play with all through the making of a picture. And a rural picture always affords carts and sheds to play in.
Flapping Her Way to Fame

Fate and films both work in curious ways their wonders to perform and not the strangest of these is their making Colleen Moore a flapper star.

By Helen Klumph

If any one had told D. W. Griffith some nine or ten years ago that the skinny, elflike little Irish kid that a Chicago newspaper man introduced to him would make her big success as a jazz-mad flapper he would probably have said, “Do you know any other jokes?” or whatever the current wise crack was then. He would surely have set you down as utterly lacking in judgment if you told him that within a few years tantalizing perfumes would be named for her, that her clothes and manners would be copied by girls all over the country, and that women’s clubs would pass resolutions condemning her flighty actions on the screen.

What D. W. Griffith saw in Colleen Moore as a little girl—and what almost every one who has met her or seen her on the screen since then has sensed, is an evanescent spirit that is wistful, petulant, wide-eyed with wonder, and mocking with typically Irish devilry all at once.

It would have been easy for those of us who knew her during her first days of success on the screen to imagine her scoring as a character out of Barrie, or one of those doomed, moon-struck maidens of Irish folklore. But a wild young person in fashionable Suburbia? It couldn’t be done. And yet, unless we shield our eyes from all the motion-picture trade papers, we see that Colleen Moore in “Flaming Youth” is a knockout box-office success. For the next few months she is to be advertised as “The Flaming Youth Girl.” She is to make a picture called “The Perfect Flapper.” For all I know, Scott Fitzgerald may even now be concocting a reckless, high-spirited exposé of the younger generation for her and the films.

“I do not intend to hide my head just because Colleen has shown me up as a bum prophet. I am much more interested in

continued on page 105
Universal Westerns play a large part in spreading amusing misconceptions about American life.

In Europe Universal pictures are more widely shown than any other company’s, and as a good many of the Universal pictures are Westerns, dealing with the picturesque life of Bret Harte days, some Europeans have odd notions of what life in America is like. The Department of State, through Secretary Hughes, recently expressed regret that in so many instances their ideas about us should be based on our Western pictures. And do you wonder!

Here are a few of the Western players who typify Americans and American mode of dress to the Europeans. Josie and Eileen Sedgwick are the girls. Josie plays opposite Hoot Gibson, and Eileen recently costarred with William Desmond in “The Riddle Rider.” Jack Hoxie, whose picture is just below, is one of the ever-popular Western stars who goes on year after year making outdoor adventure pictures. The man in the oval below is William Desmond.
The Unsteady Screen-flapper Throne

None of the rising young screen favorites wants to be pigeonholed as a flapper, and this article shows why.

By Caroline Bell

CONSIDERING the winsomeness and piquancy of her, one feels a momentary regret that Clara Bow, who achieved notice for her work in "Down to the Sea in Ships," should be hailed as "a flapper discovery." Clara is too new to this business to realize that the flapper throne is the most unstable in movieland. No one has thought to tell her of the many who have traveled from a brief burst of publicity to quick oblivion along the path upon which her eager feet are dancing an overture. It is a path of disillusionment, of heartache.

The short reign of the flapper is partly due to competition, but mostly, I think, to the senseless exaggeration of the type. Each of the flotilla of flappers has had to suffer, in her turn, because of the movie's habit of emphasizing characteristic points of certain types unnaturally. In order to conform to the conventionalized ingénue pattern, girls have been played up in publicity as sweet, dear, innocent creatures who would be scared if a boy looked at them—whereas, in real life, far from being so utterly insane, they are vigorous, self-reliant youngsters.

They can hold their own in this world's battles of wits, can these screen flappers, when not flapping professionally. Most of them are girls whom I like just lots, but—well, they aren't innocent, or helpless. Sophisticated, worldly-wise, many; some have had stage experience, at least in the merrymerry, and cleverly assume an ingénue veneer which conceals shrewd little brains. A few have come to the screen direct from home and school and they, like Clara Bow, lack such hardening experiences. But none of them, in real life, conforms to the innocuous screen pattern.

The movie ingénue, I admit, is one of my pet abominations. She is such a perfect little Elsie Dinsmore heroine—too utterly pure and innocent to be human. The ordinary girl had more brains the day she was born than her screen prototype possesses at an apparent eighteen—it's presumably about that age that the film flapper begins to wonder what life is all about. In real life she doesn't wonder; she knows. Mostly, she is, deceptively, because she was brought up that way and because, beneath her independence and individuality, she's a good sort; but she's a wise one.

At a girls' party recently, when we all sat around on the floor and played games and acted the fool, I compared these girls with the types they often must play for the camera. They're a wholesome bunch, indeed, Helen and Mid and Pat, Laura and Clara and Vola and Carmel, and the others. They're real, right, regular girls, doing their work well, helping to support their mothers and younger brothers and sisters. Every one of them is, I'd wager, what the world calls "good." But they, like the ordinary girl of to-day in any home, in any town, are not Elsie Dinsmore heroines. The competition they face is developing their self-reliance, their judgment. They know what they want—and they are going to have it. Upon that point they evince a determination like steel.

That point was illustrated when we had our fortunes told, each making a wish while the wise one read the cards. Of all those fervent wishes, only two or three were sentimental ones. Professional wishes, mostly, demanding success in their work. These girls, mayhap, will welcome romance when it comes to them; but they know that there are other things in this world and, in keeping with girlhood everywhere, they are reaching out confident, "gimme" hands.

And yet on the screen they have to play such rapid, silly heroines! The film ingénue is archaic, impossible. They dress her body in the clothes of the season, but make her wear still the same soul and mentality, with the old repertoire of expressions, not realizing that she, too, must progress, as types in real life change. It's really inexplicable, for surely the public must have wearyed of that moth-eaten illusion that girls are made to cling and act like simpletons. And therein lies the main reason, I think, for the failure of so many of our screen flappers—the cinematic habit of stamping them into patterns instead of permitting them to play in the shadows their own diversified individualities.

Cast your memory backward over the last year or two, recall the hosts of flappers upon whom the spotlight has been focused only to fade after a little to the obscurity of "fill-in-the-gap" rôles.
her temperament could not completely be blanketed even in those frightful Universal plays. But now one hears little of Edith. Gladys Walton failed utterly except in one or two pictures which showed her pretty much as herself—a rather zippy, brittle young person.

Even Carmel Myers, whom this season is winning new prominence in derisivally roles, has had her share of flapping, until in sheer exasperation she took the reins in her own capable hands and stamped her feet and shook off the suffocation of type. Carmel's is a personality of color and individualism; but her gray-green eyes view, rather shrewdly, this world and its goods. Carmel knows where she's headed — and she'll get there.

A year ago Pauline Garon basked in the spotlight's resplendent glow. Heralded by "flapper publicity," Pauline did exceptionally well in "Adam's Rib" for the reason that she played her own volatile, charming self, a rather sophisticated bit of pretty girlhood, absolutely sure of herself. But since that one unusual hit, she has been playing inconspicuous, vapid roles.

Truly, Viola Dana deserves an endurance medal from the flapper league for preserving upon the screen so long an illusion of that ingénue glory. But Vi is, and I think always will be, a kid at heart. Slightly hard boiled, blandly herself, but irrepressible, of an electric, bubbling personality, she's the sort of impetuous kid to whom age means nothing, for it makes no mark upon the inside feelings of her, though it may in time impress itself upon her outward countenance. Perhaps she realizes this impending and inescapable advent of the years' imprint, or maybe it's because of the changing trend of the screen and the demise of the program star; anyway, Vi is attempting a new and deeper type of characterization in "Revelation."

Studding the prize flapper's reign have been a legion whose glory was short—Bessie Love, Lucille Ricksen, Pauline Garon, others. A wave of "flapper publicity"—the spotlight's glow—and then either they stepped into acting, dramatic roles, as did Bessie Love and Lucille Ricksen, with such promise, or else they became mere "supporting leads."

Edith Roberts flapped in more or less silly, inconsequential roles—though the fire and impetuosity of
Of a colorful personality, Pauline showed promise. But directors wouldn't let her continue being herself; her effervescence was pressed into the cinematic pattern. She is not exactly hard boiled, but she's no longer a kitten in its first nine days of life. Her brain works amazingly clear of the Elsie Dinsmore cobwebs; calculating, competent, I have a hunch that Pauline may yet wake up to the reason for her backsliding and redeem her promise.

Next came Vera Reynolds, who did so well her bit in Gloria Swanson's "Prodigal Daughters" that it attracted immediate attention. That poignant moment of dramatic acting suggested a splendid future for Vera as a character juvenile. But the powers that be pigeonholed her into an ingénue typical of typical vapidity. I still have hopes for Vera, for I believe in that small body burns a flame and some day, if Vera has spunk enough, she is going to throw off the mantle of flapperhood and come into her own along the lines which Bessie Love and Lucille Ricksen have so capably pioneered for the young girls of ability.

Eileen Percy was captivating and refreshing in "Children of Jazz," but Eileen is beyond the flapper age, and we might have known she wouldn't be permitted to continue her zestful portrayals of the headstrong, explosive girlhood of to-day. Clara Horton rather surprised me in personal acquaintance. I had at times thought her quite impossible on the screen—the usual procedure, smiles, pouts, baby eyes, all that. Clara, the girl, is a regular girl, of unexpected personality, with facets of light and charm. Why can't she have a chance to be a real girl on the screen? Patsy Ruth Miller is one of the few whom the camera hasn't succeeded in denaturing, because her temperament is so volatile that they can't obliterate the sparkle of her no matter how many innocuous roles they may give her, and they have given her quite a few.

Ethel Shannon has been lukewarmly publicized as a flapper. They admit Ethel is twenty. I think she is a few years older. Her eyes are those of a young woman with a stupendous will power; they have shrewd gleams in them, mingled with their kindliness. Ethel is likely to get whatever she wants, I'll warrant. In "Maytime" she was miscast in a sweet, girlish rôle. The bit in "The Hero" in which she played a cabaret girl, superbly aggressive, zippy, a bit brazen, is the sort of thing which fits her like a glove.

This digression brings

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Harold Lloyd—Business-man Actor

Harold has stepped out as producer of his own comedies and other pictures as well, with the best wishes of the fans and of all Hollywood.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HOLLYWOOD has watched with quiet pride the definite progress of Harold Lloyd. The film capital, that dearly loves to say, "I told you so," but not always is given the chance, has felt for some years that the bespectacled comedian was destined some day to a place in the first rank and now that he is making his own films with still more ambitious producing plans in view, Hollywood naturally is proud that its faith has been justified.

During the past couple of years I have had occasion many times to talk with Harold, to understand his viewpoint about his work, about other things, to study his character. In glancing back over these many talks the qualities about him that most stand out in my mind are his sincerity, his practical common sense, his very genuineness—and the little bit of the dreamer which, though he derides it, puts the glow of vision now and then in his eyes—gives him enthusiasm.

As a rule, he doesn’t talk very much, but listens a great deal. He is never eager to impress upon you his opinion unless it is asked in some discussion of a question, but always he listens to, thinks over, the comments of everybody else. "What I think doesn’t matter," he once said, "but what others think is important, because all those others reflect the public attitude, and I am trying to make pictures to please the public, not Harold Lloyd." The struggles that were his portion during the early stages of his career, his understanding of people, have given him the human touch.

A young adventurer, but not a romanticist, Harold. His imagination is not great; he is more the business man with the common touch, the sympathetic understanding of people’s impulses, what they want; he is a builder, both planner and executor, rather than an artist. He has no complexes, is not subtle. His comedies are broad slaps at life, ordinary incidents exaggerated a trifle for effect. These things happening to the hero, one thinks, might happen to any such young fellow. Indeed, Harold is not so much Harold a personality, as he is any young fellow.

His showmanship qualities excel over any artistic leanings that may he, unadmitted, deep in him. He has his responsive touch always on the public pulse.

His pictures are designed to appeal to the mass mind, to the quantity of the public. Lacking innuendoes, subtle gropings for new paths, there is nothing fumbling, uncertain about them. Rather, they show us a likable personality who gets into all sorts of humorous situations. They carry, as all true comedy must, a certain touch of pathos; but they lack the smile-within-a-tear of the Chaplin deft shadow pictures. They are not always skillful, but they are very genuine.

Comparison of Harold and Chaplin with reference to competition for the title of "the world’s greatest comedian" is futile, because of their wide differences of character and work. Chaplin is, or thinks he is, a philosopher—both humorist and tragic soul bewilderingly corked up in one human being. No wonder that this medley’s expression is at times baffling, suggestive of unrevealed subtleties. The wonder is that, with his chameleon personality, he is able to express himself with such clarity of vision as his "Woman of Paris" showed. In that you saw more of a reflection of the real Chaplin than in any of his comedies. His very complexities, the problems which he feels he must work out and understand himself before he essays to express them, give him always that vague feeling of never being able to know and fully understand Chaplin.

Chaplin’s work reflects the egotism, the spirit of mental probing, which is his main attribute. Harold is more physical, if I may use that term. He does not seek to explain indefinite riddles; he does not make us think
overmuch but is content to amuse us with the humor of every day. He has built perhaps more surely, more firmly, than has Chaplin. Chaplin always impresses me in a way as a balloon—one moment soaring high, brilliant with promise, with ineffably scintillant lights, far above our comprehension. At times breeding in us a vague chagrin—we dimly feel his chameleon qualities. That never can the whole of his mental iridescence be caught upon the screen; again, there is a let down, a vital disappointment.

Harold is static, dependable. He does not stimulate us mentally, rather he relaxes us, gives us broad sweeps of fun. He is absolutely devoid of conceit. Almost humbly he feels that the public has given him success because of his kinship with themselves, rather than any tribute to particular genius. The Lloyd pictures do not mirror moods, as do the Chaplin cameos, of a bewildered soul; they are commonplace, everyday.

Harold has literally built his way up in this industry, almost as any enterprising young fellow would in, for instance, the hardware or the banking business. Beginning as an extra, years ago he formed a lasting friendship with Hal Roach on the old Universal lot. Pooling their savings of a couple of hundred dollars, these two young adventurers started out to make the sort of comedies they thought people wanted.

Along the same dogged, plodding, practical lines that have characterized his work in the past, Harold is planning his future as an independent producer. After the completion of three more pictures for Pathé—the next will be a domestic comedy—he will have the buildings ready for occupancy out on the large tract of land he has bought between Hollywood and the beach for a studio site. A rumor gaining currency about Hollywood says that his name will be added to those of Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Griffith and Ray on the United Artists' list.

"Maybe," Harold evaded the question. "At any rate, I'll never make artistic pictures, in the exaggeration with which the word is used hereabouts."

He abhors costume films, dependent so much upon a tawdry illusion, a massive background of sets.

"It strikes me that the very best acting seldom stands out in relief in costume pictures. It is swamped by the investiture of the picture as a whole." he has said forcibly many times. "The actors seldom give reality to their work, make it seem human—lifelike. I want to vary my own productions—a thriller, a broad farce, a domestic comedy and so on, each of a different background and type, but all carrying a motif of humor. And above all, genuine human characteristics."

"I'll take that back in one instance"—he referred to the topic of costume films again. "'The Ten Commandments,' to my mind, is the finest picture ever produced. It handed me a surprise, the dramatic sweep and realism of both the Biblical prologue and the splendid modern story. But I do wish De Mille hadn't jumped from one to the other. The modern story is strong enough to stand as it is. If he had only continued the Biblical story, on down through the life of Christ!"

There on the stage, clad in the nondescript garments Continued on page 100
In order to get scenes showing the passengers in a street car only one side of the car needs to be built. On the other side the camera is mounted. Such a car is usually built on rockers, electrically controlled, so that the motion of a car can be simulated. Laurette Taylor is shown here being directed in a scene for “Happiness,” by King Vidor.

Where the Camera Lies

Things are not always just what they seem on the screen.

When you see people riding in an automobile in a motion picture it probably never occurs to you to wonder where the camera was. If it were inside a regular car with four walls it would be so close to the passengers that an enormous close-up would be the result; that is, provided that it was light enough to get any impression at all. It is necessary, therefore, to use the body of a car from which the front has been removed. To get the effect of swaying motion this is placed on a platform that can be rocked. The painted street scene, which you see, looks highly realistic on the screen.

In “The Marriage Circle” Ernst Lubitsch wanted some close-ups of Florence Vidor on the balcony of a house, so the camera platform had to be elevated to the level of the balcony.
In many respects, the movies give us very erroneous ideas of the ways of the Four Hundred. 

By Harold Seton

When a factory town is entertained with a motion picture portraying "society people," the spectators may accept the production without cavil, but will laugh in derision when their own types are misinterpreted. Similarly, when society people are entertained with a motion picture portraying factory workers, the spectators may accept the production without cavil, but will smile in derision when their own types are misinterpreted. Therefore, having sought for and obtained constructive criticisms from various men and women well known in the world of fashion in New York and Newport, it is my privilege to herewith submit these specific objections for general consideration.

The first thing that every member of "the smart set" always criticizes in these society pictures is the ludicrous proportions of the dwellings in which the rich and fashionable are supposed to reside. Drawing-rooms and ballrooms generally display the dimensions of armories or railway stations, with doors and windows thirty or forty feet in height and ceilings higher than those in any home ever built. As a matter of fact, the finest private ballrooms in New York, in the homes of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr.; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; Mrs. Vincent Astor, and Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson, are far from being of the size usually depicted on the screen. Other fine ballrooms are in the homes of the Misses Mabel and Angelica Gerry, Mr. Ogden Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. But these apartments would undoubtedly impress producers and directors as being "too insignificant" for reproduction. The sets would occupy mere corners of studios, whereas orders for ballroom scenes indicate the utilization of an acre at least.

Another criticism of society scenes that is commented upon by well-informed men is in connection with fashionable clubs. Such backgrounds are frequently employed, and two extremes are indulged in when these episodes are filmed. Either the extras are told to remain immobile and quiescent or to express bustling activity. Screen clubmen, therefore, either loll all over the set, scanning newspapers with extraordinary concentration, or else they rush hither and thither like a delegation of traveling salesmen just arrived at a small-town hotel. The newspaper readers remain absorbed in the printed pages until the hero and villain engage in physical violence or a convenient stock ticker announces the loss of the hero's fortune. The fashionable drummers, on the other hand, wring each other's hands and slap each other's backs in a manner to amaze the members of the Union Club or the Metropolitan, both of Fifth Avenue.

In picture productions, fashionable children are merely movie children more overdressed than usual. Little girls in velvet coats trimmed with ermine and feather hats trimmed with ermine are often displayed, along with little boys almost as elaborately arrayed. As a

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What Every Like

Several great modistes designed that "The Perfect Flapper"

Directed by Peggy

IT never would do, of course, for any one playing the title rôle in "The Perfect Flapper" to wear just ordinary clothes. Or even the extraordinary clothes affected by motion-picture stars who play clothes-horse rôles. The Flapper's clothes had to be original without being bizarre; and they had to be cute—but not so cute and youthful as to make her look like an ingénue.

So when Colleen Moore, lately made the queen of the flappers by popular acclaim, started to assemble her wardrobe for this new picture she enlisted the services of several famous modistes, who created for her frocks and hats that they consider ideal for girls between eighteen and twenty-three. Some of the most practical ones are reproduced here, and their styles are so simple that any clever girl could copy them or at least gain from them a few smart hints to guide her in buying her spring wardrobe.

Every girl should have at least one day dress like the tube frock pictured at the left. This one, which was designed by Claire, is of flat black crape, trimmed with narrow braids of orange, violet, green, and gold. A dainty touch of real lace in ecru tone finishes the single waist-line pocket and the neck and sleeves. The back shoulder cape, which has been very popular during the winter, and which gives grace to the girl of generous proportions and a suggestion of roundness to the slender type, is particularly attractive on this frock.

Black is again the most popular color for spring, but this dress could be effectively copied in crape or romen of any of the favored new shades, such as lime yellow, madonna blue, or artichoke.

The hat worn with this dress is of black satin with a youthful rolled brim and a long bow of moiré ribbon.
Young Girl Would to Wear

clever models along the lines of advance styles so might be garbed in a matter befitting her title.

MADAME FRANCES, always famous for her exquisite fabrics and ravishing dance frocks, designed the two evening dresses pictured here for Miss Moore. One is made of orchid chiffon cut in the shape of flower petals, with each tiny petal outlined in silver thread. The girdle is of silver cloth, and at the left the gown is enhanced by a cluster of silk orchids falling from the waist to the hem of the skirt. This little gown is a rapturous thing, the very essence of springtime and youth.

The other dance dress is a demure, old-fashioned frock of apple-green changeable taffeta with ribbon flowers in French shades forming the shoulder strap and trimming. Narrow ruching of gold and green ribbon finishes the flounces. A dainty petticoat of chiffon and lace dotted with tiny flowers is worn with this dress.

Short coatees and jacquettes are still more popular with the younger set than full-length wraps, though a coat of seven-eighths length has been introduced and has met some favor. However, no flapper’s wardrobe can be considered really complete without a short ermine coat. Miss Moore’s has a high rolling collar and is edged with mole. She is so very slender that such a coat is very becoming to her, but girls who are heavier and broad through the hips should never wear such a short coat. Girls who are stouter than Miss Moore should wear loose coats that come four or five inches below the hip line. Their skirts can be tight, but coatees never.

It is a pity that the colors of these charming frocks will never be seen on the screen, for they have all the delicacy of flowers.

The first requisite of Colleen Moore’s frocks is that they should be beautiful, but a close second is that they should be comfortable and permit free movements. A girl who is active cannot be bothered with intricate fastenings, and drapery that is always getting in the way.
Fire! Fire!

Motion-picture directors seem to be going in strong for blazing scenes.

JUST as it has gone through its various cycles of weeping mothers, wild parties, wandering daughters, and so on, the screen is now turning to fire scenes. Of course, a fire always has had a high average as a sure box-office bet, but lately one picture after the other has come out with its director's own pet idea of a knockout fire scene.

On this page you get a glimpse of the burning possibilities of some coming releases. At the top of the page is shown a cabaret fire scene from the Metro film, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." At the bottom of the page is reproduced the spectacular forest fire from the Paramount production "Flaming Barriers," which was staged under the guidance of forest rangers in an isolated part of northern California. And to the left appears what will, perhaps, be the most breath-taking stunt of all on the screen. The girl, doubling for Anna Q. Nilsson in the Richard Walton Tully picture, "Flowing Gold," dives from a rooftop into a whirlpool of water and blazing oil.
At Home with Norman

Before the motion-picture camera Norman Kerry is sophisticated, blasé, even sinister sometimes, but at home he is just a good-looking, lanky youth, who makes an affable host and pleasant companion. His home is simple and is set in a spacious lawn with a mirrorlike flower pool. The scene of greatest activity is always the swimming pool, where a merry crowd is sure to be found on a warm afternoon.
Valentino, Richard Dix—they were all there. Society women, who seemed to try to look like movie stars, and stars who looked like society queens. Lilian Tashman was there, dressed up like a horse on Derby Day. Miss Tashman is one of the best-dressed women in all of New York, and on this night she had on everything except the Christmas tree trimmings. Also in attendance were the entire freshman class of Princeton, Yale and Harvard, all of them looking for a wild party. It was just wonderful.

Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks recently arrived in town from the coast on their yearly visit. They are here for the openings of their two pictures, "The Thief of Bagdad" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Miss Pickford seems to grow younger every year, and Doug has never looked so well. They are terribly enthusiastic about their pictures, and from all reports they have a right to be. I hear that "Bagdad" is quite a few steps ahead of anything that has ever been done, and is likely to start a lot of new ideas in the picture world. After talking to them a few moments, one can't help getting just as worked up about the pictures as they are. Mary and Doug have the most infectious personalities I have ever encountered.

Movie stars come and go so fast in New York that it seems impossible to keep accurate track of them. Seena Owen is back from Europe. Betty Compson came through New York en route to Miami; Norma Talmadge is in the East—at present basking in Palm Beach—Eileen Percy has gone back to the Coast, Bebe Daniels is here to play the lead for Rudolph Valentino, who is also in New York, fresh from Europe; Gloria Swanson is taking a vacation in Miami, Alma Rubens and Constance Bennett have left for California to play in "Cytherea." It is all very complicated.

All of which reminds me of something. Every one has heard of the famous round table at the Hotel Algonquin, where the intelligentsia sit around and pan every one but themselves, but I claim the discovery of a new and much more charming round table—this one situated in the Ritz grill. Almost any day one can glance in there and see a table of movie stars. Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Justine Johnstone, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Anita Stewart—and caught them working on Gloria Swanson's latest picture, "A Society Scandal." Alan Dwan was directing, and Gloria was doing her stuff before the camera. They had a new stunt I had never seen before in a studio. When the scene was ready an enormous bell, somewhat like a fire alarm, would ring twice, and when the scene was finished it would ring three times. It was all very nice, but I don't know what the idea was. Thelma Converse was on the set, playing an exciting game of Mah Jong. In the background I spotted Ricardo Cortez. The name sounds like a combination of cigars, but it is really a man's name. Ricardo Cortez is a stellar delineator of Latin parts a la Valentino. The story of his rise in motion pictures is the most amazing one of any star I have ever heard of. I gave him my word I would keep quiet for the present, but some day—

The opening of "Yolanda," Marion Davies' latest work, was another of those get-together affairs, where all the stars, directors, exhibitors, publicity men, stage hands, critics, writers—any one with the slightest excuse was there with bells on. Miss Davies was little seen by the audience, as she sat upstairs in her box with the other members of the Cosmopolitan Corporation. Gloria Swanson came in, dazzlingly arrayed, and knocked 'em all cockoo. Mr. Valentino and his wife were there, and she was nearly the best-looking woman in the place. Bebe Daniels, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Seena Owen, Dagmar Godowsky, Morris Gest, Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, every reporter from the New York American and New York Journal, all the fan magazine writers—the only person I didn't see there was the Right Honorable Doctor Frank Crane, and maybe he was. A lot of débutantes had been imported for the occasion—I suppose to lend class and make it a really swell opening, like one of Morris Gest's, but they didn't come up to the stars at all. Every one in a while some one would take some brushing deb for Gloria Swanson, and she would turn the color of orange. One débutante was accompanied by a very staid New York man, who, apparently, thought these movie people rather vulgar. A fan mistook the deb for Mae Murray, and yelled out, "There goes Mae Murray with Lon Chaney." The man's expression was well worth the price of admission, which nobody had to pay, anyway.
Some of Our Best Young Men

New matinee idols are constantly encroaching on the popularity of the old favorites.

Even as straws show which way the wind blows, the photographs on flappers' dressing tables tell who the latest hits among the screen juveniles are. Recent investigation showed these three young men to be the new favorites of many girls. Ben Lyon, at the right, shared honors with Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth," and will appear again with her in "Painted People." Buster Collier, below, captured many hearts last year when he played "Secrets of Paris" and "Enemies of Women," and has more recently made a big hit in "Pleasure Mad." Edward Burns, in the corner, so distinguished himself in a Mae Murray picture that Gloria Swanson sent for him to play opposite her in "The Humming Bird."
Hollywood High Lights

favorable comment for her performances right along lately, and is credited with having created a new type of siren. The Ira role will probably provide the most colorful Circe that she has yet portrayed.

Ever since she left the slapstick comedies, Louise Fazenda has been enjoying one continued round of featured prominence, and what is more, she seems to be making an especial hit as a burlesque vamp. You remember, of course, the part that she played in "The Gold Diggers." Well, here is Miss Fazenda's recently finished another in "Listen, Lester" that compares with this in quality. So be sure to watch for it.

Beauty Hint

Helen Ferguson won front-page publicity in the Los Angeles newspapers in the most extraordinary way imaginable, for she "fessed" up most obligingly and complacently to the fact that she was going to be a beauty doctor to have the bridge of her nose operated on.

The result is that you simply won't know Helen the next time you see her on the screen. She has been transformed from a Roman into a Grecian type.

As you possibly know, such various and sundry expedients for regulating the suitability of one's features to the screen are not altogether unusual in the film circle, though they are not all as enchantingly beneficial as might be presumed.

Here's luck to Helen, however, for she deserves her share of success at any cost, even at the loss of a small padlet of cartilage.

Over the Teacups

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being missed from the screen during the time that she will be abroad playing Ira in "Ben-Hur." She pitched right in while she was waiting and did roles in two different productions that are expected to offer special attractions to theatergoers. One of these was "Poisoned Paradise," based on a story of Monte Carlo, and the other "Broadway After Dark," which Monte Bell, formerly associated with Charlie Chaplin, directed for Warner Brothers. Under the influence of Chaplin technique, Mr. Bell is expected to turn out in this one of the most striking features of the year, and Adolphe Menjou, who was perhaps the major success in "A Woman of Paris," has one of the leading roles.

Miss Myers has evoked most
dios. I do hope Mary gave her the freedom of her little bungalow during her absence in Europe. It would have been a charming and gracious bit of hospitality.

"That reminds me. Marion Davies never minds how much applause the other fellow gets, so she invited Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford to be guests of honor at the opening of 'Yolanda.' There were loads of notables there—Seena Owen, Betty Blythe, MacAvo, Debe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Gloria Swanson, Helene Chadwick. Helene came East for a vacation, you know, and started right in by working in two pictures. One of them is Valentino's; the other is 'The Masked Dancer' and Lowell Sherman is in both of them.

"I suppose George Walsh was there, though I didn't see him. He is in town, you know, and is sailing within a few days for Italy. Dick Barthelmess is supposed to go to Spain next week to make a picture before joining Lillian Gish in Italy for 'Romeo and Juliet,' but he is trying to postpone going. Next to being sent to Pahn Beach for a picture I'd like to go to Spain where the food, at least, is hot. Dick doesn't know how he's going to swim that one out.

"I've been expecting Corinne Griffith to arrive here ever since she finished 'Lilies of the Field,' but instead of coming East she up and got married down in San Diego. She married Walter Morosco, the son of the theatrical producer, you know. And she gave a lot of people the surprise of their lives by announcing that after making three more pictures she was going to retire and raise a family. That's taking the public into your confidence!"

"Well, what about Betty Compson?"

"Yes. I saw she had announced her engagement to James Cruze. I may be quaint and old-fashioned and conservative—as though Fanny could ever be old-fashioned in anything—but it does seem to me a little nicer to wait until a man's divorce is final before announcing one's engagement to him. The wedding is going to be in the fall at Frisco, Utah, the tiny little town where Betty was born. Mr. Cruze found it when he was making 'The Covered Wagon.'

"And while discussing domestic affairs I suppose you know that they are furnishing a nursery out at Harold's Lloyd's home."

"Fanny knew perfectly well that I didn't, but she likes to spring things on me casually.

"Speaking of the opening of 'Yolanda'—and why speak of anything else?—I saw Edith Allen there. She is not to be called Hedda Lind after all. People protested too much against her changing her name. And I saw little Una Merkel there. Her profile is so much like Lillian Gish's, the resemblance is startling. Do you remember when she was a student at the Sargent Dramatic School and used to come to the studio when Lillian was working? They hired her to rehearse scenes for Lillian so that Lillian could see how they looked to an audience and also so that her strength would be saved. It was wonderful training for Una Merkel and she used to play some of the scenes gloriously. She has finished school now and gone into pictures in dead earnest. She has just played small parts so far, and now she is working in the De Forest phonofilms, so people will have the unique experience of hearing her as well as seeing her!"

Even that long dissertation didn't wind Fanny and when a woman came in and sat down at the next table displaying a veritable blaze of jewels, she took our song and started scribbling on it again.

"There was an interesting article in last Sunday's World," Fanny announced in strident tones that the woman couldn't help hearing. "It brought up the question of how many jewels a woman could wear without looking like a Hudson River ice jam. I must clip it out and send it to 26th Pitts. She was so interested when she was in New York to find that some society women wear more jewels even than picture stars!"

And before I had a chance to tell Fanny that she was obviously jealous, she had rushed out to the telephone to see if she couldn't reach Virginia Valli before her departure for Hollywood.

Virginia is living on a starvation diet so as to keep slender, and Fanny will never be happy until she finds out what it is. She has been delving into the subject of diets quite thoroughly lately and has promised to tell me some day soon all about the relative merits of counting your calories, taking violent exercise, living on baked potatoes and skimmed milk or lamb chops and pineapple, or simply not eating at all one day a week. Not that Fanny is in the freight elevator class yet, but you never can tell.
America's Riviera

Fashion's winter playgrounds, the shores near Miami, Florida, are about to come into their own on motion-picture screens. In the past many pictures have been made in Miami, but none of them have featured the social life of its winter colony, its beaches, and cafés. Now the Hodkinson Company is making "Miami," with Betty Compson as its star, and this picture will bring the glamour of Miami right into your neighborhood theater if the company's promises are fulfilled. The pictures above and below show Miss Compson with members of her company; the one in the center shows Clare Briggs, the famous cartoonist posing her for a sketch.
of the country hero of "Girl Shy," hands thrust carelessly into his pockets—Harold was a very real and ordinary young fellow. But into his brown eyes came the glow of an imagination that he will seldom admit, a certain awe, the vision of the boy stirred beyond his wont by something miraculously beautiful, something of the soul's understanding of religious force, and yet hesitant, as is our foolish human way, to speak of it.

"Somebody, some time," his voice mirrored the intensity of his feeling, "is going to make a Biblical picture that will leave us dumb with awe. The Life of Christ, I mean. It has great drama, poignant tragedy, that spiritual beauty that lifts people out of themselves. De Mille could have done it, if he had gone on a bit farther. Me?" A surprised inquiry, a jar, a joyous chuckle. "That would have to be made by a great artist—and that's something I'm not. I'm only an ordinary fellow trying to amuse folks by acting out some of the humor of ordinary life."

Usually the director is the big pop-gun of the troupe, or in some cases the star. In the Lloyd company, though, you really feel a cooperative spirit the moment you approach the set. Harold, with one or two exceptions, has had the same bunch with him for years—Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, directors; Taylor, Thomas J. Gray, Tim Whelan and Ted Wilde to collaborate on his stories and Bob "Red" Golden as assistant. From long association with him, they understand Harold, his character, capabilities and limitations; together with much good-humored wrangling, they work out each situation, each suggesting, trying this and that, discarding. I remember several instances when Harold permitted their joint opinion to overrule his own individual viewpoint. The result is that his pictures seldom miss fire.

That camaraderie and youthful spirit—for most of Harold's assistants are rather young—finds outlet in much good-natured kidding. "Hi, you, Lady Lloyd!" they taunt him because lately he's been bringing his lunch to the studio.

"Who says I'm not a workingman? Don't I carry my lunch in a pail?"

Harold retorts.

"Girl Shy," which is the title of the film now in the making, has to do with the tribulations of a bashful country boy who, in the throes of an imaginative gambol, has written a book about his experiences with the feminine sex, whereas in reality he is rendered inarticulate if one so much as looks at him. It is a human, likable character of much genuine sympathy. The complications arise when he seeks to win the rich little girl—Johynal Ralston.

In overcoming his handicaps, there is opportunity for a thrill or two, particularly when he drives a cumbersome farm wagon helterskelter down Broadwater, through the maze of automobile and street-car traffic, at a thirty-five-mile-an-hour clip. There is delicious burlesque, too, on one sequence in "Orphans of the Storm," in the scenes which show him rushing madly, via the creaking wagon, to the rescue of his lady, who is about to be wed to an unwed suitor, with numerous cutbacks which tend to increase the suspense—and also the laughter.

Harold is not approaching the status of a producer with any cocky egotism, but rather with what he believes is pretty accurate knowledge of what the public expects of him. He knows what he can do and what he can't deliver and is determined to remain within his own latitude. His whole viewpoint is too prosaic, too practical, to permit of fanciful imaginings of adventure, even in the realm of finance. He has no patience with artistic failures. Most of his earnings have been salted away in safe securities. Now he feels qualified to stand alone—indeed, for the past year he has been producing his own films for Pathé—and has sufficient faith in his coworkers and himself to back his definite plans with his own cold cash.

For this very reason his sane, thoughtful attitude toward the business, his understanding of people, the genuine quality in himself that draws to him a like appreciation of real values—because of these things I do not feel the slightest hesitation in predicting for Harold perhaps not a soaring, immediately astonishing future as an independent producer, but certainly one that will guarantee success and an ever-growing public estimation.

I hope in explaining his practical attitude I have not given the impression that he is hard, blunt. He isn't. At times he is very sensitive, always he has a keen feeling and sympathy. But—and a good thing for him and his career too—giving it a solid, matter-of-fact basis—he lacks the super-sensitiveness that has blighted so many promising careers. The fumbling uncertainties of, for instance, Charles Ray. He has no hidden depths of soul to intrigue and befuddle people. Harold is very much personally the likable young fellow whom you see upon the screen.

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On the New York Stage

Continued from page 69

bers of the family. There is also a priceless rôle for that grand old lady of the stage, Mrs. Whiffin, who makes a sweet-faced old grandmother as malicious as this type can occasionally be. After all, the older generation could be quite as mean as the younger, once they put their minds to it.

"The New Englander."

Louise Huff, who came out of the movies into "Mary the Third" last year, is an important part of this play by Abby Merchant. Her rôle, however, is not the dominant one of the play. It is built around a young man who steals stocks and bonds from his employers, as so many of our best leading juveniles are doing in stage plots these days. And there is also a mother who is Spartan enough to send her own son to jail. But the real hero of the piece is the New England conscience which works itself out in action which is sometimes dramatic and sometimes rather tiresome. The mother will not make good on her son's defection but when he threatens to jump his bail she kills herself, so that he may inherit her money and save himself from prison. I don't believe this is the New England conscience—if it is, its ethics seem rather twisted. Irritating as the main theme is, however, it is developed with a sincerity that makes it forceful and truly dramatic. Miss Huff does an excellent piece of work as the fiancée of the embrazing young man and Gilbert Emery as the gray-haired friend of the family is so much more interesting than the young man that I can't understand why she didn't fall in love with him instead.

Except for a few sad little failures and frothy little musical shows, the month just ended, as I write, holds nothing else that is particularly worth seeing. However, a season that has launched things like "St. Joan," "Outward Bound," "The Miracle," and "A Beggar on Horseback." may safely be permitted to rest on its laurels.
The Woman's Own Car

All Chevrolet models are popular with women on account of their beauty of line and finish and ease of handling.

The new 4-passenger coupe was designed especially for women. Its stylish, distinguished appearance makes immediate appeal, and closer examination promotes enthusiasm. Best of all—the price is surprisingly low for so high-grade a production, equipped as it is with a Fisher Body, two extra-wide doors that make feasible graceful entrance to and exit from the car. Single, comfortable driver's seat, ample room for two in the rear seat, and a fourth folding seat for an extra passenger.

Comfortably, tastefully upholstered and artistically trimmed with good-grade hardware.

Plate-glass windows on all four sides. Cord tires on easily demountable rims, with extra rim.

Although designed with special consideration for our women friends, we find this model is also favored by many men for business and family use. Merchandise samples can be carried inside the car instead of in the rear compartment. Evenings and week ends the same car admirably meets the requirements of the small family.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation
In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario
MYSTIFIED.—So you are all at sea regarding some of those funny movie terms? Well, a large number of other fans seem to be, too, and I am giving you out of favor now, and the first glimpse New Yorkers get of the film is at the first night of the regular theater run. Such a showing becomes then, not a preview, but an actual showing. But notice of previews still prevails on the Coast. A continuity is a detailed outline of a picture, which is divided into descriptions of scenes, or, more accurately, of the director's guide in making the production. Script is just another word for continuity.

ANITA.—It is true that Joseph Hergesheimer's "I Remember Mama," going on the screen. It will be made by Sam Goldwyn, and the rôle of Senta Groove will be played by Alma Rubens, that of the principal male character by Lewis Stone, and his wife, Fanny, by Irene Rich. Constance Bennett will also be in it, as a flapper. Corinne Griffith will again have Conway Tearle as her leading man in "Lilies of the Field." He played with her in "Black Oxen," you know.

STATISTICIAN AGAIN.—Three or four years is supposed to be the average life of a film star, but there are a great many, of course, that have been much longer than that, and are continuing to last. Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish have been acting about twelve or thirteen years now, and seem to be as popular as they ever were; John Barrymore first came upon the film scene in 1914, when he made a picture for Famous Players. Charles Chaplin has been in the studios about twelve years; William S. Hart made a Western film as early as 1914; Douglas Fairbanks has also been in pictures for twelve years. Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, George Nichols, Mary Alden, James Kirkwood, Owen Moore, and Henry B. Waithall were all members of D. W. Griffith's old Biograph company; Norma Talmadge started with Vitagraph in 1914; Clara Kimball Young was also an early Vitaphotographer—she costarred with the then matinee idol, Maurice Costello, who is still around, and appears infrequently, and only in small roles; Alice Joyce is another early Vitaphotographer—who emerged from a two-year retirement to star in "The Green Goddess;" J. Warren Kerrigan is another old-timer who retired, but who has come back, almost as strong as ever; and when the Vitaphotograph, the world's first color film in the first long feature made on the coast, "The Spookers," for Selig, is still in filmland, but has been inactive since 1912, and made one of the leading roles in that first feature, "The Green Goddess." It was released in 1915; Tom Mix and Kathryn Williams were also on the scene in 1915, Miss Williams as the star of that serial "The Adventures of Kathleen," and Tom Mix as merely a stunt rider; Jane Novak has been in pictures for twelve years, and Marc MacDermott twelve years. John Gilbert, Colleen Moore, and Alma Rubens were numbered among the extras at the old Biograph studios, as were Finis Starke, Jesse Love, and several others that have since become well known. But for those players of long ago that have endured, many have dropped from sight on the screen. There was, for instance, Frank Daniels, Crane Wilbur, King Baggott—who is now a director—Robert Warveck, Clara Williams, Edna Maye, Monroe Salishbury, Ethel Murey, Louise Glum, Ben Wilson—a also a director now—Marguerite Clark, Marguerite Snow, Victor Moore, Louise Huff, Billie Burke, Mariel Ostriche, Fannie Ward, and Vivian Martin. Helen Holmes, who acquired such popularity in the Mutual serial, "The Girl and the Game," in 1919, has popped up again after being long submerged, and is making another serial, with William Desmond. Carlyle Blackwell appears once in a great while; Francis X. Bushman, the greatest of old-time movie idols, will have a chance to achieve another kind of populatrtiy now as a heavy, as he has been cast as the villain Masetta in "Ben-Hur."

F. R. T.—Rod La Rocque's name is very easy to pronounce—when you know how. It is pronounced as La Rock, with the accent on the "Rock." The role of the engineer on the all-but-prehistoric train that caused such amusement in Buster Keaton's "Our Hospitality" was played by none other than Buster's own father. Keaton, Sr., was a vaudeville acrobat, and trained Buster from the time he was a tiny youngster in all sorts of rough-and-tumble acrobatics. For years the two of them toured the vaudeville circuits, until Buster was given his first chance in screen comedies in 1917. From that time, the careers of the Keatons parted, but now that father has also made a hit in the movies, it is possible that he may devote a lot of his time to the screen in the future. And whole families, too, are going to "Our Hospitality," by the way. His wife, Natalie Talmadge, played the rôle of the girl, and the baby that represented Buster as an infant in the movies was his own child, Buster, Jr. So you see, there was a lot of realism in that picture.

JOHNNY WALKER FAN.—Your favorite is still making pictures for F. B. O. He appeared in "The Mailman" with Ralph Lewis, and stars in "Fashionable Falcons," which will probably be released by the time you see this. Johnny is married to a sister of Rose Parker, a musical-comedy actress. Edna Murphy, who costarred with Johnny Walker in those Fox pictures you mention, now gives serials for Pathé. She has finished the one called "Our Dangerous Path," and will next appear in the leading feminine rôle of "Leatherstocking," the Indian serial.

MARIE MOSQUITO ADMIRER.—Marie Mosquini has always played in the Hal Roach comedies. In fact, long before she thought of acting, Marie worked at the Roach studios as a sort of general utility clerk. She operated the switchboard, ran the projection machine, and filled in on this and that odd job. She got her first screen opportunity in the same way—as a last-minute filler—in a Harold Lloyd picture, and since then she has been playing parts in the various comedy units on the Roach lot until now she is Will Rogers' leading lady. (Continued on page 120)
"Don't-you-dares!" for the Movies

Continued from page 22

can't show on the screen, one is set to wondering what there is left that they can show! Where do the "dons" stop and the "do's" begin? I think the best answer to this is found in the fact that we still have pictures. Despite the don't-you-does and don't-you-dos, the picture have managed to keep up a pretty steady output, and from the way that Mr. McConville was buying stories for Universal production this season, they are managing to expect a very steady production throughout the year. At the very worst, these objections which have actually been registered, and which are being taken into account by the studios, can only influence the trend of the movies, and not the supply. The supply is governed by the demand, and no one has noticed that the demand has fallen off any. In most cases the "dons" can be avoided by making slight changes in the story. Of course many persons resent these changes, but we can hardly blame the producers for making them.

One or two things are obvious in the matter of what sort of pictures they can give us. The effect produced by so many objections will be to steer the picture stories into simpler paths—paths certainly not being trod by modern novel writers who are making it hard for the movies by turning out vast quantities of pathological diet, dealing with all sorts of details that would never do.

It has been suggested by certain critics and well wishers of the studios that great numbers of costume pictures were made during the last year because in them the producers could get away with scenes which would call down violent objections if they were done in modern habiliments. But I have been assured that hoop skirts and crinolines, knee pants and ruffles, were not resorted to for the purpose of revealing a multitude of sins— as well as sins. The public seemed to want to see its favorites in hoops and lace and so they got them that way, that was all. And in passing, I will say that the costume picture is not to be so frequent this year as last.

If anything more than another, it is to be a year of historical tales— inspired, possibly, by the success of "The Covered Wagon," and the probable success of "Lincoln." How many times have you looked into the mirror and realized that your eyes were without binoculars? What would you give for a good, clean, velvety

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The Unsteady Screen-flapper Throne

Continued from page 87

us to the newest supplianl for flapper film fame, Clara Bow. At first, I was inclined to doubt that Clara was but eighteen and imagined her a trifle older and wiser than was implied. Wherefore I was pleasantly surprised when chance meetings, carrying no possibility of affectation, impressed upon me that Clara indeed is youthful and immature, impetuous. I don’t think there’s enough guile in her to dictate a pose. Her eyes and her lips say pretty much what Clara thinks. She’s refreshingly spontaneous.

Possibly it’s because she hasn’t been in the game long enough to get hard, as some of the mercenary, cold-blooded, little gold diggers prove to be away from the camera. Going from an obscure home, a quite ordinary childhood and girlhood, to pose for artists and eventually to reach the screen, this sudden wealth — the couple of hundred a week that she draws of mammoth proportions in her eyes—coupled with this playing in the movies, is all quite exciting. She is still a bit dazzled.

She bears no apparent relationship to the sweet and simple damosels she’s hoping won’t be her portion on the screen. She doesn’t belong at a church ice-cream festival, giggling and self-conscious in white rubies. She’s a bit too harum-scarum for that—it’s just a natural, ebullient spirit that makes a saucy grimace at restrictions. Her buoyancy is a vibrant thing; somehow I don’t believe they’ll ever quite standardize her. Capri—willful, with an infectious grin—a sprite in whom the diablerie flames bewitchingly. A saucy, up-turning nose, roguish eyes, full, childish lips, petulant or provocative, as her mood may be. Surely, a creature of impulse.

“Tea . . . cake . . . sandwiches. . . Want everything on the menu!” she ordered breathlessly one afternoon at tea. “Got to get fat. Dad says I run it off fast as I get it. . .” Last night at a ball I danced forty-two million numbers. Honest! Wore a pirate’s costume, umm, nitty, jangling earrings, fierce knife to carve folks’ ears off!” Snap went her fingers, flashing were her eyes, the whole of her aquiver with kid spirits, as her chatter, mostly inconsequential, bubbled on.

She is without a doubt the most magnetic of the younger novitiae of the season. Clad in a sport skirt, brown sweater with a huge yellow ruff encasing her pert little face, brown stocking cap pulled jauntily over her reddish-brown bobbed hair, there was a gamin quality about her.

The next day I saw her in action. Verily, I’ll say action! A careless motorist had run over her pet pup, yeelp Impie, and Impie was no more. Tearing down the street, a veritable little tornado of fire, hair flying, eyes blazing, Clara. “Lemme at him, just you lemme! I’ll scratch his eyes out!” The cause of her wrath having hastily departed, there she sat in the middle of the street, a dead puppy cuddled in her arms, convulsive sobs shaking her thin, little shoulders.

Clara is not an actress in the sense of training, has had little time for the assimilation of technique. What she has is feeling, impulse and a lack of restraint which makes possible her expression of imaginative make-believe. The whirlwind excitement of her screen advent beginning to subside in her small circle, she is starting to figure things out. Just now Clara is halfway between the extremes of the blindfolded and of shrewd calculation.

Having completed a flapper rôle in “Black Oxen,” she is now playing a little French gamin girl in Schulberg’s “Poisoned Paradise.” It has color, flame, individuality. Roles like this, bringing out her growing ability, are likely to take her on a rising crescendo to a place of importance. Typical rôles will snuff her out in a wink. Perhaps, for a time at least, she will escape the eternal blanketing of rôles of mané sentimentality, for the thing that she has is going to be easily stifled.

“Want to be my own self on the screen,” is the extent of her observation regarding her work. “Don’t want to play silly white-frosting girls. Want to be me.”

Her father admits at times he is bewildered by this job of raising a motherless daughter, a bit fearful of her future, of her headstrong youth. She is all impulse, feeling. It’s rather futile to predict what may become of Clara, lacking a managerial mother, to whose good driving and pulling power half the girls on the screen to-day owe their success.

So far it has been rather hit-or-miss with Clara. Yet one feels that she is either going to make her personality felt in pictures—or else she will drop out altogether. One just can’t vision her occupying the fill-in-the-gap rôles into which the flapper discoveries of yester-month have effaced themselves.
Flapping Her Way to Fame

Continued from page 83

shouting to the world that she has shown herself a clever actress.

For every bit of her characterization in "Flaming Youth" was acting. There is as little similarity between Pat and Colleen as there is between "The Kind of Girl That Men Forget" and "Annie Laurie."

These women who are always deploring something or other tout-tutted all the way through "Flaming Youth." Hackensack, New Jersey women viewed it with such alarm that their women's club passed a resolution condemning it. Immediately it was booked for return engagements at many of the near-by theaters.

"I wouldn't care if she wasn't so cute," one mother told me, "but girls are likely to think they can get away with anything after they see that picture. They don't realize that almost any one else doing the same thing that Colleen Moore did would be vulgar. There is an innate quality of mischievousness in her that I've never seen in any one else. Her characterizations are a witty presentation of women who in real life are noisy, distasteful, self-important bores. She makes them irresistible."

And when my own mother saw it, she too, joined the deploring chorus. "When one sees how cute she is in that picture and how much every one likes her, I'm afraid she will get to acting that way in real life."

The possibility sounding interesting. When Colleen came to New York for a vacation after making "Painted People," I rushed up to see her. It is somewhat difficult to look on your best friend as a specimen under a bell glass, especially when you haven't seen her for a year. But in the interests of finding out for the worried mothers of a nation how lasting the effect of a large dose of jazz is, I watched her carefully.

In the midst of masses of American beauties and ornate boxes of candy, Colleen and a pretty young cousin sat fishing pieces of hard candy out of a large glass jar. An exhibitor down in Georgia had given it to her when her train went through his town and she was sleepily dragged to the back platform to address her admirers. "He must know other stars, or perhaps he has children of his own," she offered as a slightly cynical tribute to those commentators who say that actors never grow up.

Now Colleen has always been about as calm and reflective as electric current. She goes rushing around all the time you are talking to her and her conversation sizzles. There are no cobwebs in her mind.

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.
Her conversation reminds me of that baffling Chinese mathematical wonder who plays in vaudeville. He, you may recall, puts down in parallel columns five groups of numerals running up into the hundred thousands and adds them all up at once, rushing back and forth the length of the stage to set down one figure at a time. In the same way that he sputters figures, adding all the time that he runs, Colleen jumps from subject to subject and back again, and if you can get the remarks disentangled you will find that it has been perfectly clear in her mind all the time.

"I'm going to Madame Frances and get simply oceans of clothes; it's marvelous the way that every one is making money on real estate out in Hollywood; really salaries look like nothing nowadays. Norma Talmadge is wonderful. Why can't other people keep their heads and be charming and natural when they get rich and famous? Spanish architecture is picturesque, but don't you think you can have much more interesting interiors in a house that has more classic lines? Italian or French? No more reading psycho-analysis and Russian novels for me. After I get through just a few of them I felt as though there wasn't any good in the world and that was rather hard on my Johnny. What shows shall we see while we are here or will we just go and see 'Rain' over and over? Shall I act terribly blase when Madame Frances shows me her loveliest models or shall I jump up and down like an ingénue? I'm really thrilled to death. She has made such beautiful things for Norma and Constance and Corinne Griffith, and this is the first time I've ever been to her. First National's paying for all my things because I am going to wear them in a picture. Just think; now that I'm married and have a home of my own, mother finds time heavy on her hands, so she has been investing in real estate. She made a thousand dollars on a house she bought and sold a few days ago. Buster Keaton and Eileen Percy do a burlesque apache dance that is frighteningly funny. They did it at Norma's last party. She is such a wonderful hostess that I was scared stiff the night of my first dinner party. I acted terribly torn until the guests kidded me out of it. Two or three of the men quoted the book of etiquette at length before deciding on which fork to use. Can you use box curtains in a Louis XVI bedroom? I found the most beautiful crystal chandelier in an antique shop in New Orleans. I'd like to go back there and spend weeks buying furniture and things."

Unless the person she is talking to talks just as fast and on as great a variety of subjects, Colleen thinks that they are bored. More likely they are bewildered trying to keep up with her.

One of the great disappointments of her recent trip East was that in the rush of being entertained she spent much of her time in big cafés. She wanted to seek out the queer, interesting little places.

I ran in to see her one afternoon after she had fled from the hotel where she had been stopping to the quiet of a Park Avenue apartment.

"I've seen fifty thousand interviewers to-day from newspapers and magazines. What do you suppose I said to all of them? I'm worried to death." She crashed into the chords of the Sonata Appassionata—crashed is the word, for Colleen plays with nothing short of a concert touch. Lots of feeling, you know, and the technique fall where it will. "One of them up-staged me terribly, so I must have said something silly. Or perhaps I ate too much. Somebody ought to write a part for me to play in real life. I'm not so good, just as myself."

That wistful bit of self-criticism took me back two years. When Colleen, walking up Broadway and looking at the lights, said: "I'm going to get my name up there some time. I don't care how hard I have to work to do it. But, darlin', I'm afraid after I get there it will be harder living up to it than it was getting there."
highly spiritual in tone. Hayes Hunter later directed her in "The Recoil," eventually to be released by Goldwyn.

"I rank his 'Earthbound' beside 'Broken Blossoms' and 'Stella Maris,'" said Betty. "Whenever I'm expected to do an emotional scene I and myself asking: 'How did Mary Pickford do that tremendous scene in 'Stella?"' She is always a great artist, but her work in that picture was the greatness of genius."

Betty's enthusiasms were numerous, ranging from Nazimova in "Salome" to Louis John Bartels in "The Show-off"—from Vienna to Hollywood. She wears her hair in a becoming version of the popular "shingle-bob," currently the vogue on the Champs Elysées as well as on Fifth Avenue. Barbara La Marr, too, boasted a "shingle." The two women are not at all dissimilar types. Neither could be boring. Both are incredibly attractive.

There is always a possibility of Betty Blythe's forsaking the fillums in favor of the beckoning calcium. It was on the crest of the wave of acclaim greeting Sheba that she swept over the country on a personal appearance tour, and she enjoyed it.

"After they had shown 'Sheba' there would be an impressive overture with plenty of ta-ra-ras, then a still more impressive hush. The curtains would part, the spotlight would spill, and there'd see Betty, all in white. . . Then I'd sing. Ballads always were the biggest 'takes.' 'Sunrise and You' seemed to go especially well."

Every man in the audience would imagine that the song was being sung at him; the applause would be correspondingly tempestuous. . . Betty, "personally appearing," was a riot. Keith's offered her a forty-week contract.

"But that would have meant a year away from the screen. Too long," said Betty sagely. "So I went abroad, instead, and made three pictures."

Now she is back in New York, lending her luster to a white-light opus masterfully christened "Plaster Saints."

Later she is stated to wend her way to Hollywood, where some interesting picture offers await her. She is a popular favorite there. I understand, but she won't be with the girls when they see her Paris gowns.

There is naught to be said, in conclusion, save this, in way of suggestion: to your brief list of potent personalities add Betty Blythe!

---

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Two Letters from Location
Continued from page 70
like a serial star. Mr. Brown said that maybe the poor man was blackmailed and fled. Dot Farley thought maybe he was an Eastern criminal who came out into the great open places to try and go straight—and then found out that a detective was on his trail. We all wondered. We've never been able to get the inside information on it. Charlie Dorian, the assistant director, said that maybe the daughter won a beauty contest—and the family moved to Hollywood to get into pictures!

We had an awful lot of excitement when a hand car was wrecked and Wallace Beery and Charlie Dorian were hurt. Poor Charlie was quite seriously injured. He'll walk with a cane for months. Mr. Beery got off very easily. When the rest of the company picked them up he felt himself all over. I was rubbing his head and Dot Farley holding his hand.

Then he grinned. "Gosh, if we only had the publicity man here to tell me where I'm hurt," he said.

The little country hotel we stay at isn't as bad at all—except that the principal article of diet is steak. They're always out of everything else and steak is the old stand-by. Mr. Beery says he's going to be ashamed to look a cow in the eye when he gets back to Hollywood. But he has a good appetite, even if he does kick about the steak. The other day he complained that he was so tired of steak he'd lost his appetite.

"Lost your appetite, have you?" asked Mr. Brown. "I saw the steak you had for breakfast—and if they'd left horns on it they could have milked it!"

I met a most interesting character here, a man who has hidden himself away in the woods, with only dogs for companions. Several of us had dinner in his camp—he cooked and served everything and wouldn't allow anyone to help. It wouldn't be fair to mention his name, as he is really very famous here and on the Continent. I held my breath while he told of wonderful places he'd been; Port Said, Hongkong, Guatemala, queer unheard-of islands on the Pacific Ocean, names I can't even pronounce. He's studying nature, he says, and he certainly knows wonderful things about plants, birds and animals.

The children of the ranches are awfully interested—and interesting. They crowd around and watch us whenever we come into the hotel, and once in a while one will pick up courage enough to come to us and ask questions. They wanted to know what the reflectors were for, and how the camera worked, and whether we liked it in Fort Bragg, and what not. I grew to be awfully fond of one little girl. Strangely enough, no mothers appeared to try and get their children into the movies. They haven't reached that lamentable stage up here in the country, and still think more of sending their children to school than of capitalizing them in front of a camera.

One funny thing happened—an old fellow who drives a flivver that we rent, came up to me the other day. "Do you know Mary Philbin?" he asked.

I said I did.

"Well," he said. "I seen her picture in the paper, and she looks just like a wife I had thirty years ago."

"How awfully interesting," I remarked.

"Yes, 'twere," he said. "She run away with a strange man."

I think that's an awfully good joke on little Mary. Don't you, Myrtle? When I get back to Hollywood I'm going to tell her to beware of strangers.

I ought to be back in a week or so—I'll phone you the minute I get in, and we'll have luncheon together and I'll tell you lots more.

VIRGINIA VALLI.

Continued from page 71
It was a beautiful sight leaving the harbor of Marseilles for Algiers. The sun was setting over the Mediterranean. The windows and white walls of the buildings in Marseilles were cast brilliant reflections. A beautiful church on the highest point of land in the town was actually surrounded by a shining halo. As we nosed our way out of the harbor we passed close to the little island from which the Count of Monte Cristo is supposed to have escaped. Romance! Why, every island in the harbor and every building on shore seemed to cry out the long-hidden details of some old romance.

And arriving in Algiers was another beguiling adventure. Again the sun was setting and just after it had gone down up came an enormous red moon, positively the biggest and most brilliant moon I'd ever seen. So far beautiful sunsets seem to have been timed for our arrivals and departures. In Algiers I had time to go through the old quarter with Bert. It's rather
hard to forget the smells and concentrate on the views but if you succeed in doing so you get picturesque impressions. The old Arabic streets, nothing but long series of worn and dirty steps, the mosques with their minarets, the mud houses, so like the adobe dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico and the dreaded hovels of the quarter, with their indigo-blue fronts. But there really is so much dirt there that it is pretty hard to give free rein to an artistic eye.

We stayed in Algiers three days and then proceeded down to Biskra by motor bus. That trip took us two days and a half. It was marvelous. We visited the old Roman city of Tingad, an impressive ruin, relic of the days when the Romans were the rulers of all of Northern Africa.

Biskra, where we stopped for several days and where we return shortly, is right on the edge of the desert. That place, too, has its old marabout and dozens of beautiful spots. The entrance to the Sahara, through a deep gorge in a mountain range, is just one more sight and thrill that I shall never forget. But what interested me most in Biskra was the Garden of Allah. You know Robert Hichens wrote his famous play in Biskra after visiting that garden spot. I should think it would prove an inspiration to all writers and painters and poets. A beautiful peace hangs over it and seems to cut you off from the rest of the world. Its long, smooth walks are completely shaded from the desert sun by every conceivable variety of tree. I really think that any one who says the Garden of Allah is not an inspiration must be without a soul.

And now I'm writing you from Tagmout. It's a day's journey by train from Biskra. And such a cute little narrow-gauge train. You can't pass directly from one car to another, but have to swing from one step to the step of the car ahead. Talk about your picture stunts! There are no tourists here. No movie theaters. No phonographs. No electric lights. The only sport is camel riding, if you call that a sport, and I must say you can't consider it as such the first two or three times.

By the time this letter reaches you we'll be deep in the production of the picture. Mr. Carewe is so enthusiastic I know he's gone to do something far out of the ordinary. The author, Louise Gerard, is down here with us and she has shattered precedent by declaring herself perfectly satisfied with the script and the necessary slight departures it makes from her original work.

Au revoir until Paris!

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...
Society, as it Is, and Isn’t!
Continued from page 91
matter of fact, the offspring of the best-known families in New York may be observed any fine day in Central Park, especially in the vicinity of The Mall, in charge of nurses or governesses. They are sensibly and unpretentiously clad, in juvenile editions of sport clothes, and any undue display would immediately designate the tricked-out youngster as being not in society but out of it.
When certain directors aspire to emphasize the fact that the household portrayed is of the élite, the crème de la crème, an extra supply of supers is engaged as footmen and the men's hair is powdered. This is an ancient custom on the Continent, and in a former decade was emulated by certain American families. The footmen of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, of New York and "Georgian Court," and Lakewood, New Jersey, had powdered hair. But, it will be recalled, Mrs. Gould had been an actress, Edith Kingdon, and was always rather theatrical in her tastes. While the late Oliver Belmont occupied "Belcourt," his Newport estate, his footmen had powdered hair, but last summer, when the property was occupied by James W. Gerard, formerly American Am-
bassador to Germany, the custom was not revived.
One of the society women of my acquaintance, of whom I sought an opinion on the movies, declared energetically: "Frequently I am so appalled by the social errors manifested in a film production that I feel half inclined to write to the producer and invite him and his entire staff to attend one of my dinner dances in order to provide an object lesson in what's what in polite circles." Pretending to take her seriously, I offered to bring about such an introduction with a movie magnate, whereon the smart matron hastened to add: "But whenever I feel thus inclined I resist the terrible temptation because I realize that the procedure would be utterly useless! All that visitors would observe would be an assembly of dignified ladies and gentlemen behaving in a strictly conventional manner. It would probably be declared that the scene would not screen well, or had no camera value!
"We have been told that 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet!' That applies to society and the studios—at the present stage of development."

The Movies Speak Up at Last
Continued from page 25
varies in strength with the current. This telephonic current originates in the first place from the special microphone transmitter which is quite unlike the ordinary telephonic microphone, but serving the same general purpose; this transmitter picks up the sound waves at distances of five to fifteen feet from the source of sound, transforming these sound waves into very weak telephonic currents. The audion amplifier is then used to amplify these weak currents 100,000 times to bring them up to sufficient strength to influence the Photion lamp in the camera. Without the audion amplifier the entire arrangement would be utterly impractical because of the weakness of the voice currents.
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EARLE E. LIEDELMAN
as he is to-day
THE MUSCLE BUILDER
Show me the man who can't stand nude, with astounding health, and I'll show you a man who is ready to be measured for a wooden bowler he doesn't know how to handle. A body without muscle is as a house without foundation—a little storm, and it goes down. I don't care what theories. I shouldn't have to tell you these things. You can't expect life with a weak, sickly body. The re is no pleasure in the trailing of health and strength. And when I say strength I don't mean your fair half way lazing, do it right, or forget it.
THE WHOLE WORKS
I build muscle—good, big, solid muscle. Let other fellows knock girls over if they want to. I know what I'm doing and arrange my food in such a way that my muscles have a bed to sleep in and an arm to advertise them. Just for a starter, I'll describe the size of that arm at least one full inch the first 30 days. I'll put a check on you to be gained. A full, deep chest with a pair of biceps that will take a man sized bowl of warm oxygen every breath, and you know what that means. Your lungs feed your blood, shooting a stitch through your veins that will make you just bubble over with vitality. I will build up those inner muscles around your heart and every vital organ. I will select a thrill up your old spinal column that will make you feel the tearing of a wild cat.
A NEW BODY IN 90 DAYS
Some who crackpot says it takes years to put a new man in shop. That's because he never starts. I want that 90 days and I will change your body from what you now recognize your muscles in your anatomy will literally bulge out. And what's more your whole being will thrill with excitement. You will have a genius to your step and a flush to your eye that will radiate good humor and confidence wherever you go. You will feel like shouting. "I'm a man—and I can prove it."
Come on now fellows. Why waste more time. I'm not preaching these things. I guarantee them. If you don't make me, make me prove it. Are you ready? Let's go.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

blue serge, plainer than that of any other woman or girl in the whole school. There was a very strong contrast with her plain frock and those of the graduates.

Marion Davies was given the honor of distributing the diplomas. Every graduate was flushed with joy upon receiving his or her diploma from Marion Davies. Every one in the audience had their eyes riveted upon Marion. She was the sensation of the evening. One amusing story was when she announced one of the graduates as Thomas Meighan, who should have been another name.

She told the graduates that her life belonged to the silver sheet, and that they should go on with their education. She also stated that she had not had the pleasure of a graduation or a diploma.

Miss Davies was indeed very convincing, as she offered her pictures to be taken in various parts of the school, where many photographers were present. Every one indeed had a joyous time and a good opinion of Marion.

An Opinion That Was Changed.

I wonder if the other fans are like me in being influenced in their attitude toward the stars by what they hear about them?

Take, for instance, Mary Pickford. One fan wrote that she had written and asked for a photograph and had been informed that if she would mail the sum of twenty-five cents to some charitable organization mentioned by Mary, she would receive the photo requested.

I tried to forget that, but could not, to save me. I had always believed in Mary, and every time I watched her after that, I kept thinking of that letter, and some way I lost faith in her and did not want to see her any more. Why? Because, let us suppose, the writer in question did not have the sum required. She very likely found she could not afford the photo of stars, but do not have the money to spare, and therefore go without the pictures.

That opinion held good until 1919, during which year I was fortunate enough to visit Europe for a period of five months. Among other places I visited, I spent quite a lot of time in Paris, and on one occasion attended a ball which was held in the former Kaiser's palace in the territory which was at that time occupied by the A. F. G. I was forced to attend an evening coat suit, in which I had not expected to have the honor of attending the ball which, incidentally, was given by the General Allen of the Belgian Minister of War and other officials of high rank.

During the evening I was conversing with a number of the others of the group, and one of them said, in reply to my remark of apology regarding my attire, "Why worry, Miss Wells, you know we had as guest of honor at one of the balls recently, Mr. Pickford, and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, and Miss Pickford was not in full evening dress, but instead in what may have been a dinner suit." I did not quite believe him, but later I attended an affair given by the American Legion, and I casually remarked that I had heard some one mention the fact that Mary Pickford had been visiting that country recently. A private of the A. F.

In G. replied, "You bet she has, and say, do you know that she attended a ball given for us and was in full evening attire? Maybe we are not proud to feel that she would take the trouble to appear lovely to us, for she attended a formal ball at the palace and she wore a coat suit!" For all I know the story may not be true, but I was inclined to believe it was, and I wanted to believe it because I wanted more than anything to believe Mary the sweet unselsh girl I had always believed her to be, and I wanted something to erase that twenty-five cents from my memory. A girl who would prove human enough to please the more ordinary type of fan. In face to the much-lauded "officer" would send a girl a photograph whether she received remuneration or not.

Petersburg, Va.

Let's Try to Understand the Stars' Position.

It is a constant source of amazement—and sometimes a little irritation—to me that some of the fans seem to have a hard time to grasp the position the players are in regard to complying with the personal requests of their followers. One writer recently complained that Rudolph Valentino refused to give a dollar to some charity in Connecticut, and for that reason the writer no longer listed Rudolph among his read, not long ago, an article about Henry Ford's mail, in which the writer explained that the appeals for gifts and loans which the manufacturer receives at the rate of ten thousand a week have been added to amount to a sum between three hundred and fifty million dollars and four hundred millions dollars a year! Not only would be soon become uninterested if he attempted to gratify these requests, but if he granted only part of them they would at once begin to increase at an alarming rate. The only thing he can do is to grant none of them.

The same thing must apply to the movie stars of the first rank. I wonder if the writer who criticized Mr. Valentino has any idea of the number of requests that he receives each week—every day? Surely, the only solution for such a problem must be for the star to refuse all requests, and to make such gifts and donations to charity quietly and voluntarily.

I have read other criticisms of stars because they only send out photographs in return for a small fee which is turned over to some charity.

That, it seems to me, is a happy solution of what must be a trying problem for movie stars. I presume that no star would mind going to all the expense that he or she could afford in sending free photographs to admirers if they only had some way of knowing that the photograph would really be appreciated and who could not afford to buy them. But the activities of the photograph collectors, who are in the habit of seeing how many pictures they can get, have made this impossible.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Advertising Section

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

Down with the Censors.

Governor Puechot's last step was an in- section to the movie fans. His prohibition of scenes showing any liquor or suggesting liquor in any way is about the last straw. While this is probably impossible, there should be a national board of censors of perhaps six or seven broad-minded men to regulate the showings, and then abolish all State censorship of movies. This is unnecessary. The morals of one State are surely not so much higher than those of the others that they cannot see such pictures as "Anna Christie". These are two pictures that every one should see.

"Foolish Wives" was really a wonderful picture, but the second time I saw it—in Ohio— it was cut until it resembled the turkey on the day after Thanksgiving. The picture was spoiled, as I suppose "Reno" will be when it gets here.

GERALD O' BRIEN

102 West California Avenue, Glendale, Calif.

A Fan's Impression of Clara Bow.

Not long ago—it was in the summer, to be exact—I had occasion to meet quite by accident to the popular player named Clara Bow. I made a silent prophecy at that time that the world would hear of this little dark-eyed girl, and now I am going to carry out that prophecy. I made a large and elaborate bouquet, for Edwin Schallert says that folks in Hollywood think she's one of the best bets for the coming year.

I was out on Canal Street one noon time when I saw a crowd gathered around the curb. I stopped long enough to investigate and found that a movie camera and several players with make-up and wardrobe stood up the half-hour. Naturally, I promptly forgot everything else and joined the mob of onlookers.

A child about seven years old, a pretty kid, who had the dirtiest face I ever saw, tugged at my sleeve and with wide-opened eyes said, "Lookit, there's Glenn Hunter and the girl with the red waist, that's her sweetheart. They're takin' a movie of them!"

By this time I had wriggled my way right out to the scene and would get a perfect view of Glenn and Clara. A man, who evidently was the director, was standing by giving them instructions. He finally got an idea, and then asked the spectators to get out of the way of the camera. But the youngster next to me wouldn't budge, director or no director; she wouldn't have moved for Will Hays himself, if he'd been there. The director finally got provoked and started to push her back out of range. She screamed for help, hollering, "I'm on the top of her lungs. Clara Bow forgot all about the scene. She ran over to the child, took her in her arms, and tried to comfort her. Then she went to an automobile that stood near by and brought out a huge five-pound box of candy.

She laughed at Glenn Hunter and asked him whether he minded giving the birthday gift he'd given her that morning to the little girl. He laughed, too, and said, "No, of course not." So she went off with the candy box and was about as big as she was.

I loved Clara immediately. She's a lot like a child herself, I think. Then I stood at a distance and watched them take the scene, and I must say that she seemed to me an exceptionally good little actress. I haven't seen "Grit"—which, I understand, is the name of this picture—but I did see her in "Black Oxen," and thought she was loads better than Corinne Griffith.

I read in Picture-Play that she was going to play in "Maytime" and a film called "Poisoned Paradise." I think that if for nothing else, there will be worth seeing on account of Clara Bow.

ROSELYN MAGER

1377 Fortieth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can Any One Explain This?

There is something about some pictures that seems to lower their quality. It is not easy to explain, but nevertheless it is invariably true. Anna Q. Nilsson is really a very good actress, but when we go to see one of her pictures we go with the feeling that we are about to see a second-class show. It does not seem to be the settings or action, and it is surely not the acting, but the atmosphere is always created of a second-class picture. Can some one explain this?

JOHN JACKSON

Ashston, Fla.

Too Many Horrors in the News Reels.

In The Observer of the February Picture Play the readers were asked to give their opinion of the news reels on the screen to-day. To my mind, most of them are downright pith. We are shown endless horrors and tragedies which certainly fail to hold my attention, at least. Burning buildings fill me with horror. Sinking ships and falling airplanes make my flesh creep. Why is it not enough to read about them? Must we be obliged to see these realistic pictures in which many people go to their death? I say—no!

A SOUTHERN FAN

Richmond, Va.

Let the Player Fit the Part.

In the February Picture Play there is some comment on the casting of George Walsh as Ben-Hur. There are others that have had a more sensational picture record, and who are better looking than George Walsh, more than any other actor, is fitted to play the real, virile Ben-Hur of the story.

To George Hobart's "Enter—a New-fashined Hero" the whole thing is summed up. The picture lovers are tired of having their favorite books and characters knocked out of shape for the sake of giving into a Vittorio or Novarro a chance to display his wares.

The casting of "If Winter Comes" was a remarkable step. The picture followed the closest possible to the novel, and the characters were exactly as one had imagined them. Let us get together and bring some of the less prominent players, who are actors nevertheless, to the front, where they really fill the bill.

D. D. MOORE

Chicago, III.

Three Cheers for "King Richard."

When Essanay was in Chicago several years ago I had the opportunity of meeting a certain actor who has become quite well acquainted with Wallace Beery and Richard Travers. They used to dance with me at some of the dances of the "movie colony," and any young man who would dance with a little girl about ten years old and seem to enjoy it is a mighty
A Fan's First Outburst.

We ought to have some costume pictures, but not so many. And surely there were other places beside the French court in olden days! In the Palace of the King there was a pleasant change in the usual run of costume plays, though there were some highly unbelievable scenes in it. There seems to be much protest against heavy plays, and above all against the plots. I, for one, am in favor of these. There are people in the world who like to expend as little effort as is possible to gratify their curiosity, and no doubt there are many who cling to the "Little Red Riding Hood" plus.

"In the Palace of the King" calls to mind another player we would like to see and hear more of—namely, Sam De Grasse, hereinafter villain and actor, who is being sadly neglected. Let some great director bring him to the front as Chaolin Aid Menjen. De Grasse is practiced in producing the fans, but he's worth giving a big chance to.

"Wild Bill Hickok" seems like a return of the old days. We like Bill, and want more of him.

Give Elliott Dexter some more pictures like "The Squaw Man" and less like "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and we'll have another good actor.

Last, but by no means least, the news reel. There surely must be something of interest in the world beside smoke screens and beauty contests.

Who am I? Just one of the many movie fans—age seventeen. After graduating from high school two years ago, it has been my hobby to see all the good pictures and many of the bad ones. I learned out the good and bad points. But never before have I wielded the "poison pen." It becomes necessary when one cannot hold it any longer.

Memphis, Tenn.

Cruelty to Animals.

I want to express my appreciation of what your magazine is doing to put an end to the unnecessary cruelty practiced on animals in the moving pictures.

For the producer or director who knows he is letting his animals in a bad light in his film, I cannot think of fit words to express the proper contempt. Why do press agents break their necks to tell how their women are made up and simply turn a blind eye to this? This is the sweetest little trick that I know when it comes to the stars and the fakes. Where and how do the horses and the other animals stand? They are gloriously mistreated! What do they care so long as they themselves don't suffer and their salaries come in regularly?

I saw Dorothy Devore in a comedy (?) about horse racing in which a poor old horse had no dog to serve as a master. The horse faithfully during the best years of his life, was coated entirely with paint, pushed and pulled around to distraction, and then was thrown on the ground as he came home. The story was done as a terror in that poor horse's eyes to this day. Another picture I recall was William Farnum's latest, in which a horse is hit in the face. His ears twist slightly off, and otherwise mistreated—all for some reason.

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Praise for George Arliss.

I have never had a crush on any particular player, having been content to admire them for their beauty or for their acting abilities. But now almost any skepticism is crushed. I am full of admiration for George Arliss.

I have never seen anything so interesting, so clever, as "The Green Goddess." I am afraid of seeing a picture in which George Arliss plays. It is sure to be interesting. There is nothing I should like better than to see him on the stage. I have some good actors in London and elsewhere, but in my opinion George Arliss leads them all.

I wish Mr. Arliss would not act in pictures unworthy of his talent, such as "Man Who Played God." Even then he was great, but for "Désiré" and "The Green Goddess" I cannot express my appreciation of well known actors. Mrs. Crepin—Alice Joyce—preferring Paul—David Powell—to the Ragul—that is, Mr. Arliss. Praise also in this picture for the estimable Winton. His performance ranked a close second to Mr. Arliss. Let us see more pictures like "The Green Goddess" and much more of Mr. Arliss.

Frame 152 Brown Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Two Opinions on "The White Rose."

HAD I been guided by Agnes Smith's criticism of "The White Rose," I probably would never have seen the picture. Not being able to think of Griffith making a picture that was anything but wonderful, I went to see it. I am glad that I did not let her article influence me, as it is the only truly great photoplay since Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm."

Miss Smith says of "The White Rose:"

"It has such a heavy coating of Southern atmosphere and molasses that the first night the audience was almost disgusted for the Civil War to be declared. Evidently she does not like Southern atmosphere, but why pick on the picture for it? Can any one deny that it was wonderful? Didn't that unmerited critic like our beautiful scenery? Does she wish all pictures set in Manhattan?"

I wish to suggest to Mr. Hubert Creekmore, of Mississippi, whose letter appeared in the January edition of Picture-Play, that he take a trip to this land so as to see that the South still has many colonial mansions. If this is not convenient I refer him to "The White Rose," in which scenes of one of the most beautiful mansions are taken right here in this state.

Mr. Creekmore is against the showing of Southern negro manners, colonial mansions and traditions. I cannot see why he should be. For that is the romantic atmosphere of the South. What is the phrase of the gentleman who is symbolic of romance, and what do we really want in pictures if it is not romance?

B. H.

New Orleans, La.

When is some one going to realize that Jackie Coogan is the ideal Peter Pan, and that not to let him play the part of the boy who wouldn't grow up is almost a crime? In a few years Jackie's day may be done, and it is indeed a pity that he should not be allowed to make Peter his masterpiece, while he is really suited for the part.

I was terribly disappointed in "The White Rose." It seemed impossible that this incredibly sentimental, sugary tale could be the work of the same artist who conceived "Broken Blossoms" and "Orphans of the Storm."

ENRICO TOSI BLANCA.


No Crushing for This Fan.

I just got through reading "What the Fans Think" in the February number of Picture-Play, and I must confess that some of the letters were ridiculous. How any one could imagine that the moving pictures are a supernatural person without fault or blemish is beyond me. I wonder what they read or hear about a favorite. Do they believe that the mild favorites like Thomas Meighan are in a good picture? I can wish rather see Frank Mayo in a good picture than Thomas Meighan in a poor one, and I am sure Mr. Meighan has many more fans than I do.

Genevieve Reiner.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Some Very Positive Opinions.

I heartily agree with the person who wrote a while back in Picture-Play to the effect that I wrote to this column criticizing photoplays and movie stars, and I think I made myself perfectly disgusting the way a writer expressed his feelings about "The Red Wagon" in the January number. If I were he, I wouldn't care to express publicly such an opinion on a picture that has taken the country by storm.

I am of the opinion that some of the best pictures I have ever seen came from the Paramount studios, and "Ruggles of Red Gap" was the most entertaining picture I ever saw. As I am an assistant cashier at the leading movie house of our town, I have had a chance to see nearly all the pictures of importance that are made as well as seeing many screened.
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Annie Laurie Burrett
724 E. Main Street, Enid, Okla.

Pardon me while I laugh. California '25. You say you will not go to see George Walsh in "Ben-Hur." Well, let me give you an earful. You go see him, and I'll say you'll agree with me that he's one of the most talented actors of the screen to-day. He was my favorite last year, and he will always be. I'm glad he's playing in "Ben-Hur," and getting the part he deserves.

I know you adore Valentino, do you not? Well, if you do not, I feel sorry for you. He was my favorite, but so is George Walsh. You know the same person that discovered Valentino picked George Walsh for the role. I hope you never see the picture, as I would like Walsh. If you don't, well—nought said.

I am getting perfectly disgusted with these mob scenes and costume pictures. Give us plays like "The Old Homestead," "Southpaw," and ever so many more. And to think my two favorites, George Walsh and Dick Barthesby going in with them. I do hope they will go back to the old pictures and plays. And even our Mary Pickford has deserted us! Miss Claudine Gault, Girard, Kans.
A Protest from an English Fan.

I should like to make a plea to the American producer to give more of the medium of the Picture-Play Magazine, to which I have been attracted by your impartial attitude.

In a number of pictures now, especially those dealing with "snobbery," there appears the inevitable wisp Englishman, monocled, weak-brained, and—as in the Parsumount production of "His Children's Children"—so dandy.

I would not be so foolish as to deny that there are such Englishmen, but I do emphatically assert that there are such in many varieties.

Our present-day lords and baronets are very ordinary people, on the whole, and the "Queen Anne," idea of the monosite is disproved by the fact that ninety per cent have never won one in their lives, while most of the others were worn in private theatricals, etc. cetera. Moreover, there are many of these "glided youth" who now lie buried in France, and to be very gallant gentlemen when the test came. Heaven forbid that these should be caricatured.

Every country in the world has its snobs, either titled or rich, and while a few knocks are taken in good part, it begins to give annoyance by its constant repetition. Allusion to England particularly. England, it must be remembered, exhibits nearly all American pictures, our own producers being handicapped by lack of cooperation of a constant emigration of artists to the more lucrative fields of America.

Our pictures are poor, admitted, but if our producers medially against heavy odds, do their best to produce good pictures without reference to the short comings of America, or any other nation. I think that when the May flower, the pioneers of your great country, would never having been their children a wrong impression of the land of their birth; and would have given credulity where credit is due. Out of the hundreds of American pictures I have witnessed, only one had praise for England. Is this aiming toward a world peace? It is not a great tradition, and I write this plea, knowing the thousands of British people who are taunted nightly by a past which is confused with a present, giving a totally erroneous view to young America.

One of our British customs, in every branch of sport, is to give "three cheers for the loser," and with your country holding the monopoly of picture plays I would send this plea to your producers.

James Lawton.

K. A. O. C., Bermuda, B. W. I.

A Crush on Bert Lytell.

I have had a crush for years on end—and it is on Bert Lytell. It began when I saw the play "The King of Hearts," even though I was very young at the time. He is by far the most powerful dramatic actor of the screen, besides being a Greek god as to form. I saw him lately in his vandeven sketch, "The Valiant," a thing which every one should see. It is very short, but in that short time Mr. Lytell gives a performance worth while than any play I have ever seen on Broadway. It is this kind of thing that he does best, and I wish that he would go onto the stage, for that is where he is most welcome.

Since I have had a violent crush on him all these years, I doubt if he will slip out of my mind very soon. I hope not.

Luis Hollins.

New York City.

A Jealous Fan.

Everybody please be quiet about Richard Barthelmess, and let me have the praising by myself, for I love him so much that I would be content to see a picture with nothing else in it but close-up shots of him, and I bet that picture three hundred and sixty-five times a year. I can beat Charles Mank, Jr., for I traveled in a storm over a road several years ago, and washed away just to see Dick in "The Bond Boy," and he was so domiciled in the scene where he told the lady that she was pretty, and then deliberately read her a little book, that I sat through the next show just to see him again, in that one scene. I have seen every one of his pictures except "The Fighting Blade," but I can never do better than he did in that one scene, and no other actor can do as well, so let's not call him a perfect lover, but "the perfect actor," because that is the handsomest male actor on the screen; he has the most adorable eyes in all the world; he is cool and deliberate, not self-conscious, and always at perfect ease, and I am no flapper.

Agnes J. Warde.

Ellisville, Miss.

A Resume of 1923.

A few paragraphs regarding "Cinema History—1923," if I may.

The year 1923 brought an awakening. Children are not such very bad actors and actresses. They are natural. They are interesting. Fortunately, some very gifted youngster—Ben Alexander, Mickey Bennett, Vestibule Johnson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to mention a few in addition to Jackie Coogan, Our Gang, and Baby Peggy, are happily appreciated.

Among the best pictures of 1923 are:

1. "Driven." An almost perfect production.

2. "Talk." The end, should have been more thought of. The real thing.

3. "The Ring." Not necessarily the morbid realism of Dostoevsky, nor yet the old-fashioned realism of Howells, but the realism, say, of Wister and Fainbert and George Moore.

4. "Anna Christie." An admirable adaptation of O'Neill. More worth-while pictures like this one will make the screen more worth while.

5. "All the King's Men." Gillian! Bravo, Miss Starke and Mr. Glass.

6. "If Winter Comes." Mr. Percy Marmon did Mark Sabre to the life. Splendid!

7. "Minnie." Suffered from a poor ending. However, Miss Joy and Mr. Moore were great.


A few more pictures were made notable by the performance of one or more members of its cast:


Madame Pola Negri has had a sad fate in America, "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were in many places actually bad.
Don't Miss "Maytime"

I would very much like to broadcast a message to all the movie lovers of the world, and as I have no broadcasting station I am going to do it through the greatest of all movie broadcasting stations—Picture-Play Magazine.

Fans, don't miss "Maytime." It's wonderful! I seriously believe it is one of the best pictures of the year, and the face is much of the beauty of "Smilin'" Through it, and Harrison Ford, who also played in the latter picture, portrays his part very nicely. I am sure that you will all agree with me after seeing him when I say that he is one of the best actors on the screen today.

Ethel Shannon also deserves a great deal of credit. She is so delightful that you can't just express how much I really enjoyed the picture. I cannot find words enough. The only advice I can give you is, go and see it yourself.

I want to thank Station P-PM for allowing me to broadcast this announcement.

A Rebuke—and a Boost.

My interest was drawn toward Mr. Lusk's opinion of Gloria Swanson as expressed in the February Picture-Play.

In justice to Miss Swanson, I object to the cynicism scattered at various intervals throughout the sketch. This defect lends an air of partisanship to the article which incidently serves to throw the reader into a state of conjecture.

The fans, in offering opposition to this article, have judged me. In the Miss Swanson's versatile screen talent cannot be denied and, in all fairness to her, it is to be hoped that the circulation figures for the picture will be high and that this hostility will eventually be withdrawn.

Miss Swanson is to be congratulated for her determination to lift herself from comedies to the more thoughtful mood of mood-modern stories. Her success in this respect is an accomplished triumph, and is deserving of all the glory that accompanies the achievement.

H. K. Vandergrift, Pa.

I greatly enjoyed Norbert Lusk's interview with Gloria. And his question to her, "Are you satisfied with your present position? Was it really Gloria? She looked not at all like the exotic creature whom we usually think of as Gloria.

Helen Worth.

Omaha, Iowa.

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D. J. MAHLER, C. O., 9-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

INQUITIOUS FAN.—You write as if only about half a dozen screen people had children, but there really are quite a number of babies with film parents. The majority of them have but one child, but there are some that have two and three and more. Mary Carr, who is such an effective screen mother, is not the least bit out of her element in that role, for she has seven children of her own, most of whom appear before the camera, too. Will Rogers has four children, all boys; Cullen Landis has five, of whom three have three and so has Jack Holt. Bryant Washburn answers "daddy" to two youngsters, as do the following: Irene Rich, Malcolm McGregor, Alice Joy, Louise Talmadge, Harry Beaumont, Louise Huff, and Jack Hoxie. The list of parents of only one child is quite long, but here are some: Florence Vidor, Dorothy Phillips, Bobby Vernon, Gloria Swanson, Jang Novak, Seena Owen, Enid Bennett, Claire Windsor, Conrad Nagel, Richard Barthelmess, Alice Brady, Mae Marsh, John Barrymore, Greta Garbo, Farnum, Harry Carey, Tom Mix, Zasu Pitts, Erich Von Stroheim, William S. Hart, Lon Chaney, Pat O'Malley, Eddie Polo, Vera Veld, and Walter Sivelman, Douglas Fairbanks, Harry Millarde—who's wife is June Caprice—Irving Cummings, and Naomi Childers.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, it is true that Rex Ingram went all the way to Africa to film "The Arab." The California locations have become so hackneyed from being used over and over again by all the movie companies on the coast that a great many directors are now going to the original location of the story whenever possible. This, of course, adds greatly to the value of the picture. Besides Mr. Ingram and his companies, Carol Terra and Ranol Novarro, who play the leads in the picture, there are other American directors now invading picturesque parts of the world. Lilian Hall-Davis and Gish and her sister are in Italy making "Romola" for inspiration; Edwin Carewe is filming the real Sahara Desert in "A Time of the Sahara," the new company under Charles Brabin, which includes George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, and Gertrude Astor, and will spend almost a year in shooting scenes in Palestine and other points called for by the story; the William de Mille company making "Jack and the Beanstalk" with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson have been filming real New England scenery as the background of the picture. This is especially significant of the change in location policy, as William de Mille has always been averse to traveling even a short distance from the Lasky Hollywood studio, and when he has filmed he has always filmed all his pictures inside the studio walls. But for this film he has traveled all the way from California to New York—where the studio scenes were replaced with New England. So it looks as though directors are going to give more and more attention to getting authentic backgrounds for their productions in the future.

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PARAMOUNT has brought more stars to fame than all the rest of the film companies together. Paramount has given dozens of great directors their best opportunities. Paramount is the best market for the immediate exploitation of any technical improvement in films. The chance to play to all the world is no empty lure. Match the thrill of James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" and Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments"—created in the regular course of Paramount's activities—and you will realize in the trying that Paramount leadership has been earned!

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GLORIA SWANSON in "A SOCIETY SCANDAL"
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the play "The Laughing Lady" by Alfred Stuart. Screen Play by Forrest Helley.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence, Raymond Griffith. From the novel and play by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen Play by Harvey Thew.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

THOMAS MCEachAN in "THE CONFIDENCE MAN"

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S Production "TRIUMPH"

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"THE BREAKING POINT"
A HERBERT BRENON Production with Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Fawcett, Matt Moore. From the novel and play by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Screen Play by Julie Horne and Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"BLUFF"
A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by Rita Weiman and Josephine L. Quirk. Screen Play by Willis Goldbeck.
THOSE WERE THE DAYS

When D. W. Griffith was laying the foundations of a great part of the motion-picture industry. By schooling directors, developing camera men, and training many of the greatest actors on the screen, he did much for the world of motion pictures. But his greatest contribution was the way he gave himself heart and soul to the making of pictures, and to that only. Every one who worked with him looks fondly back on the days when they were under the direct influence of his dynamic spirit.

Elmer Clifton went to work for D. W. Griffith as an actor back in the days before the making of "The Birth of a Nation." Later he was an assistant director and still later he went out and directed his own productions. And no one was prouder of his achievements with "Down to the Sea in Ships" than Griffith was.

Mr. Clifton, in reminiscent mood, recently told Helen Klumph of his long and interesting association with Mr. Griffith, and she will tell you the story in next month's Picture-Play. It is an entertaining, unconventional view of the man who has given more to motion pictures than any other person.

There will be many other big features in next month's Picture-Play; an interview with Virginia Valli by Malcolm Oettinger; a delightful chat with Leatrice Joy by Edwin Schallert that shatters a few of the popular misconceptions about stardom; glimpses of the most important productions being made in New York and Hollywood, and a wealth of entertaining information about motion pictures.
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What the Fans Think

A Lesson in What the Movies Mean to Careworn People.

The March Picture-Play printed a number of letters which fascinated me. The one from Africa describing the Portuguese-speaking natives enjoying the American pictures made me want to go there. Also the letter from Chicago by Millicent Statten about the blind man and Clara Kimball Young, touched me very deeply.

I could not go to Africa, but I could at least call here in Chicago, so I drove my car over to the address given and found that the blind man lives near Miss Statten and that though he has become quite feeble and can only go from his chair to his bed, he keeps cheerful in spite of his helplessness.

His daughter was at work when Miss Statten and I called. You will wonder what all this has to do with movie players or fans, but please read on.

The blind man acknowledged Miss Statten's introduction with all the manners and dignity of an old nobleman. He struggled to his feet, bowed low, and expressed his pleasure and honor in meeting a lady who had taken the pains to call upon the blind, "the most neglected of all afflicted people," he said. He told me of an invention he had started but never finished on account of his blindness, and showed me a picture of it. Also in addition to his little novel he told me that he had written a sketch with the help of his daughter, but that it had been stolen by heartless people.

Being poor with no influence, he could do nothing about it. "But they will get their punishment," he declared vehemently. "And I will gain in another way. I believe in the law of compensation."

His daughter came in at this point and seemed worn and tired. My heart went out to her and I asked if there was not something I could do. She looked quite surprised and said I might accept a cup of coffee. "But don't look at anything. I can't keep things straightened and work out too. Help is hard to get; the last woman I had put her hat with a hatpin in it on my father's chair. He had a narrow escape. Few persons understand the care of the blind."

Miss Statten told her I was a movie fan. "God bless the movies!" she cried with such fervor we both looked at her. Then she excused herself and disappeared, returning in a moment with a very old lady, who was also blind. "My father used to get so lonely a few years back that I found him a wife. Now he isn't quite so lonely," she said.

This was the breaking point for me. The tears ran down my face like rain and I stumbled toward the door. The blind man called "Good-by," and invited me to come again. The girl had remarkable poise.

"Most people feel the—the way you do," she said sadly. "Now you can see why so few people know how to care for the blind." I felt so ashamed of my display of emotion that I apologized to her.

She followed me down to my car and spoke to me in a nervous, rapid flow of words. I will never forget them to my dying day.

"So you are a movie fan? Just for pastime, I suppose? Well, the movies and the blessed players—every one of them—have made it possible for me to keep steady, sane, and well! Dorothy Gish in her 'Ghosts in the Garret' saved me. I believe, from a complete breakdown. I had not been able to laugh for a long time. The doctor said it was getting very serious and recommended a sanitarium—what chance to laugh there, I wonder?—and I went into that dear little theater—there it is right in this same block—and there was Dorothy—God love her—scaring the robbers with her ghostly tricks and cunning ways, and I burst into one big laugh and shook up my lungs so that my circulation became normal and the spell of melancholia was broken. And I could name many of those splendid men and women and tell how their efforts to entertain the public found effect in my life. Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Johnny Walker, Dorothy Phillips, Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Bebe Daniels, Mrs. Wallace Reid—but, why try to enumerate them? They are all wonderful to me."

"Gloria Swanson surprised them all, didn't she, when the critics were tearing her to pieces? The way she beat up her rival in 'Zaza' was a piece of art itself. Nothing halfway about her, is there? Nor with Priscilla Dean nor Lillian Gish, either. I wonder what those fanatical reformers mean, anyway, by condemning our players and the movies? You will never guess what help and diversion I have received from them. When it seems I can't bear things another moment, I can at least step next door here, and soon I am living with my pals of the screen, and taking trips to another country. It is marvelous! Thanks for calling on the blind man. God be with you." Then she bade me an abrupt, "Au revoir."

I can see that brave girl's face now as I write this.

It was a lesson in patience for me to meet her. And a lesson in what the movies must be as a means of escape to thousands of careworn people.

Margaret Perrin.

1201 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Continued on page 10
I Can Teach You to Sing Like This! —Eugene Feuchtinger

I do not mean I can make a Caruso out of every man—or a Mary Garden out of every woman,—but

I can teach you in a few short months a basic secret of voice development which Caruso discovered only after years of persistent effort.

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This is a picture of the human throat, showing the all important Hyo-Glossus muscle. Biographers of the great Caruso tell us of his wonderful tongue control. Caruso himself speaks of it in his own writings, as the basic secret of vocal power and beauty. But tongue control depends entirely on the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle.

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☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name

Address

Age
What the Fans Think

Neil Hamilton is very humble and I like him very much. One day in 1912 when I was waiting for my turn to come and was almost freezing, he took off his coat and handed it to me, and I was certainly grateful. Mr. Novello has a funny accent. He is very nice, and, of course, from his pictures you can see that he is quite a good-looking man. The girl I am crazy about is Miss La Verne, who is a peach. She is so sweet and nice to every one that you just can’t help liking her.

I have saved the one I liked best for the last, which of course, is Mr. Griffith himself. He is so kind, and as Mrs. Reiss so aptly remarked of the Reiffers than the head of the party, I shall never forget him, and of all the directors he is the greatest, and will remain the greatest, regardless of what jealous people may say.

Daisy Dell Gardner.

In Defense of Vaudeville.

In the last issue of the Picture-play—my favorite fan magazine—there was printed a letter, apparently agreeing with Miss Pickford, which is intended to say that it’s tiresome for people to sit through terrible vaudeville, waiting to see pictures.

Well, I had thought Miss Mary my ideal up to then, but such a statement is absurd. The vaudeville stage of to-day can compare very favorably with the best of pictures, even Miss Pickford’s. Mr. Keith must have absolute faith in vaudeville. As for the criticism of the directors and their foolishly talking about not having any time in which to develop their pictures, Mr. Keith must be reminded that on the stage of vaudeville they can develop longer and better pictures than can be shown on the screen of the theater, and for the same cost. Statistics and careful watching will prove many theatergoers seldom leave during an act, save the last five minutes, and on Friday and Saturday nights how many leave as the picture is flashed on? I do not wish to argue with the opinions of Miss Pickford, but as one of famous Pilgrim ancestors remarked, “Please speak for yourself.”

A great many vaudevilians read Picture-play, and they were really more amused than indignant; however, I’ll “speak for myself.”

Mr. Poli, the well-known theater owner, opined, “With great ceremony and pomp, his two-million-dollar house, let me inside of six months it’s a vaudeville house—and doing nicely.”

Jane Maloney.

55 Horace Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Taking Issue with a Fan, a Critic, and a Star.

May I be permitted to answer a letter signed “Milly Reiss’” short note on the March issue? No, Miss Reiss, I for one do not think the movie folk “an overdose, silly lot.” We women are quite fascinating and very interesting.

You make D. W. Griffith and all players trained by him the exception to your rule, and I think D. W. about the most overrated personage in pictures, and do not care at all for the style of acting of any of his players. I go to see all of his pictures because I like to view all the current big Continued on page 12
The Long, Long Trail

By GEORGE OWEN BAXTER

A WESTERN story in which Western folk will recognize a number of good friends, and a few bad ones, too.

Morgan Valentine, the rancher, sure had his hands full of trouble. There were certain incidental ones, like a pair of great hulking sons who were quick on the draw, but the heaviest cross he had to bear was Mary, who had been confided to his tender care by his beloved brother.

Then, as if to fill his measure of trouble to overflowing, poor Morgan leads to his home a bandit who has just robbed him of his ranch pay roll. Mary and the bandit meet, and the story begins.

Whether you like Western stories or not, this particular one will occupy all your attention while you are reading it. After having ranged the open places with the characters in it, you are going to deliver yourself of the verdict—"The best story I have read in years!"

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

features that people talk about, but I'm utterly unimpressed by any episode in any Griffith film; and if that vague, dozy way his players—principally Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, and Carol Dempster—have of acting—well, if that is acting, more thank Heaven for all the rest who don't act! When they try to be funny it is positively painful. Long ago, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, and Henry Walthall had the same lackluster way of performing, but they had sense enough to "snap out of it." I have conscientiously tried to see Miss Terry in The Ten Commandments, and somehow I never could get into the Griffith organization, for I know that many persons who certainly ought to know have acclaimed them great, but I can't seem to succeed in my search. I simply can't "see" them at all.

I was very disappointed in Agnes Smith's review of DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." Honestly, it's beyond me where some of the reviewers get their ideas from, and it's a good thing that not many people let what they write influence their choice of pictures they wish to see. I saw the picture mentioned recently, and thought it splendid—one of the best I've seen. But Miss Terry means try your hardest to see it when you get the opportunity, fans—you won't regret it. It is thrilling and awe-inspiring—both episodes and the person who doesn't, after viewing it, think a little more seriously and deeply and resolve to try a little harder to live up to the Ten Commandments—then there must be something radically wrong with that person.

I'd like to comment on a remark that Alice Terry is credited with passing in the article on "P raise for Arliss.%"

"The Miss Terry speaks about her husband's discovery and training of Rudolph Valentino, and then asks what Rudie has ever done worse than her Hepburn personal appearance—implies that, without Ingram, Rudie is naught. Now Rex Ingram is my favorite director of 'em all, but I disagree with Miss Terry on the subject mentioned. I thought Rudie somewhat self-conscious and unsure of himself in "The Four Horsemen," which marred his performance in one of his pictures succeeding that one his work improved greatly. His Gallardo in "Blood and Sand" surpassed his Judio in "The Horsemen."

By the way, I wonder what the wise Alecs who predicted Valentino's loss of popularity, due to his absence from the screen, have to say. He is now bit as popular as ever, and whenever film fans gather his coming reappearance is the chief topic of interest. Watch the box office when his first picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is released. Rudie can never remark, "Fickle Fans!"

Polly Gilliam

5 Whittlesley Avenue, West Orange, N. J.

Praise for Arliss.

I have seen one picture this winter that I can honestly and freely praise. By comparison it is a scintillating diamond on the string of dull productions. "The Green Goddess" has been hanging about the neck of the public.

"The Green Goddess"

For one thing the plot was carried out consistently with no cut-backs to break the story and scene melted smoothly into various situations. George Arliss played a part of supreme and a delight. He has neither youth—in the physical sense—nor the face of an Apollo, but he gets along rather well without these, certainly much better than many I could name who have youth and beauty, and nothing else. He teaches something so hard to describe—and so rare—a certain screen— that made his characterization a perfect thing. His hands, beautifully ringed, expressed the type of his characters better than many actors are able to express with all they have to express with.

ALICE HILL GREENE.

10 Dexter Lane, Cleveland, Ohio.

Some Suggestions for Better Pictures.

After hearing for so long about the coming of better pictures, I sat down to ask how much longer we will have to wait for these pictures. But we have them, but so far as I can see, they are getting worse. I am a real movie fan. I go to the movies four and sometimes five times a week. Looking back about five years, I find that I liked more pictures in one year than I did in the last two years together. After seeing all the pictures published in January and February, 1924, I found that there were only six pictures which, to me, were interesting—"The Devil's Box Oxen," "Anna Christie," "Little Old New York," "A Woman of Paris," "Big Brother," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

I like Pickford's acting better than that of Lon Chaney.

What was there in Mary Pickford in "Rosaia.?" It was one of the worst pictures that Mary ever made. Every magazine praised it, and it was simply terrible. Another picture which I was terribly disappointed in after reading so much about was "The Green Goddess." It was as bad as "Rosaia."

If I have to wait much longer for better pictures, I am going to stop seeing pictures until then.

When will we see pictures like they made years ago, such as "The Mark of Zorro," with Douglas Fairbanks? His pictures after that were more clap-trap, but none was as good.


Will we ever see Constance Talmadge in as delightful a comedy as the Peaches. The Primitive Lady.? When will we see such delightful comedies as those of our late Wallace Reid—until the last two

Continued on page 14
Behind Locked Doors

Ernest M. Poate

MAJOR CONFORD was murdered, stabbed with his own knife! Under the body was found a syringe loaded with deadly poison. The major lived with his niece, his crippled sister and her son. At the inquest, the major's will was read and it was found that his niece had been made residuary legatee.

Whose hand struck down the old man? How came the syringe beneath the body? Why did the counsel for Mildred Conford—the major's niece—produce the will at the inquest?

The answers to these questions form the plot of this, the most intensely thrilling and powerful detective story in years.

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CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers
79 Seventh Avenue New York City
Behind Locked Doors

by Ernest M. Poate

What was the significance of the syringe filled with poison beside the body of a man stabbed to death? Who unlocked the man's door? These are some of the puzzles which the great alienist, "Dr. Bentiron" solves, in this, the greatest detective story in years.

The Ranch of the Thorn

by William H. Hamby

On assuming possession of a ranch, bought "sight unseen," Neal Ashton found it almost too hot to hold. It was only after many breath-taking adventures that he cooled it off sufficiently to retain his grip on the ranch that had destroyed seven previous owners.

The Black Company

by W. B. M. Ferguson

Faced by almost overwhelming odds, "Peter Lawton" made a gallant fight for life and happiness. In addition to waging bitter warfare with an unscrupulous gang of criminals, he was faced with a more insidious obstacle, one implanted in himself by heredity.

CHELSEA HOUSE

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

To classify actors and actresses of nearly all pictures of to-day as "stiff marionettes assisted by intriguing titles," is a broad statement. I wonder whether Mr. Wendell has followed the best productions of the stage and screen, for he has escaped his notice that a very large per cent of our screen stars, as well as those who make up the casts, are directly from the stage. They are playing roles interchanging constantly between the spoken and silent drama. Space would limit the list of these, but I will mention a few: Lionel Barrymore, Mrs.袖es Fresnel, Douglas Fairbanks, George Arliss, Mary Pickford, Alla Nazimova, and | e other players who have become film stars in a very short time. Their presence and their ability to portray the various characters they are called upon to personify is made possible by the stage and its many libraries.

The Movies Flat and Tiresome? Never!

Many times I've been tempted to join the throng of complaint columns by readers of the motion-picture magazines. The letter by John W. Wendell in the April Picture Play has proved to be a model of those we meet. Wendell, though apparently a patron of the cinema theater, voices a sweeping denunciation against the movies. He reads his letter many times, and with each rereading he marvels at the egotism of God's children.

Surely he cannot expect any one wholly to agree with him. Motion pictures are not art, he says, though many doubtless are artistic. Is he not taking to task too hardly those who may not fully understand the meaning of the word "art?"

He refers to "Rosin," indirectly characterizing it as vulgar, common, and without depth. From my earliest recollection of movies I remember my absolute tinge of delight when Mary Pickford appeared on the screen as the heroine of the story. Through the years when Biograph did not divulge the names of their players, and for months I wondered and longed to know the name of the beautiful little girl. I have seen nearly all of Mary Pickford's screen successes, and I adore everything she does. Learning the propensity of kings throughout history as far back as Biblical days, it does not strike me as improbable or common that a king should admire a little Spanish girl, singularly particularly when personified by our dear Mary Pickford.

Continued on page 116
FOURTH place in the great motor classic at Indianapolis is won by the Fer-de-Lance, a "special." Who is the builder of the marvel? The builder, a man of humble origin, suddenly finds that he is famous and the success of his car is assured.

Money, power and position are his, but—"What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So begins this tense drama of modern American industry. Interest is added to the story when it is remembered that it might easily be the life story of any one of several of our great present-day business men.

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The Perfect Springtime Picture

A GREAT love story should be told in the Springtime. Hence "Cytherea—Goddess of Love" will be shown on the screens of leading theatres just when the May freshness puts an ache in your heart for romance.

"Cytherea" is Joseph Hergesheimer's sensational novel. Samuel Goldwyn—not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures—produced it and George Fitzmaurice directed. Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Irene Rich, Norman Kerry, and Constance Bennett are the principals.

The Perfect Flapper

SCENE—A conference room in the United Studios in Los Angeles.occasion—The serious business of selecting a title for the story which had been selected for Colleen Moore's next picture—to follow "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People." Production manager, director, and Miss Moore deep in thought.

"The theme of the story," ponders Director John Francis Dillon, "proposes a question. What kind of a girl does a girl have to be to be the kind of a girl the fellows want?"

"Well, smiles Colleen, "let's make the title answer the question."

"But who knows?" questions Dillon. "Millions of girls would like to—" "I do," interrupts the star, "she should be The Perfect Flapper!"

So, "The Perfect Flapper" it is, and it will be shown in big theatres in June-time, when flappers are supposed to be their happiest. Frank Mayo, Sidney Chaplin, Mary Carr, and Phyllis Haver appear in the supporting cast.

"Those Who Dance"

RE-ENTER now Blanche Sweet, who made dramatic history last season by her portrayal of the title role in "Anna Christie." Her newest picture is another Thomas H. Ince production entitled "Those Who Dance." It is described as ultra-modern melodrama and with rom runners, underworld crooks, and a tender love story, it has everything that goes to make for a complete, entertaining offering.

In the cast beside Miss Sweet are Warner Baxter, Besie Love, and Robert Agnew.

Better Catch Up!

HAVE you caught up with the worthwhile screen entertainment of the season?

Have you seen—

"THE GOLDFISH," with Constance Talmadge, a delightful continuous comedy with the fun racing on to the end.

"THE MARRIAGE CHEAT," a South Sea Island story, warm with romance. Percy Marmont and Leatrice Joy have the leading roles.

"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY," a dramatic gem, crowded with unusual situations and fascinating characterizations. Sylvia Breamer, Frank Mayo, Lew Cody, Bebe Love, Hubert Bonswort, and Mary Carr are all some of the favorites in the cast.

"THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE," with Richard Barthelmess at his dramatic best, and May McAvoy in an appealing role.

"The White Moth"

BACK stage in a Paris theatre is a world of fascination that only the few can know. Maurice Tourneur, one-time Parisian actor and stage producer, and now director of the unusual in screen entertainment, is one of the initiates. So, in his new picture, "The White Moth," a strong romantic drama, he will take some millions of movie fans behind the scenes and from the wings let them view theatrical life in Paris with all its romance, pathos, and comedy. Barbara La Marr, Conway Tearle, and Ben Lyon are the principals.

Under the Spell of "The White Moth"

Barbara La Marr (on the right) as the idol of the Parisian stage, is responsible for the eyebrow plucking of Ben Lyon. Conway Tearle, as the worried elder brother, has yet to meet this fascinating creature and find that he too is under her spell.

"A Son of the Sahara"

A train of camels a mile long appears in Edwin Carewe's "A Son of the Sahara." The picture was filmed in Algeria on the edge of the Sahara. There are more camels in the above scene than you could find in the whole United States.

In the cast of this unusual production are: Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Rosemary Theby, Walter McGrail, Montagu Love and Paul Panzer.

"Cytherea, Goddess of Love"

Lewis Stone and Alma Rubens are the central figures in "Cytherea," a story of a modern ex-serviceman whom lives again the spirit of the ancient goddess of love. It is the time Parisian by Joseph Hergesheimer in picture form.
A beautiful moonlit garden is the rendezvous for the Duke d'Orléans and the Princess de Bourbon-Conti, played by Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels in “Monsieur Beaucaire.”
Your Chance for Selling Scenarios

A discussion of the conditions confronting the person who is ambitious to write for the screen.

By Grant Carpenter

Producers are paying tremendous prices for stories to be screened. Within the last few weeks several sales have been reported, varying from $5,000 to $75,000 for a single story, or the rights to a novel or play.

That is wonderful!” says the ordinary man or woman who reads, every now and then, a statement such as the foregoing. “I’m sure I could write a better story than most of the ones they use. They must be hard up for good stories to pay such prices. I wonder why I couldn’t be pulling down some of that money?”

All right—let me tell you. But first, in order that you may gauge my ability to enlighten you, to compare your qualifications with those I possessed at the time I entered the profession, and to estimate with some degree of exactness your chances of success, permit me to say that I have had exceptional advantages and opportunities. Many of my ancestors followed artistic and literary pursuits, and both my father and my mother were successful writers. I received a college education, supplemented by a law course at the University of Michigan. I immediately adopted writing, for which I had always had a strong predilection, and in which I had had some experience. I devoted to it, not merely leisure hours, but all of my time for so many years that I dare not state their number, lest you will say: “He must be a failure, for I have never heard of him.” I followed journalism—including dramatic criticism—and short-story writing successfully. I have had my novels published and my plays produced. For the last nine years I have been writing and adapting for the screen, and I have supplemented what natural talent I may have possessed with experience and adventure extending from the mining camps of Alaska to the battlefields of South Africa, from the Quarter Latin of Paris to the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. Even without all of this experience and effort behind me, and the added fact that I have prospered beyond my expectations, the cognoscitii cannot conscientiously consider me a skilled writer.

Among some of the uninformed there is an impression that the Authors’ League of America and its subsidiary guilds—the Dramatists’, the Screen Writers’ and the Authors—are close corporations guarding the portals of the literary profession jealously against intrusion or competition. As a matter of fact, there is no craft in which the members of which are more willing to lend a helping hand to beginners of any real talent. The Authors’ League, whose membership includes practically every writer of prominence and the majority, I think, of all other professional writers, was founded by a group of the big writers largely in the interests of those less successful, and less able to protect their own interests. Be assured, therefore, that my sole desire in preparing this article is to be genuinely helpful.

Photoplay material, like any other commodity, is subject to the law of supply and demand. No matter how prolific your imagination may be there is no more profit in producing literary material that cannot be marketed than in breeding guinea pigs that cannot be sold. The questions that immediately spring to the inquiring mind, are: Can untrained writers produce acceptable photoplay material? If not, can they be trained? If so, is there a market for their product?

From the beginning of time story telling, first in pictures and pantomime, later in speech and writing, has been the constant diversion of mankind. In solitude every individual from infancy to senility tells stories to himself, not only permitting but stimulating the imagination to adventurous flights transcending all bounds of possibility—like James Hopper’s hero Goosie, who, from a mere itching about the shoulder-blades developed wings that lifted him to empyreas heights. Emerged from his solitude the individual immediately begins telling stories to his friends and acquaintances. He is torn between the desire to be believed and the determination to be entertaining. He knows from experience that if he adheres too strictly to fact he becomes a bore, and if he leans too strongly to fiction he will be regarded as a liar; so he usually compromises by embellishing a bit of experience with imaginary trappings. This every ordinary man and woman becomes a fictionist who can, with long practice, narrate a fact, more or less embellished, in a credible and entertaining way to some one who is credulous and easily diverted for a few moments. But that does not mean that he can entertain millions for the full length of a play, a novel or a picture, and at the same time maintain the illusion of reality.

How many readers of novels or spectators of a play or photodrama realize that it has required centuries of effort by the most talented writers, each generation profiting by the errors and inadequacies of its predecessors, to evoke the product of the present? How can the “ordinary man or woman” of to-day, with no knowledge of the failures or the successes of the past, hope to grasp intuitively what the trained writer has acquired through a careful study of the epitomized experiences of the ages? For example: After fifteen years of success in journalism and broad experience with all phases of life, I decided I was qualified to write short fiction for the magazines. I wrote con-
stantly for two years and sold—nothing. I began to suspect that there was some knuck about it I did not quite understand. I soon discovered there was an art about it that could be acquired only by a long and arduous course of study—and I set about it.

In no art, profession or vocation, from pugilism to sculpture, can the untrained aspirant hope to compete with the trained and experienced professional. Your village blacksmith does not challenge Jack Dempsey, nor does your town carpenter submit plans for a big public building—in competition with the world's greatest architects. You pity the contralto in the church choir who dreams of rivaling Schumann-Heink, and you encourage her by expected and amiable expressions concerning the quality of her voice. At the same time you, who do not realize that literature is perhaps the most elusive of all arts and the most exacting of all professions, are writing and reading to friends just as compaisant as you, a short story, a novel, a play or a photodrama.

Not infrequently I have had attorneys and physicians say to me: 
"I wish you would take an afternoon off some time and tell me how to write a scenario."

There is only one reply: "I'll be delighted to take a whole day off. In the forenoon you may teach me your profession, and in the after-noon I'll teach you mine."

There have been a few exceptional cases, frequently and conspicuously cited, in which success in writing has been achieved without long training—such as that achieved by Jack London. It must be remembered that this tremendous handicap was overcome by him only by ex-

Ralph Block,
who is engaged in selecting stories for the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky productions, has made the following statement regarding screen writing:

The rapid evolution of the motion picture, and the subsequent rise in the standards of motion-picture audiences, have eliminated from professional consideration what used to be called "the original" story.

During the current production year, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will probably create about sixty feature photoplays. The list from which these sixty pictures are drawn will include every work of fiction published or produced as a play in the United States, and every important work of fiction published or produced in the theater in London, Paris, Berlin, Budapest, Stockholm, and Rome. It is obvious that only the created product of a mind trained to the standards of professional writing will stand any show in such a competition.

Amateur writers for the screen are disposed, I believe, to penalize their work as arbitrarily excluded by motion-picture producing companies. It is, however, only the changing standards of screen production which force producing organizations to assume that works which cannot pass the gates of book and magazine publishers or play producers are not of sufficient value for motion-picture production.

Douglas Fairbanks, whose years of experience, both as an actor and as a producer, have made him an authority on every branch of motion-picture making, bears out what the author of this article says, in an article which appeared under his name in a recent issue of the Ladies' Home Journal.

In referring to writing for the screen, he says:

It is this necessity for finding our own material that makes it next to impossible in this day for the outsider to sell an original story or idea to the picture companies. My advice has always been that the people who want to write scenarios should enter the business in any capacity they can get in and learn the screen and its requirements before they attempt to write for it.

exceptional talent, unusual experience, years of study and preserverance in the face of discouragement and privation.

Story telling in pictures is a new and highly specialized branch of the literary profession. The lack of guide posts planted by venturesome predecessors for centuries adds to the difficulties of the scenarist threading his way through the complexities of its mazes. So rapid has been the development of this art that books written upon the technique of it are often almost obsolete before they leave the publishers' hands.

The adaptation of any story to the screen is essentially a work of translation from one medium of expression to another. In translating a book from French into English one must be equally familiar with both languages. In transferring a story, a novel, or a play to the screen one should be equally familiar with all literary forms. Many of our best-known authors preemminently qualified for this work have attempted it and failed, principally through the lack of time or patience to acquire a new technique, the difficulties of which they had greatly underestimated.

It has been but a comparatively few years since the first medical, law and dental colleges were established. Before that it was customary for a youth to acquire a profession by a long term of study with an established practitioner. In the early days of the motion-picture industry a great many new writers saw a greater future in the new field than in their own profession. They entered upon their new careers with enthusiasm, and, stimulated by competition and the rapidly increasing rewards, studied, labored, and through the process of trial and error developed with the industry; but too many of the most successful of these are being supplanted slowly but surely by the better-trained writers. And even the best of the new recruits are confronted by obstacles almost insurmountable. Within a week three successful dramatists of national repute have in sheer desperation asked me:
"How can I get an opportunity to learn scenario writing?"

It is obvious that "ordinary men and women" have not the remotest chance of employment on the staffs of picture producing companies, but there may still be a lingering hope that they may learn to write well enough to sell original stories for adaptation. Prompted by a flood of inquiries and complaints, the Authors' League of America requested the Screen Writers' Guild to make an investigation of the schools of scenario writing and so-called selling agencies operating in various parts of the country. The investigation occupied nearly a year and was as thorough and exhaustive as possible. In its report, published last fall in the Author's League Bulletin, the committee stated:

"About a year ago the Chicago Daily News, cooperating with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, inaugurated a scenario contest offering a prize of $1,000, and other prizes ranging from $100 to $50. The Goldwyn Company obligated itself to produce the first prize winner, and with high hopes of getting a lot of available screen material, reserved an option on all stories submitted at $250. This contest practically barred the professional writer, who learned long ago to avoid prize contests in which he risked the sale of his work at less than the market value. The amateur writer however, was spurred to their best efforts, and the result was about 27,000 submissions, a more disappointing lot to the producing company. It demonstrated that the product of the amateur writer is practically worthless, for not one story in a hundred was ever purchased. This, however, we are able to warrant the production company in the use of the $250 option reserved. It is probable that the first prize winner would never have been produced, if the Goldwyn Company had not obligated itself in the matter, for its complete misjudgment by a professional writer was necessary to use it on the screen.

"Even if the amateur writer could produce available screen material, there are still many reasons why he cannot sell it to a producer."

"But," you say, "he has done so in the past. Why can't he do it now?"

"Permit me to quote once more from the report of the Screen Writers' Guild:

"It is a matter of common knowledge that in the beginning the picture producers took screen material where they found it, assuming that it should be discouraged. The objection was that the writers, extracted a profit from what they regarded as the tailings of a worked-out and abandoned mine. The authors received nothing—not even credit—and not only offered no objections, but regarded the appropriation as a compliment, or a joke.

"But even appropriation involved the effort and expense of research and adaptation, so the producers hit upon a device for shifting the labor upon the public by offering a trifling sum for original stories. Dishonest producers assumed that properly that the resulting flood of stories had been, for the most part, stolen from the authors, so they, in turn, stole them from the public. Honest producers who bought material in the belief that it was original often found half a dozen claims for every story produced, and began exercising more caution in buying.

"The amateur, through the appropriation of his stories, or their repetition, became discouraged, and there was a falling off in submissions. Confronted by a scarcity of available material, the producers offered higher prices in the hope of luring the professional writer, but this merely stimulated the amateurs to further efforts, as he was apt to make a token effort with no perceptible improvement in quality. Not one story in 10,000 was found available, and producers were exceedingly cautious about buying that one, for the professional writers at about this time discovered that their material was valuable, that they were receiving nothing for its use, and that they had legal rights which the producers and the public might be forced to respect.

"Between professionals who would not write for the screen and amateurs who refused to write, the amateurs were not without hopes; but not quite. They still believed that writers might be trained and recruited from the amateur ranks, and were not only willing but eager to encourage any move in that direction. At the same time, the discouraged amateurs believed that there was something to scenario writing that they did not understand and to clamor for information concerning the highest to success. The first effort to meet this demand was in the form of articles on scenario writing in the trade journals; then books on the subject were published, and a little later the correspondence schools sprang into existence. One of the very first sold a small pamphlet and a diploma for $1, and when, after a very brief period of activity, the United States government closed the fraudulent concern, $300,000 in deposits were seized and returned to its dupes. When amateur writers were studying the "new methods" and "short cuts" the producers succeeded in luring the best-known writers into the game by paying prodigious sums for their work. In a very short time the experienced scenarist in close contact to the studios and their requirements discovered that there was no demand for his original work, and he was forced to the more technical but less remunerative continuity writing.

"When I came to Hollywood nine years ago the demand for original stories was tremendous, though the prices paid were about one-tenth what is now offered for available material. With my experience I believed that a quick fortune could be made from pictures. Though I was in close and constant touch with the demands and requirements of the producers my sales were few. As an author I regarded scenario writing, with which I was thoroughly unfamiliar, as mere hack work; and it was not until I was forced into it by the uncertainty of the story market that I discovered it was a new and highly technical art that in time would be adequately appreciated and remunerated. In the last five years I have followed it almost exclusively, not through necessity but through preference.

"At this time the sale of an original story to a producer, even by an experienced staff writer, is comparatively rare. I know of one man who has been a scenarist for thirteen years, who, in the old days put more than three hundred original stories on the screen, who has been the foremost writer and adapter for the largest producing companies in the industry, who has the advantages of broad acquaintance and close personal contact with the leading producers and directors, and who has been trying vainly for three years to sell a single original work.

"In order to check the purchases of original stories from known writers, the investigating committee of the Screen Writers' Guild sent a questionnaire to all of the principal producing companies in Hollywood. The answers disclosed that out of more than forty-two thousand submissions in one year, only four had been purchased. And the producers declared most emphatically that the product of unknown writers is worthless; that the greater part of it is returned unread, and that they do not want it submitted to them. Experienced scenario editors declared that not one story out of ten thousand submitted by amateurs contained even the germ of an idea.

"But what would happen if the editor should find a good story among the ten thousand? His suspicions as to its originality would be immediately aroused, and the better the story the more suspicious he would be.

""From whom was this stolen?" he would ask.

"In the early days of the industry the expenditure of $10,000 upon the production of a five-reel picture was considered extravagant; but if a legal controversy arose over the rights of the story, no great loss would be suffered if the picture were never shown. Now when from $20,000 to $30,000 is spent on an ordinary program picture, and from $100,000 to $150,000 upon a "special," the producer cannot risk a fortune upon the mere assertion of an individual unknown to him. Even a copyright means little, for it carries with it no presumption of ownership. The producer prefers that the publisher should take the first risk, and if no complaint of plagiarism or appropriation is made he will then request his staff of attorneys to make a thorough investigation before he will buy. There have been cases in which well-known writers have defrauded the producers by selling appropriated material as original. "Let the buyer beware" is the legal
Has Valentino Changed?

An adoring fan who met him when he was already a matinee idol but not yet a star, visits him at the studio to find out

By Ethel Sands

For months and months, it seems to me, I have been reading about the wonderful change that has come over Rudolph Valentino, and I must say that I have resented it quite a bit. Writers actually seem to take the attitude that a change in him would be an improvement. People act as though he was a Sennett bathing girl who had suddenly learned how to act, or stopped beading her eyelashes or something. They don't seem to realize that if Valentino has changed any, there will be a lot of broken hearts when he comes back to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Of course, I didn't expect that I would ever have a chance to find out for myself whether he had changed or not. Just because Providence once opened wide the motion-picture studios and said, "Ethel Sands, you're just a fan and you don't know anything about writing, but Picture-Play Magazine is going to let you write your impressions of the most popular people in pictures," I didn't suppose it would ever happen again. That just shows you never can tell. For more than a year I had settled peacefully down in my home town of Plainfield, New Jersey, and gone to movies four or five times a week, just like any one who had never been privileged to visit the stars and watch movies made. And then like a bolt from the blue came a letter asking if I'd like to go over to the Famous Players-Lasky studio to watch Rudolph Valentino making scenes for "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Would I like to go! That's about as silly a question as asking a girl if she would like to dance with the Prince of Wales or marry a millionaire. I simply lost all interest in everything else, even food, and just sat watching the clock until time for me to go.

On the way over to New York on the train I began to get worried. Suppose he had changed! It was all very well for me to meet him out in California when he was just a leading man and I had Dorothy Dalton beside me for moral support. He was unaffected and cordial and awfully friendly, and even at that I got so fussed that I couldn't look at him and when I tried to speak the words simply froze in my mouth. If he was any more impressive than that now I'd just die. Likely as not he would be, too, after being abroad where simply every one—not just dyed-in-the-wool picture fans like me—made such a fuss over him. Why I've heard that even Queen Marie of Roumania asked to be introduced to him. And beside that he's turned into a poet. I suppose he was a poet all the time, because those things don't happen to people suddenly—even to Valentino—but at least he hadn't published a book of thrilling poems like "Day Dreams" when I met him before. It's a wonder I didn't just dive out on the railroad tracks to be flattened out by a train. At that time it seemed an easy death compared to what was before me.

The nearer I got to the Famous Players studio over on Long Island the more the whole thing seemed like one of those crazy nightmares where you keep going and going, and you're afraid to go on and yet panic for fear you'll miss something if you stop. And believe me I would have missed a big thrill if I had lost my nerve and refused to go on. When I got inside the studio it was all just as thrilling as though I...
had never been in one before. The maze of settings, odds and ends of scenery, weird lights, clicking cameras, noise of hammering, orchestra music, bells clanging, and picturesquely garbed players strolling about, all set my heart to pounding with excitement.

One of the sets was all lighted and there was a lot of action there, so I started looking right away for Mr. Valentino. I couldn't locate him but I did recognize Mrs. Valentino from her photographs. She is a tall, slim young woman, very modish, with her hair done in braids wound over each ear. She seemed to be supervising what every one was doing—very quietly, you know, but with the appearance of authority. Every one says she is a great help to her husband as she looks after a lot of details and helps to group the characters. She is an expert at that and designing settings.

The set they were working on was the boudoir of *Mme. Pompadour*. The men wore buckled slippers and frilly velvet coats with lace sleeves and the ladies wore big ruffled skirts, and high white wigs, and the whole thing was so dazzling that the actors didn't look like people at all but like designs for valentines.

I couldn't really appreciate it at all, because I was anxious to see Valentino. They could have shown me the crown jewels, all the art treasures of the Louvre and told me I could have my choice of all the exquisite brocade costumes and I would most likely have said, "Yes, but when do we see Valentino?"

Mr. Wingart, the patient publicity man who was showing me around, said he guessed we'd find Rudy downstairs, so we hurried off there through a maze of halls and down a narrow stone staircase. It sounded good to hear him refer to Valentino carelessly as "Rudy." It showed the studio staff wasn't any more in awe of him than they used to be. We found him taking a fencing lesson in a wide space all closed in with old scenery, and when Mr. Wingart went in to tell him I was there I just leaned limply against a piece of garden wall for support and nearly knocked it over.

I don't know just what I expected him to do, but I know I was completely floored when he rushed right over and shook hands with me and called me by name. He seemed to remember the day in California when he took me riding, though I don't suppose he possibly could really with all the wonderful memories he has!

I was glad when he excused himself and went back to his fencing for a few minutes because it gave me a chance to try to catch my breath and try to think of something intelligent to say.

It's funny, isn't it, that any one could set your senses simply to reeling the way he does. The strangest part of it is that he doesn't do anything to try to dazzle you. He is very calm and serious and intent on what he happens to be doing. He never seems to notice your confusion, and that makes you feel doubly foolish. The only other person I've ever seen who has that same peculiar fascination is Gloria Swanson. They simply hypnotize you and yet seem unconscious of doing anything unusual.

Ever since that face-clay tour of Valentino's a lot of fans say that they have outgrown the Valentino fever, but that is just because they haven't experienced the thrill of his mesmeric power on the screen for so long. When he comes back in "Monsieur Beaucaire" I'll wager that they will be more enthusiastic over him than ever. All of his popularity and his trouble and his marriage and travel and the homage that has been paid to him don't seem to have made him a bit less unaffected and natural.

In his black satin breeches and padded jacket he was quite a boyish figure and he was so deft and alert he seemed expert to me. He never was just satisfied, though, and kept trying harder and harder. It was
fun to pretend to myself that I was the heroine watching the villain and hero fight for dear life over me. An imagination like that would be a dangerous thing for you if you were around fascinating people in a studio often.

When they stopped fencing and came over to me, panting with exertion, the instructor praised Valentino for learning quickly.

"But I love to do it," Mr. Valentino cut his praises short by saying in his deep, slightly accented voice. "I used to fence, but that was almost ten years ago and I have forgotten the little I knew then. I practice now every morning before I make up and go on the set. I've been at it almost two months and it will take at least two weeks more before I will be proficient enough to make the dueling scenes."

He went off again to practice with his left arm, as Monsieur Beaucaire is supposed to be the best swordsman in France, and in one fight he gets wounded in his right arm and must be able to use his left. It looked terribly difficult to me but he did it quite gracefully.

I wanted to ask him how it felt to be returning to the movies, but with Rudy—you see, he makes you feel so friendly that right away you think of him as "Rudy" and not as "Mr. Valentino"—looking right at you and talking enthusiastically about fencing you simply can't think of anything else. Talking to him is disconcerting. You find yourself so interested in what he is saying that you forget to study him, or else it is the other way around and you don't hear what he is talking about if you allow yourself to look in his eyes. It all sounds quite irrational, but most all girls will understand the next time they see a close-up of him.

He still smokes cigarettes incessantly and is as serious and intent on his work as ever. Somehow I cannot imagine him playing around the way other actors do. He is seriously engrossed in his work every minute. He seems older and not so boyishly handsome as he was two years ago but his smile has the same dazzling effect and offsets the somewhat somber expression of his eyes.

I am glad that he is returning to the screen in a foreign characterization, for I think people like him best in those. He seems to know what he is best suited for and doesn't try to play other sorts of parts and seek to steal somebody else's thunder the way other actors are always trying to do by imitating him. His next picture for Famous Players will probably be a South American story. After that he will have finished his contract and will be free to make pictures for the Ritz-Carlton Productions, where he will have more authority.

When Mr. Valentino went to dress, we went upstairs. I was in a better state to appreciate things then, having really met and talked to Valentino and having the prospect of seeing him again in a little while before me. So I got really thrilled seeing Lowell Sherman and watching Sidney Olcott direct. Mr. Olcott rehearses his people a lot and gets everything running absolutely smoothly before photographing a scene. Everything is accomplished without any shouting or confusion and there are no hurt feelings from actors getting bawled out before the rest of the company.

Continued on page 114.
Believing that motion-picture backgrounds should have dramatic value, Cedric Gibbons tried in "Three Weeks" to make each den a debauch and each pillar a prayer. Just about impossible to find any one to disagree with him. Especially if they had happened to see "The Common Law," "Lawful Larceny," or any of those other extravaganzas where a few tons of scenery more

Making the Settings Act

It is impossible to go further in massive and elaborate screen settings," according to a statement by Cedric Gibbons, the famous art director of the Goldwyn Studios, and it seems as though it would be
or less meant nothing to the producer—and even less than that to the plot of the piece. Already innumerable times we have had what-notted pillars and festooned balconies as far as the camera eye can reach. There is no longer the least bit of novelty in a boudoir the size of the Roman Forum, so it is up to the art directors to think of a new kick to put in them. Something, obviously, must be done.

Symbolism; that’s it.

"In the past, the designer of settings has built a probable background for the action of the story," Mr. Gibbons says. "Now he must go a step further; he must design a dramatic background. By that I mean a background that augments the drama transpiring before it. The keynote of this is making the set act with the actor.

"In ‘Three Weeks’ the sets came nearer to expressing and assisting in the dramatic movement than any I have as yet designed. They are, I hope, the beginning of a happier time for the set designer and an easier one for the director.

"To illustrate. After Paul has been sent abroad to forget the Parson’s daughter and after the Queen has left her diseased and dissipated King, Paul and the Queen meet at a hotel in Switzerland. Now instead of trying to reproduce some actual hotel in all its tiresome detail, was it not better to design a set, which to these unhappy people meant forgetfulness?

"A terrace, then, above earthly things, a somewheres different from anything they had ever seen—so high in the sky that, in looking over the parapet they would realize the smallness of their former lives and leave them free to love as the gods.

"Now to carry further the mystery of the Queen, her rooms were no ordinary hotel interiors, but something which made Paul wonder who and what she was. They expressed an indefinable sense of refinement and culture and yet he was unable to place them in any period. The walls were round, giving his whirling imagination no rest.

"In the scenes where the Queen discovers the King with his mistress and denounces him, the set is large, the walls are covered with material on which is a violent design of jagged lines, radiating upward. The floor is black and shiny, representing a pool, like some venomous reptile. From out of this slime and filth rises up, pure and straight, a shaft of white masonry, through which comes the Queen above her King.

"I sincerely believe the sets acted."

It all sounds as though the new scenic art of the movies was to be developed along the lines of a musical score, with a theme for each character. Remember the dissonant “root-a-toot-toot-a” that signalized the ride of the clansmen in the accompaniment to “The Birth of a Nation” or the “O-la-la” that any orchestra always plays for a Nita Naldi entrance? Well, that’s the idea. The shaft of white masonry is the motif that represents the beautiful Queen, and whether or not she was as upright as that will have to be fought out between Elinor Glyn and the Dorcas societies.

Even if you don’t care for the sets in ‘Three Weeks’ don’t condemn the theory behind them.
Erlich von Stroheim—the Real Thing

The cynic of the typewriter meets the realist of the movie cognoscenti.

*By Don Ryan

DRAWINGS BY K. R. CHAMBERLAIN

There was a fringe of thinkers in the movie camp. What were they doing here? Well—that's another story—a dozen stories in fact, or a hundred stories, for the reasons vary with each individual. But here they are. And they are to be reckoned with, unless I miss my guess. They are to be reckoned with in the future of the motion-picture art—when as an art it is freed from its present incubus—business.

When I accepted an invitation the other night to the bungalow of Erlich von Stroheim I knew pretty well what sort of person I was going to meet.

For many seasons past I had enjoyed watching this polished villain performing those subtleties of seduction which outraged the sturdy peasantry and delighted my own decadent soul. His monocle, his hair cut, his bracelet—all symbols to us of the worst element of wicked foreign dukes and things! His click and bow—the confounded militarist! And the way he had of looking with veiled eyes from which arrows of understanding would dart to prick Victorian lilies contemptuously. You know they say no decent woman is safe on the same lot with him!

How he ravaged our native optimism with his carryings-on, overturning our idol of virtue with cynical toe; encased in a varnished boot. How we squirmed in our seats to see the statue toppling and to realize that it was very loosely attached to begin with.

Of course he always got his in the end. Virtue always got picked up and brushed off and set back on the pedestal. But we never felt that Von Stroheim's punishment was quite strong enough for his crimes. And as we issued from the theater with snorts and outraged tossings of the head, the memory of those veiled and cynical eyes continued to haunt us unpleasantly—until removed by some good wholesome exhibition such as "Daddies."

We realized vaguely that here was no cheerful uplifter, but a diabolical realist. And realism is very

GENERALITIES are, of all wordy nannies, most dangerous. It is so easy, after spreading one, to turn about, catch the heel in it, and so be laid ignominiously on the grass.

The tricky quality of generalities is, indeed, one of the most disturbing factors of life. If we could pigeonhole everything with one sweeping gesture, life would be quite simple—and restful. But unfortunately for our peace of mind we occasionally run into real estate salesmen who quote poetry and poets who have the aurelian psychology of Mr. Babbit.

Before coming to California I liked to hold with George Jean Nathan that movie actors were a herd of unlettered barbarians. They made so much more money than I made that I enjoyed looking down on them with a feeling of intellectual superiority.

But I hadn't lived long in God's glorious Southland—as we Californians love to call Los Angeles, Hollywood, Tia Juana and environs—before I began to realize that the wretched movie actors didn't run true to form. There were plenty who talked and acted just as I had pictured them. But on the other hand there was a small but decided minority that refused to play the game. Instead of spending their time off the lot in the traditional and accepted way, these perverse creatures had evidently hired tutors and proceeded to bone up.

When I was introduced to one I could tell it in a minute. He would just as likely as not bowl me over with, "Oh, Mr. Ryan, you remind me of a character in Andreyev's 'Waltz of the Dogs.' Have you read it? You must. Most effective blending of realism and symbolism since the advent of post-impressionism!

Of course you might expect something like this from Charlie Chaplin, whose penchant for learning is his own personal eccentricity, properly exploited by his press agent, just like Pola Negri's temper or Bebe Daniels' proclivities for speeding. But it didn't take me long to gather that being one of the cognoscenti in the movies was not confined to personalities.
strong meat for our tender young bodies; bodies nurtured on the infant food duly prescribed by the great American dietician, Dr. Frank Crane.

But some minds there were in which a seed of thought was planted. How were they ever to grow up if they continued to eat only infants' food? So to these precocious youngsters—and not a few there—came a glimmer of the truth.

To those who still believe that Erich von Stroheim is just a slick villain, doing on the screen the dirty tricks he would like to do off of it—if he had the chance—I have a little problem to propose.

Suppose this debased person had a chance to make a lot of money by making a lot of pictures. Being purely a materialist and a perverted one at that, what would he do? Make a lot of pictures and make a lot of money, of course.

But he isn't. He isn't following your formula at all. For Von Stroheim could—in fact he is being urged by his producers to—make a lot of money by making a lot of pictures. Von Stroheim is paid a salary by Goldwyn only when he is actually shooting a picture. It would please Goldwyn to have him shooting the year around.

Instead he has made one picture in the last year. "Greed." He has now been engaged for months in the painful and unprofitable labor of cutting this picture. In other words he has been working for months for nothing. Why? Because the artist within him will not let that picture go out until, as nearly as is possible, it approximates the thing he was dreaming about when he was directing it.

Von Stroheim knew what Frank Norris was aiming at when he wrote "McTeague." He knew what Von Stroheim was striving for when he directed "Greed." He made that picture as he knew it ought to be made to satisfy both artists.

Now he is nightly performing the appalling but necessary labor of mutilating his vision to make it fit the mold imposed by censorship and the exigencies of space.

When I talked to him he had it down from forty-three reels to twenty-six. He said it seemed impossible then to take out another inch. But having cut it in half once he hoped that he could nerve himself to do it again.

The agonizing part of the business is that Von Stroheim knows that many of the scenes which are truest to Norris the novelist, truest to Von Stroheim the director, truest to life itself, will have to come out or be smeared over with something sweet and sticky to get them by the censors.

We were sitting on the divan in the plain little bungalow—outside the movie belt of Hollywood—which is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. von Stroheim and their infant offspring. We had been talking about many things. Scion of a stiff-necked military family of the old regime, he had been an officer in an Austrian regiment. He knew Vienna—Vienna before the war.

From the humiliations of his war-time struggles in America—the days when he was the hated Hun, when he and his wife were stoned in American streets—the talk descended to his present problems and the maddening restrictions with which the artist working in the medium of motion pictures is forever surrounded.

Von Stroheim told me what he is up against now—in trying to cut his picture, "Greed."

"I could take out sequences and thus get the job over in a day," he said. "That would be child's play. But I can't do it. It would leave gaps that could only be bridged by titles. When you do such a thing you have illustrated subtitles instead of a motion picture."

This villain, you see, is painfully conscientious.

"The very things that made the book a classic are, unfortunately, the first things that a producer would
expect to come out. To him they seem unnecessary. But they are the picture. The flavor of it. Eliminate them and you have a bare skeleton. Action. People running in and out—killing one another. But we don’t know why, because we don’t know the characters.

“No. I prefer to sacrifice some of the action, some of the physical contact, and show more of the thought. That is the harder task. But that is what I am determined to do.”

Von Stroheim, I believe, is the first director who ever tried to photograph thought, at least in this country. In “Foolish Wives” there is a close-up of Dale Fuller as the servant girl which runs one hundred feet. The thoughts follow each other through her mind. You can see them in her face. You can hear her think.

The scoundrel! He has betrayed me. He has taken my savings. Revenge! The different ways to take it. Shooting. Poison. Oh, I love him! But I shall kill him. He shall suffer in his death. Fire! That is the way. How wonderful he will look burning up!

Von Stroheim is confronted with one hard task in preserving the flavor of thought in his new picture. Another and even harder task is to preserve the realism which is his passion and at the same time keep within the bounds prescribed by the censors—even within the bounds prescribed by public sentiment as influenced by certain elements in this country.

“Do you know,” said Von Stroheim, “somebody tried to get me to take the edge off McTeague by having him wake up in the dental chair to find it all a dream? What a travesty such an ending would have been. All this unpleasant but truthful realism a dream—all this psycvas: taking place in the mind of a boob who was asleep, dreaming it. Impossible! How impossible, how outrageous it would have been.”

He leaned forward, clasping both hands together and thrusting out his doubled fists in a straightforward gesture.

“Oh, yes. It would have taken the bad taste out of some mouths. But what a taste it would have left in the months of others—of those who think!”

Jointly we condemned the narrow inconsistency of the censor, who will listen to a sermon in which evil is contrasted with good in order to make the good the more resplendent, but orders a movie director to cut the evil out of his story and obtain his effects without any contrast whatever.

“There are scenes in my last picture—there will be scenes in anybody’s picture—which, detached from the rest and flashed on the screen, would have no reason for being. For example, in ‘Greed’ there is a scene in which the heroine goes to bed, taking with her a bag of five thousand gold pieces.

“The woman has been so warped mentally that she has become a miserly imbecile. Naturally, the scene, by itself, is not a pretty one.

“Now if I saw this scene detached from the rest of the picture, not knowing the story, not knowing the psychological forces at work in the mind of this character as Norris describes them, why I should say myself that such a scene should not be shown. When you put it in relation to the other scenes preceding there is nothing offensive about it.”

Von Stroheim is afraid that his own little-boy, growing up in an atmosphere of outward repression, will be tainted by the unclean minds that are so wofully frequent under such a system of thought as largely obtains—I say it with sorrow and humiliation—in our American democracy.

I don’t know what howls of protest such a statement will evoke. I don’t know how some of those who have hissed Von Stroheim the Hun, who have proclaimed him unfit to be seen by any “decent American woman,” will take it. And I don’t give a concentrated, double-jointed hang.

To-morrow the Goldwyn press agent may flood fan magazines with still pictures of Von Stroheim with his kiddie on his knee and may quote him as saying how delighted he is that his beloved child will have the opportunity to develop into a hundred-per-cent American.

Truth is truth. I am telling you what Von Stroheim told me. Not Von Stroheim the actor, but Von Stroheim the gentleman, the observer, the thinker, the father.

Von Stroheim has reached an age and a viewpoint from which he can smile every time he gazes into a mirror at the image of the dicing scar that decorates his brow. In his youth as cadet and subaltern he fought seven duels—with swords—according to the code in vogue in middle Europe among students, officers and gentlemen.

The doctor who sewed up his face after the encounter that left the scar was kind enough to make a clumsy job of it—so the young blood could proudly wear the cicatrice upon his countenance.

“That doctor knew the value of my scar—as an attraction to the opposite sex,” said the director with a grin. “Women. They are back of every foolish prank which a young man plays. Women are supposed to be the advocates of peace. It is not true. For what are duels fought? For what is war waged? A woman. Women.

“If there were no women war would be impossible. And as

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Strongheart Pulls Some Star Stuff

The king of canine stars shows that he knows just how an interview should be conducted, but away from the interviewer he reveals a more doggy personality.

By Helen Klumph Photographs by Richard Burke

A MID the yowls and sharp staccato barks of a thousand ecstatic pups, Strongheart and Lady Julie sat in bored magnificence on a dais built to raise them over the heads of the rest of the great annual dog show at Madison Square Garden in New York City. They were the honored guests who neither went through their paces in the judges’ ring nor barked appreciation of some special brand of dog biscuit from a booth. They were, at times, as impassive as the Woolworth Building being stared at by tourists. They sat there as remote in experience and point of view from the uncouth and mischievous Irish terriers just below them as the king and queen of a motion-picture carnival from the plodding, eager clerks who elected them.

“Ah, how do you do?” boomed Strongheart in a sonorous tone when one of his trainers nudged him and murmured something about my being from the press. He nodded to Lady Julie and his trainers who were busily giving out autographed photographs—a sort of fill-my-place-as-best-you-can sort of nod from a man who was called away to attend to important matters. “I am so glad to meet you,” Strongheart beamed at me confidingly. “You know, I always read your stuff. Don’t have time for much reading, and so I just have to confine my attention to the best. Let’s see, you write for the Kennel Gazette, don’t you? Or is it the Filmlovers’ Review?”

I had heard something of the sort from other actors. I murmured, “No, not quite.”

“Quite a bore all this,” Strongheart assured me, waving his sleek and sensitive nose toward the crowd. “Not that I don’t appreciate the honor that has been paid me, y’understand, but it is a great strain to come before an audience like this that has no understanding of the sort of life an actor lives and the problems he faces. Now if they were all like you——”

He edged over closer to the rope that separated us.

“Besides, I think that personal appearances are a bad policy,” he went on. “Our audiences grow to love the parts we play, not what we really are. Of course, I have always felt that I belonged to my public and I have tried to model my life along

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The past month has been rather slow around New York, so far as the grand and glorious motion-picture industry is concerned. The high point was reached with the opening of Mr. Griffith's "America." The picture received wildly enthusiastic criticisms from most of the papers—many of them, however, bringing out the fact that there were a lot of things that could have been done with a story about the American Revolution that Mr. Griffith completely ignored. It looks to the writer as though the picture was going to be a tremendous box-office success, and that, after all, is the thing that makes pictures possible. The opening night was a typical movie opening—press agents, exhibitors, writers, actors, yokels, high society, et cetera. This particular evening of evenings had as an extra, added, superspecial attraction, a gathering of the Daughters of the American Revolution, army officers from Governor's Island, Colonial Dames, Sons of the Revolution, members of the Order of the Cincinnati, and Mr. Jake Shubert. Mr. Griffith is still working on the picture, and by the time he gets through with it nobody will recognize it as the same picture as that which awaited the movie world on the eventful evening of Mr. George Washington's Birthday.

Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are back from Africa, where they have been taking scenes for Ingram's latest, "The Arab." They have become fascinated with Africa, and have bought a house there, where Rex plans to retire and take up the art of sculpturing seriously—motion pictures are not going to figure in his life at all from now on—but Mr. Ingram is not the first member of the motion-picture industry who has decided to cast that sterling art behind him, and then turn around and make more pictures "bigger and better than ever." I'll lay a bet of ten to one that next summer will find him hard at work again on the Metro lot in Hollywood. The most interesting thing about the Ingram's return was the visitor they brought back with them, one young man, of Arab origin, by name Kada-Ahd-Ed-Kadir, aged ten. They found him in Tunis, and became so attached to him that they are going to adopt him. Kada speaks French fluently, but his English is very meagre. The one word he uses with perfect ease is "Okay." One asks Kada how he enjoyed the "Music Box" and his reply is "Okay." His reaction to New York is "Okay." The Ingrams dress him in his native garb, and the night I saw him he had on a white-and-black headgear, set at a jaunty slant, black boots, and a flaming red cape. He is utterly lacking in self-consciousness, and has the manners of a young prince. At present his consuming passion in life is Alice Terry. Any one who even looks at her immediately incurs the hatred of Kada. He will appear personally in "The Arab" and every one will have a chance to get a good look at him, then.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry have brought back a young Arab from Africa who will appear in their next picture.
Bright Lights

goings-on in motion-picture circles.

Hayward

Jackie Coogan had better watch his step, for he has a real rival in the fascinating Kada.

There was a lot of talk a year or so ago, when Valentino was being kept off the screen, about a successor for him. It looks now as though his successor might be Dick Barthelmess. for, at the time I write, Barthelmess has just had a falling out with Inspiration, the company with which he had signed a long-term contract, and has sailed away to Bermuda for a vacation, after which he plans to take his case to the courts, hoping to gain freedom to make his future pictures under another company.

It is Dick's claim that the Inspiration Company has broken its contract with him, but the company, I understand, does not recognize this claim, and so there is no telling what will happen. Under the contract he still had to make twenty-one pictures for Inspiration. It would be a big disappointment to the fans if this disagreement should result in any long delay in Dick's working in future pictures, either for the Inspiration, or for some other company, and every one will hope, I am sure, that the matter will be settled in a shorter time than it took for Valentino's dispute with Famous Players to be brought to an end.

Rudolph Valentino is working in the East now on "Monsieur Beaucaire," and Famous Players have surrounded him with a wonderful cast of players: Bebe Daniels is his leading woman, and Helene Chadwick and Lowell Sherman are also helping him out. I saw Valentino, Bebe Daniels, Sherman, Mrs. Valentino and Robert Kane the other night at the Club Lido. Mrs. Valentino, as far as clothes and looks go, had the rest of the party licked to a standstill. She and Rudolph make a wonderful-looking couple. Robert Kane is not only the production manager of Famous Players, but apparently the entertainment manager also. When the stars come to New York it is his job to show them the town. On another night I saw him, Gloria Swanson, Adolph Zukor and Heaven knows who else at the Lido, which still continues to be the rage. On this night Miss Swanson had on one of her peculiar costumes, with headdress

Benjamin F. Finney decided to become a movie actor and within six months had the luck to be Betty Compson's leading man.

and all. Why she wears them is a mystery, for she is ever so much more attractive in simple garb.

My special agents have been informing me all winter about the goings-on of the picture colony in Palm Beach and Miami, and it has finally reached such a point that I feel it imperative for me to go there in person and investigate the conditions. As I write this I am on a train speeding through the sunny South, and next month I shall be better informed about the actual conditions. Some of the people who have been wintering there are Norma Talmadge and husband Joe Schenck, Betty Compson, Lois Wilson, Ahn Crosland, E. H. Griffith, Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Jack Dempsey, Irving Berlin, William Jennings Bryan, and Mr. Ben Finney. In

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The Making of "Peter Pan"

The question of who will direct and who will play "Peter Pan" is now as widely discussed in film circles as the possibilities for "Ben-Hur" were six months ago. William de Mille, James Cruze, Alan Dwan, and Fred Niblo all seem to have a good chance of being the director to be chosen. May McAvoy, Betty Compson, and Gloria Swanson are all mentioned as likely to be honored with the rôle of Peter. Marilyn Miller, who is expected to appear next season as Peter on the speaking stage is also under consideration for the rôle in the films, it is said. There are several persons, however, who insist that they heard through a friend of a friend who once met Barrie that he wanted a boy to play the rôle in pictures. Those people usually insist that Glenn Hunter and none other will play it, though some would prefer George Hackathorne.

It is high time for the public to speak up. If they don't let their preferences be known, there is no telling who will get the part. A friend of The Observer's who insists on remaining anonymous nominates Jackie Coogan for the rôle of Peter, wants John Robertson to direct the picture, and insists on having Marshall Neilan on the lot as "gag" man. Other nominations are in order. A contributor to the Morning Telegraph opens the list by suggesting Louis Wolheim or Ben Turpin. After mature deliberation The Observer favors Will Rogers as his candidate for the rôle.

Play Them on Your Piano

If some one were suddenly to ask you to play a few bars of Valentino or give them the air of Mae Murray, you might think they had suddenly taken leave of their senses. But not, however, if you had been following attentively the musical scores that accompany feature pictures.

Until such time as screen symphonies are composed to accompany individual motion pictures, their musical scores will be made up of excerpts from other compositions. And so long as this system prevails certain passages that express the personality of the leading player will be made the central theme around which the whole musical score is built. In time this leads the attentive motion-picture fan to associate certain themes and certain composers with their favorites.

After arranging the musical scores of a great many motion pictures, Mr. Theodore Sterner, formerly an orchestra leader and now music critic of the Morning Telegraph, formulated some interesting ideas about expressing the players in music. Charlie Chaplin, he says, is best expressed by the "Pathétique Symphony" of Tchaikowsky; some of the "Pelleas and Melisande" music by Debussy has the illusive, delicate charm of Lillian Gish; Mae Murray and the "Manon" music by Massenet both stand; he says, for French frivolity; Pola Negri suggests to him Dvorak, the dances of Brahms, and Grieg's "Sunshine Song"; Bebe Daniels he finds hard to classify. She is a Latin type, but not a conventional one. Some of the "Rosenkavalier" music he suggests to her.

What Will Hays Does

Ever since the Will Hays organization was set up by the motion-picture producers, The Observer, in company with several thousand other motion-picture fans, has wondered just what his work consists of. He has heard vague murmurings of Hays wielding a good influence over the industry, he has heard rumors of a carefully organized fight against censorship, but until recently he never heard of a single specific action taken by the Hays organization—that is outside of speech making.

Now, however, all that is changed. Mr. Hays, he is informed, is keeping a close watch of all scenario material purchased and he has frowned upon the contemplated productions of "The Yoke" and "Dammed," causing them to be dropped by Warner Brothers and Universal respectively. He also took offense at the posters prepared by the Goldwyn Company to use in advertising "Three Weeks" and these were destroyed.

Title Changes

One of the things about which The Observer has often grown excited and one against which he will continue to rant until old age overtakes him and stills his tongue and typewriter is the practice of changing the titles of stories when they are made into motion pictures. What, for instance, is gained by calling "Cape Cod Folks," "Women Who Give?" and why should Jane Murfin's play, "The Sign," which deals with the difficulties of a minister with his vestrymen, be called "Flapper Wives?" Such title changes savor to him of dishonest advertising, for they misrepresent the product they seek to sell.

The Observer is not against all title changes. In fact, he believes that when the Paramount officials discarded "The Laughing Lady" and adopted "A Society Scandal" as the title of the latest Gloria Swanson picture they were giving the public a more adequate idea of just what type of picture it is.

Is the Radio Hurting the Movies?

Producers and exhibitors throughout the country have been discussing the question of whether or not the widespread interest in radio was hurting the business of the motion-picture theaters. Opinion seems to be divided on the subject. It would be interesting to hear what the fans think, or what they have observed in this connection. Do those of you who are both movie and radio fans find that your interest in radio tends to make you visit the theater less frequently, or do you see just as many movies and play the radio after you've returned home?
The Challenge to Fame

A review of Norma Talmadge's career, and some thoughts regarding her future.

By Edwin Schallert

In the present period of picture history it is not customary to chant hymns and canticles only. The voice that is raised in psalm of praise is frequently shouted down. And those sometimes seem to attain the widest vogue who can fling forth a violent tirade.

No stars in the films, however brilliant or luminous their past records, but are aware of this insistent new clamor around their shrines. While each still enjoys the fragrance of ascending incense on many occasions, each has more recently also felt the shock of explosions.

Not long ago several photoplaygoers, and particularly one, sent especially bitter and biting shafts against Norma Talmadge, who has always been regarded as one of the most cherished idols of the screen. A change apparently had been detected in her presence, and consequently a few of those who formerly admired her deeply fastened upon her a peculiar rebuke. They indicated that she is not taking her work seriously, that she has become complacent and satisfied with her place in the film firmament, and that since "Smilin' Through" she has accomplished nothing worthy of comment.

I should, indeed, not notice or call your attention to this possibly prejudiced view, were it not that to an extent it is supported by my own observations. I mean by this that during the several years that she has been in California, I too, have detected a change in Norma, but a far more subtle one than the comments of some of her critics would imply.

I began to observe this first just after she had come back from Europe, and began working on "Within the Law." That is the picture, in truth, that much seems to have hinged on, for the fans that I have mentioned, or at least the one, remarked on the indifference of her portrayal, and I do not think that any one could be unaware of this. There was wanting at least the old-time spontaneity. Her portrayal was what you might call studied, and even a bit dull, though the film was better as a film than its predecessor, "The Voice from the Minaret."

I do not believe that, so far as she
herself is concerned, this was as apparent in either of the subsequent features that she made, "Ashes of Vengeance," or "The Song of Love," but still the impression exists, and it is my impression to an extent, that Norma is not fully what she was—a rhapsodic, ecstatic, and entirely carefree being, who lived vibrantly in her emotions, which seemed to hold her in a sovereign sway. To be sure, she is not so radically different that she is not the same person, but she has appeared to lack something of her wonted exuberance, to be more self-contained.

I remember the very first time that I met her nearly ten years ago on the old D. W. Griffith lot. Ten years—what a lot of time! It was a fleeting encounter, while she was under contract to the Fine Arts Company, just beginning, in fact, the first radiant part of her bigger adventure in the films.

It was before she had gone East to film that series of beloved productions which included "Popp}y," "Panthera," "The Ghosts of Yesterday," and the melodramatic, though appealing "De Luxe Annie," in which the magnetic and handsome Eugene O'Brien was her leading man, that established her fame. It was, in fact, before she had even become Mrs. Joseph Schenck and the peculiarly effective guidance for her career, which she has always enjoyed, had been assured.

I can recall now how she raved vividly, intensely, seemingly with her entire soul over something, nothing—a new book, or play, or was it Griffith's picture, "Intolerance," just showing or about to show? Whatever the subject of our discussion it seemed to fill and thrill her entire being, and she absolutely lived and dramatized her enthusiasm over it, burning like a wind-swept flame.

Norma has never been what you might call a developed and cultivated hothouse flower of pictures. She has been the rarest bloom of the rambling passion vine, vagrantly, wildly budding right at the start, hardly determinedly growing on, never truly to be transplanted, for she has ever and always drawn the richness of her beauty and her charm from the warm sunlighted soil of natural impulse.

There is a long lapse between my fleeting first impression and my second meeting with her. All of five or six years, indeed, had slipped by and she had meanwhile won her coronet of laurels, and had become the idol of a popular adulation that was equaled in its way by practically no other star. For to many, indeed, Norma has been more of a real source of fascination even than Mary Pickford.

Norma had come West to have her first trial at playing a titled historic personage in "The Duchess of Langeais," subsequently released as "The Eternal Flame." She was on a new venture, and fully aglow with its tingling possibilities. Except for a certain mellowing influence, she was the same wildly impulsive being that I had encountered on the first occasion. Her marriage had proved an aid and a marvelous safeguard for her future, because her husband was both husband and her impresario and chargé d'affaires, and had been the essence of kindness to her family as well. Yet she still disdained, as in the olden day, to be aught but what she herself was.

She told me, laughingly, how she had always called Mr. Schenck "dad." This was indeed no reflection on the fact that he is considerably older than she, but is indicative of a typical Talmadge trait, which orders relationships, or at least the names that attach, according to the individual whimsy. Mrs. Talmadge, for example, to her daughters has always been "Peg"—from her first name Margaret—for they refuse to let her grow maternal. And Norma even stood out vigorously against Joseph Talmadge Keaton, Jr., or the newer Keaton son addressing her as "auntie" which as far as I know, neither has become sufficiently articulate to do as yet.

And now to chronicle and set down the probable causes for that gradual and apparently somewhat puzzling change that I have noted, which I feel has been perhaps somewhat misinterpreted in its meaning.

The listlessness that was observed in Norma's portrayal in "Within the Law" may, of course, have been just a temporary and passing thing. I feel personally that it was possibly due to the environment and unsettlement about the immediate future. The picture was made in a different studio from the one where the company was accustomed to working, and there were various financial deals in process of negotiation at the time in which Norma was interested.

The great trouble has been that in neither "Ashes of Vengeance" nor "The Song of Love," which immediately followed, has Norma risen to any really great new heights, nor has she had the fullest sort of opportunity to do so. "Ashes" was a rather slow costume parade; very beautifully done, that did not offer her an adequate rôle, except in a few resplendent love scenes, and though "The Song of Love" has been popular as a program feature, it is nothing but skeikhish trash. These films naturally and doubtless, too, quite justifiably, enabled Norma's critics not only to find fault with her progress but with her self.

I personally would not belittle the thought that she is at a turn in her career, and that, like other celebrities, she must take cognizance of certain alterations in the nature of screen entertainment, and throw herself heart and soul into her work anew. And I have not the least doubt that she herself, realizing the new weight of fame's requirements, is doing this zestfully and energetically now.

I am told that even during the time when she was recently vacationing in New York and yachting about Florida, she was continually restless and desirous of getting back to the studio and beginning on her new picture, "The House of Youth."

Norma has never really dallied. She has not been content to abide her time and wait for the coming of a better inspiration, as have some of the other...
PRETTY Sara Mullen is a newcomer who has the prestige of being supported by Mary Carr and Tyrone Power in "Damaged Hearts."
ONE of the most seductive figures in recent popular fiction is Sevina Grove, so Alma Rubens seems an ideal choice for the rôle.
SHELDING the somber background of "Icebound" for the fighter "Sinners in Heaven," Richard Dix can now allow full play to those flashes of humor that always endear him to his audiences.
LEATRICE JOY will be launched as a star immediately after the next Cecil De Mille production, "Triumph."
"Changing Husbands" is the tentative title of the story which will be her first star picture.
Mae Busch proved such a responsive and dependable player in "Name the Man" that Victor Seastrom has chosen her to play the lead in his second Goldwyn picture, "The Tree in the Garden."
It takes a sweet pensive girl like Kathryn McGuire to get the full humor out of comedy situations, so Buster Keaton persuaded her to forsake serious drama temporarily and play opposite him in comedy.
They Aren't All Millionaires

Helene Chadwick, for instance, neither owns real estate nor lives at the Ambassador.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Stories innumerable have been told of the great director stopping the Transcontinental Limited long enough to permit him to dash out to the rosy-cheeked country girl in checked gingham, standing in the waving wheat field.

"You're just the type for Maud Muller," the great director is accustomed to saying, in these fictional masterpieces. "How would you like to be a movie actress—you name a household word? I shall make you famous!"

Then the rosy-cheeked country girl is generally quoted as saying, "Oh, sir, how kind you are!" She signs on the dotted line—using her gingham lap as a desk—and receives twelve hundred dollars a week for a year or two. Then it jumps to three or four thousand, depending upon how gracious the author is feeling when he approaches his later chapters.

That's the way it goes in the movies and in fiction. Real life boasts less action and more realism. For example:

"Is it Holdtight Hosiery or Syfilike Sweaters today?" asked the rosy-cheeked city girl, as she sauntered into the advertising photographer.

"Nothing to-day, girlie," he replied.

Her face clouded with disappointment.

"Say," he suggested helpfully, "why don't you try these moving pictures? I hear that they are making 'em over at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street in that old street-car barn. Why don't you try there?"

Curious, rather than hopeful, the girl boarded the subway and, after some exploring, discovered the "studio." At the dingy office she inquired for the casting manager.

"You've had no experience? Nossing doing," advised the Gallic gentleman in charge.

A young man entered the office. As he saw the girl his face lighted with pleasure. "Who is she, Gasnier? We'll test her."

So they put a cowboy hat on her pretty curls and told her to make faces. When it was all over they offered her a year's contract as a movie actress!

"How much do I get?" asked the girl.

"Thirty dollars every week!"

If you are smiling cynically and murmuring things about your imagination, save your smiles, banish your doubts, and call on Helene Chadwick to corroborate the tale you have just read, for she is the heroine who left advertisements for movies.

The fables of filmdom have it that the path to Fame is long and devious, that many hours are spent on waiting-room benches, and that rebuffs are common and inescapable. But these same fables also incorporate the idea that there will be found a pot of gold and a Rolls-Royce at the end of the long, long trail. "After years of extradom," the chronicles run, in effect, "Trixie Trickface found herself famous, with cars, maids, jewels."

You never read about the successful actresses who are not rich. You are about to begin.

Helene Chadwick has been a popular leading woman for some two years or more, yet she wears no sables, she boots no diamonds, she owns no California real estate, and in New York she does not stop at the Ambassador or the Ritz.

"I suppose I should," she said. "But I think it's silly to blow so much on hotel bills and maids and things. I can't afford to. I stop here at this nice little family hotel. It's opposite my sister's home, and I like it."

Where are the stars of yesteryear? Where are the gilded lilies of pomp and circumstance, the daintily stepping, upstage Poppeas of the perpendicular platforms? Where, indeed? Betty Blythe had confessed that friends had advised her to swank more but that she found it too great an effort; Mae Busch had admitted that interviews irked her; Dick Barthelmess had smiled at the "bigger and better" program of more conventional stars, and Pearl White had cried, "Art is the bunk!" These dicta, in one brief year, followed by Helene Chadwick's modest ideas regarding hotels, are more than enough to give one pause. Perhaps, you will find yourself believing, perhaps picture players are people!

Helene Chadwick did not find it difficult to break in, but it was not the golden cloudburst that she had read about and heard her friends discussing. The movies brought her a job, not a vocation. Thirty dollars a week was no more than she had earned posing for advertising photographers.

"But of course the work was fascinating. I loved it. I still do. There's always something new coming up. You start on a new sequence, go to a new part of the country, find new angles on life. Movie work is never boring. But I haven't found it the source of sudden wealth that I used to imagine was the lot of every movie actress."

"With Pathé and with Goldwyn I received very modest salaries. I am just beginning to realize how poorly I have managed my affairs. From now on I shall free-lance."

In common with many other girls, Helene Chadwick signed the first contract offered her when she came to Hollywood after her early Pathé pictures in the East. And as she grew popular on the screens of the country, her salary remained the same, her employers farmed her out to other companies at treble her regular salary, and her employers pocketed the difference. The system is, I presume, fair enough. What a company loses on a contract with a star whose popularity drops to zero long before the contract has run its course, it must make up on another actress. But that this is a working out of the law of compensation, and therefore just, is not so apparent to the girl who finds her services in demand and her pay envelope still as slim as ever.

"The first picture I did in Hollywood was with Robert Warwick. Then Goldwyn cast me in 'Hearts-case' with Tom Moore. While we were finishing that, Rupert Hughes was looking for a girl to do his 'Cup of Fury.' The casting director suggested me."

"'Oh, no,' said Rupert, 'she won't do. Too young.' But the casting man urged, and Rupert tested me. The tests delighted him. He signed me, and the condition was that I sign for a year. Thus I found myself to Goldwyn. It proved highly profitable to them."

Under Hughes' direction she made many of her best pictures. "Dangerous Curve Ahead," "Scratch My Back," and "Gimme," were all admirably suited to her

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Over the

Fanny the Fan pauses to reflect on picture circles and make a few ob shows, diets, plastic surgery, and

By The

wearing one when she came home from the land of the sheiks. Knowing that I was fairly bursting with curiosity about the Fairbanks première, she took her time getting around to it.

"Just about everybody in New York was there," she finally assured me, "and the rest of the world was congregated out on the curb trying to catch a glimpse of the celebrities. The police reserves were called to handle the crowd and Mayor Hylan’s personal guard had to help clear the lobby a few times. Even if you had been all dressed up in your largest pearls and had your invitation, your tickets, your birth certificate, and a letter from Will Hays, I believe the police would have acted as though you didn’t belong there and poked you along with their clubs.

"I don’t wonder that the people who didn’t have tickets wanted to conglomerate in the lobby. Morris Gest had put on quite a show there. There was an East Indian singer up on a little balcony, a lot of dark-skinned musicians playing timbooras or oompaahs or whatever they call them, and simply clouds of incense.

"If your senses weren’t completely drugged by the time you got in the theater, the usher presented you with some little blue cotton flowers drenched in Fleurs de Bagdad. The theater was lighted with big brass filigree lamps, there were Willy Pogany murals on the walls and the boxes were hung with small Oriental rugs like a bazaar. It seems to me that Mr. Fairbanks took a long chance on putting the whole audience to sleep before the picture ever started.

"Lady Diana Manners and the Duchess of Rutland, her mother, were there. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, the mayor and his wife, Charles Dana Gibson, Otto Kahn, and a wide

Y OU promised to tell me all about fat reducing," I reminded Fanny as she breezed into Crillon and dropped on the bench beside me.

"What have you decided is the best way—exercise, diet, or—"

"You might try worry as they suggest in ‘Lilies of the Field,’” Fanny volunteered casually, "but none of those things is really necessary. All you have to do if you want to remain just skin and bones is to try to keep up with motion-picture affairs in New York. Going to the opening of ‘The Thief of Bagdad’ and braving the crowd there was about as restful an experience as getting involved in an East Indian holy war.”

Fanny paused while she removed the sheer chiffon harem veil from her tiny hat, but wouldn’t admit whether it was the “Bagdad” influence that started the style or whether Claire Windsor was
Teacups

the latest happenings in motion-observations about premières, flower little games for movie audiences.

Bystander

assortment of counts, ambassadors, East Indian princes, and exhibitors from New Jersey attracted almost as much attention as the motion-picture stars. Gloria Swanson looked very sweet and demure with her hair slicked down tight and held in place with a semicircular platinum ornament. Bebe Daniels looked gorgeous, of course; and Helene Chadwick looked unfurled and lovely. Of all the men in the audience, Ernest Torrence looked the most distinguished—partly, I suppose, because he towered over the rest—and Rudolph Valentino and Holbrook Blinn sneaked out behind him and tried not to be seen at all. And of all the women there, the most stunning were Mrs. Valentino and Gilda Gray. That reminds me that the government of some South Sea Island or other—I never knew before that they had any government; I thought that was why people liked to go there—has offered all sorts of inducements to Gilda Gray to come there and make a motion picture. But I hear that she is going to make one right here instead. And that reminds me of Lucilla Mendez, a little Spanish chorus girl whom Gilda Gray engaged to appear at Rendezvous, her supper club. If people throughout the rest of the country want to know what rouses a New York after-midnight crowd out of its usual apathy, they can see Miss Mendez dance in a cabaret scene in 'The Uninvited Guests' a Metro picture. She is one of those girls who fairly sizzle with personality.

"But speaking of openings, as you have been for the last half hour or so, what about the opening of the Flower Show? I heard that was about as dignified and orderly as——"

Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell have at last returned from Africa, Algiers, Paris and points west where they made "A Son of the Sahara."

Photo by Edwin Ewrey Hesseract

Lilyan Tashman, whose smart appearance and chic clothes are the envy of almost every girl who sees her, is going to be in the next Gloria Swanson picture, "Manhandled."

"A prize fight." Fanny cut in. "Honestly, people just invite trouble when they ask Mary Pickford to be guest of honor anywhere. As soon as word gets around that she is going to be at an affair, a mob congregates there and they'll stop at nothing short of murder to dispose of the people between them and Mary. You would think that the Grand Central Palace would be big enough to hold any crowd—it's almost as big as Conway Tearle's studio was in 'The Common Law'—but it hardly held all the fans who came to see Mary and the orchid that was named for her. Joseph Mendia of West Orange was responsible for the new orchid specimen and it was his idea to name it for Mary Pickford. But would you believe it—he didn't recognize her when she arrived and neither did any of the other horticulturists. They expected her to be a little girl with curls down her back.

"Lady Diana Manners was supposed to be the official hostess at the Girl Scout Tea Garden at the
I'm eating. I'm expecting Helene Chadwick, and I don't want to miss her. Not that I have an engagement with her but she is always likely to drop in here for luncheon when she doesn't have to be at the studio. She is looking for an apartment in this neighborhood. She is tired of death of hotels and she is likely to be here for months and months after 'Monsieur Beaucaire' is finished, so she might as well find a home. A company has been formed here to star her!

"Tell me about getting thin," I remarked, reminding Fanny again that she had a message of great value to give the world. "What is Virginia Valli's way, and what is Pauline Garon's way, and what have you decided is the best way?"

"The best way," Fanny volunteered with a benaming smile, "is to make a luncheon engagement with Betty Blythe and misunderstand where you are to meet. That's what I did yesterday and I am sure I lost ten pounds worrying for fear something had happened to her. I went to her apartment and her maid told me she had just hurried away somewhere to meet me. I tried the Ritz and she wasn't there, so I jumped in a taxi and rushed up to Elysee where she usually is when she isn't at the Ritz. From there I phoned all of her secretaries, press agents, managers and relatives—anybody who might know where she was—and found she was supposed to be at the Ritz. And evidently just as I rushed back there she went to her apartment looking for me. By that time waiting around and looking for each other had become a sort of obsession with both of us. We told every one we saw that we were looking for each other until I am surprised the police weren't called out to help in the search. Finally, Betty gave up and went to a florist's and ordered a 'Gates Ajar' made of rose-colored tulips sent to me."

"Anybody else would have sent you Paris green and poison ivy for wasting their time."

"And Betty's so busy, too. She wants to leave for California and there are loads of things she has to do before going."

"Claire Windsor's left for the Coast, you know. She and Bert Lytell and the rest of Edwin Carewe's company got back from abroad a while ago but Claire only stayed in New York a few months,"

May McAvoy has gone back to Hollywood in a blaze of glory because she has been chosen to be featured in two big coming productions.
hours. The Goldwyn Company insisted on her returning to Hollywood at once to make a picture for them. She says that she is simply don't amount to anything in the desert social circles. The Bachaghas and Kaidu are the real men about the desert.

"Anna Q. Nilsson has come to town and if you don't want to listen to her, you'll just have to choke me. She is such a delightful person. We had luncheon up at Sylvia Ashton's with Alice Joyce one day when Anna first got here.

"She and Alice Joyce have been friends for years, you know. I always get worried about Anna losing her lovely Swedish accent—people are always rushing up and asking her, 'How is your accent now?' as though it were a gift to a child or an ailment or something—and I discovered that Alice Joyce felt just as the rest of us do about it. It would be simply a calamity if she let her lovely accent go altogether.

"Anna told us that she was scheduled to talk over the radio a while ago in California and as she was awfully busy she got her press agent to write a speech for her. She worked right up until the last minute when she had to rush over to the broadcasting station, so she didn't have a chance to look over the speech. And when she got there she found it very serious and academic and full of long words, so she simply wouldn't spring it on an unsuspecting public. She just started to talk impromptu and she got so nervous that her Swedish accent came back strong. She imagined that no one would be able to understand her, but really she made a tremendous hit. She got a lot of letters from cooks and nurse maids and governesses telling her how her voice made them homesick for dear old Sweden.

"She was wearing one of those tiny black hats and a simple tailleur—not when she talked over the radio but when we were having lunch—and she admitted that she had ordered another suit just like it since she came to New York. Simply every one is wearing them. Soon we will all look as standardized as Balieff's Russian Soldiers. Madame Frances is designing simply oceans of clothes for Anna and she is taking so many hats back to Hollywood that I think it would be easier for her to charter a freight car than to pack them in trunks.

"She and Mrs. Regan—Alice Joyce, you know!—were talking about some little diamond pins that are just

For the first time in two years Anna Q. Nilsson has come East where she is renewing old friendships and reveling in the shops, as well as playing one of the leading roles in 'The Mountebank.'

"It looks as though Mae Allison would be the next picture star to be featured in a Broadway musical comedy coming into style. You simply must get one. When Mrs. Regan mentioned that she knew a place where you could get them for three fifty or four I was quite interested until I discovered that she meant three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars. The pins are about an inch high and are a scroll monogram of your initials. You wear one on your hat, or on the shoulder of your dress, or on your necktie if you're wearing a tailored suit. And you don't wear any other jewelry."

"That's fortunate," I admitted. "By selling everything else one owned, she might clear enough to buy one."

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Such a production as "The Sea Hawk," for which four historic vessels had to be reconstructed, is bound to be expensive.

This Question

The film producers have recently decided that pictures

By. Edwin

to make any sort of picture at all, was tremendous; gorgeous and expensive costumes and other incidentals that spell money even to the casual glimpse, of the cinema became dominantly the rule, and, all things considered, there was what might be termed a great and glorious boom.

Not unexpectedly there followed right in the wake of this period of singular depression. It wasn't that there was any sudden and disastrous suspension of work, except possibly at one or two studios, for the most popular actors went right ahead getting jobs. It was rather that the successes of the year, which had been purchased for such a huge outlay, left the pessimistic sentiment behind them that the producers had overtaxed themselves financially. The question heard most constantly was: Will there be an adequate return?

Superficially regarded, this might seem somewhat doubtful. Any number of knowing authorities can, in fact, be found who blast and condemn what they call the studio system, and also take a violent whack at what they say is squandered for settings and stars. While they do not discount the public demand for better pictures, they express emphatic doubts as to whether any of the bigger productions can make money, because there are so many of them. While, as a rule, they offer little uniformity of opinion regarding economy programs, as such, they are all agreed that the cost must come down, though quite a few of them also admit that this must be accomplished without destroying or affecting the enchantment of the show.

Of course, all of this has been prologued and episodued with a great hubbub about waste. Exactly what waste is, generally speaking, nobody seems to know. But every department in a studio can point out the deficiencies in other departments, and nearly any one can cite instances where money has apparently been
of Extravagance
are too expensive, but what is going to come of it?

Schallert

thrown away, or has not returned what was anticipated in the way of glamorous results.

Nearly everybody, for example, remembers rather amusingly the prehistoric sequence in "Adam's Rib." It was, at best, dubbed a very ineffectual proceeding, and by many was regarded as a downright burlesque. The players looked as if they had been taking a mud bath, and one could hardly see the forest for the trees.

This particular venture of Cecil B. De Mille's is estimated to have cost something like $75,000 or $100,000 all told. It was an innovation in film producing, because all the giant redwoods were built right in the studio with a view to obtaining a fantastic and legendary atmosphere, and consequently necessitated an unusual amount of financial risk.

If things had turned out well Mr. De Mille would have been roundly applauded for his enterprise, and the cost quickly forgotten. But, as it was, the experiment—for such it was—failed from an artistic standpoint, and was generally termed a joke.

Now with "The Ten Commandments," it is apparently a different case. This picture is estimated to have cost $1,250,000, conservatively speaking, several times more, in fact, than "Adam's Rib." The bulk of the money went into the glorious biblical prologue, a huge sum having been spent for the location work and the settings with the sphinxes, and also a comparatively large amount, no doubt, on the technical work in connection with the opening of the Red Sea.

All of this shows very brilliantly and dazzlingly on the screen. In truth, the costly biblical prologue literally is the salvation of the film because it offers so much of spectacular interest, and the production, with long runs in New York and Los Angeles to its credit, will probably return a tremendous amount of money, running possibly up to several millions, to the Paramount organization which pays the bills. Mr. De Mille is naturally the hero of the hour, and can have as much leeway as he wants, undoubtedly, in the matter of money.

Almost any week, you can hear of some instance where, through accidents or delays, weather conditions, et cetera— including the erratic mischief of some temperamental star—great sums of money are apparently just dumped into the studio ash can, along with the trash. Lots of times a little foresight—or a little strenuous discipline in the case of some of the stars—might prevent these losses. But there are other circumstances that can seemingly be regulated only with the greatest difficulty, or foreseen by the greatest clairvoyance.

Not long ago, for instance, I was on a set where they were making a big earthquake scene. The walls of a huge bank building, lightly constructed, were to be broken away and tons of rock and debris were to be dumped on the studio stage. It looked as if the whole thing was to come off in great shape, and I watched the scene with intense interest, because, after all, an earthquake disturbance is on the silver sheet somewhat rare.

Immediately after the simulated catastrophe, I noticed that there had been some sort of hitch. I couldn't at the moment decide what it was, but I gathered from the caustic comments of the director that somebody had made a slip.

Upon inquiry, I learned that what had actually happened was this:

To add reality to the scene, a prop boy had been stationed on a gallery right above the set, with orders to drop down a handful of fine mineral dust, so that the air might appear a trifle clouded; as it would naturally be in a real earthquake, owing to the shake-up of the debris.

The boy, through a misunderstanding, had instead dropped a whole bagful, making a haze so heavy and thick that nothing but a blur could be caught by the camera. Consequently the entire set had to be rebuilt, and the scene shot over again, while the company had to pay the extra expense, including salaries of players, labor on reconstructing the set, et cetera, which was said to amount to $6,000 to $7,000.

Viewed casually such occurrences as this look like the wildest sort of financial debauch, and people, even
This Question of Extravagance

around the studios, are wont to ask: "Well, why aren't such things prevented?" A more appropriate question, I would think, would be: "Can such accidents be avoided?"

The earthquake that I have described was a really crucial development in the plot. The whole climax depended on it. The scene had to be taken right, or not at all, and though the director might fire the prop boy when he got mad about the mistake, he couldn't very well eliminate the scene just because of the extra few pounds of dust, or the expense that this entailed, when a total production cost of something in the neighborhood of $150,000 was involved. and taking less chance with weird, wild and uncertain effects that are often used merely to fill out a script, or add to the apparent monetary value of the film.

This caution, of course, is to be recommended, where it is sincere in its aim toward better pictures. On the other hand, it would be a vast mistake to hamper such men as have demonstrated their ability to make great pictures, by drawing the lines too tightly on their experiments. It is only by these experiments—like De Mille's—that the photoplay is, as a rule, made to live and progress technically and pictorially.

If, for instance, Douglas Fairbanks had been limited to considerations of money, he would never have attempted anything like "The Thief of Bagdad," because practically every step taken was the result of many tests with photography and the construction of sets. Not only that, but Doug had to use and have trained many supernumeraries, and even principal actors, who had rarely, if ever, been before the camera, because new types were needed in the story.

I am sure that every fan, even those who are demanding that Doug return to his former sort of plays, will agree, on seeing this picture, that no matter how much money was spent, it was well spent; and though it is estimated that the cost will be approximately $1,500,000, with possibly $500,000 more tacked on for exploitation, distribution and other merely commercial costs, it is undoubtedly that the income will be equally noteworthy. There are, of course, few pictures that have grossed over a million dollars, and only a rare one that has grossed over two—the "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "The Four Horsemen," and possibly one or two of Chaplin's, Fairbanks' and Mary Pickford's coming most readily to mind—but the tendency in returns with the better class of big productions like "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," and a few of the newer features, has been so amazingly upward be-

Personally, to be sure, I feel that too many pictures that are popular are dependent for their success on what is known as spectacle. This includes fires, floods and scenes of like disaster which—thanks to technical advances, can now generally be done economically in miniature—as well as mob scenes and the glittering dance hall or cabaret stuff that never appears as good on the silver screen as it does on the set, even as many of the castles and palaces that were built last year, and the richly kingly and queenly brocades and velvets do not always photograph anything like their real beauty.

Affected by "The Marriage Circle," "Anna Christie" and "A Woman of Paris," many of the producers are hoping to get away from this sort of costliness during the current year. They feel that mental drama is perhaps better, or at any rate cheaper. They expect in a measure to bring the stories to the fore, and a majority of them, owing to the demands of many exhibitors who want to offer variety in their entertainment, with incidental comedies, cartoons and the like, have decided to compress the length of pictures, thereby eliminating a portion of the expense, "Wild Oranges" called for a cast of but five characters, and only a few specially built sets; it is, however, one of the most picturesque and thoroughly interesting pictures shown this season.

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A Letter from Location

Mary Astor writes about the filming of "The Fighting Coward" in its original Southern locale

To Myrtle Gebhart

En route home from Natchez, Miss.

Dear Myrtle:

The last time you heard from me I was on my way to New York to spend the Christmas holidays. Do you know what happened? The Friday before Christmas I had to leave for Natchez, Mississippi, so as to meet Mr. Cruze and his company, who expected to start right to work on "Magnolia," which will be released under the title "The Fighting Coward."

Of course I was disappointed in leaving New York, but I was also pleased, for in a way, I had never been so far South. So with visions of Southern hospitality, hot biscuits, and the usual good time one has on location, off I started.

We, mother and I, went to an old hotel. I wish you could see the size of the rooms—as large as some of the California bungalows, and on each floor a sort of glorified mezzanine which, I soon learned, is a "gallery," in fact, all porches are "galleries."

Christmas, when by all the rules and traditions on which I was reared, old Santa should be speeding along in his sleigh, imagine our surprise to hear a regular fourth-of-July celebration—cannons and firecrackers! No one seemed to know just the why's and wherefores of all this noise, but it seems it is the custom among the negroes. All the fruit stands sold holly and mistletoe and fire works.

I admit Christmas morning was rather quiet for us, away from all our friends; but soon telegrams began to come in and when we came back to our room after breakfast—a mighty good one, by the way—what do you think had happened? On the table stood a darling little Christmas tree, all dressed up. It looked just as if it were smiling and trying to make us happy. On it was a little card from the Natchez Woman's Club.

Well, you can't blame us for a few tears, but from then on we knew we would be happy in Natchez. We found there was to be a tree for

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A RISING YOUNG MAN

ANY number of svelte young men can generally be found in Hollywood, or for that matter, in any other center of youth and bandolined caprice, who might qualify for the rôle of city slickers in the movies. They can part their hair in the middle with consuming grace, smooth back their locks around the temples, fling forth a callow, sallow smile and raise a surreptitious eyebrow, wear a flaring coat, broad trousers and variegated vest, and otherwise prove their suitability for the background of an extravaganza à la cabaret, as we know these from the screen.

But the chap who can be a part of and yet differentiate himself from this motley, mobby

Among Those Present
Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in pictures.

throng, and become a somebody really is the exception that taps home a whole new set of rules. The friends and admirers of Eddie Phillips assert that he is one of these exceptions who will soon be one of the incandescent favorites of the screen.

Some fans may have recollections of Phillips from the time he appeared in Mary Pickford’s production of “The Love Light.” He was the young Italian boy who became blind. That was his screen début, and it was made under circumstances that reflect on his peculiar determination and ingenuity.

He posed as a real Italian, Eduardo Phillippo, when he went to get the job. The deception has become a famous one that is talked about even to this day. Phillips didn’t know enough about the Italian language to argue with a fruit vendor over the price of bananas, but he managed to cultivate an accent that enabled him to get halfway across the Continent from New York before he was finally found out. Even then he succeeded in convincing Miss Pickford that as long as his subterfuge, aided and abetted by a swarthy make-up, neatly applied, was so good, he was the right man for the part.

That is history now, and as the immediate aftermath was not particularly encouraging in jobs, Phillips has since forgotten all the Italian that he knew. Lately he has played light crooks, as in “Through the Dark,” and those smooth city fellows as in “The Ninth Commandment,” both of which featured Colleen Moore.

“The Whipping Boss,” that is soon to be released, afforded him one of his first really sympathetic parts, and in “The Plunderer,” recently completed by Fox, he is also a healthy juvenile lead. So that, he feels, will go to shape his career more pleasantly and popularly. As a consequence, you may well watch for him and see whether you like him as well in these roles as in “Flapper Wives,” where he appeared as a somewhat flippant man about town opposite May Allison, and some of the other features mentioned. For his ambition, as it happens, is to do parts like that of Glenn Hunter’s in “West of the Water Tower.”

POLA’S NEW DIRECTOR

FOR the first time in many months critical observers in Hollywood have stopped shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders over the future of Pola Negri. They feel at last that there is a possibility of her reawakening to be her one-time throbbing, thrilling self, as made known in “Passion,” “Gypsy Blood,” and other foreign productions. This reason is her new director, a Russian who has but lately come from abroad.

His name, which looks terribly unpronounceable, is Dimitri Buchowetzki. In
appearance. Buchowetzki might, with largesse, be described as sufficiently prepossessing to be an actor. A trifle roundish perhaps, but flashing a handsome pair of eyes. As a matter of fact, he was on the stage in Russia, when he was younger and possibly less portly. He portrayed juveniles in the theater in Moscow. During the turbulent days of the revolution he fled from his native land, and that was when he became interested in film production—this in Germany, where he met Pola Negri.

Those who have viewed "Peter the Great" and "All for a Woman" can tell of his real achievements and art, and the majority of them contend that he is one of the ablest of the Europeans. Rex Ingram, in fact, made the statement once that he considered "All for a Woman" the best feature that he had seen from abroad.

Buchowetzki does, indeed, bring a fine sort of distinction with him from the lands across the sea. He is peculiarly and fascinatingly cultured, and has a love for the arts that is as nativelv exuberant as a child's enjoyment of a wonderful set of playthings. He talks with zest upon music, drama and kindred things and, what is more, he is a person with such a tremendous sweep of energy and fire and temperament that he literally takes you off your feet.

It is easy, indeed, to realize that in assuming sway over such a tempestuously vivid personality as Pola Negri, he would be qualified, through his own fiery feeling, to cause her presence to flame anew. He has, no doubt, the power to bend and sway her too, through his resistless and restless sort of vigor, that American directors, accustomed to more formal and reserved means, might not have.

A GIRL OF THE RITZ

I
t is interesting to find a girl who has no pose other than the one Nature and her own experiences endowed her with. Such a person is Edith Allen.

She is as attractive and as modern as the advance Paris styles she usually wears. In the Ritz she is a consistent part of the gathering of last year's débutantes, next year's princesses, and the rest of the younger element of the world of fashion. In Hollywood her modish clothes brought not a few giggles—according to her own spirited account—from the flat-heeled, sports-clad sisterhood.

The story of Edith Allen's entry into pictures has often been told, but it is so unusual that it is worth repeating. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry saw her dancing at Montmartre in New York, found a mutual friend to introduce them, gave her a test and took her to Hollywood to play the rôle next in importance to Alice Terry's in "Scaramouche."

"To tell the truth, that wasn't my first experience in pictures. More than two years ago I wanted to find out what I'd look like on the screen. I went to see Harry Rapf, lied to him and said I had had experience, and got the part of a maid in 'Why Girls Leave Home,' I looked so awful on the screen I thought I would never try again. I went back to vaudeville. But people raved so about the wonders Rex Ingram can do with beginners that I thought I'd see what he could do with me. You've seen 'Scaramouche' now and you know. Do you suppose I'll ever look that nice again?"

A male interviewer couldn't have been restrained at that moment from saying, "Yes, right now."

Miss Allen had plenty of opportunities to play in other pictures as soon as "Scaramouche" was shown, but one thing and another interfered. When she was on the verge of starting one picture, the hot weather descended like a blanket over all New York and she fled to Saratoga and the horse races. Another time a company tried to tie her down to a five-year contract but that sounded like too long a time to guarantee that she would continue doing anything. But eventually—really a matter of a few months—Whitman Bennett came along and decided she was the very girl he had been looking for to feature in a series of pictures, the first of which is "Virtuous Liars."

If all the screen-struck girls in the United States were forced to tell the truth about their ambitions I believe that at least 90 per cent of them would wish for a career like hers rather than a more ambitious one dedicated to art with a capital A. She is young and pretty and vivacious and her responsibilities rest on her shoulders lightly enough, so that she will probably continue to be like that. Her ambition is to live at the Ritz, spend a fortune on clothes, and have time between pictures to go to lots of theaters and parties. She covets the mantle of Irene Castle rather than that of Dusé.
THE COUNTESS
STOOPED TO CONQUER

F rom the stately halls of a picturesque old French château to the mob lots of the Hollywood extras is the difficult pilgrimage that Gypsy Norman traveled with fortitude and pride. For Gypsy is a real countess.

A while back many impecunious titled foreigners flocked to Hollywood, some with mythical glories, a few genuine. La Comtesse Edita de Beaumont reached the mecca of all screen aspirants when their novelty had worn off and the flurry occasioned by employing coroneted extras had subsided. Besides, and this is the astonishing thing about her, she didn't tell anybody she was a countess! That fact came to light when a Los Angeles society woman who had known her abroad told it.

Other impoverished nobles sought gold and publicity in Hollywood by parading their titles and with haughty airs of condescension intensely irritate our own girls competing with them for screen work. But Gypsy wanted to win by ability alone.

The widow of a French war officer—of a distinguished family—Edita, la Comtesse de Beaumont, was left with her little boy to care for on a very small income. Estates of vast proportions went to ruin and their sale netted but little. That, she decided, must be saved for the education of Pierre, her boy.

"What could I do? I had not been trained to earn my living." Her English is perfect, that quaint, schoolbook English, with a slight accent: "An ironic awakening that was, for me. I had clothes, perhaps a distinguished air, but of actual beauty, I had none. I was no longer a girl. That is not such a handicap on the Continent, where the mature woman is preferred to the youthful actress who knows nothing of life.

"I wished to learn to act and became an extra in the European productions immediately after the war. For months so hard I worked, in the big mobs, jostled, trod upon. . . . Non, it was not what you call an easy life.

"I studied, learned, and gradually I progressed. After a time I was featured. I then decided that, with this experience, I should have no difficulty in your Hollywood. Others had been warmly received, so here I came, with my Pierre. Surely I should be given an opportunity? But no. I had no press agent, no shouting to precede me; I was unknown. Here conditions I found so different. Not experience, not mature intellects, did your directors want for their films, but youth and prettiness."

Though she shrugs aside the hardships that have been hers, they are of interest because of the splendid manner
in which she bore them, a lesson which our own girls might well study. The woman who had been bred upon the finest traditions, who had been served in the smallest wants, suffered actual privations. She made friends with her neighbors but shared her heartache with none.

"You can't compete with these youngsters," they told her, sometimes kindly, again with a brutal frankness. "Maybe it's true, about your European cinema work, but we've heard that tale so many times."

A while back a chance crept into our screen demands; fundamental training began to be more appreciated. With the new trend, Gypsy won her chance. Week by week, in small bits, once again she worked her way up the hard road which she had traveled before; again she studied and learned, adapting her experience to the new methods. Until, in the Fox production, "Gentle Julia," she played her first real part in an all-star cast, that of Bessie Love's older sister.

She is yet far from public acclaim and doubts if unusual favor will ever be her portion. But a good living is now rewarding her struggle and she is able to give her small Pierre advantages.

THE GIRL WHO WAITED A YEAR

You can wait if you want to," the boy in the office at the Lasky Studio used to tell Alma Bennett day after day, "but Mr. De Mille's busy and won't see you. There's a chance he might see you some time, but what a chance!"

But even the office boy's cynicism couldn't break down pretty Alma Bennett's stubborn determination to see Cecil De Mille and try to get engaged as a regular member of the studio stock company. She waited a year before she succeeded in seeing him, coming to the office almost every day and patiently sitting on a bench in the outer office with dozens of others. But she was the prize sticker of them all. Even after all that time it was only because some of the boys who worked in the studio interceded for her that she got to see the grand mogul himself.

He had some tests made of her, and the result was a long-term contract with Paramount.

Alma Bennett was no screen-struck little girl from the Middle West when she started her year of dogged waiting. She had had considerable experience.

"My folks moved to Los Angeles a few years ago and like most youngsters, I was movie struck. Many of the casting directors told me to go home and finish learning my A B Cs, but finally one gave me a chance in a comedy. It was water stuff and I couldn't swim, but I learned in three days."

A contract with Goldwyn which netted little but extra work followed and then she played leads in a few Fox pictures. About that time Alma took herself into the corner where she does her deepest thinking and decided that she simply wasn't getting anywhere at all! "Nervy of me, I know," she told me, "but I picked Cecil De Mille and Paramount as the ones I wanted to work for. A director who has the time and inclination to develop new talent, a big concern that will give you all sorts of parts and back you up with publicity seemed to me the only ones who would get me anywhere. So I began to camp there and in almost a year I got to see Mr. de Mille."

There isn't anything unusual or startling about Alma Bennett, except perhaps a fleeting resemblance to Bebe Daniels. She is about nineteen, plays the violin nicely, likes outdoor sports and lives at home with her family. But she showed dogged determination that one would never expect of her—and she may surprise us again in her screen work.
Among Those Present

A NEW INGENUE STAR

THERE isn't much to tell," Laura La Plante, the newest Universal star, begins the tale of her life and proceeds to consume in the telling two hours and one box of chocolates, weaving into her story all those little happenings so important to each of us, giving it an individual charm which belies its commonplace.

But after all, hers is similar to the history of many movie girls. An ordinary childhood in an ordinary San Diego home, knowing not the pinch of actual poverty but many little economies. A visit to cousin Violet in Los Angeles four years ago suggested the possibility of movie-extra work to help buy clothes for the following year of high school.

"Can't say I had any ideas of self-expression." Laura is quite candid. "Didn't think I could act. Didn't think much about anything, except I would like to make some money.

"Violet lived next door to a director, so we went over to see him. Scared half to death. He looked me over and shook his head. Too awkward,

too plump—hair just plain yellow and not even curly! But I kept pestering and finally he sent me over to Christie's and they gave me extra work and 'bits,' on a guarantee of four days a week at five dollars per. Then I got the daughter part in 'Bringing Up Father,' the Jiggs comedy—and fifty dollars a week. Also the big head.

"But none of it lasted, as they discontinued the series after three pictures. Following a rôle at Ince, I played the second lead with Charles Ray in 'The Old Swimmin' Hole'—and got one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week!" Laura is a matter-of-fact little soul. "I persuaded mother we needed the money more than I needed any more high school, so she and my sister moved here and I played 'young heavies,' crook accomplices, and leads in serials."

As a reward for her work with Reginald Denny in "Sporting Youth," they crowned Laura's fair head with stardom in program pictures. In the first, "Excitement," she plays a rather too peppy, jazzy, flirtatious young creature, written for her predecessor, Gladys Walton, but the rôle promised her in her second, "An Old Man's Darling," is more of her type—not quite so hard boiled.

Laura's charm lies in her freshness, her naiveté. Though nineteen, she's still prettily much a kid, proud as can be of the way she's taking care of her mother and sister, bubbling with excitement over trifles, getting a great thrill out of every moment.

MOSTLY ABOUT DOLLS

A BEWILDERING combination, six-year-old Muriel Frances Dana—as all children possessing personality and inquisitiveness are bewilder-ing. In keeping with the new order of things which demands child-naturalness upon the screen, Muriel is a wholesome, normal kid, possessing the long-distance, non-stop question-appetite of the world, a sincere passion for French pastry and dill pickles—preferably together—and an inherent thespic sense which responds, without self-consciousness, to the suggestion of "make-believe."

She dances, sings, is taking piano and organ lessons, but her parents are striving to keep paramount the question of her future as a human being, rather than her screen-career and are doing all that can be done to keep her unspoiled, though admitting it sometimes is a problem!

Photographically, she bears a certain resemblance to Baby Peggy. But there the similarity ceases, for Muriel's work, particularly in "Daddies," is free from the mechanical quality of Peggy's, and is indicative of a purely individual talent, provided she is permitted to remain much herself: a girl-child not pretty in doll-like fashion but irradiating a quaint personality and appeal. Her forte is in just such a spirited characterization as she plays in "Daddies," blending comedy and pathos.

"Muriel, you must tell me something about your work."
"Yes'm, it's lots of fun when they don't google at you an' say, 'Isn't she cute?' I'm not going to be cute, I'm going to be a lady an' wear a velvet dress with a train. See my new swings in the back yard? Know Jackie Cogan? He gave me an ivory chiffonier for my children's clothes. Judy thinks it's very nice, only now poor Judy's awful sick."

She is going to be featured soon in a picture called "Baby Fingers," that was written around her personality.

"Judy has person—person—what you have to have to be a movie star," Baby Muriel gravely informed me, displaying her favorite doll. "Besides, she's got the croup. I've got it, too," calmly. "That other thing, that you have to have," patiently seeking to make clear to our dazed grown-up mentalities the myriad channels which a child's mind may travel at once. "Mr. Ince said I had it, per-son-al-ity, but I don't know what it means. Only you got to have it. Mother says always say thank you when folks say something nice about you, but always say to yourself, 'What others say is all right, but it's what you know you are yourself that counts.' That means," gravely, "you mustn't get the swelled head."

DOLLARS AND DOUGHNUTS

It takes money and pull to get you into the movies!" wail the disappointed pilgrims to the fount of make-believe.

But be it known by all those present, the wailing little girls don't know what they are talking about. Margaret Morris, Universal leading lady, stands five feet something in reputation of that oft-heard complaint that "the girls with money and pull can get in." Margaret's father, a Minneapolis business man, is very well to do; Margaret had "connections," through which she got nothing but vague promises that never materialized; it cost her; with apparently every asset, over two years and much heartbreak to crash through the portals of filmdom, where competition is the most keen in all the world, where personality, not beauty and wealth, is the only sesame.

We shared our early struggles and our tears, Margaret's cash and my doughnuts, for we roomed at the same house. What a disheartened trio we were! Margaret had failed to make any noticeable impression upon the casting directors; another girl writer had had her scenarios rejected; I couldn't get my articles accepted by the magazines. Except for the checks that came to Marg from home and which she generously shared, we were pretty much in the same boat. Of an evening, we would drown our sorrow in onion sandwiches, tea and soggy doughnuts, and analyze Margie. It got to be a pastime with us, considering her qualifications through the eyes of critical friends.

Her charms were manifold. Pretty, graceful, trained in dancing and deportment since her infancy, a product of one of those finishing schools where fashionable young ladies are polished off and given a discreet shine, her wardrobe boasting the most heart-palpitating array of lovely clothes, we all thought that Margaret's screen début would be an easy matter. But we all thought wrong.

"What's the matter with me?" she used to ask in her low, sweet voice—dulcet, modulated, a keynote to her whole personality of quiet charm. "I'm not beautiful, but I'm what they call pretty back home. I have loads of clothes and I do know how to wear them. I photograph well. Can I act? How do I know? They won't give me a chance to find out! They are courteous to me, father's influential friends here arrange interviews for me; the casting directors give me vague promises—and bow me out politely—boredly."

Continued on page 100
WITH prayers to Allah and with the fatherly blessing of Morris Gesi, “The Thief of Bagdad” opened in New York and it probably will run until the sands of the desert grow cold and the local reviewers run out of adjectives. Douglas Fairbanks has achieved such an astonishing success that he will be obliged to take Mary and rush to Europe to escape from being elected mayor.

For, in one great leap, Fairbanks has jumped from the ranks of the movie stars into the circle of great showmen. “The Thief of Bagdad” is not a mere “big star” picture. It is a genuine novelty, a new form of entertainment and, very likely, when it works its way out in the country, it will become an institution just like the circus.

The picture is an “Arabian Nights” fantasy which manages to embody streaks of nearly all the legends, folk stories, and fairy tales of all lands. Unfortunately for Mr. Fairbanks’ purposes, most legends and fairy tales, in their pure form, are without purpose or moral, so Mr. Fairbanks was obliged to invent a theme for his Oriental hero, “Happiness must be earned.” Carrying this banner, Mr. Fairbanks rushes into fights with fire and dragons, like another Siegfried; he battles with monsters and strange enchantments; he rides to the Citadel of the Moon and plunges into the depths of the sea.

It is a great temptation to make much of the tricks and camera magic in “The Thief of Bagdad.” It is a great temptation to play the wise guy and speculate as to how the feats were accomplished. But what’s the use? It’s much more fun to accept the picture in childlike faith without bothering about how the magic carpet was made to fly or how Mr. Fairbanks managed to walk about at the bottom of the sea or how the army sprang up at the gates of Bagdad. If you really want to enjoy the picture, you must pray, as you enter the theater, for the faith of a child.

It is enough to say that the simplest magic of Mr. Fairbanks makes Cecil De Mille’s parting of the Red Sea look like the parlor trick of an amateur magician. The wonders of “The Thief of Bagdad” create a perfect illusion; Mr. Fairbanks has made not simply one or two marvelous scenes, but he has endowed the whole picture, even in its smallest detail, with beauty and with the mysterious charm of a legendary thing. “The Thief of Bagdad” is probably the greatest conjuring trick ever performed by any one.

Mr. Fairbanks has enlarged the horizons of the motion picture by several miles and fans owe him a real debt of gratitude. For he has shown that, by beauty and imagination, the screen may escape from its curse of cheapness and banality and become a real story teller. He has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the task of leading the screen into the land of enchantment and adventure and by

Julianne Johnston keeps admirably in the spirit of “The Thief of Bagdad.”

The Screen in Review

The month’s film offerings contain not only the greatest screen novelty ever filmed, but several good pictures in which our finest actors appear.

By Agnes Smith
his intelligence, his energy and his initiative, he has placed the whole film world forever in his debt.

I was lucky enough to see "The Thief of Bagdad" at a matinée when the theater was crowded with small boys. And it was a pleasant thing to see them grow much more excited over the adventures of old legends than they would have been over something prosaic like a bank robbery. And it was also rather good to see the older persons in the audience spellbound by the sheer beauty of the scenes as if this one picture atoned for all the ugliness and awkwardness of countless other movies.

For the picture is gloriously beautiful, a marvelous visualization of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." In fact, one might say that it is a sublimation of the "Arabian Nights," for certainly Sir Richard Burton never described such a flawless Bagdad nor such a dream city, innocent of all dirt, poverty and smells. If you are a grown-up person and you have read the real "Arabian Nights," you are apt to find it a little difficult to reconcile this highly spotless Bagdad with the ripe Oriental capital of the old stories.

So it is important that you see "The Thief of Bagdad" with the eyes of a child. For in making a perfect picture, Mr. Fairbanks has overlooked the fact that only children demand perfection. When you are grown up you ask a little less. For instance, after several hours of the perfect beauty of "The Thief of Bagdad," you grow a little tired of it. It's all too good and you are only human. You begin to crave a stretch of lively comedy or a touch of villainy or a little emotional stuff. And it's only natural that you should. For, while you have been feasting your eyes, your brain has gone to sleep and your sympathies have grown numb from disuse, your realistic sense breaks through the illusion of the fairy tale and your critical mind tells you that Ulysses, Sinbad and Siegfried were more human.

Still, when you go to a movie and begin to think of Ulysses, Sinbad and Siegfried, it's a pretty sure sign that you're looking at an unusually fine movie. And it proves/precisely what Mr. Fairbanks has done for the screen. He has made it think in a sweeping and heroic strain. He has turned it from a chronicler of petty quarrels and scandals into a teller of great deeds. If he has overlooked the human side of it, it is only because the idea is still a young and callow one.

Pages might be written about the picture from a technical standpoint. The most important technical feat is accomplished by Mr. Fairbanks himself. Instead of acting the picture, he dances it. To make myself clear on this point, I will explain by saying that if Mr. Fairbanks' performance were reproduced on the stage in a play, it would look out of place; but it would fit in perfectly with a ballet or pantomime. Acting is Fairbanks' weak point; he is in no way a remarkable actor. But he is wonderfully graceful and wonderfully muscular. He has made much of his athletic prowess before, but in "The Thief of Bagdad" he becomes a movie Nijinsky instead of a movie Lionel Strongfort. His leading woman, Julianne Johnston, keeps admiringly in the spirit of the picture by dancing her role. I don't mean jigging or clog dancing nor yet toe dancing; I mean the lovely patomime of Flora Revalles.

Some of the trick stuff—which is the magic that will get the money at the gate—seemed oddly familiar to me. Where had I seen it before? I looked at the program and found the name of Hampton Del Ruth down as technical director. Mr. Del Ruth used to work for Sennett and on other comedy lots. So Keystone cops flew long before winged horses and Ben Turpin was the humble predecessor of Ahmed the thief. Besides Mr. Del Ruth, credit also should go to Raoul Walsh, the director, and Arthur Edeson, chief photographer, not to mention the low bow that goes to William Cameron Menzies, the art director.
The Screen in Review

"The Thief of Bagdad" is the work of a great showman; "Beau Brummel," with John Barrymore, is just a picture starring a great actor. The pictures were shown almost simultaneously in New York and of course the Fairbanks triumph was so much bigger that it seems silly to compare the two films.

While "The Thief of Bagdad" is the great achievement of an actor-business man who has devoted his entire life to the movies, "Beau Brummel" is the brief fling of a remarkable actor; a short rest between two strenuous seasons of "Hamlet." If Barrymore had the movies as seriously as Fairbanks, he would have engaged Ernst Lubitsch as his director, spent several months in careful planning and then stepped before the camera for "Beau Brummel."

Now as pictures go, "Beau Brummel" is excellent, but it seems too bad that a Barrymore—or should I say the Barrymore?—has two standards—one for the stage and one for the movies. Partly because the picture is too long and partly because the scenario was constructed without a full realization of the screen possibilities of Clyde Fitch's play, the picture seems lacking in deftness and finesse.

I should have wished the Beau to be something of a male Gloria Swanson, an elegant gentleman who fought his duel with society by wit and subtlety. Barrymore's Beau is a little too wry and a little too sour. And as for the vanities of the first gentleman of Europe, I wish Lubitsch had been on hand to give us more details of the sartorial secrets of the "king of togs."

During most of the picture, Barrymore walks through the scenes with the ease of an actor who happens to know more about his profession than any other man in the game. Only in the scenes of Beau's exile and disgrace does he launch forth into magnificent acting. And these scenes are pure gold. The ounce of tragedy compensates you for the tone of comedy that has been somewhat clumsily managed.

Except that the picture doesn't measure up in all respects to Barrymore's talents, there is no particular reason to call in the police to protest against the Warner Brothers production. Most of the picture is pleasingly set, except for one background that might have been copied from an ancient Fox drama starring Valeska Suratt. This particular setting shows the wonderful Beau making a gallant fight against the wiles of a vampire, surrounded by sofa cushions as big as flivvers and perfumed by the best brand of incense in Hollywood. Carmel Myers, who plays the naughty lady who pestered poor Beau, also struck me as being an off-note in a good cast. Miss Myers behaved as though she had stepped in from the studio from an Oriental drama by mistake.

As Lady Margery, beloved by Beau, Mary Astor is delightful to look at and one can forgive her for being rather immature. Willard Louis, as Beau's "fat friend," the Prince of Wales, gives a picture of a royal boob that is worthy of Emil Jannings. Louis is going to be starred in "Babbitt" and so you may look forward to a treat. Irene Rich, as the Duchess, is her usual sweet self.

Some Enchanted Acting

There is no bigger dramatic idea back of Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "The Enchanted Cottage," than when two people are in love they usually think of each other as being beautiful. Upon the fragile and sentimental idea that not only love blind but it is also coxeyed, Pinero built a whimsical drama which was only a mild success on the stage but which promises to be much more successful on the screen because it was lucky enough to fall into congenial company.

"The Enchanted Cottage" brings into play the acting resources of Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess is one of the few of the younger stars who can act when the occasion requires it. As a crippled and embittered war hero who is driven by loneliness to a marriage with an equally homely spinster, he has to go through much of the picture as a distorted and mentally sick man. And then suddenly has to become handsome. Thanks to the skill of Mr. Barthelmess and of May McAvoy, who plays opposite him, the scene in which the two ugly ducklings turn into swans is an exquisite and touching moment.

Nothing really happens in "The Enchanted Cottage." A man and a woman meet and fall in love. They become so beautiful to each other that they fancy a miracle has taken place. Will the rest of the world believe in the miracle? A group of practical relatives visit them and believe they have gone mad. Nevertheless, they are still in love and the illusion remains with them.

The picture has neither obvious nor commonplace appeal. But it has the charm and appeal of a real love story. It has delicacy and fine feeling and a touch of true sentiment. And the acting of Mr. Barthelmess and Miss McAvoy is a treat. Mr. Barthelmess plays with unstarred earnestness and sincerity; somehow or other, you don't expect so much careful endeavor from stars. You only expect them...
to walk through a picture and look pretty. Miss McAvoy's acting is so fine that you forget all the dreary pictures she has made since "Sentimental Tommy."

John S. Robertson, who directed "Sentimental Tommy," also directed "The Enchanted Cottage," which probably is why you are so thoroughly taken in by its charm. Josephine Lovett adapted the scenario from the Pinero play, eliminating those moments in which, to quote Robert Benchley, Sir Arthur's wings of fancy became entangled in his spots.

Where Men Are Spaniards.

All went well at the first showing of Fred Niblo's production of "Thy Name is Woman" in New York, until the big scene. The big scene shows the hero and, the heroine confronted by the usual perplexing situation. "What to do? What to do?" cries the smuggler's beautiful wife when she realizes she is in love with the handsome soldier whose duty is to bring the wily gent to stern Spanish justice. "What to do? What to do?" exclaims Ramon Novarro, as the rural cop who knows that he must choose between honor and eloping with Barbara La Marr.

At this tense moment in Mr. Niblo's Spanish drama, William V. Mong, as the husband, settles the problem. He bursts in upon the unfortunate couple, in the fastness of a mountain lodge, and strikes a noble attitude in the doorway. But in his hand he carries a fishing rod and, squirming and fighting on the end of the rod, is one lone poor fish.

Immediately the audience knew what to do. It laughed. Maybe it was wrong to laugh, because maybe Mr. Niblo had intended "Thy Name is Woman" as a successor to "Blood and Sand." You could see, all the way through, that it was meant to be strong drama. But, somehow or other, the best dramatic situations had a way of backfiring and affecting the audience like so many gags in a Mack Sennett comedy.

Other and less sophisticated audiences may find nothing funny in "Thy Name is Woman." In fact, the majority of the New York reviewers took it seriously in spite of the rollicking good humor of the audience. However, aside from its comedy high lights, I thought it was a dull picture and the direction seemed downright clumsy. Mr. Niblo obviously made a praiseworthy effort to free himself from the chains of melodrama and spectacle and to substitute quieter and more thoughtful drama. But it takes a keener imagination to develop an intimate drama than to produce a spectacle and the details, which might have made "Thy Name is Woman" a good picture, are hopelessly conventional. This may sound like a good old-fashioned panning but I feel very strongly against pictures that take up space in good legitimate theaters on the plea that they are "special attractions" when any one with two cents' worth of honesty knows that they ought to go into the regular movie theaters at regular prices and only advertised by the regular line of adjectives. If "Thy Name is Woman" comes to you as a straight and honest movie and not as a specially priced "wonder classic" you may not expect much of it and therefore you may not be disappointed.

The picture's chief claim to fan interest is the fact that the leading roles are played by Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro. Miss La Marr has the equipment of an unusually interesting actress. If she only would forget that she is a dangerous siren! As for Novarro, he struggles with a bit of character drawing but every time he threatens to get away with it, an inept subtitle comes along and boots him with a slapstick kick.

In other words, Novarro plays the role of a Booth Tarkington Spaniard, while the subtitles insist on describing him as a great, big rough meat eater. The confusion is sometimes disastrous.

Justifiable Murder.

William Hurlbut's play, "Lilies of the Field," has been beautifully murdered to fit film demands and to keep the censors in their lovely state of innocence. I merely mention the slaughter as a fact, although an unimportant one, as I refuse to get worked up over the slaughter of a Broadway success.

If you want to see the picture—and you will want to see it—go early and avoid the rush. It tells about a group of ladies who are as naughty as the local censors will allow and it relates the adventures of the character played by Corinne Griffith, who is tempted and tempted and tempted to allow herself to be set up in a beautiful apartment. Her love for her child triumphs over all the inducements to go out and romp with the rest of the gals.

The picture is a little shoddy, a little cheap, and a little vulgar. But when it cuts loose on a waiting world, the dishes will be piled high in thousands of kitchen sinks while mother goes to the movies and learns that the wages of sin is a Fifth Avenue charge account. And you cannot blame the women for wanting a glimpse of the world where there is neither toiling nor spinning and where the clothes are beyond belief. It's all quite harmless.

And as for father, he will leave the lawn mower idle to see Corinne Griffith. All the women reviewers find Miss Griffith a bit languid and rather undistin-

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinct pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"America—Series One—The Sacrifice." - First National. Historically, the American Revolution as every school child would like to see it. The Battles of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, the ride of Paul Revere, and the surrender of Cornwallis pictured in authentic and stirring fashion with an appealing love story woven through. With James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, William Hamilton, Charles Mack, Carol Dempster, and Louis Wolheim, as well as many others, do splendid work in it.

"The Marriage Circle." - Warner Brothers. A high comedy of married life directed by Frank Capra, with the last ounce of humor extracted subtly from each situation. Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou, and Marie Prevost are the principals.


"The Hunchback of Notre Dame." - Universal. Horrors on horror and thrill on thrill, backed up by huge, impressive sets, mobs of extras, and Lon Chaney's most elaborate disguise and acting.

"The Covered Wagon." - Paramount. A gripping film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains with a hymn in their hearts and guns on their hips. Great story, great actors, and the biggest productionyum of marauding Indians, and the seemingly endless wagon train battling against the forces of nature are essentially the leading actors in the drama, though Ernest Torrence's and Tully Marshall's performances rank with the greatest.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Two Wagons—Both Covered." - Pathé. A priceless burlesque of the great screen epic, with Will Rogers playing both the hero and villain.

"Three Weeks." - Goldwyn. All that the censors passed of Édith Olyn's poor little movie was a few rounds of seductive smiles aimed at the impeccable Conrad Nagel and coming from Alice Flingle draped carelessly on a tiger skin. If you have a taste for highly colored romance, though, this is the hottest the screen can give you.

"Daddies." - Warner Brothers. The sweetest of the sweeties, full of the sweeter kiddles, all romping around, spreading sweetness and light. There are un-saccharine moments when Mac Marsh and Harry Myers are highly entertaining.

"The Yankee Consultant." - Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean throwing himself into an old musical-comedy plot with so much enthusiasm that you cannot help enjoying yourself.

"Pied Piper Malone." - Paramount. A slight little story of a man so beloved by children that when he is ordered out of town they follow him. Thomas Meighan in an astute Irish charm, makes it seem possible.

"The Virginian." - Preferred. An excellently told melodrama of the rough-and-ready West that is an authentic transcription of the famous novel. Kenneth Harlan plays the featured rôle.

"The Great White Way." - Cosmopolitan. A love story of a musical-comedy actress and a prize fighter all dressed up with Broadway's bright lights, the fire department, the races at Belmont Park, prize-winning quar ters, and a real gal. Anna Q. Nilsson, Stewart, Oscar Shaw, contributors to the Hearst papers, and leading sportsmen all appear in it.

"Black Oxen." - First National. The famous novel of rejuvenation screened with Corinne Griffith as the beautiful Countess. Interesting, though naturally no. as explicit as the book was.

"Wild Oranges." - Goldwyn. A gripping psychological melodrama with but two characters in it—a girl and her grandmother are dominated by a murderous half-wit. The Herzegovinian atmosphere has been captured by King Vidor, and the acting throughout is splendid.

"Six Cylinder Love." - Fox. An ingenious comedy about the ideals of some young married people who find that it isn't the original cost, but the upkeep of a high-powered car that tries men's souls.

"Fashion Row." - Metro. All of the usual ingredients (Mac, Mary May, picture, and a few new names). Masquerading as an immigrant girl for a while, she contributes some adroit bits of characterization.

"The Eternal City." - First National. Everything but a good scenario. Barbara La Marr, Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, and Richard Bennett; the setting is sumptuous, the acting is charming, the pageantry, and many striking interiors.

"Scaramouche." - Metro. Rex Ingram brings the French Revolution to life with a gay, reckless spirit. The story of a romantic adventurer of France, invested with all the charms and dignity of Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, and Lewis Stone head the cast.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"The Stranger." - Paramount. Freely adapted from Galsworthy's famous story, "A Tale of Two Cities—The Last." It is faithful to the London atmosphere, but it is slow and dull, and all the splendid acting of Tully Marshall, Betty Compson, and Richard Dix cannot save it from mediocrity.

"Yolanda." - Cosmopolitan. The screen's largest collection of fifteenth-century knights, moats, drawbridges, old castles, young damsels, and exotic costumes. Marion Davies has never looked lovelier, but the story provides only one scene where she can use her lately developed talent for real acting.

"Shadows of Paris." - Paramount. Francis as a fiery apache. So far as she is concerned the picture is good stuff, but the scenario, writer, the costumer, and the director didn't give her an adequate setup.

"Painted People." - First National. A Cinderella comedy that takes in factory hands, stage folk, and sham society. Weak in genuine sentiment, but amusing in comedy. Colleen Moore is highly amusing, and she is supported by Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon, Mary Alden, and Mary Carr.

"The Song of Love." - First National. The story of a desert girl and a handsome French officer who masquerades as an Arab. If you just cannot resist seeing every picture Norma Talmadge makes, you will have to see this one, but be prepared to see little of merit but Norma.

"When a Man's a Man." - Principal. For the admirer of Harold Bell Wright's books. This picture glorifies the great open spaces with John Bow ers as the chief writer.

"The Shadow of the East." - Fox. A romance of India by the author of "The Sheikh," in which an Englishman is haunted by a native girl after he has married a young widow. The acting is good, and the settings are muddled, but of course a Nilsson picture cannot be thoroughly bad.


"Twenty-One." - First National. A light and charming little story of a rich boy's love for a poor girl that takes Richard Barthelmess back to the sort of rôles he used to play with Dorothy Gish. Dorothy Mackail plays the girl in this.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." - Goldwyn. Just one big thrill left in the old melodrama, and that comes toward the end of the picture. The old thriller is all dressed up in expensive modern clothes, but has no place to go.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Next Corner." - Paramount. A banal, trashy story of an American wife who is lured away from her husband by a slicker in Paris. The cast includes such capable players as Conway Tearle, Dorothy Mackail, and Lon Chaney, but they cannot do much under the terrible handicap of a bad story and poor direction.
She Fooled 'Em

And Irene Rich warns all casting directors that she is going to continue to fool 'em indefinitely.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

The bland fellow behind the registration desk at the Plaza asked for the name again. "Rich?" he repeated, with an extravagant lift of the eyebrow. "Rich? Miss Irene Rich, you say? . . . I don't know whether she is registered or not."

It was manifest that he had never heard of her, just as many people have never heard of her. For years Irene Rich has been acting. For years she has been in pictures. Yet who of you can name two pictures in which she appeared prior to her flashing performance in "Rosita?"

Here is another fantastic fable of celluloidia, the fable of the girl who showed the casting directors they were wrong.

For years Irene Rich appeared in little, inconsequential parts. One day she was cast as the star's "friend." For months she did friendly roles. The next step upward was "neglected wives." That stamped her. She was declared a neglected wife for all time. Then, just as she was determining never to let a movie husband desert her again, Mary Pickford came along and asked her to do a test for The Queen in "Rosita." And with this part within her reach, with the wiseacres laughing and assuring each other that she would never get away with it, Irene Rich made the effort of her life, and came through with flying colors and any number of interesting offers —offers that had nothing to do with erring husbands or neglected wives. She made a distinct hit in "Rosita."

When I finally found the lady it was at the information desk. "Has any one been looking for Miss Rich?" she was asking.

She is young and slender, younger and slenderer than her pictures had led me to expect. And she was in a daze, for the time being.

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What Betty from

A few of the strikingly beautiful that were especially designed by

Photographs by

No really chic woman's wardrobe is complete without one black dinner frock is the dictum of Paris, a rule of fashion that Betty Blythe was glad to accede to when she was shown the design for the gown pictured below. Sleeveless and decollete, the very simple lines of this dress are relieved only by a slightly flaring flounce below the knees, and the black only by a simple ornament of rhinestones.

Naturally, the clothes that interested Betty Blythe most in her shopping tours in Paris were dinner gowns and evening wraps, for becoming as the smart tailleurs and daytime frocks are they are of little use to her, as Betty's days are almost all spent in costume at some motion-picture studio. Her favorite evening wrap is of heavy metal brocade, a conventional pattern of apricot on a background of dull blue and silver. For the sake of warmth this is edged with seal, so soft and silky that it seems like ermine. Betty Blythe found that just as the smartest evening frocks are of pale, plain colors, the wraps are heavily figured and brilliantly colorful. The lines are plain, but not so severe as in wraps for daytime wear. This one she selected because the wide, loose sleeves and the graceful folds around the shoulders gave her the effect of being swathed in a luxurious wrap rather than merely being covered with a coat, as simpler wraps have a way of making one appear.
Brought Home
Paris
gowns and one of the evening wraps
Paris couturiers for Betty Blythe.
Larry O'Daye

The Paris designers, having set a fashion for classic simplicity in evening gowns, refuse to alter their lines now. But Betty Blythe found that all the variety one could want is to be found in the exquisite fabrics of which the evening gowns are made. The one below is of tiny white crystal beads and sequins so minute that they seem to have been spun in the silken fabric. A headdress of the same material completes the costume.

A slightly more elaborate dinner frock than the plain black one is this one of midnight blue trimmed with strips of burnished silver. It offers many suggestions that one could adopt for her own wardrobe, for the tulle sleeves clasped on at the elbow, the arrangement of stripes over a plain slip, and the flattering low waistline of leaves overlapping one another, are all heralds of new modes. This dress follows in effect the simple lines prescribed by the fashion arbiters of Paris, and wisely followed by Betty Blythe. A woman of her height should not seek to appear shorter, but should wear long, simple lines, so as to achieve the ultimate effect of her dignity and grace.
On the New York Stage

Critical glimpses of the newest attractions in the Broadway theaters.

By Alison Smith

Quite suddenly last season, the New York managers discovered a promising young playwright called Will Shakespeare, who had written some sure-fire stuff for the stage. The result must have astonished that portion of Broadway which could always tell you—with details and figures—just why Shakespeare meant ruin to the box office.

There were two famous, embattled Juliets, arriving almost on the same night to test their relative powers in the rôle—and the better Juliet won. Then there was John Barrymore’s immortal Hamlet which set the older and the younger set of critics to squabbling in a dispute loud enough to reach from Longacre Square to Park Row. (It reached a stage where it wasn’t safe to mention Edwin Booth to a critic under fifty or John Barrymore to one who had passed that reminiscent age.) There were Rosalinds and Shylocks and more Hamlets and all the Merry Wives.

You can imagine the situation, when I tell you that I wasn’t at all surprised to hear Al Jolson say in all sincerity that he was going to play Othello in black face, though unfortunately that priceless performance didn’t quite come off. I believe he meant it at the time, however, although I had my suspicions about Will Rogers’ announcement that he would play Romeo—at least,” he added, “I can’t play it any worse than it has been played before.”

Neither of these two talented tragedians realized his ambitions, but almost every other actor on Broadway found his or her way into a Shakespearean cast. And most of the papers and most of the discussions were full of what press agents so quaintly call “the bard.”

“The Serpent of the Nile.”

This tumult and shouting has died and aside from a few usual and inevitable productions—like the annual season of Sothern and Marlowe—the de luxe Shakespearean revival is now a dramatic memory. So the announcement that Jane Cowl was to play Cleopatra to Rollo Peters’ Antony came with the excitement of a hope reborn.

For most theatergoers that hope was realized. Though the same generation that had seen Booth in “Hamlet” and would have none of John Barrymore, found this “Antony and Cleopatra” so altered as to be a little shocking. It is true that something has been done to the play to give it a very modern slant. The quarreling of the Roman politicians sounded exactly like a warm battle in Tammany Hall. “This guy Antony has a sweetie in Egypt,” Octavius had the manner of saying. “Now a feller’s personal life is none of my affair, see. But he hadn’t ought to neglect the army for no petting party on the Nile.”

I don’t mean to blame the excellent actors who played these rôle for this atmosphere, for no one could
be more sedate in their efforts to act like Roman senators. And the rolling words of Shakespeare were like honey in their mouths. But there it was and altogether I think it is a tribute to the play. After all, if Shakespeare had been writing it to-day, it would have been done in just those political terms. In fact, he might have stretched it a bit and put in a few oil scandals.

Anyway, Jane Cowl's Cleopatra catches this tone; she is the modern woman, inventive, self-sufficient, resourceful. She brings out humor in the rôle that I certainly never suspected when I read the play in an English course at school. Moreover she is ravishingly beautiful in costumes which suggest the Ritz sometimes and Egypt occasionally but more frequently both. Perhaps it isn't the Cleopatra of the old days, but it is a lively and stimulating performance and I am sure the author would have been the first to appreciate it.

Rollo Peters' Antony has been criticized as too weak and youthful, but after all, this particular hero was no strong, silent Roman; he talked love incessantly like a babbling brook and was ready to drop all his armies and run at the rustle of a skirt. After all, it was the tragedy of the dreamy, poetical lover forced into the position of a soldier and making a mess of the job. And this, I think, Mr. Peters caught and held perfectly in spite of the protests from the press.

The production was a lavish one and the minor parts were well played. It is a performance worthy to be placed among the best of last year's Shakespearean output—except, of course, the Barrymore Hamlet, which will stand alone, I think, in this generation of playgoers.

Again Lady Macbeth.

While discussing the bard, it may be added that Clare Eames has contributed an interesting Lady Macbeth, to the annual James K. Hackett performance. Up to this time, her most important rôle had been that of Mary Stuart in Drinkwater's drama of that name. She has also been identified with Queen Elizabeth, a rôle in which she first attracted attention when William Faversham brought out his romantic version of "The Prince and the Pauper," and movie audiences will soon have a chance to see her extraordinary picture of this historic lady when she arrives with it in a forthcoming screen play.

Puppy Love.

Two plays with the same theme but with very different treatment reached New York almost on the same night this month. They are Fata Morgana" and "The Moon Flower," and the theme is the behavior of a very young man captivated by a woman of the world several years older.

The Theater Guild produced the first and, in the eyes of this playgoer, it is by far the better play. It is simple, sincere, and so frank that if the film directors ever buy it, it will keep the censors busy for weeks.

A siren past thirty is blown into a house where a schoolboy

Jane Cowl gives a lively and stimulating performance as Cleopatra.

has been left alone while his family are spending the night at a dance. There is a sudden infatuation, a flare-up of boyish passion and bitter disillusionment in the morning when the boy discovers that what to him was an eternal love was to the woman only a passing phase of amusement.
On the New York Stage

ing work done by a young actor called Morgan Farley. He plays the boy and it is his first real chance on the stage. Emily Stevens as the woman has the bright, sophisticated glitter of her type though she hardly seemed alluring enough to manage such fast work in the first act.

"The Moon Flower."

In "The Moon Flower," the siren is not only a woman of the world but a woman of the half-world and the boy is a penniless young clerk. He, also, is Hungarian, which indicates that the people of this nation have a tough time with their young men. Anyway, they meet at Monte Carlo and the hero’s pious desire is to take this beautiful creature away from the bearded grand duke who owns her.

He succeeds after a brief and expensive courtship but the next day his Moon Flower returns to the nobleman’s yacht so that the grand duke has the last laugh after all. It is almost an Ouida plot, full of the sunshine of the Riviera, and evil noblemen, and the jingle of coins from the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. But Zoe Akins, who adapted it from "Hell-bent for Heaven" is a simple, sincere study that has attracted several of the more intelligent, imaginative motion-picture directors.

"Hell-bent for Heaven" is a simple, sincere study that has attracted several of the more intelligent, imaginative motion-picture directors.

Photo by White

All this was written by a Hungarian author and laid in a country where young men seem to take such matters more to heart than we do. At least, it is our habit to assume that puppy love is one of the most harmless jokes in the world. When Booth Tarkington writes a play with this theme he sees to it that his Penrod’s love affairs are bashful flirtations with the pigtailed little girl who sits in front of him in school. Whether this is true of our own young boys and less true of the European youth, I am not qualified to say, never having been a freckled-faced lad myself. In any case, as told by this playwright Vajda, it turns into an absorbingly interesting drama with all the heartbreak of misunderstood youth in it. Oddly enough, it was written as a comedy and the audiences laugh at the unhappy, absurd boy just as they laugh at him in life.

One reason why the thing is so acutely real is the remarkably touch-
the Hungarian, could not resist from kidding it in its most intense moments; the result is neither straight romantic melodrama nor dramatic satire. For, with all her skill she could not disguise the fact that the author took his young man seriously.

Certainly Sidney Blackmer, who plays him, took him seriously enough. If he had been content to present the boy simply as a sentimental idiot—which he was—there might have been more appeal to his work. But in this rôle he seemed to fancy himself as a hero and the facts of the case were all against him.

Elsie Ferguson, however, as the lovely adventureress, was perfect. She almost made you understand the young man and believe in the plot. Never has she looked more beautiful or carried with her such an atmosphere of glamorous romance. Any play is worth while that could give us this picture. Incidentally it may reach the screen with her in it, though with the habits and morals of the Moon Flower radically changed.

Zangwill Views with Alarm.

Neither of these two plays showed any disposition to scold their erring young folks; in fact, Zoe Akins seemed rather proud of the sins of her young man. But with "We Moderns," we are back into the old sermon against the younger generation which Israel Zangwill has woven into his play.

It wasn't so very long ago that everybody was blaming the younger generation for everything. But there has been a swing of the pendulum and most of the plays for this year present the young folks as the saviors of their generation. Mr. Zangwill, however, is still back where Scott Fitzgerald started. His play is the old story of the gabby little flapper who talks back to her parents and airs her views on sex. You are led to believe that she might have come to no good end had not her mother conveniently fallen ill and brought her back to repentance. On this pious note the play ends.

You may have gathered from this that the drama—Mr. Zangwill calls it a "comedy"—is about as exciting as the year-before-last cover of a ten-cent magazine. It isn't even good preaching, for even Helen Hayes' irresistible acting of the flapper cannot make you care what happens to her or hope for anything except the fall of the curtain. O. P. Heggie, Mary Shaw, James Dale and Kenneth Mackenna are also in the cast. They are all excellent actors and worthy of a better cause.

"The Outsider."

A playwright has to be careful how he represents a priest or a mother on the stage but there is one long-suffering figure that it is always safe to abuse—the
Hollywood High Lights

New thrills and throbs along the highway of the cinema.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

A Clinic for Stories.

WHAT seems to bother everybody nowadays is the adapting of the sexier sort of stories to the screen. The scenario writers call the process a "treatment," talk like doctors or beauty specialists these days, saying, "I am giving this novel a treatment," or "that play a treatment."

The idea is to devise ways and means of getting around sensational situations and yet keep the theme of the book intact. The "doctor" has to assume a certain point of view that will meet with the approval not only of the director and the stars, but also the guardians of morals. Nor can he neglect the feelings of the novelist or the playwright.

An instance in point is the ending of "Cytherea," which was changed so that Lee goes back to his wife, and forgets about the doll and the other ladies. Frances Marion secured the approval of the author, Joseph Hergesheimer, for this, and she told us that he had said if he were doing the novel over again he would probably end it the same way himself.

Edwin: What is your idea of a good treatment?
Elza: Why do you ask—when you know I’ve just come from the beauty parlor?

The Flickering Fantasies.

The hopes for a flare of fantasy have not been relinquished despite that few have yet seen fit to follow the leadership of Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad." That picture will be a long time circulating through the country. It opened in New York and a few of the larger Eastern cities this spring, but the Hollywood showing is not scheduled until the fall. The general release is also to be about then.

This is easily the record, for it will be nearly two years from the time of the actual starting of work until the general distribution of the production. And if Doug keeps on at this rate he’ll be an old man before his next film is released.

Harold Lloyd is going to help along the cause by making "Alice in Wonderland," and it is very probable that Mildred Davis will play the title part. It won’t be possible for her to undertake this until some time late in the year because of the anticipated joyful event in the Lloyd household.

Miss Davis should suit very well the rôle of the arch Alice, who had so many amusing adventures with all kinds of quaint beings like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Old Father William, the grinning Cheshire Cat, and the funny Field Mice in the fanciful realms that Lewis Carroll brought to life.

Another fantasy that is now in sight is "Water Babies" from the Charles Kingsley story, that is now all but forgotten; and "Peter Pan" will be filmed by Famous Players-Lasky this summer.

Polka’s Joy.

The most enthusiastic person in Hollywood just now is Pola Negri. She literally bubbles a Pollyanna gladness, and she apparently has cause therefor.

"I am going to have three of ze best plays I have ever made zis year," she told us recently. "I am simply entrance’ with hap-peness. I have two wonder-ful directors and everything I want!"

You know, perhaps, that Ernst Lubitsch, who made some of her biggest plays abroad, has been engaged to direct two pictures starring her, as soon as Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Polish director, completes his two.

Polka also informed us that she is going to do Hermann Sudermann’s lurid novel "The Song of Songs," and that the scenario will follow the book rather than the play, which makes things difficult for the newly organized studio medical aid.

The Nose for News.

Emulating, perhaps, artists and sculptors in their formal unveiling matinées, Helen Ferguson gave an "unmasking tea" following an operation upon her nose. This, undoubtedly, will be of record as the most unique and cosmic afternoon in Hollywood’s social history.

After the guests were seated and served with sandwiches and oolong, Helen swept into the room with all the savoir of a prima donna, only instead of singing she permitted each guest closely to inspect her new nose from all angles and then to touch it for good luck. The doctor who performed the miracle was honor guest.

There were many exclamations of admiration, of course, but the most surprising thing was that none of the guests could recall just how Helen looked before she had the slight bump removed near the bridge of her nose. It is very beautiful now, at any rate, and through this, in combination with her lovely black hair and gorgeous brown eyes, Helen’s attractiveness is considered vastly emphasized. Douglas MacLean thought so and promptly engaged her for an important part in his comedy, "Never Say Die."

All of the nose operations in Hollywood have not been as successful as Miss Ferguson’s. Lucile Car- lisle, former leading woman to Larry Semon, whose olfactory member was slightly prominent, but one of her distinguishing features, none the less, decided some months ago to go into temporary retirement and then one day emerge with an entirely new nose to surprise
her friends and the directors. She was obliged to remain in retirement a long time thereafter, she averred, because the change of facial expression accompanying the new nose caused her humiliation and great unhappiness.

Mrs. Syd Chaplin, wife of the comedian and sister-in-law of Charlie, was also dissatisfied with her nose. She felt it needed to be reduced in size; so to achieve such result, she had some cartilage removed from the tip.

However, after the operation she decided her nose had been irreparably indented and looked much worse than originally. And to prove just how much this meant to her, as it probably would to anybody, she sued the plastic surgeon for one hundred thousand dollars.

Moral—by Elza.—Only women with journalistic aspirations should have their noses done over. It helps develop a news sense.

Dangerous Curves Ahead.

After King Vidor's production "Mary the Third" is released, there probably will be established a new type of flapper, because the director has decided that the heroine shall have a suggestion of curves and a healthy, well-nourished look instead of the pencil contour which has been in vogue.

In order to comply with directorial mandate, Eleanor Boardman, who plays the leading rôle in the picture, took on ten extra pounds at a milk farm by lying in bed the better part of two weeks and drinking a glass of rich, creamy milk every half hour.

Ben Lyon, a new juvenile, who played on the stage in New York, essays the same rôle in the film version. He also appeared in those flapper frivolities, "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People."

More Free-lancers.

Dorothy Mackaill is taking her place right along with the busiest of the free-lancers. Immediately after finishing the lead in Frank E. Woods' picture, "The Child Bride," she was engaged by Fox to appear in "The Man Who Came Back."

Jack Gilbert was to have been starred in this, but just at that time he decided that since his three-year contract with Fox had terminated, he would not renew it, nor sign any more starring contracts for a while.

Consequently Jack O'Brien, a newcomer, was cast in the name part of "The Man Who Came Back," and Gilbert set out on the romantic highway of the free-lancers. Eventually we wouldn't be at all surprised if he were seen in a production with his wife, Leatrice Joy, although they both amusingly say no to this supposition.

Wanderers Return.

After an absence of six months two of Hollywood's wandering daughters returned home; one from New York, the other from shiny Algiers—May McAvoy and Claire Windsor.

Miss McAvoy, during her New York stay, played in "West of the Water Tower" with Glenn Hunter, and in Richard Barthesm's picture, "The Enchanted Cottage."

Some disappointment was felt at the denial of her engagement to Glenn, reports of which had numerous times been circulated. But at least her name may be associated with his in a professional way if plans for her playing with him in a stage tour of "Merton of the Movies" mature.

The New York sojourn has seemed to lift Miss McAvoy out of the ingenue class and place her at the head of charming, well-poised debutantes. She has been again appearing under the direction of William de Mille in "The Inside Story," in which Malcolm MacGregor plays opposite.

Miss Windsor was greeted on her return from Egypt and northern Africa, where she appeared in "A Son of the Desert," by a crowded station of friends and tons of flowers, and looked ravishing in a costume of gold cloth and summer ermine, while under both arms she carried a half dozen long-legged, Oriental dolls.

She spoke with aloofness of sheiks, and spoiled Elza's dreams of ever playing mah jong some Sunday with the lord of a tent on the Sahara, by vividly describing the rich mosaics and fancy electric-light fixtures in the castles of the Bachaghos and Kaid's, which, we judged, rank pretty high in the Desert Blue Book.

The important news is out that the other baby in "Helen's Babies"—there are two of them, you know—the new Baby Peggy picture, is to be baby Josh Carpenter. This makes a regular baby farm when you take it all together.

And then they try to say that the pictures are not still in their infancy.

Charlie's Decision.

The most important decision made in ages was reached by Charles Chaplin. Out of dozens of applicants, he selected the new leading woman for the comedy on which he is now working. Her name is Lita Gray, and she is the only leading woman that Charlie has had beside Edna Purviance, since he quit the old Keystone comedies. At that time, he and Mabel used to frolic together occasionally, but Miss Purviance joined him when he went with Essanay.

His present comedy is not the first in which Miss Gray has played with Chaplin. She did a small part as one of the angels in the heaven sequence of "The Kid." She was then just a little girl with curls, whom Chuck Reisner had brought to Charlie's attention.

At that time he did not have any real plan for putting her in comedies, but he said in fun that some day he would make her his leading lady. She visited the studio on various occasions thereafter, but Charlie never brought the matter up again.

Then one day, when she and her mother were contemplating a trip, they came over to say good-by. After the usual formalities Charlie looked at the girl with astonishment and exclaimed:

"Why, Lita, you've grown to be quite a young lady. If you decide not to go I think that you would do splendidly as a leading lady in my next comedy."

The girl and her mother both gasped. They could hardly believe their ears. And then the mother finally found her breath and said:

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Again—the Color-film

Famous Players-Lasky are reviving wide interest in the process by filming their entire production of "Wanderer of the Wasteland" in natural colors.

By Caroline Bell

INVENTORS have been experimenting with the idea of color photography almost since the beginning of motion pictures. But so far only a few attempts have been shown on the screen, and none of these has been entirely satisfactory. A feeling of disappointment, and skepticism about all-color pictures ever becoming practical, seem to have been the general attitude following these exhibitions.

But the subject aroused considerable interest again recently when Paramount decided to permit Technicolor to make an entire production in color for their release, at almost twice the cost of black-and-white filming. They feel that the process has been perfected to such an extent now that successful all-color pictures can be made, and they intend to follow this initial film with others.

The reason why Zane Grey's "Wanderer of the Wasteland" was selected as the story for this production is because of the desert background. Here-tofore, the color experimenters seem to have tried to crowd as vivid hues as possible into the costumes and settings of their pictures. In "The Great Adventure," which was the first all-color feature, the result was unpleasant and distracting because of the strong reds and greens that dominated the screen, and in some scenes ran ludicrously. "Toll of the Sea" was better, but far from perfect.

Scenes for "Wanderer of the Wasteland" are being photographed in Red Rock Canyon, in an untraveled section of the Mojave Desert, with Irvin Willat directing and Joseph A. Ball supervising the photography. There the players, headed by Jack Holt, Noah Beery, Kathlyn Williams and Billie Dove, will act out the story in a setting of dim, misty-color tones. The jagged cliffs of sandstone, shading from a delicate shell-pink to

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Noah Beery, at the top of the page, and Jack Holt play leading roles in the picture.
What New York Has Done for Gloria

A change of scene, a change of friends, and a change of interests lie behind the amazing improvement in Gloria Swanson's work in her recent pictures.

By Leland Hayward

Of all the motion-picture stars, Gloria Swanson has changed, and improved, more than any other in the last six months. It was only a few years ago that she was acting under Mack Sennett's banner in his famed comedies. To-day she is undoubtedly one of the very big stars. The other day I saw a still of her in a bathing costume of a few years ago, and I could scarcely believe that it was a picture of the person that I know as Gloria Swanson.

Her story is fairly well known by this time. C. B. De Mille first saw the possibilities in her and converted her over to his famous trick bathtub, funny telephone series of pictures. She was never called upon to act, but her part was chiefly to walk through the pictures, dressed in the most elaborate and exaggerated costumes that all the Lasky designers could devise. The movie-loving public of the world took note of her at once, and she became a strong favorite—and was finally made a star at a tremendous salary.

At this point Elinor Glyn wrote a couple of stories for her, and they became fast friends. People from the Coast tell me that Madame Glyn was the turning point in Miss Swanson's life. It was she who taught Miss Swanson the manners of the grande dame—to be an interested listener at all times—there is nothing so fascinating to a man as a woman who is willing to let him talk on and on—to be gracious and charming to every one with whom she comes in contact and to be reserved at certain times—for the famous English exponent of the art of love taught Miss Swanson the greatest lesson a woman can learn—that of not talking when the subject is something of which she knows nothing. Any woman who can learn to let a man talk his head off and keep quiet herself is quickly going to gain the reputation of being a brilliant woman.

This stuff went great with the public—"Gloria Swanson the Best-dressed Woman of the Screen"—and all that. She had more nonsense whispered, talked and written about her than almost any one, except, perhaps, Charlie Chaplin. She was press agented to death and made an illusion so exaggerated as to become incredible. Some say she almost believed the piffle herself.

And then she became tired of hearing people say she couldn't act and decided she would discard the fantastic clothes and get-up and go in for the heavier school of dramatics. After much argument she convinced the Famous people that she could get away with it; and they agreed to let her try "Zaza." That would give her plenty of chance to act all over the place. "Zaza" is one of the "actiest" pieces ever composed for the stage or screen; every emotional actress of any note in the world has tried it, and those who haven't, crave to. I talked with Miss Swanson just
What New York Has Done for Gloria

before she started it, and she was rather upset about the whole affair.

"I've always wanted to try got the chance I'm scared to death. People have called me a clothes-horse for so long that I'm even doubtful whether they'll accept me as anything else. And there's no way of telling whether I can do it or not until I've tried. I sleep and think Zaza day and night, and I'm a wreck from the worry of it."

When the picture was released it met with great success nearly everywhere. Some of the critics claimed that she overacted it badly, but it was a role that couldn't help affecting some people that way. The most important thing was that her sales started increasing, and have been climbing steadily upward ever since.

Next came "The Humming Bird," and that has met with a phenomenal success. In it Miss Swanson, in contrast to her former roles, is dressed almost in rags through a large part of it. Most film men were very skeptical about Miss Swanson minus the elaborate clothes but it seems as though people will pay money to see her in almost anything. Her pictures have not always been good, but her success has never wavered and her popularity is continually increasing. Most stars, when they get one or two bad pictures take a terrible slump, but Miss Swanson weathered her bad-picture slump and hung on to considerable popularity.

The Gloria Swanson one meets to-day differs considerably from the Gloria Swanson of six months ago. She has developed along many lines, both of thought and appearance. She has always possessed an alert mind, but New York has given her much more chance for thought than Hollywood ever could. And she dresses very, very much better than she did when she stepped off the train at the Grand Central.

Miss Swanson's tendency is to overdress, but in the East she has had more than ample chance to study the best-dressed women in the world like Hollywood and she wanted to get back there just as quickly as possible. Now she is a confirmed New Yorker and has decided to stay in the East from now on, if she has her say.

Of all the picture personalities, Miss Swanson's is one of the strangest I've ever encountered. Sometimes when you meet her she looks radiant and she will fairly startle you. The next time you see her you say to yourself, "How could I ever imagine she was attractive?"

From a strictly artistic point of view she is far from beautiful. Her features are all incongruous, but put together they form a sort of crazy-quilt which is rather odd and exotic. The only two things really beautiful about her are her eyes and her feet. As for her much-vaunted figure, I have always felt that was almost her weakest point.

However, what she lacks in beauty she makes up for in personality—it is a tremendously strong one; few who meet her fail to be very much impressed by it. Even greater than this, she has sex allure right to her fingertips—more than almost any woman I have ever met.

The most favorable place to meet Miss Swanson is in her home, for there you will find her wrapped in a gorgeous Spanish shawl or a piece of Chinese brocaded cloth, and with the soft lights and strange atmosphere she is unusually intriguing. And she is a gracious hostess, doing everything in her power to make one comfortable.

As a rule when one meets Miss Swanson around town, in a restaurant or some such place, she does not shine her brightest. I saw her one night at the Palais Royal with a Miss West, who does something or other in pictures, and a couple of boy friends. I believe her costume was meant to be bizarre. Leonora Hughes, who dances there nightly with Maurice, sat at the next table, dressed simply, in perfect taste. Julia Hoyt was there, and even she looked reserved. I recall also seeing Bonnie Glass, the dancer, Thelma Converse, who appeared in Gloria's last picture, and Constance Bennett. Beside these, and other celebrities, there was the usual gay crowd of stockbrokers' wives with strange men, stock brokers with stranger women, ladies of the Continued on page 96
GLORIA SWANSON

Photo by Maurice Goldber
At last Pola Negri is escaping the frills and artificialities of her first American-made pictures. Each successive one is an improvement over the last, and soon such pictures as "Men," which she is now making for Paramount, may make people forget entirely those first gaudy affairs.

In "Men" Pola Negri is again under the direction of a foreigner. This time it is Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian artist who was responsible for the direction of "All For a Woman" and "Peter the Great."
When the history of the films is written, Mae Murray's infinite capacity for devising new costumes and wigs to lend variety to her pictures should provide material for two or three volumes at least. The quaint outfit which she wears in the picture at the right is for "Mademoiselle Midnight."

Many a director who saw what an enchanting picture Barbara La Marr made in the scenes in "The Eternal City," where she wore a white wig and fancy costume, must have yearned to have her in a picture of his in similarly striking garb. Maurice Tourneur was the first to secure her, and "The White Moth" is the picture in which she wears this towering wig and extravaganza costume.
Carrying the Rivoli Dance Programs to the Screens of the World

Photographs by Nickolas Muray
Lillian Powell, who has often appeared at the Rivoli Theater in New York City during the last two years, is one of the first dancers to have her numbers filmed by the De Forest Phonofilm, which records the musical accompaniment as well as picturing the dance. Recently two filmed dance numbers of hers which she had often performed in person at the Rivoli were shown there on the screen.

Lillian Powell, who was trained at Denishawn, dances many of the picturesque numbers which Denishawn dancers have performed in concert halls throughout the country. Her first numbers to be filmed were a sword dance and an Egyptian dance, and these may later be followed by the Hula Hula and the languorous waltz, in which she is pictured here.
After three or four of the foremost players on the screen had announced their intention of playing *Juliet*, the first famous heroine of a dope scandal seemed fair game for anybody. So some of *Juliet*'s best balcony stuff was written into "*The Perfect Flapper,*" and Colleen Moore plays it, it appears from these glimpses, with her usual gusto.
Leatrice Joy, too, has seized an opportunity to play a little of Juliet's blighted romance, with Rod La Rocque as her Romeo. Her chance comes in Cecil De Mille's "Triumph," where the balcony scene appears in a dream episode somewhat fantastically treated, but not burlesqued as in "The Perfect Flapper."
Exquisite little Mary Philbin will next appear in "The Inheritors."
The Strenuous Life

Each of the leading women out on the Hal Roach lot has her own way of keeping fit.

One of the questions frequently asked of feminine players in Hollywood is, "Do you really take systematic and regular exercises, or do you just pose in that fetching gym suit before the still camera?" And the most popular reply is, "Do you think I could keep fit if I didn't?" Believe what you will about the exercise, but the pictures are attractive! Swinging on the rings just below is Ena Gregory, Stan Laurel's leading woman.

While making "The Way of a Man," Allene Ray found that hiking was much more enjoyable if she was properly dressed for it. These heavy boots, breeches, and sweater, with an old slouch hat, proved the ideal costume.

Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, must have had long practice at this; otherwise she couldn't do it.
A glimpse of the crowded ballroom at the Ambassador on the occasion of a fashion pageant and ball sponsored by the hotel and Cecil De Mille.

The Charm of Hollywood

It isn't only the motion-picture studios that make Hollywood a unique and appealing town.

By Elsa E. Brocker

There is a charm about this hub city of the motion-picture industry which eludes analysis, and yet remains so marked that after a six-month residence within its confines, people rarely have a desire to leave, and if unfortunate enough to be compelled to go, there is usually a longing to come back.

It is partly the climate, of course, for who can resist the

California is famous for its cafeterias and there is none more charming than Hollywood's Garden cafeteria.

The Ambassador Hotel, at whose dances the younger motion-picture set are always to be seen.
The Charm of Hollywood

magic of long, languorous summer days. To a large extent there enters into it, too, the pastoral loveliness of its environments—the purple hills with their daily silent call of inspiration "to look upward and beyond," and the beauty of the shaded boulevards and streets, with their picturesque, drooping pepper trees and towering eucalyptus.

Its architecture, so well adapted to the tropical climate which has made it famous, helps to place Hollywood on the map on its own account. Spanish villas with their delightful patios; the little pink, yellow and white Mexican pueblo courts, resembling so many tasteful pieces of French confection set against a background of purple hills; the Moorish castles of prominent movie stars, and just plain American homes surrounded by rose hedges—all do their share to cast about Hollywood a unique and irresistible charm.

The sudden concentration of

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Out on the veranda of the Hollywood Country Club one may find Kathleen Key or some other prominent player languorously watching the strenuous sportsmen put on the green. ©Inst. by Ab
Another Problem for the Stars

Their servants and other personal employees are all getting the acting craze, which, as most fans know, is a hard thing to discourage.

By Elza Schallert

A FAMOUS film star told me not long ago that she didn’t believe most individuals who entered her home in the capacity of servants were really interested in their special duties of cooking, or butlering, or chauffering—except to use them as stepping stones to screen careers; the inside track, as it were.

She cited the case of Jenny to prove it.

Jenny was a woman approaching forty, not particularly prepossessing but highly skilled in the fine, but rapidly dying, art of cooking. She came to the star in December. By January she had the blessings of all the star’s friends for her marvelous roasts, gravies, and gooseberry tarts. But by April, Jenny seemed discontented and unhappy, so one day, not being able to suppress her desires any longer, she frankly confessed to the star that she wanted to go into pictures, and pleaded with her to make it possible.

She said she cared little for cooking, except the hundred and ten dollars per month it brought, and that her burning, dying ambition for ten years had been to make a name for herself on the screen. She felt that the star had surely observed her “dramatic type” and, therefore, would see that her “talents” were properly developed.

The star couldn’t conscientiously encourage Jenny. The best she could do would be to help her get work as an extra. She explained this to her, but Jenny couldn’t understand, so she left.

The case of Jenny is quite typical of many household employees in the film colony. Nearly every celebrity has told me of one, two, three and even four instances of film mania among his or her domestic retinue at one time or another. Very few actresses are spared this irritation. Of course, there are a few like Corinne Griffith, who have had the same personal maid and housekeeper for many years, or like Mae Busch who for twelve years has enjoyed the services of one personal maid, who simply adores her and wouldn’t accept the rôle of the Queen of Sheba if it were offered her. For Bodamere I can’t say the same thing, however, because her desire to act on the screen is nothing short of an obsession. She longs to be the “female Wallace Beery” of the screen. Character actress, in other words.

Bodamere in private life holds the coveted position of personal maid to Mary Pickford. In professional life, however, she is known as Madame de Bodamere. If you saw “Rosita” you will know what I mean, because in that picture she played the part of a maid in the service of the Spanish king. For four years, through the grace and kindness of Mary Pickford, she has played atmosphere, bits, and small parts in each of the star’s productions. Even in “Dorothy Vernon” she plays a bit.

Bodamere is a French woman with a bright mind, about forty-three years of colorful experiences, and a great big heart overflowing with devotion to Mary. But because of this love and devotion for Miss Pickford, she feels that she is more than a maid, and consequently stoutly objects to the cognomen.

“Madame, please do not call me maid, will you?” she implored me.

What could I call her? Surely not an “attendant,” because “attendants” belong in the category of nurses and are employed by mentally and physically feeble people.

“I am—what you say a generalissimo of personal service to Miss Pickford. Yes! Generalissimo.” And then her face fairly beamed with satisfaction.

Miss Pickford was making a scene in “Dorothy Vernon” and while watching her I asked Bodamere whether she really was as wild over screen acting as I had been told.

“Ohhhh! You hav’ no i-dee-ee how I von’ to a-a-a-et! The screen is only what I have been dreaming of for five years. Right away after I go to Miss Pickford in New York, I beg her to also let me be in “The Love
Another Problem for the Stars

Light,’ which she was making, and she did. You didn’t see me in that picture? Ohhh! Too bad! I had a big part. But no screen credit. Yes, but in ‘Rosita’ I had my name on the screen. Did you see? Ah, it was so wonderful!

“Miss Pickford is so good to me. She is the greatest woman in the world to-day. Look at her now, madame, see her golden hair. I brush it often. And look at her beautiful face. Oh! Just like my own baby, I love her. And how smart she is. You have no idea. She knows everything.

“Oh, but how sad I was when Miss Pickford told me so much of my part as Lady in Waiting, with wonderful costume and everything, in ‘Dorothy Vernon’ was cut out. I just wanted to die, I cried all night and next day.”

And to convince me, she started in to weep copious tears.

I dare say she did cry all night, but I also know that on the following day, after riding horseback strenuously for many hours and making several big exterior scenes of “Dorothy Vernon,” Miss Pickford, and her secretary drove from location and purchased at one of the shops several “dress-up” gowns for Bodamer, just so she wouldn’t feel too bad about what fate betell her part in the picture.

I asked her what she would do if she ever had to make a choice between remaining with Miss Pickford or pursuing her “art.” She cannot always be a maid actress or vice versa.

“Have you ever asked me such a question about going away from her? It would kill me. But then, I must act. And Miss Pickford will give me opportunities when she can. She told me so. Oh, yes, I must act.”

The condition of members of domestic and personal entourages becoming film strick has always existed, stars tell me, but instead of abating, since it daily becomes more difficult for the newcomer to make an entrance into pictures, it is growing stronger, if anything. The same, kindly, sincere advice of stars themselves apparently means nothing to the house maid who in her heart knows that she would have been the ideal Anna Christie, instead of Blanche Sweet, or the butler, because he’s English, who has always felt that he, instead of Percy Marmont, was the perfect type to play Mark Sabre, in “If Winter Comes.”

Perhaps it is their daily contact with the famed stars that is partially responsible for the employees becoming inoculated with the film bug. By nature they may have a love for acting, or perhaps a strong directorial bent, but certainly association, albeit through service, with people prominent in the picture world, tends to stimulate their latent artistic desires.

It isn’t, of course, that the celebrities discourage ambition or curb talent of any one in their personal service. On the contrary, they are generous and sympathetic and even go so far as to use their chauffeurs or personal maids or valets for “atmosphere,” just to give them the thrill of being in a picture, and making five dollars extra. But, of course, since the stars do not hire cooks to act, but to bake mince pies, it is not reasonable for them to be expected to make a protegé out of Sally simply because she feels the urge to play parts like The Spanish Dancer.

As a protection against film mania attacking her household, Pris-cilla Dean now has her beautiful Colonial home in Beverley under the full management of a Southern mammy and a corps of assistants. Barbara La Marr, too, has engaged a Southern quartette to manage her ménage, and all of them have agreed in writing that the only art they have interest in is frying chicken and baking corn bread.

So far as I can determine, there is but one instance of an individual in the personal employ of a famous star who has been deliberately chosen by the star to appear in his or her productions and then advised and helped to embark upon a screen career.

That lone case is Nellie Bly Baker, for seven years secretary to Charlie Chaplin. Often, during that time, Chaplin told her that she was a rare character type and undoubtedly could make a career for herself on the screen if she desired. But Miss Baker had not the slightest desire to act. At his invitation, she would now and then walk across a set in one of his comedies, or play a tiny bit, but meeting the many interesting people with whom her work brought her in contact meant much more to her than donning grease paint.

Now, however, she is thoroughly imbued with the idea of becoming a screen actress, and it is all due to Chaplin’s interest in her. If you saw “A Woman of Paris,” and the censors in your town didn’t eliminate the famous massaging scene, you will recall a marvelous bit of acting by the woman who played the masseuse. It was one of the most subtle scenes in the entire picture, and it was dominated by the masseuse—Nellie Bly Baker.

That was her first big opportunity. She proved what Chaplin predicted for her. She will have more opportunities for him to test her ability, because he has created for her a part in his new comedy. She will probably learn by working under his direction much about great screen acting. She may even achieve success. Already she has begun to receive other offers. She appears in the character of a shrewd maid in Constance Talmadge’s latest production, “The Goldfish.”

But how different is her case from Jenny, the cook!
The Best-dressed

Times Square and the rest of the theatre are their own. Fortunately some of our most accomplished and attractive women have chosen to wear their own. So it was to Mrs. Tangeman that I went with two questions, “Whom do you consider the most beautiful actress in the movies? And whom do you consider the best-dressed?” And Mrs. Tangeman straightway replied, “Elsie Ferguson! Elsie Ferguson!”

Which is, to say the least, highly significant, emanating from such an authority. For Miss Ferguson is not spectacular in appearance—as is Nita Naldi, for instance, nor sensational in array—as is Gloria Swanson, for example. She merely looks well-bred, and dresses with good taste. Not for her are costumes suggestive of the bazaars of Cairo and the temples of Calcutta, set off with headgear combining characteristics of Chinese pagodas and Dutch windmills!

Indeed, many of the female favorites of

Much has been said of the lessons that can be taught by the movies in history, geography, and science. But little has been said of the lessons in manners and modes. And yet the screen could, and indeed does, exert a powerful influence in these connections. Hundreds of thousands of adolescents unconsciously procure and retain impressions from picture productions, impressions as to what is “good form” in deportment and “good style” in attire. Some of the examples thus followed are quite unworthy of emulation.

Mrs. Cornelius H. Tangeman, of New York and Newport, is one of the best-known society women in America, one of the most beautiful and one of the best-dressed. Her pictures are constantly reproduced in the newspapers and magazines.

Young men in the audience who copy Rod La Rocque’s conservative styles in dress can’t go wrong.

Recapitulating, and following Mrs. Tangeman’s lead, the following women are the best-dressed of all observers. So it was to Mrs. Tangeman that I went with two questions, “Whom do you consider the most beautiful actress in the movies? And whom do you consider the best-dressed?” And Mrs. Tangeman straightway replied, “Elsie Ferguson! Elsie Ferguson!”

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Indeed, many of the female favorites of
Men on the Screen

Rical world have fashions in dress all tion-picture stars do not follow them.

Seton

the movie studios, in portraying "a lady," dress the part in the fashion of a wanton. There are, of course, notable exceptions to the rule.

Boys and men are not nearly as impressionable as are girls and women, but they are influenced nevertheless. And in regard to modes as well as manners. Girls who like to imagine secretly that they are "like Elsie Ferguson," might acquire some of her distinction of deportment, and boys who like to imagine secretly they are "like Rodolph Valentino," might similarly acquire some of his elegance and taste.

Following the judgment of Mrs. Tange- man concerning movie women, I asked a gentleman, also well-known in New York and Newport society, his opinion concerning movie men. He stipulated that although I might quote his words, I must not mention his name. His words were these: "Rodolph Valentino is the best-dressed man on the screen. He proved this fact at the outset of his career, in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and in subsequent presen- tations, including 'The Young Rajah.' He wore the clothes of a gentleman with the manner of a gentleman." And that, after all, sums up, in a concise form, what constitutes, "good taste" in dress.

Times Square, New York, is a little world of its own, and yet its subtle influence is distributed far and wide, for from Times Square go forth the actors to stage plays and picture productions, taking with them their Times Square personalities and their Times Square habiliments. And the latter commodity is, to adopt a phrase from Holy Writ, "fearfully and wonderfully made," with the accent on the "fearfully!"

In Times Square every day thousands of men pass to and fro, greeting friends and acquaintances, and congregating at street corners. Their loud voices correspond with their loud clothes. The jargon of "the show business" is concomitant with the jargon of the tailor shops. Ludicrous garments produce ludicrous effects, but song pluggers and bootleggers look each other over, and are satisfied with the result. "Nobby" and "classy" are the euphonious expletives employed to designate the monstrosities disfiguring "the human form divine." Coats, skin tight across the shoulders and loosely draped across the hips, have skin-tight sleeves culminating in satin-piped cuffs that flare out at the ends, as do also the narrow cuffs of the otherwise skin-tight trousers. The long vent in the back of the coat, and the eccentric pockets, cut at curious angles, complete the absurd effect, along with skin-tight low collars set off by diminutive neckties.

In striking contrast to these peculiarities are the conservative fashions of Fifth Avenue men, whose coats in no way resemble those above described, there being no draperies over the hips and no long vents in the back. Trousers made by Fifth Avenue tailors are loose instead of tight, and do not flare out at the cuffs. Bow ties are

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A Bedtime Story for Fans

About the foolish flapper who felt she was fitted for a fling in the films.

By Jimmie Adams
Christie Comedian

Once upon a time there was a flip little flapper who took a long, lingering look at herself in the mirror and loudly shouted: "How can the movies get along without ME?" Before anyone had a chance to answer the question she bought a ticket to Hollywood and boarded a train to the land of fame and fortune.

Now this little girl KNEW that she was a natural-born actress and could supplant any of the film favorites without half trying. After several months of graceful starving she learned that there were hundreds of other girls looking for work in the movies, and all of them had been convinced that they were world beaters—in front of the old cracked mirror at home.

One dreary day, while staggering down Hollywood Boulevard on her well-worn heels and empty stomach, her bleary eyes landed on a darling little sign in a restaurant window which hollered, "Waitress wanted." Now she is dishing out light lunches and heavy conversation, and is getting all the movie atmosphere she can digest.

MORAL: If you know you are a movie actress, remain that way—and don't try to become one.
The Screen in Review

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Oh, is she, as the saying goes, a man's woman. But, in all fairness, Miss Griffith deserves her great success after so many years of patient waiting for her chance. Conway Tearle, Crawford Kent, Myrtle Stedman, Sylvia Bremer, Cissy Fitzgerald — of the famous wink — and Phyllis Haver — of the famous bathing suit — are in the cast. Another agreeable murder was performed on Alfred Nutro's play, "The Laughing Lady," which emerges as "A Society Scandal," starring none other than Gloria Swanson. After a few real pictures, Gloria takes a little relapse and begins to dress up again. But she has learned her lesson. Believe me or not, there are moments in "A Society-Scandal" when Gloria lets you know that she thinks her clothes are funny. For instance, after getting all fixed up to ensure the upright young lawyer, the wary gentleman sends around word that he can't come. Whereupon Gloria gives her metal dress a hitch as if to say, "Thank goodness, I can get this off and put on something comfortable."

Like "Lilies of the Field," Gloria's picture is food for the tired business woman and the weary housewife. Sometimes it is entertaining and sometimes it is just plain foolish. But it is awfully easy to look at.

Upward and Onward with William de Mille.

"Icebound" is a good picture which may, as the title hints, leave you cold. It is, however, a sane, intelligent, restrained, worthy, and all-that-sort-of-thing version of Owen Davis' play, which took the Pulitzer prize for being the right sort of American drama. The plot concerns a righteous New England girl who reforms the wayward son of the Jordan family. It is the old-style down-east drama refined by thought, blessed by intelligence, and purified of its crudities.

William de Mille has a strong kinship with the New Englanders and his handling of the theme is authentic. And his selection of players, particularly for the minor roles, is wonderful, because "Icebound" depends upon its small characterizations for its humor. Richard Dix seemed to me too heavy and not quite youthful enough for the role of the wild young Jordan lad, but Lois Wilson was a splendid choice for the young woman who is the very embodiment of the New England conscience.

Wherein Jack Makes Good.

Evidently John Fox, Jr., is Jack Pickford's favorite author, for every once in a while Jack comes forward in a new tale of the Southern mountains. Now I could go for years without seeing Jack Pickford and not feel that I have missed anything. But I am awfully glad I saw "The Hill Billy." Jack has an elusive sort of charm. When he is good he reminds you of Mary Pickford but when he is bad he doesn't.

"The Hill Billy" catches him in his best mood and, moreover, the story is delightfully told and beautifully photographed. It is the sort of picture usually described as "ideal family entertainment." Lucille Ricksen is his leading woman, although it seems a little imposing to describe her as a woman. She has a lovely childish simplicity that has almost been lost in Hollywood since the craze for flappers and jazz stories.

And Still Another Good One.

I don't know why Universal changed the name of "My Mamie Rose" to "Fool's Highway." It's rather mean to call the poor old Bowery by a name that might be used to describe Broadway. "Fool's Highway," adapted from a story by Owen Kildare, is a rare story of the '20s when a big glass of beer cost one nickel — half of a dime — when the Germans and Irish ruled the East Side, when hand organs played "The Sidewalks of New York," and when life was as picturesque as an old-fashioned dime novel.

Irv Cummings has caught the pleasant atmosphere of thirty years ago and has made routine melodrama interesting simply by setting the clock back three decades and turning the picture into a costume story. And the picture is brightened by the presence of Mary Philbin, who acts with so much gentleness and sincerity that she wins you completely. Miss Philbin is easily the most persuasive of the younger players; she reminds you of the girls in the early Biograph pictures, which is the highest praise that I can think of. Pat O'Malley, William Collier, Jr., and Max Davidson also contribute some good bits.

"Yes, Suh, Kunnel!"

I am almost ashamed to say anything more about the directorial genius of James Cruze. I have praised so many of his pictures that I might be suspected of taking expensive presents to buy up my good will. But, although I never have seen, talked with or so much as exchanged a picture post card with Mr. Cruze, I am willing to stand by my statement that he is the greatest booz that has struck the movie business since Charles Chaplin jumped to fame.

"The Fighting Coward" is the newest picture, and for an example of Simon-pure American humor, it would be hard to beat. Adapted from Booth Tarkington's play, "Magnolia," it satirizes the Southern code of honor as it has been immortalized in romantic fiction and the drama: But, like most of Cruze's pictures, it is something more than comedy; it has moments of drama and an agreeable streak of romance.

Cullen Landis is seen as a dreamy boy who is kicked out of his father's home because he is a coward. Going to Natchez, he learns the technique of the fine art of fighting — which means that he learns to throw a terrible bluff — and soon establishes a mighty reputation as a "kil-la." Whereupon he returns to the scene of his former humiliation and behaves just like a hero broken loose from the pages of a "befo' the wahn" novel.

Unfortunately for Mr. Cruze's satirical sense, there are persons who took "The Fighting Coward" seriously. A woman I know bitterly regretted that he descended to film a conventional story of the old South and criticized him severely for using so much Southern dialect in his subtitles. So be careful whom you take with you when you see "The Fighting Coward." Be sure to tell them beforehand that it is all a joke and just meant in fun.

Cullen Landis is a wonderful "fighting gentleman," while Mary Astor's beauty shines serenely forth as the heroine. Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery are towers of strength in the cast.

At Last, a Real Matinée Idol!

If I should tell you the plot of "The Galloping Fish," you might send out a hurry call for a lunacy commission. And if I should tell you that a trained seal registers the biggest acting hit of the month, you might begin to suggest padded cells.

But Thomas H. Ince has captured a seal that makes a lot of the movie actors look like so much dried herring. This foolish fish is shiny all over like Valentino's hair, he bounces around like Fairbanks, he has the emotional facility of George Walsh. If Fred Niblo had used him in "Thy Name is Woman" instead of the feeble trout now on display, the picture would have been a knockout. The big fish is so good that, when he passes on from overwork, Mr. Ince ought to build a life-
size iron statue of him in Culver City.

"The Galloping Fish," as a picture, is downright funny. It is just sheer ingenious nonsense. Of course, to quote Beatrice Lillie, the plot is "catch as catch can as can be." Sydney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin and Lucille Ricksen act with all the old-time abandon of the Keystone days. All in all, it's one of the best casts I have seen in a long time, with Syd Chaplin setting the pace for the fun.

And Also——

I wish James Kirkwood and Lila Lee all sorts of good luck in their costarring venture. "Love's Whirlpool" is pretty plain sort of melodrama but it is not bad. Lady Violet, not bad, if you care for that sort of cinema. James Kirkwood can act, you know, and Miss Lee is a delightful girl.

"Daughters of To-day" is perfectly terrible and that's all I care to say about it, except that the younger generation ought to complain every time the producers come out and label them as a bunch of oil cans, if you get what I mean.

When I heard that "Mrs. Dane's Confession" was to be released, I suspected that it had been unearthed merely because it boasted the presence of Count Sahl, who married the immensely rich Millicent Rogers and thereby broke into the newspapers. So I stayed away from it; maybe you will, too.

Henry Hull and Jane Thomas, both of whom are seen too infrequently, are the leading players in "The Hoozit of the Schoolmaster," a pleasant adaptation of an old-fashioned novel.

I should like to give more space to "Happiness," which brings Lurette Taylor back to us again. But, to be frank, Miss Taylor bores me just a little bit. I know that she is an excellent actress and I realize that it is remarkable how well she photographs, but I get a little tired of professional Cinderellas. Thanks to King Vidor, however, it is a good picture for those who haven’t my crabbed spirit.

The Screen in Review

"Backed by National Advertising."

"Falling Gold" is a story about the rush to cash in on the dividends of nature's gift to the automobile industry. In other words it is a melodrama of the modern Klondike, the oil fields. The best thing about the picture is a fire in the oil fields, which is good thriller stuff. As for the rest, it is mostly jumpy melodrama made almost plausible by the acting of Anna Q. Nilsson and made vital—I believe vital is the word—by the presence of Milton Sills, who is just his great, big two-fisted self.

This is the first month in a long time that Milton Sills has done his stuff in only one big picture. And for that matter, I haven't been seeing much of Wallace Beery lately. Does this mean that the producers are abandoning the idea of all-star casts—which, you may have noticed, usually meant the same, identical cast—or does it mean that some of our popular heroes are getting more particular about the parts they play?

This Question of Extravagance

Continued from page 50

cause of longer runs, that Doug is justified in assuming that he will reap an adequate, if not an immensely profitable reward. He takes a big risk, to be sure, while he is doing this, but then he is, after all, a pioneer.

If the fans have felt that some pictures were a disappointment, because they have only had a would-be glamorous aspect, during the past season, they can charge this up in many cases to unsuccessful experiment, but they cannot say that on this account all the money was badly spent, or, for that matter, any great part of it. It is something to learn what not to do, and though many picture makers have been taking a hard lesson in meeting accounts payable with accounts receivable that are very slow about coming in, they are finding that the grief is not without its compensations in the acquiring of knowledge, at least.

Every business, anyway, whether it be banking or laundering or dealing in shoes, has a certain amount to charge off every year to profit and loss. And that's not saying a thing about stage failures, and other adventures in the arts.

Where more time and energy and care could profitably be expended in pictures is in the adapting and preparing of stories for the screen. It is absolute folly for a director to go out to make a feature with a script containing say fifteen hundred scenes when there is not a chance in the world of his using more than four hundred or five hundred, the average length of scenes being about twenty feet. A number of instances approaching this have developed every year, especially since the movies have been feeling their modern growing pains, and the result is pictures always stand a chance of being more or less of a mess, because so much ineffectual labor has to be put into them in the cutting room. Nearly always in this case some expensive sequences, procured with tremendous trouble, are likely to be thrown away.

The one thing that irritates me about Erich von Stroheim, for example, who is logically to be considered one of the most artistic directors of the day, is his impractical tendency of late to overshoot his pictures. The long delay in the release of "Greed" is chiefly due to the fact that he had to cut this down from something like forty reels to the usual big-feature length of ten or twelve.

Stories—better still, just themes—developed in such wise as to be compact and convincing, full of drama and action that convey meanings that are ordinarilu put into words, these are the recognized need of pictures now. It has been definitely determined that pictorial beauties alone, particularly glitter, gloss and other such kindred flubdub, growing solely out of rather garish settings and costumes, cannot put over drama, when there is no drama there.

This does not mean that the fans will not henceforward find enjoyment and look forward to historical and costume subjects, when these are rightly made. Every one will, for one reason or another, want to see such films as "Ben-Hur," "The Sea Hawk" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," which will be of the expensive class, because these will, I feel sure, have many attractions besides those of architecture and ancient dress.

The producers have been learning the value of greater naturalness in the handling of even such productions and ideas, and consequently they are willing to take a chance on making such spectacular films when these do not come into too devastating competition with a flood of others.

The impression, therefore, of what the reaction to supposed extravagance means, is that we are to have more variety in subject and treatment of subjects, both modern and historical, and perhaps, too, a more dignified and artistic simplicity on our screens.
The Cutest Girl in Hollywood

That is the title generally bestowed on Alberta Vaughn, the diminutive star of the Witwer "Telephone Girl" stories.

Cunning little Alberta Vaughn with her pert expression and snapping eyes is one of those persons about whom every one exclaims, "Isn't she cute!"

So when John Oshana, a noted Persian artist, visited Hollywood and heard about her he decided that she was just the person to pose for some startling decorative effects that he was devising.

The big picture in the upper corner shows the background that he designed for her, and the other two pictures show her as she appears in the "Telephone Girl" pictures.
Your Chance for Selling Scenarios

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And I wish to emphasize the fact that no “course of training” has ever been devised which can be depended upon to develop the average man or woman into a professional writer. Courses of study have their value, but the training of the professional writer calls for something more than this alone. If this were not true, our universities alone would be flooding the country with an enormous excess of writers every year. Now and then persons of unusual gift will, in the future—as they have done in the past—shoot up from obscurity, defying all rules. But in proportion to the vast number of persons who are trying to write, the number of these is insignificant—no more to be considered as a model whose success you might reasonably hope to emulate than is that of Valentino, Henry Ford, or Edison. The apprenticeship of the average successful professional writer is one that usually covers a period of several years of actually working at the craft of writing, quite apart from any course of study taken by way of preparation.

I would not go so far as to say that no stories are ever sold to motion-picture producers by persons other than professionals. Universal recently announced the purchase of three stories as the result of a contest in which the students of two hundred and thirty-two colleges and universities participated, and in which nearly five thousand stories were submitted. Other instances of this sort in which sales occasionally are made by nonprofessional writers would show, if analyzed, a similarly insignificant number of successful aspirants in proportion to the large number of persons eligible to compete, and who are trying to compete, for the prizes at stake.

In conclusion, it is not my wish to discourage persons who are ambitious to write from attempting that form of self-expression. My purpose has been rather to show the conditions which confront the person who is considering writing for the screen, to point out and explain why: it is not a promising field for the beginner.

Manhattan’s Bright Lights

Continued from page 31

all probability no reader of this magazine has ever heard of B. F. Finney, so I think I had best tell a little something about him, as you are quite likely to hear from him in the future. He is a very good-looking young man, aged twenty-five, home, Richmond, Virginia. He comes from an old Southern family—he is president of the University of the South—and he is quite well to do. He has always been very popular in the society and club circles of Richmond, New York, Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, and points east and west. About four months ago he came to me and asked me if I could help him get in the movies—he had a burning desire to become a movie star. At first I didn’t believe him, but he was so earnest about the whole thing that I introduced him to some picture people. His first picture was “Blood and Gold”—he, Leonora Hughes, and Jimmie Thompson all worked in that picture, and used to play bridge between the scenes. Ben decided that he wanted to go to Florida for the winter, so he moved to Miami and took a house there. Betty Compson was just about to start “Miami” there, under the direction of Alan Crosland, and when their leading man got sick they had no one to play opposite Betty. Ben stepped in and saved the picture. The next thing any one knew Mr. Benjamin F. Finney was leading man for Betty Compson in a real moving movie. And from the stills he looks very good. All of which goes to prove that it’s a snap to get in the movies—if you get a good piece of luck like that. Oh, yes, I almost forgot; Ben owns a police dog, one of the finest in the world, and Lynn Shores, the assistant director told me that they used the police dog in the picture, and that the dog stole the picture from both Betty and Ben.

Mary Pickford, with all her fame and greatness has never forgotten to be human. She has one of the sweetest dispositions and natures in the world, and along with that has a marvelous sense of humor. One afternoon I happened to be in their apartment at the Ambassador, while Mary was being interviewed by some woman writer on clothes. Mary mentioned a new ermine cape that Douglas had given her for Christmas and the woman writer simply had to see it.

“You know, that coat has nearly been my downfall.” Mary said. “Ever since I’ve owned it I feel as though I have to go out all the time to show it off, and the first thing you know, Douglas and I will be going on all those wild parties I’ve heard so much about in Hollywood.”

Of all the picture people in the world Mary and Douglas stand apart from the rest. They are not only the most popular, but the most charming, and they are the criterion that all the rest try to live up to.

Every once in a while some wild story that has absolutely no foundation in fact gets into circulation about a motion-picture star and then every one—company, star, newspapers, and friends have a terrible time trying to stamp it out. Some of these stories never quite die out. You may remember the story that used to crop out now and then that Corrine Griffith had a wooden leg; that one side of Eugene O’Brien’s face was paralyzed and incapable of changing expression, and that Tom Mix was deathly afraid of horses and wouldn’t mount one for worlds. No amount of evidence to the contrary ever quite discredited these stories in the minds of some people. The strangest of all rumors, though, is the death rumor. Mary Pickford was erroneously reported dead several times and had a hard time persuading people that it wasn’t true. So did Theda Bara. And the latest person to suffer from this rumor is Gloria Swanson. Recently hundreds of letters have been received by her company condemning her death. No one knows where the story started or why, but New York newspapers have received so many inquiries about it that their representatives have had to go out to the studio and call on Miss Swanson herself to make sure that there was nothing in it.
Costumes—By Correspondents

Some day when Kathleen Key finds just the right sort of rôle, that credit line will most likely appear on the screen.

One of the most thrilling things about a young player's fan mail is that you never can tell what it may bring. Some girls inspire their distant admirers to send mash notes, some girls get gifts of rare bits of lace and jewelry, but the motto of Kathleen Key's admirers seems to be "Say it with costumes." Perhaps it is because Kathleen Key herself is so picturesque that people want her to have unusual, decorative things to wear. In any case, she has recently received these three national costumes from far-away fans. An old Spanish dowager living in Cuba sent her the glittering dress and lovely lace shawl; the ukulele, grass skirt, lei, and all came from a friend in Honolulu, and the mandarin suit from Peking.

Unfortunately, Kathleen Key has never played any characters of Spain, Japan, or Hawaii, so she hasn't had a chance to wear these costumes in a motion picture yet. Soon she is going to Italy to play in Goldwyn's "Ben-Hur," so it looks as though she wouldn't get around to use them for a long time. The fans who sent them shouldn't despair though, for she intends to wear them if she has to write the scenarios herself. In the meantime we might suggest that Miss Key seems to have no shoes that are suitable to wear with these costumes, so while the fans are about it they might provide her with rhinestone-heeled Spanish slippers, Chinese shufflers, and a can of Hawaiian brown paint.
What New York Has Done for Gloria

Continued from page 74

field, millionaires—and sometimes their wives—a typical Broadway aggregation. Some of these women completely overshadowed Miss Swanson, and made her costume look exactly like Hollywood. As I said before, her dressing has improved, but she still has a tendency, particularly in the evening, to trot out all the family and cinema heirlooms and dazzle the metropolis.

Sunday night is open house at her home, and one finds there rather a variegated crowd. When she first came East Miss Swanson tried to teach New Yorkers the thrilling games they play on the Coast—charades, truth, consequences, and guessing games, but Easterners don't seem to enter into that sort of thing with quite the abandon they do on the Coast.

Instead of the old propaganda sent out about Miss Swanson they are trying a new slant. Now, what is a real first-rate actress without having had her share of life's tragedies? That's what is the trouble with the new flock of leading women—they're all milk and honey. How can one who has never felt a deep emotion act one? The mental picture one has of so many of our young players is that they all live in one-hundred-thousand-dollar homes, think a Rolls-Royce is just a trifle vulgar and have to ask their private secretary each morning whether De Mille has asked for them to appear in his new picture, and whether Douglas Fairbanks has been bothering them again about costarring with him.

Gloria Swanson never arrived, where she is to-day in that manner. As Gloria has climbed up the ladder of fame she has educated herself to a remarkable degree. She has read widely, if rather vaguely. She has a genuine love of the theatre—it might be of interest to note that she is tremendously anxious to try the legitimate stage. The last time I talked to her she informed me that she had a desire to try musical comedy, which only goes to show you that you never can tell.

If she would be absolutely honest with you I think she would tell you that she rather loathes many things connected with a movie career. Gloria the girl hates all the notoriety and publicity, but Gloria Swanson the famous star lives on it and loves it. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if, when her present contract is up, she quits the movies. She says about half her money and should have enough to stop.

One of the other real emotions she shows is her love for her baby, Gloria. And she is bringing her up sensibly, trying to keep her from being the usual stage child.

Miss Swanson's few months in the East have broadenened her tremendously. The experience has opened her eyes to many things which previously she had not seen or experienced. In New York she comes in contact with all manner of persons, and from each she is willing to learn something. Not only does she make herself charming by being a good listener, but from some she learns valuable information. And all this is reflected in the pictures made in the East. "Zaza" and "The Humming Bird" are by all odds the best pictures she has ever made. It is a distinct relief to have her step from the golden-sunken-bath period into something more approaching real drama.

The hardest thing about writing of Miss Swanson is the fact that she deals with two distinct personalities; Gloria Swanson the famous star, Gloria Swanson of the ermine capes and astonishing headgear, Gloria Swanson, the delight of mannequins and college boys, Gloria Swanson, a bit of a "poseur"—and Gloria the little Chicago girl who has worked so hard most of her life in pictures. Her transformation into the grande dame of to-day is one of the miracles of the cinema. Now she is reserved, impulsive, rather sweet, and with an earnest desire to learn about all the wonderful things in the world.

Her future looks bright with promise so far as scenarios are concerned. Famous Players have corralled several big Broadway successes for her and intend to let her keep on trying a wide variety of roles. After "Manhandled," which is said to have been written in some strange way by the sales department, she may make either "The Swan" or "Spring Cleaning." Some time in the near future she is to make "Argentine Love" from a story of Ibanez; she is to play the leading rôle in "Aren't We All," a smart English comedy in which there is a new twist to the old double standard idea. An imposing list, indeed.

She is still barbaric and I think always will be. That is nearly her greatest charm. It would be interesting to see her if she could go a step farther and live a year in Europe.
At Home with Thomas H. Ince

A rambling, picturesque edifice built in the style of an old Spanish ranch house is Dias Dorados (Golden Days), the new home of the noted motion-picture producer.

The early history of California with its tales of vast ranches and magnificent old homes so fascinated Thomas H. Ince that he decided to recreate on his Beverly Hills estate an old Spanish ranch estate such as the early settlers in California had. He has been planning this home and collecting furnishings for it for years, and the actual building of it has taken two years. So that everything in the house would look very old, materials were weathered in various ways. The stucco on the house itself was painted with adobe mud, which was later washed off. The tiles and ironwork were made by Mexican workmen, who used the most primitive methods.

On the estate there is a good-sized trout pool, a bowling green, tennis courts, and a swimming pool. In the house there is an autograph room which contains many documents and pictures concerned with the early history of California, a projection room built like a ship, and Mr. Ince's own suite boasts a complete Turkish bath establishment.

The picture above shows a glimpse of the house, the one at the right Mr. Ince and his three sons, Bill, Tom, and Dick, and the lower one a view of the dining room.
ever since I first read one of your articles that here was a woman who understood. You always seem to strike right at the very heart of things." He heaved at me languishingly.

I hurried away before he could say more. I didn't want to hear that although the public looked upon him and Lady Julie as an ideally happy couple, she really didn't understand him.

But my conviction that Strongheart was just a beast and egotistical young motion-picture star, well versed in the art of making an impression, has been altered. None other than his photographer has shown me that a warm heart beats under Strongheart's shaggy coat.

"Strongheart arrived at my studio to pose for his photographs with the same air of polite indifference that other male screen stars affect," Richard Burke told me. "His trainers brought him and Lady Julie, just as other stars are lured there by their press agents.

"Unlike the others, though, he didn't start going into rhapsodies to me about the people who would give him a lot of publicity. His first instinct, shared by his young wife, is to look about any strange place for possible cats. There is no photographing until he is sure there are none about.

"His temperament is highly exciting to the photographer. When he finally sat down on a piano bench with the camera aimed in his direction, an arc lamp was abruptly switched on. The trainer, his assistant and I had to go out on the roof adjoining my studio after him. He doesn't like flashlights, and no one had explained the difference between them and arc lamps. That matter disposed of, he got so interested that he twisted back and forth looking first at one lamp and then at another until I nearly wore out the handles of the camera trying to keep him in focus. Finally he became quite still, staring with unblinking eyes at Julie, who was watching the proceedings from a comfortable floor cushion that she had discovered.

"Then just as every one was breathless with expectation and I started to squeeze the bulb, Strongheart yawned. The next exposure was ruined by the ringing of the telephone; Strongheart thought he ought to answer it. Then he discovered that when he got so hot that he pantcd he was allowed to go out on the roof and cool off. Sometimes I got a picture of a headless dog, sometimes, only a background.

"It didn't seem as though there was anything left to distract his attention but just as a picture was to be made the rattle of high heels on the walk to the studio attracted Strongheart. He went to greet a visiting member of a chorus, with Julie leaping after her errant husband. The little chorus girl seeing the police dogs bounding toward her did some bunging on her own account.

"When peace was restored a family group was arranged featuring the Stronghearts with the little chorus girl, Julie having decided that her husband's interest in her was not dangerous to her or the little ones back on the ranch. The Strongheart family were, in fact, more calm than the girl who shakily said, 'Nice doggie!' from time to time, thereby offending the majestic Strongheart. The leave taking of the Stronghearts was quite affectionate. They shook hands with me and then leaped up and kissed me. It isn't quite the usual custom with stars.

"Usually the parting remark is: 'Now I want you to promise me that you will not allow any one else to see these proofs until I have O. K.'d them. The fans visualize me as young and handsome and while I am not a doddering old dod by a number of years, still I have certain angles I wouldn't want used, you know.'

"Strongheart was too big to notice such trifles. If he has any pet vanities he hid them from me. He didn't seem to mind even having been photographed with a chorus girl, differing in that respect from another male screen star who after having been lured into a picture in much the same manner really didn't sleep well until he came to the studio and personally destroyed the negative.'

So Strongheart, you see, is a dangerous man even when masked with his company manners, but a much more likable one when he is just himself.

A MODEST TASK
By L. B. BIRDSALL

I do not crave for movie fame,
Nor do I seek to have my name
Flashed out in letters two feet tall,
The idol of both great and small.
Let others shine among the stars
And drive their diamond-studded cars,
But give to me a humble task;
One modest job is all I ask.
Just let me don a costume, trim,
And teach those beauties how to swim.
What a Difference a Wig Makes

Film players illustrate how in changing their coiffures they have radically changed their personalities.

Peggy Shafer, at the left, wears in "True as Steel" one of those fascinating French wigs made of silk yarn which give one a grotesque, doll-like appearance.

Agnes Ayres, at the right, becomes quite a different person from the sunny blonde we have known in the past when she dons this sleek coiffure, and Mae Murray subdued the sparkle that is hers when she puts on a black wig in "Mademoiselle Midnight." The oval in the center shows how Helene Chadwick seems to put on years when she puts on a light wig, and the lower one illustrates that Carmel Myers is as alluring in pastel tones as she is in vivid ones.
Among Those Present

Continued from page 57

Sitting there around the kitchen table, our woebegone eyes rested upon a pretty, slim young creature of eighteen in an old blue bathrobe—mine, for the simple reason that I had got to hers first, an exquisite thing of velvet and fur. Calm brown eyes met ours, their sweet womanliness lightened by an appreciative twinkle. Brown hair exquisitely coiffed, with always the correct fashionable "do." She had instinctively those little right touches and graces of breeding.

"Trouble with you, Margie," vouchsafed Mrs. K., our landlady, who had seen so many girls come, stay a while and go home heartbroken, "is that you've no push. You have to be known to be understood, brought out. Flip young things with half your looks and none of your training and breeding whirl in and on the strength of snappy personalities attract interest. Brazen, fresh, you aren't—and you've got to have more self-confidence to break into the movies. You're too well-bred to stand out in a crowd."

But Marg couldn't learn how to "stand out." Her aristocratic mother and moneyed father had too firmly implanted in her being the roots of breeding and taste. It was instinctive for her to dress exquisitely but too quietly—one day we succeeded in getting a scarlet frock on her amid her tears and protestations, but back she came in five minutes, her face red with mortification because a fellow had called, "Hello, kid!" Instinctive too, for her to step aside, wait to be served rather than to push up, demanding. A gentle rose was Margaret, a pale, shell-pink rose, among vivid hollyhocks and perky snapdragons, so no wonder she failed to rivet attention.

Roses are easily crushed, but she stood her disappointments, as day after day she made the rounds of the studios seeking work, usually without the faintest encouragement, with a surprising fortitude, a quiet pride. A few extra engagements came her way, bits in Wanda Hawley's and other films, and a fairly good role in one of W. Christy Cabanne's pictures.

But after that nothing more for a while. She had no cause to worry except that desire for self-expression to do something worth while and not always be known merely as a rich man's pampered daughter. Generously she shared her shoe-kills with us less fortunate sisters in misery. One day, though, during the Cabanne picture, some extra made a thoughtless, unkind remark. "Oh, well, no wonder she gets a good role, look who her people are. "Pull!"

Marg cried all night, for surely no "pull" had gressed her path. Next day she wrote Father Morris that thereafter she intended to be strictly on her own and wanted no help.

"I guess," Margie set her teeth grimly, "if these poor girls struggling for a foothold in the movies can get along, so can I. It will be good for me. Suppose something should happen that would really throw me on my own resources? This has certainly shown me my own incompetence and the uselessness of the education girls of means are given today. I can't do anything but wear expensive clothes well—and that isn't getting me anything to write home about!"

The family did prevail upon her though to accept the small monthly income check from a part of the property left her by her grandmother. "Life-saver's," we called that check, for not only did it help out the earnings of her one-or-two-days-a-week picture work but also it brought necessities for us, for Marg would give the very food off of her plate, and did often, doing without herself, when I was ill and needed things. One month "life-saver" would pay overdue room rent, next it would buy Margie a new dress, again it would mean the payment of part of my doctor's bill. For two weeks, when we were both "low," we lived on fifty cents a day—and how we did connive, with crackers and peanut butter and doughnuts!

Finally the struggle proved too hopeless in outlook and Marg's resolve for "Letters from Home" entreated—father was ill, mother worried, they were lonely. She could have a car of her own, clothes, travel, anything, if she would give up this foolish movie business. When they consented to her trying to get into stock there, Margaret gave up and went back.

"Call me a quitter if you want to," she cried the day she left. "But I admit it's too much for me, this heart-breaking movie game."

For a while she revealed in the contentment of home, of having her breakfast in bed, of little attentions by doting parents. Then the old rebellion surged in her again and she secured an engagement in stock there in Minneapolis, working like mad, giving one play while rehearsing the next week's and learning her lines for the third following week. The training was what she needed to bring out her poise, the confidence of doing something, however unimportant, well.

Eight months ago she came back again for another and a final try at the movies. The sweetness of her still there, but accentuated somehow in her poise. Forward she never could be, but she had the confidence she had lacked before, and the stage training had taught her to accentuate her natural graces. In little indefinable ways she stood out, seemed to ir-radiate more personality in place of the self-restraint that had so held her back before.

Almost immediately she secured a "bit" at Universal, which led soon to a South Sea Island rôle in the serial, "Beasts of Paradise," following which she was costarred with Pete Morrison in another serial, "The Ghost City." Now she is commencing a third, "The Iron Man," with Luciano Albertini.

She has to swim, ride like a cowgirl, fall down cliffs, do all the strenuous things of serial action. Many a bruise has that fair skin suffered; a thin wrist has been twisted, a taffeta body rebelled at the long hours and arduous athletic labor. But not once in the past few months has Margie called quits. And now, selected by the Wampas—publicity men—as one of the "Baby Stars of 1924," having in view as a reward rôles requiring more acting and less stunt- ing, her star glows bright with promise.

"I don't know which has been harder—the struggle of breaking in or the stunts I've had to do in these serials," she smiles reminiscently when we manage to meet for hurried luncheons. "I anticipated nice, quiet, acting rôles, society drama, the sort of background I'd been used to. I never dreamed," the placid brown eyes twinkled, "I'd develop into a bar-room-scorned Western heroine. But it was a chance, so I decided I would do the best I could in this stunt-action stuff and, perhaps the other will come later."

"Dollars didn't help me any. I wonder what really did get me in? I've given up trying to figure it out—it just finally happened."

"Didn't," I always reply stoutly, for the past couple of years have taught me things too and I can see the stamina that those months of hardship and struggle forged in her malleable character, I can see the qualities that she herself is either blind to or else too modest still to admit. "It was doughnuts that did it—the idea of being on your own. Grit. Determination."

So you see even a little rich girl can succeed eventually in the movies, provided she doesn't die of old age first. I say "even" for I think I have shown you, in the case of Margaret Morris, that the way is no easier for one possessing money.
In every seed there is a something that knows how to take from its environment the wherewithal to build the body of the organism it animates. From the little seed you place in the ground this something sends roots into the earth, blades or branches into the air, and takes from the earth and the air that with which it builds.

Within the egg this something is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother's breast.

CHIROPRACTIC teaches that this something knows the secret of converting food into flesh and blood, and carries on all the processes of life, in the human body, by means of impulses sent over the nerves. It teaches that when a nerve is impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned, these impulses do not flow over the nerves normally, and the result is what we call dis-ease. To get the dis-eased member to function again it is necessary to adjust the vertebra that is pressing on the nerve, to normal alignment, thereby permitting the normal flow of impulses over the nerve.

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**THE PICTURE ORACLE**

**Questions and Answers about the Screen**

**MYSTIFIED.**—You're luck promptly, I see. Well, here are some more movie definitions for you to add to your list. And please, be sure to include the names of the people who helped to make the movies. They are distribution companies, film producers, directors, cinematographers, actors, actresses, and so on. There are many people involved in making movies, and it's important to recognize their contributions.

**WAITING.**—Yes, I think Marion Davies would be glad to send you a photograph of Lettie Kavanagh in "Little Old New York," and Viola Dana in "A Lady in Distress." They are two of the most popular actresses of the day.

**MR. A.**—Photograph of Lettie Kavanagh in "Little Old New York," and Viola Dana in "A Lady in Distress." They are two of the most popular actresses of the day.

**MR. B.**—Eliminating legal terms, the motion-picture industry is really a business of creating and distributing motion pictures. The process begins with the writing of a script, which is then filmed in a studio. The film is then edited, and the final product is distributed to theaters.

**MR. C.**—The motion-picture industry is based on the use of film, which is a recording medium for sound and images. Film is perforated with a series of holes, which are then exposed to light to create an image. The film is then developed, and the resulting negative is used to produce a positive film, which is then distributed to theaters.

**MR. D.**—The motion-picture industry is a complex one, involving many different people and processes. It includes film producers, directors, cinematographers, actors, actresses, distributors, and exhibitors. Each person in the industry plays an important role in the creation and distribution of motion pictures.

**MR. E.**—The motion-picture industry is a business of creating and distributing motion pictures. The process begins with the writing of a script, which is then filmed in a studio. The film is then edited, and the final product is distributed to theaters. The industry is made up of many different people and processes, each of which plays an important role in the creation and distribution of motion pictures.

**MR. F.**—The motion-picture industry is a business of creating and distributing motion pictures. The process begins with the writing of a script, which is then filmed in a studio. The film is then edited, and the final product is distributed to theaters. The industry is made up of many different people and processes, each of which plays an important role in the creation and distribution of motion pictures. The industry is a complex one, involving many different people and processes. It includes film producers, directors, cinematographers, actors, actresses, distributors, and exhibitors.
The Best-dressed Men on the Screen

Continued from page 89

popular, but are not of insignificant proportions, and spread out over the collar instead of being tucked away under it.

Such clothes were worn in pictures by Rudolph Valentino, and are still worn by a few of the, alas, lesser-known leading men, including Rod La Rocque and Nigel Barrie. The Times Square type I have seen worn by Herbert Rawlinson and Reginald Denny, and, in its extreme ugliness, by Carter de Haven and Johnny Hines. When Douglas Fairbanks occasionally appears in scenes calling for well-made clothes, he wears them gracefully. Ramon Novarro has not yet been afforded an opportunity to assume modish attire. Conway Tearle dresses with good taste, and so does Conrad Nagel. David Powell, Richard Barthelmess, and Eugene O'Brien conform to polite standards.

In the theater the problem is the same as in the studios. Times Square tips the scale in the wrong direction, "nobby" and "classy" effects being in the preponderance. Lowell Sherman, who has alternated between the stage and screen, is one of the best-dressed men in the profession, and Cyril Maule, Norman Trevor, Charles Cherry, William Faversham and Lionel Atwill are correctly clad. Leo Ditrichstein adheres to a conservative standard, as does also Henry Miller.

A genius is, of course, a law unto himself. He is not measured by ordinary standards: John Barrymore is an acknowledged genius. In the theater and in the studio his artistry as an actor is the outstanding consideration. In private life his attire is decidedly unconventional, as you will agree if you recall the pictures accompanying the article about him in a recent issue of Picture-Play. Even when wearing evening clothes, he adheres to a sport shirt, with a wide, black scarf, knotted sailor fashion, beneath a broad Byronic collar, his wife, who calls herself "Michael Strange," wearing a collar and tie precisely similar.

Canada's Contribution
A delightful personality story of lovely Norma Shearer will appear in next month's PICTURE-PLAY. Myrtle Gebhart has written a sympathetic entertaining story about this talented, beautiful young girl who struggled so hard to get established in motion pictures.
The Charm of Hollywood

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eous wealth in Hollywood has

demanded the best, and the best of
everything has been brought to
Hollywood.

Its exquisite shops are constantly
growing in number, and many of
them are unique in their methods
of luring the unwary shopper to buy.

And one must not forget the
caterers, where one can eat a most
delicious dinner in coolness, comfort
and at moderate price. However,
if one's purse is particularly heavy,
there are innumerable more expensive

and luxurious cafés and restaurants
where one may dine, possibly in the
company of a famous motion-picture
star or two.

Picture natural amphitheaters in
the hills, where you may hear the
finest of concerts; motion-picture
houses that surpass any in the coun-
try, studios that are the last word in
modern equipment, and climate that
cannot be excelled, and you begin to
realize why Hollywood has become
one of the most famous places in the
world.

Over the Teacups

continued from page 47

"And Alice Joyce is going to Lon-
don to make a picture," Fanny bab-
bled on. "She just cannot get rec-
ounced to leaving the screen en-
tirely even though she is pretty busy
with her children and her sculpture
class and——"

"Sculpture?" I couldn't let that
go by without an explanation.

"Yes, she is studying at the Art
Students League, and she is awfully
interested in it. She and Anna
Nilsson used to make little clay
models years ago but she never had
any lessons before. Well, the pic-
ture she is going to make is 'The
Passionate Adventure.' One of the
Selznick brothers is taking a com-
pany abroad to make it. Marjorie
Dow is in it, too——"

She talked on and on about
British-made pictures but it seemed to
me too painful a subject to dwell on.

And anyway I got to thinking about
how marvelous a picture would be
that had Corinne Griffith and Alice
Joyce playing sisters in it and I
didn't listen to Fanny.

"But speaking of more cheerful
things, have you heard about the new
game to play at the movies? It is
called sharp-and-soft focus. You
know how these artistic camera men
love to make close-ups of the heroine
that are all woozy and soft and out of
focus and then shift to the hero
or the villain and photograph him
all sharp and clear? Well it has
always bothered me; I get to wonder-
ning what sort of photography he'll
use when he gets a close-up of them
together, so now I take bets on it.
'Lilies of the Field' is the best of
the new pictures so far as that game
is concerned. Corinne is all soft
focus and Conway Tearle is all
sharp, and when they are in scenes
together sometimes it's soft focus
and sometimes sharp. At one time
during the picture I was three dol-
ars ahead betting on soft focus but
when it finished I just broke even."
Genuine Diamond RING

Marvelous Value
Brilliant White, Perfect Cut Diamond

"Norma" Diamond Ring
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Binghamton, N. Y.

let him alone and concentrate their whole scenario force on trying to find a good story for Pola Negri.

"It is nice to have so many motion-picture players in town. Elinor Fair's here, you know, for the first time in a year. She is going down to Miami to make 'The Water Babies.' Dagmar Godowsky is here too. She had her trunks all packed to go to the Coast two or three times and every time just as she was ready to leave, some one would want her to make a picture. May McAvoy has gone back to Hollywood in a blaze of glory because she was selected to play the leading role in 'Tarnish.'

"Mae Allison is living in New York now, studying music and dancing. She has had two or three wonderful offers to be featured in Broadway musical comedies but she hasn't been keeping up her vocal lessons the last year or so and she won't go on until she feels that she can do her best. Won't it be nice when she steps out in musical comedy? There will be a trio of ex-film stars on Broadway then—Mudge Kennedy, Constance Binney, and herself. I hope they will call her first show 'Cherry Blossoms.' Because that is the nickname Sylvia Hitchon gave Mae the first time she ever saw her and her friends think it expresses her personality perfectly.

"After Lilian Tashman saw herself in 'Nellie, the Beautiful Clown Model,' she wasn't keen about making movies at all. She went right out and signed a contract to play 'A Garden of Weeds' on the stage. They made her wear a wig in that picture, you know, and some funny clothes and it does Lilian a terrible injustice. She is always so well groomed and so smart looking, she is the envy of every girl who sees her. I am glad she is going to make more pictures after all, so that people will see what she really is like. She is working in Gloria Swanson's 'Manhandled' now.

"And that means I must rush a little and see if I can get an appointment with Gloria's hairdresser. I like the way she shingles her hair——"

"But before you go," I pleaded with her, "what is there in that story about stars hiring a claque to applaud them when they arrive at movie premières?"

"Ssh!" Fanny hushed me mysteriously. "That is only a rumor. And besides, if some poverty-stricken extras can make a few extra dollars out of the stars' vanity, why make a fuss about it? But if you insist, I'll tell you about it the next time I see you."
On the New York Stage

Continued from page 30

For centuries, and with the usual result. There is no hope of understanding. All of this talk is interesting and significant but it is not presented in a very dramatic form. Nevertheless, it is real enough to make you feel that you are eavesdropping at the door of the married couple across the street. Somehow I think most domestic tragedies are like this rather than the result of some sudden flare-up of rage or jealousy. But these familiar themes are certainly more adapted to the average play. And try as I might, I couldn’t possibly imagine “Welded” in the movies.

“New Toys.”

Here is one playwright’s idea of what happens after “the first year” when the tiny garments which the wife was making as that curtain fell, are being worn by a small son or daughter. There was an excellent chance for real comedy and drama here, but I think the two playwrights missed it. They have turned it into cheap comedy and still a rather pathos where the husband is left at home to mind the baby while his wife is making her début on the stage. What sincerity there is in the piece, is put in by Ernest Truex, who is artist enough to make most anything sincere. Vivienne Osborn plays the wife and Louise Closser Hale a sentimental old grandmother. In the end she brings husband and wife—to say nothing of the baby—together again by as sickly and mawkish a piece of sermonizing as has been heard from our stage for years. If you have ever seen any of Miss Hale’s outbursts of brilliant and sophisticated common sense, you can imagine how these lines stuck in her throat. But she gulped bravely and uttered them.

I have a feeling that Gropper and Hammersjein, who wrote this play, didn’t believe a word of what they were writing. Their idea was to string together some popular situations of the mother-home-and-baby variety to get the public, while Frank Craven, when he wrote “The First Year,” did it from the depths of honest observation. I wish Mr. Craven would give his version of the situation at home after the baby comes. “New Toys” was a real theme treated as bunk.

“Sweet Seventeen.”

This bit of fluff begins like a Booth Tarkington comedy and turns into a very mild bedroom farce. It pictures the adventures of a flapper...
who tries to save her family from poverty. Her innocent efforts end
up in a bedroom where every one is
misunderstanding the perfectly pious
reason why she is locked in with a
scared young man. There is a lot
of gabble and flurry but of course
it ends with the same old explana-
tions. Marian Mears plays the
flapper in the best manner of Pen-
rod’s “baby-talk-lady.”

“In the Flesh.”

For years I thought “The Golem”
the best movie ever made until I saw
Maurice de Feraudy in “Cranque-
bille.” This was a French film which
Hugo Riesenfeld brought into the
Rialto Theater under the name of
“Bill.” Anyway, it was as near
perfection as anything ever gets, on
stage or screen. And this week I
was overjoyed to meet Maurice de
Feraudy himself in “in the flesh,” as
we say at personal appearances.

He has come over from the
“Comédie Française” in Paris, one
of the oldest and greatest institutions
of actors in the world. He is play-
ing a representative list of the clas-
sic French playwrights—I saw him
in “L’Avare” by Molière, which
was brilliant and mocking beyond all my
dreams of the work. But nothing
he will ever do can remove my first
impression of the puzzled, baffled,
embarrassed old man who was the Old
Bill of Anatole France’s story on
the screen. M. de Feraudy in ‘in the
flesh’ may never reach your home
theater but if you get any
chance to see his picture, don’t miss
one of the greatest things ever fil-
med.

Among Other Things.

It is too early yet to tell what
catches of the stage season have
fallen into the movie net, although
every day or so a new rumor about
the Reinhardt screen productions—
especially the “Miracle” arises—
only to be contradicted the next
morning. They do say that “The
Coose Hangs High” has been se-
cured for films at a price which must
 stagger the young author. Both
“Hell-bent for Heaven” and “The
Shame Woman” have stuff in them
which should be a temptation to the
more intelligent and imaginative
movie director, but both of them—
and especially the latter—would
have to be handled with gloves be-
cause of the censors. It is a pleasure
to report that both these simple and
sincere stories are flourishing in a
somewhat belated success on Broad-
way.
They Aren't All Millionaires

Continued from page 48

simple, sincere style of acting. The Chadwick range is by no means unlimited, but, neatly handled, it is pleasing and effective.

Upon completing her Goldwyn contract Miss Chadwick appeared as one of the reasons in "Why Men Love Homes," following which she turned her eyes toward Mecca, Long Island. At any rate, she heard they were looking for actresses to support Rudolph in "Monsieur Beaurevoir," so she presented her credentials, and, quickly enough, got a job.

"They wanted me to sign a contract," Helene told me, "but until something irresistible comes along I shall remain a free woman. I'm not being used by Famous until the English episode so in the meantime I've made an independent picture called 'The Masked Dancer.' In Germany it was a play called 'The Nude Dancer.' I believe it's has been internationally recognized for its powers!"

Lowell Sherman, who will also adorn the top-heavy cast of "Beauvoir," played opposite Miss Chadwick in "The Masked Dancer."

"He's so much fun," she said. "In the midst of the most impassioned love scene before the camera, he recites 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' pretending to make ardent love as he talks. Luckily the camera hears nothing."

As Helene talked it became apparent that experience had been a kind teacher. She has profited through her past mistakes, and as a result, now she is face to face with stardom without misgiving or qualm.

"Not real stardom, but temporary, trial starring. I'm going to Hodgkinson from Famous, and star in two pictures. If they go, there'll be more. They wanted me to sign for six, but I'm not at all sure of myself. I'd rather experiment and see how the two take with the public.

"I'd rather be a popular leading woman than a 'ham' star."

Patently, this is a sensible attitude, and, had she asked me, I should have advised her that she was wiser than she knew. The screen has too many stars, and not enough good actresses. (Many a good actress ceases to be a good actress once she sees her name in electric lights.)

There is hardly enough sparkle in Helene Chadwick to make her a great box-office magnet. And unless you are magnetic at the box-office you never amount to a great deal as a star. On the other hand, the girl is well equipped to do roles of the light and domestic variety. She possesses charm and spontaneity, two almost priceless assets.

Her position among the ladies of the shadow stage is comparable to that of Owen Moore or Conway Tearle among the gentlemen. She is dependable, but not the type that stirs up frenzied controversies among the fans.

Personally you would find her a fair example of the self-supporting American girl, pretty, vivacious enough, not in any way unusual. She admires the fiction of Ethel M. Dell, the profile of John Barrymore, and the pèche Melbas at Kress' Drug Store in Hollywood. She reminds one of neither Nazimova nor Naldi, La Marr nor Goudal. She is approximately as exotic as a Palm Beach snift, yet she inspires the same comfortable feeling.

Indeed, if her name were not Helene Chadwick, it might well be Legion.

Again—the Color-film

Continued from page 72

deepest rose, and the great stretch of gray desert broken only by cactus and dun-colored patches, make an ideal background for a color film, according to Mr. Willat, because while they lend an exquisite beauty to the production they are not so strong that they distract attention from the players.

By the Technicolor process scenes are filmed actually in color, rather than being printed in color, an earlier method that proved faulty. A much larger camera than the one that films in black and white is used, with special equipment and negatives prepared to receive natural color.

If the public attitude should convince producers that a real demand for color-photography exists, it would cause changes in the entire business that would almost revolutionize the movies. Not only are a specific technical process and a special camera equipment necessary, but the whole scheme of background, of interior decoration and of costuming would have to undergo radical changes.

Just what the future of color-photography may be remains for time to tell, but at any rate it represents another milestone in the screen's progress, and is important for its stimulating effect upon the industry as a whole.
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 71

"W-well. I never thought that it would happen, but it has. Do you remember that you told her she would become your leading lady four years ago?"

And Charlie smiled as is his wont.

Just like Edna, Miss Gray has not had any general experience in the films. She wisely kept away from the other studios, because it is a known fact that Chaplin does not like to use players in his comedies who have worked under other directors.

Hollywood Headlines

(Day by Day)

April 1. All Fools' Day. Hollywood celebrates with appropriate social functions.

April 2. Nineteen gate crashers devise new strategy for entering工作室 with gas balloon.

April 3. Famous star decides to aid beauty by having left ear tip tilted.

April 4. Small-town exhibitor, with wife and thirteen children, arrives for winter.

April 5—Saturday—Cecil De Mille begins new aquatic picture—better than Red Sea disaster.

April 6—Sunday—Fifty companies decide to go on location to save holiday overhead.

April 7. Thirteen thousand tourists seek jobs as extras; doorkeeper in frenzy.

April 8. Pay day is celebrated with bonfires, speeches, and fireworks. Real-estate men confer on chance of enlarging field for investment.

April 9. Lady-star pays beauty specialist unempty-tump dollars to have ear tip tilted; starts new style in shingles—in preparation of undertaking.

April 10. Fifty per cent of producers decide to make mystery melodramas.

April 11. Forty-nine per cent of producers after conference about producing society triangle plays decide on mystery melodramas.

April 12. One per cent of producers considering costume plays decide to make mystery melodramas with costume cutbacks.

(We apologize for this, because they don't all agree that well any more.)

April 13—Sunday again—Holiday except for overhead, which goes on working as usual.

April 14. Star of tip-tilted ear decides neither shingle nor ear lives up to anticipations; will wear wig while hair grows out.

April 15. Gas balloon explodes.

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TARA STUDIO, 133 Broadway, Desk 7B, New York
The Challenge to Fame

Continued from page 34

first-magnitude stars, like Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Fairbanks. Her contracts have called for the delivery of a certain number of pictures in a certain specified time, and she has completed them as required.

Despite this, it can hardly be said that, even during the less brilliant phases of her career, she has ever consistently been satisfied to adorn with her personality a routine set of plays. The variety of her roles, at least, and the fact that some of her features have been lavishy bedecked, have signified her desire constantly to achieve something different, and this has not been due altogether to business management, but is very largely reflective, too, of her own spirit.

Most of all, though, what the fans have responded to in Norma during every part of her career, is her really personal, deeply emotional, and romantic appeal.

"Secrets," which has shown in New York and Los Angeles, but is not to be generally released until the fall, is perhaps the most revealing, among her recent plays, of this Norma that is attractive to all. In this she blends her maturer skill at characterization with what she herself has of poised intimate feeling, and Eugene O’Brien is her leading man once again.

You will see her in the prologue, with graying hair, hoping for the return of her husband to health while he lies seemingly upon his deathbed. Then—as through memories that crowd around her—you will view her successively as an eloping bride, as a young married woman helping to defend her husband and child from a melodramatic onslaught of cattle rustlers, and finally as a woman of middle age seeking to preserve her family happiness in defiance of the presence of another woman.

In the epilogue, there is a return to the character of the beginning, and the disclosure of how much the "secrets" of married life of the two have come to mean when age stalks upon them.

"Oh, I loved doing 'Secrets,'" Norma told me. "Better than anything since 'Smilin' Through.' I feel that it is one of the most human plays that I have ever had, and it gives me some of my very best chances to act beside.

"I had a terrible time playing the gray-haired lady," she continued. "Me—a gray-haired lady!" and she drew up her shoulders in mock horror.

"I think it was the hardest thing I ever did in my life.

"When they took the make-up and costume off I could hardly get the hump out of my back. A regular Lon Chaney—except for the mole!"

You know, of course, that there are really no airs about Norma. This has in truth been told many times. She makes few pretensions in dress, as a rule. When you meet her casually on the street or in a store she is more likely to have on a woollen sweater than to wear a furred cloak. She seems to love to remain one of the throng, and asserts her own oblivion to the fact that she is ever observed.

One day, when I met her at a hotel recently, she was the center of all eyes in passing. The antics of a couple of young girls were particularly amusing, because they tried so obviously to decoy her attention. They had—so Norma’s press agent informed me afterward—spent the whole morning following her around prior to my arrival, while she was doing some shopping.

Then, when we commenced to talk while seated in the hotel lobby, they secured a place of vantage on a neighboring davenport, where they could watch.

Finally, all else failing, they gave a demonstration in pantomime of how they would act out a love scene.

Such indeed, are the attentions that Norma perhaps unconsciously—

I do feel, however, that she is somewhat more sensitive to them than heretofore, possibly because of the sort of criticisms that have been creeping in on her work and herself —excites when she appears in public, but she would never let them trouble or embarrass her. Her nature dictates that she shall be free to live and breathe as other people, and, because she is so easily entertained—that she shall not be bored, nor be restricted by the thoughts of the crowd as celebrities often are.

Will Norma retain this worship and this fantastic at times mad interest in herself? That is an interesting and absorbing question, indeed, in this time and strange age. The old order passeth; the new begin.

And there is a growing discrimination and more carefully voiced taste that is influencing the destinies of all the familiar and famous stars. Many of these are building on bigger and stronger foundations more glittering achievements, and for these they may eventually be better loved. But they all have a newer and bigger responsibility in whatever they do.

Norma shares heavily in this responsibility. She is secure. Yes.
And she is fortunate. But material security, wonderful as this is, is not everything.

There are other subtle questions of worthier and more tasteful accomplishment that loom big and large in the future of every celebrated star who has the heritage of fame. All of them will need to make greater and more convincing endeavors in the future to maintain their standing, and to gain.

"Secrets," with its romantic glimpsing of married life, should indeed restate Norma with all her fans. It gives high promise of doing this. But the other pictures that follow must be a fine, true revelation not only of Norma's art, but of her more magnetic personal self.

She Fooled 'Em

Continued from page 63

"I've just seen 'The Miracle' and I've never felt more exalted in my life! It was simply inspiring. Such grouping! Such pantomime! And atmosphere such as one only dreams of."

It followed that Miss Rich had come to New York for a brief vacation from the arduous of the cinema, for a short respite from the sharp-shooting camera man. She was preparing to return to Hollywood. "I've seen 'Rain' and 'Outward Bound' and Dusé and the Moscow Art Theater. I've bought some ducky new gowns and frocks, and now I'm all ready to go back home."

There is little of the theater about her, and less of the affected woman of the world. She is spontaneous in her enthusiasms, outspoken in her beliefs—which are never radical—and charming in a mild, gentlemannerly way.

Rather than join the babbling afternoon tea crowds that fairly over-flowed into the lobby, we strolled out to Fifth Avenue, where New York is always at its best.

"This city fascinates me," said Miss Rich. "But if I were living here I should require a millionaire's income. I can't stir from the hotel without seeing so many things that I simply feel must be mine!"

Eastern hospitality, too, she assured me was equally as cordial as the more frequently-acclaimed Southern and Western brands. Every one had been so kind to her.

I ventured to congratulate her upon her beautiful performance in "Rosita."

"I played in "Rosita" with the fury born of desperation. I had to show the casting offices how mistaken they were about me," said Miss Rich. "I realized, you see, that I was almost buried alive in a succession of namby-pamby, colorless parts. It's bad enough for a star to be obliged to do the same thing over and over, but it's fairly deadening for a garden-variety actress."

"Of course I enjoyed supporting Will Rogers in that series of Goldwyn pictures. I enjoyed it immensely. He's a priceless wonder, but I didn't grow an inch artistically. That sounds tooheavy, but you know what I mean."

"In every casting office I was simply a 'second leads' sympathetic type. Being a 'type' of any sort is one of Hollywood's tragedies. You are called upon to do part after part that strikes the same note. You become mechanical, you get in a groove, repeating yourself over and over, until you slide into old age, and 'characters.'"

"I had often pleaded with casting directors to try me at something different, but it's as hard to change a casting director's mind as it is to cry real tears. So when Miss Pickford gave me my chance I said, 'Here's where you stand or fall! This casting people say it can't be done. Fool 'em!' And I fooled 'em."

"The Queen didn't get much footage, but every scene she had counted. I think. It was an impressive role and I put my whole heart and soul into it. And playing opposite Holbrook Flynn was a treat. Such an artist! Just as Miss Pickford is, too. Oh I loved the part."

Following her triumph in "Rosita," Miss Rich was promptly snapped up by the astute Warner Brothers, who cast her in support of John Barrymore's Beau Brummel, after which they featured her in "Lucretia Lombard," also known as "Flaming—for the sake of the more artistic exhibitors—Passion."

"Now that I've broken the spell of being a 'type' I'll never get in the rut again," vows Irene Rich.

How they must envy her, the actors who continue to play butter after butter, grand duke after grand duke, bishop after bishop! How the "neglected wives" must envy her her newfound freedom!

But if they choose, doubtless they can find inspiration in the moral of this fable of celluloida: If you've got the equipment, you can fool 'em sooner or later!
A Letter from Location

Continued from page 51

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each member of the company, and by the time they arrived we were in high spirits.

After luncheon we had a dress rehearsal up in the huge ballroom, big enough for two bungalows. We had a great laugh at Mr. Torrence with his checked trousers and a black patch over his eye—he plays Jackson, a "good" gambler. Miss Dunbar, Phyllis Haver, and I had to ride up in the elevator, one at a time, for, you know, we were wearing the big crinolines of 1848. They look lovely, but I wonder how the girls of those days ever had any fun.

Next day the great game of "waiting for the sun" began. It either rained or it was too cloudy to shoot. We went down to the river every morning bright and early—mostly early—and got ready. We used an old river boat, piled with bales of cotton and negroes. About one hundred and fifty Natchez girls and women, dressed in the wardrobe dresses brought from Hollywood, were passengers, and I think they were mighty sweet and patient to come down morning after morning and help us get what I believe will be some of the best river scenes ever made.

However, I also believe it may have been the cause of some of the—deciding not to choose pictures as an occupation, for several girls told me they had no idea it was so much work.

After the river scenes were made we expected to go to a beautiful ante bellum home, where, the script said, we were to sit on the porch and drink mint juleps or chase butterflies, only—it turned cold and froze. We did get some beautiful shots of the trees and that gray moss, though. I have never seen such lovely drives and woods. I hope I can go back some time and see it in the summer.

Oné morning the local theater manager opened his house to us, and while it was pouring rain outside, we sat in there and were highly entertained by a talented young man's organ playing. After the others had gone back to the hotel I persuaded the manager to let me try my hands at the organ. It's lots of fun, with all those queer stops and funny things. Now I want one of my own.

The negroes were a study to me. They receive very low wages and seem to have no idea of the value of a dollar. I think some of them made enough out of our company in wages and tips to keep them the rest of their days.

One afternoon a very funny thing happened. A lady, a member of the Natchez Woman's Club, took mother and me for a ride. We were about three miles out on a rather lonely road, when we got a puncture. It was only a few minutes when along came a rickety old wagon and team of mules, and a sleepy old negro driving.

The lady stopped him with, "Hey, miggah, do you know how to change a tire?" "No, ma'am," he answered. "Well," she said, "you get right down heah and learn how." And he did, poor old soul. He had a hard job, too, for we discovered that some one had "borrowed" most of our tools. Well, he worked for nearly an hour and finally got us fixed up. He gave him a penny and he bowed and scraped and "thank-you-ma'am" all the way across the road.

We did not get to go to a cotton gin, though we did see him bale it. I can't really explain just how it is done, but they press the huge bales as they come from the gin, where, you know, they take the seeds out of the cotton. Do you remember when the first gin was invented? I don't either, now. But it was in our school history, I remember. Well, they put it under pressure of steam, by which the bale is squeezed to less than half its size. The man in charge suggested it might be a good plan for reducing, but that isn't what I need, although I gained six pounds while in Mississippi.

We were there two weeks and Mr. Cruze decided we'd better go back to Hollywood. We were glad, of course, for there is no place like home. Yet we were a bit sad to leave the Natchez people so soon, for they were wonderful and did everything they could to make us happy and we know the weather conditions were not their fault.

We have a special car coming home and we're having lots of fun. Cullen Landis has his phonograph. We stopped four hours in New Orleans and some of us took a sight-seeing bus. It was very interesting to see the old French district and many old historic buildings. I only wish we could have stayed several days, but all good things must end.

"The Fighting Coward" is finished and even if I am in it, it's a good picture. It was lots of fun to make it and I hope every one will like it.

If you have never been in the South, Myrtle, you don't know what you have missed. Good-bye, dear,

Ever so cordially,

Mary Astor.
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Has Valentino Changed?

Continued from page 23

After a while Valentino joined us, wearing gray trousers and a heavy white sweater and dark-colored glasses. I would have loved to see him in costume, but he wasn’t working that particular day. That is, he wasn’t actually appearing in the scenes but he and Mrs. Valentino and Sidney Olcott were working hard all the time conferring on the way things should be done. He doesn’t seem to overlook a single detail. Once when they seemed to have everything settled he came over and told me about a young man in the company whom they brought over from Paris. You just wait until you see him! He is a little like Valentino and a little like Ramon Novarro and all the rest of the Latin clan. His name is Andre Daven and the way he happened to be in “Monsieur Beaucaire” is sort of like the fairy tales screen-struck youngsters imagine happening to themselves.

Mr. Daven was a writer for a French magazine and went to see Rudy when he was in Paris. At first glance Rudy thought he was Ramon Novarro, and when he found he wasn’t he told him he certainly ought to go into pictures because he was just the right type. He took him to Deauville and Biarritz and a lot of interesting places with him, and kept urging him to come to America and enter pictures. But Mr. Daven hesitated. Finally, when he went to the boat to see Rudy off, the latter’s insistence won him over. Rudy had wired over here and got him a contract so there would be no uncertainty about his getting work. I think that was awfully nice of him, especially considering how good looking Mr. Daven is. Some people might have been afraid of rivalry from such a magnetic young man.

At the end of the day Mr. and Mrs. Valentino and Sidney Olcott seemed as fresh and full of vitality as they were when I got there, while I was just as limp as a rag. But I suppose that isn’t so surprising after all. They are used to all the excitement of being celebrities and making movies, while I am not at all used to having my dearest wish granted—like my wish to see Valentino again.

And now that I have seen him again in person and found him the same unassuming and fascinating young man that he was before, I am doubly anxious to see him again as an actor. I am sure that in “Monsieur Beaucaire” he is going to be just great.

Erich von Stroheim—the Real Thing

Continued from page 28

long as there are women there will be war.”

Now I daresay all the women fans will be down on us. I really don’t see how the press agent can anti-propagandize this slip. Perhaps the women will not be down on us at all. It will be interesting to see. It’s hard to tell—about women.

But if the reader—man or woman—is now thoroughly disgusted with us both; with Von Stroheim for saying what he did and with me for reporting it, there is just one thing that I have to offer in extenuation. I am relying on the reader’s love of truth and reality to save us. For I believe the reader, however he may disagree with Von Stroheim’s views, will have an admiration for the man’s honesty.

That is the key to Von Stroheim. His love of truth as he sees it. He is a realist—an imaginative one or he could not be the artist he is—but a realist nevertheless. Such a realist that he is willing at any time to sacrifice his own advantage for the sake of truth.

Illustrative of this devotion is the incident of Sir Gilbert Parker’s visit to Universal City right after the war. The English novelist had expressed a desire to see movies made. Irving Thalberg, the capable business manager, had him in tow. He had promised to show him some rousing stuff—military stuff—with the redoubtable Von Stroheim directing.

Out on the lot galloped a troop of cavalry. They galloped out—what was all. For the trained eye of the director, running over their equipment, marked the absence of obesity in the saddlebags. These troopers were supposed to be taking the field. Von Stroheim knew the saddlebags should contain rations. He knew that thousands of men, fresh from the World War, would mark that discrepancy and murmur: “Humph! Just like the movies! They don’t know anything about soldiers. This is just a picture.”

He didn’t wish them to think it was just a picture. He meant that they should be so lost in the action they would forget this palpable fact.

Accordingly, he ordered the saddle-
bags filled. Thalberg scowled and Sir Gilbert Parker looked puzzled, to say the least. For more than an hour the overhead went on and the shooting stood still—while that crazy Von Stroheim filled the saddlebags.

"I knew they were timing me," he said. "I was embarrassed, yes. I should have liked to have pleased Thalberg—he was business manager. I should have liked to have performed for Sir Gilbert Parker—he evidently expected it. But I couldn’t do it. It would have been wrong. To me—if you can understand what I am trying to say—to me it would have been a sin.

"Such details as these are not intended to distract attention. They are to distract attention. To give the audience a feeling of absolute security in the reality of what they behold on the screen. Each one of these details will escape many persons. But somebody will catch it. Somebody else will catch another detail.

"Each must be given this sense of security. He will receive it by glancing casually at some little detail—and finding that inessential absolutely correct. As soon as he feels that realism prevails, and no sooner, he will be able to lose himself completely in the story that is going on before his eyes.

"I sincerely believe in the educational value of pictures, as secondary to their entertainment value. The audiences must know that what Von Stroheim produces is done with the utmost honesty and is just as reliable as the National Geographic Magazine or the Encyclopedia Britannica.

"Audiences do know this. They think Von Stroheim will stand up and fight for correctness of detail; that he is willing to suffer the consequences; that he is willing to go to damnation for his convictions. And he is. Because everything he puts before the eyes of an audience must be that thing itself—the real thing."

The real thing. That is Von Stroheim. For his convictions of truth and reality he is willing to go to the place he mentioned. There is something to a character such as this—something that covers a multitude of sins.

And now, benevolent reader, if Von Stroheim and I have both succeeded in demonstrating the utter depravity of our souls, we offer our apologies and our regrets. But don’t think for a minute that we are penitent. We are perfectly satisfied with ourselves. Satisfied that we have given you the real thing.
One takes much upon himself when, knowing how successful motion pictures are, he attributes this success to nothing but trickery, as Mr. Wendell appears to believe. There are all grades of pictures of course, and the theatergoing public by its support can do much to decide the future of the film, so laying a foundation for an art that combines much that is found in the theater, literature, and painting:

MYRTILLE CHATHAM
311 Washington Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

A Letter to Richard Barthelmess.

This letter is to Richard Barthelmess, and it is a reply to his letter which was published in the March issue.

Richard Barthelmess, I could have danced for pure joy when I read your altogether-too-brief letter in Picture-Play. It is difficult to analyze a fan's feelings when she sees a letter from the star who has never ceased to be her favorite or favorites, and who is so truly sincere and human as you. I am so very pleased and glad about anything you have got to say about me, I know not, but if it is possible to do so, I shall try to tell you how much I admire your writings. I am proud to have the hand oracles and dance with the Prince of Wales, I like you because, first, you are handsome and talented. You can put more expression and pep into one scene than certain other stars can put into six, and you don't carry an exotic look-at-me face. It is frank, clean cut, and youthful. Second, you are blessed with personality and you are the one man who can bring words of praise from the hard-boiled fans. I have seen fans of that class sneer at stars who are known as emotional beings, and even cry "Bunk!" at them. At other times I have seen those same fans—when you came here in "Sonny" and "Fury"—sit up and rival the flappers in enthusiasm, and say "Ain't he great?" You are, to me, what no other star will ever be. I hope that you will continue to give us more material to write about, and to set us the task of the past, and please, don't play in costume pictures. You reign supreme in the field of comedy, but the abandonment of your position is to disappoint many of your followers. Also, don't ever succumb to the lure of the mustache.

Best wishes to you—the greatest artist of the silver sheet.

LUELLA EWING.

Atoka, Okla.

Watch Out, Constance!

"Did you see it? Really I was surprised. Weren't you? She is so pretty and looks so well in her clothes, and car- rying herself so much better and looking than her sister Norma. But, oh, my! that picture. What a rotten story, and how silly! Why it was impossible! I left before it was over, it was so dis- appointing!"

That is the conversation that I heard a day after "Dulcy!" had shown in our city. And, oh, what a day! Talmadge was the beautiful lady that was referred to.

I do think Miss Talmadge is a won- derful little actress and am glad in "The Dangerous Maid," with Conway Tearle. She was not herself in "Dulcy"—or perhaps too much so.

Watch out, Constance, do not make an- other break. Better please the public and watch the box-office receipts.

LUTHER MUI

Beaumont, Texas.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 24

The Stars Are Criticized Too Much.

Here is a good word or two for the much-blamed movie stars. In the March issue of Picture-Play there was a letter criticizing screen stars and recent talent not taking more of interest in the people. Of course, all the little shits count, especially when we so adore the screen stars. But, then, it must be evident not to see it that the numerous fans are obliged. Certainly an actor or actress must have worked hard to refrain from communicating personally with so many people. I think it must be rather annoying for a screen notable to be sought after and gazed upon every place she or she goes. They always seem to be bountied by newspaper reporters and the like. I think I should be tempted to don a mask or cover my identity in some other way. It would seem as though a player's privacy would be constantly infringed upon, and this seems hard for me, as I value Retraction. I once heard a woman say of a certain actor, rather disgustedly, "H'm, whenever she's traveling, she al- ways yanks down her state room curtain." But oh, you would want to be scrutinized by every passer-by? And so, don't you think that the stars we admire for their hard work, and not just the things they do are known and criti- cized, while we ourselves do things much worse, sometimes. And lots of times peo- ple judge the stars with whom they do not know the real truth of mat- ters.

ANNA L. AEBL
512 North Dakota Avenue, Vermillion, S. Dak.

Regarding the Stars and the Public.

A flame touched to a powder keg was the effect of my criticism of Miss Clara Bow's fanatical search for acknowledgment of the little novel given her by the blind man. A number of fans wrote me crying, "For shame!" Others said I was criticizing the hard work and un- fair. And here is Miss Raneslow "right out in me this," coming to Clara's de- fense, asking 'has the writer any concep- tion of the thousands of fans that Miss Young and every other star has for acKnowledgments of letters, books, and the like? I have, but they are not all from the blind, are they? And a blind author, at that. Nor was it sent begging for attention of any kind. It was sent by special messenger—your humble servant acting as such. Surely an exception could have been made. Further, a photo of the old man appears on the front page showing just how he wrote it. He asked nothing of her but a word. If the stars, being fried by professional beggars and dead- enders, and everyone not deserving, then I don't hesitate to criti- cize them. That is not right! As to your question, dear Miss Monica, "Can the stars write," I have, of course, no answer, but I am certain that many of them are writing to their fans and that they are not disturbing them in their homes, do you? A professional man or woman serv- ing the public must be expected to be staid at!"
Children," "Children of Jazz," "Has the World Gone Mad?" "Prodigal Daughters," and "Sporting Youth"—to name but a few—all seem to follow one formula. Such elaborate sets are used to show bootlegging and gambling, and gorgeous grotesque cafés and cabaret scenes, that the talent—if any—displayed by the players is swallowed up by the strange exotic which, after all, is perhaps just as well since there is a great deal of mediocrity acting on the screen today.

I did not see all of the pictures named above, but I did see "Flaming Youth" and "Has the World Gone Mad?" The whole cast was beautiful, surely somebody is, or why do we have so many pictures of this type? "Flaming Youth" left me cold. Perhaps it is because I am no longer a kid, and knowing that its phlegmatic and sluggish, or my judgment may be poor that causes me to prefer pictures like "The Sage Hen" and "Doctor X" to these latter ones.

The word "flame" seems to be a very popular word. We have "The Eternal Flame," "The Flame of Life," "Hearts Afflame," "France," "Flaming Youth," and "Flaming Passion." Hot stuff! or as Farina would say: Hot dog!

200 Central Avenue, Great Falls, Mont.


When a movie fan meets a movie star, it is fan nature to want to tell other fans about it. And knowing that through this department of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE the greatest number of fans can share what we enjoy in Hollywood, has caused us to write this letter.

Hearing most of our lives in Denver, Colorado, we had the pleasure of seeing an occasional movie star in a personal appearance at a certain theater, but that did not fully satisfy our minds.

We dreamed the same dreams that thousands of other fans are today having dreams—of going to Hollywood. Hollywood sounded almost like a magic word to us. We had read so much of its splendors and glamour and imagined to ourselves it was impossible for such a place really to exist.

But it was there, we learned.

We at last found ourselves strolling along Sunset and Vine Boulevards, gazing at the immense structures that have for several years emitted millions of feet of celluloid for the amusement of the movie-going public. These lovely homes were the hub of the gigantic motion-pictue industry. Inside the high board walls we could hear a director shouting instructions. Outside were hundreds of people waiting and hoping for an opportunity to get into pictures. Some of them appeared a little the worse for wear, and tears from the eyes and mentally. The pathetic groups, we told, were a fair representation of the thousands of mis-guided hopefuls who arrive annually in Hollywood hoping to make their fortunes in the movies. The greater part of the ones we saw seemed hungry, and their衲 clothes indicated a long and constant use. It was really a pitiful sight and a feeling of sympathy crept into our hearts even though they were to blame for their present situations. Let us take advantage of the warnings broadcast by the industry. They were in Hollywood, it was true, but many of them no doubt wished for their old homes and the tender caresses of loving mothers.

Turning away from the studios we began to scrutinize the fine cars on the boulevards for the features of some of our favorites. We had but a short time to wait. Soon we spied a familiar face. It was Mae Murray! She was driving the car! Sitting right in front of the camera, taking the morning air by herself, with the eyes of Hollywood centered upon her.

Mae's dress was identically the same color as the car. Later in the day Miss Murray, of course, rides in the rear seat of her town car piloted by her liveried chauffeur. Miss Murray appears so unconcerned in actual life as she does in her pictures, and maintain a sort of "I should worry" spirit.

Next we recognized the rough outline of Bull Montana's upper story. Bull was smoking a cigarette, and riding in a fine new touring car of a pea-green hue, and stepped on the accelerator full of determination to get through the traffic and out onto a long stretch of pavement where we could skim over, the smooth surface at a more satisfactory speed.

But they were not all riding in automobiles. Chaplin and Helene Chadwick attempted to board it. The car was crowded and Miss Chadwick was forced to wait for another car. We were glad, in a way, for we could see more of her. She appeared as lovely and adorable as any one. She did not seem to mind waiting for another car. Nor was it a long wait. She got her ride in a street car. We liked this quality in her and wished to see more actresses with the same spirit. This kind seems more human.

After whole galaxies of stars and near-stars passed, as if in review, their favorite homes and mention. It was indeed interesting to note the different styles of architecture employed in their buildings. Some of them—Charlie Chaplin's especially—had the appearance of a huge medieval castle. The Chaplin and Fairbanks homes are built on top of a hill overlooking the entire city. Jack Holt has a sign on his front gate that boldly states, "Beware the Dogs." We took the information as intended and moved on down the street. In the same block reposed the mansion of Dorothy Phillips. It was a handsome affair. Most of the homes belonging to the stars were located in the same district, which covered but a few blocks.

We departed from Hollywood and went to Victorville, the place where Bill Hart's "Wild Bill Hickok" was filmed.

Many scenes are shot here every year, as pictures requiring a desert atmosphere find appropriate scenery in this locality. It was here in Victorville that we had the pleasure of meeting some famous movie folk, Virginia Warwich, of "Four Horsemen" fame, and Tom Mix, the great movie cowboy. They were in Victorville and vicinity for the purpose of shooting location scenes for "The Ace of the Cactus Range."

MILDRED L. MILLER, R. PERCY MOORE.
Victorville, Calif.

A Word of Advice from Porto Rico.

Why is it that some of the stars persist in having their photographs taken with very little clothes on and others go still farther and are photographed nearly nude? We know both, and think they will gain more followers by doing this, they are mistaken, for I am sure the women don't tolerate it: true, the men do, and because of their opinion of a girl thus photographed.

When we have a crack at a star, it is not true that we consider her as our best girl for a sweetheart, nor will we change our opinion of some of our favorites to their carelessness in this matter. I considered Bebe and Madge Bellamy and many others very nice girls, but once I have seen

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Nearly every screen play reveals the overdressing and atrocious taste of our screen players.

Madame France is one of New York's best-known hat manufacturers, and says our screen stars show bad taste in selecting gowns for some of their screen plays. I surely agree with her.

In particular, Miss Trista Joyce wore an evening gown with far enough to equip a royal court; Nita Naldi had the usual excessive vellum wrap with enough pearls to frighten any man; Gloria Swanson appeared in a badly overtrimmed afternoon gown; Virginia Valli was wearing silk stockings for gym exercise; Barbara La Marr wore the usual excessive vellum attire; Gladys Walton had a dress made of a guinea suit; Mae Murray was wearing knickerbockers for golfing.

If the stars wear them, why blame the public for doing the same? We go to the movies to see good stories and acting, so why not "good taste" in style also?

Alice Joyce always dresses her role.

Elise Ferguson never used bad taste.

Mary Pickford has surprised people calling for great display of clothes. She is always well dressed. Her clothes suit her. But when she needs the gown of a woman who is not acting, she is well dressed.

Corinne Griffith owes much of her screen success to the fastidious care with which she has chosen her clothes.

Winx Looks in period costumes, but those she wears are correct for the time she portrays.

Constance Talmadge, Ethel Clayton, Betty Compson, Mary McAvoy are the smart young girl types and choose their clothes with good taste.

Who says we men go to the movies just to see a pretty doll face and perfect forms? We men like far better as as the woman, why, shouldn't we criticize the art of dressing? Charles Manx, Jr.

Corner East Main, St. Louis, Ill.

Concerning Make-up.

For the first time I feel like talking Gloria Swanson "Glorious Gloria," and it is not since seeing her latest picture other, but since enjoying her picture in a recent issue of Picture-Play along with Sylvia Ashton and Alexander Bunchuk.

At first I could not make out what was different about Gloria, and then it dwared on me that her mouth looks like a real mouth in that picture. I have always admired Swanson's acting, but have never really enjoyed it, as I could not keep my eyes off that hard, unnatural mouth. Of course, we all realize that the stars wear make-up constantly, and a reasonable use of the lip stick is all right. Surely the stars themselves must know when they are overdressing it. I wonder what Barbara La Murray will do without the lip stick? I feel sure she looks very beautiful, and if she would only let us see her in one picture with, say, only half of it on, she usually uses, I believe she would gain a lot of new admirers. Once saw Mae Murray in a picture, and she had such an exaggerated curve to her upper lip that it looked exactly like a Charlie Chaplin mustache. The Gish sisters often offend in this respect. I have seen them in some where their mouths looked like little red buttons.

If any of your readers happen to have Picture-Play of last September, and they will turn to the picture of "Enchanted Waters," they will see a striking illustration of my contention that the stars look better when they look natural. Picture of a picture of Eleanor Boardman with scarcely any make-up on her mouth, and on the opposite page a picture of May Allison with a similar expression. Many Allison is such a charming little star, too. Well, we must all live and learn.

Amy L'lBlonde
Magna, Utah.


Kenneth Harlan's wonderful portrayal of The Virginian is concrete proof that he does not cost in Fay Margery Mandel's list of handsome but dumb heroes. Mr. Harlan is one of the handsoomest men our screen has ever had, but
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

Ella.—I'm sorry your letters to those players were returned from the addresses listed. The Crown when they were correct at the time they were written. Freec- lancce actors move about so much, seldom staying at a certain studio for more than one week, that sometimes a correspondence is made up, printed, and released for sale the whereabouts of certain players are likely to be changed. The studios, I suppose, on the Laurel Taylor take their forward mail to every free-lance actor who happens to have had a part in one of their productions; half the time they don't know where the players have gone, anyhow. Now if all these rovers would forward me a permanent address for fan mail, as some of them have done, everything would be an eye opener. But lacking such information all I can do, since the fans insist upon some address, is to give the address that is correct at the time, so that they can mail their letters and trust to luck that they will find their way to the players.

W. Y.—I can't tell you whether or not the production of "Peg o' My Heart," will last for one week. Personally several weeks ago with Wanda Hawley, we were actually thrown into the fire, but I know that it might just as well be, for it was a dead loss. Miss Hawley showed the numbers of the audience anywhere, since the author, J. Hartley Manners, secured an injunction against its exhibition. That is the same story, of course, with the Laurel Taylor which made its first screen production last year. There have been millions of motion-picture dollars sunk in the production of numerous films on which not a cent of return—run through or dropped through one cupboard or another. The "Peg o' My Heart" injunction was an unusual case, as was the unfortunate Arbuckle affair, which left the studio directors with three finished films representing a production outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars that turned worthless overnight. But any motion picture company can have a third or fourth feature, and they are usually able to sell films, representing tremendous outlays of real money, and yet having hardly the exhibition value of a penny.

Flapper in Love.—You use strong words, dear. Perhaps it is just well that you see Bert Lytell only on the screen. I think he'd rather scared "worshiping" females. "The Eternal City" has already had a run and, indeed, in case you missed the February edition of Picture Play, you can get a copy by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Lo Products & Smith Corporation, 70 Seventh Avenue, New York City. There was an interview in that number with Bert, which was written by Malcolm P. Lewis, accompanied by an especially nice photograph of Bert, which you can add to your collection.
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A TWINKLER FOR THOMAS MEIGHAN—
You seem to like Tommy. He was born on April 9, 1884, in Pittsburgh, Pennsyl-
vania. His wife is Frances King, who used to be on the stage, but whose role is now that of wife. They have no children, though a lot of persons seem to have gathered the impression that they have anywhere from one to six. Twenty-five cents is the usual amount to inclose for a photo, and while some players send their pictures without charge the greater number do not, so it is better to enclose the quarter anyhow. You can, Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico, of Spanish parentage, and the exact date, if it means anything to your movie records, was February 6, 1899. Katharine Hepburn has not made any pictures since her marriage, some months ago, to a Philadelphian millionaire, but she may come back some time.

E. D.—John Gilbert and Jack Gilbe t are the same person. I don’t know why.

several fans think he is two different ac-

tors, as “Jack” is the usual nickname for "John". Mr. Gilbert has pictures for Fox, while his wife, Leatrice Joy, continues in Famous Players-Lasky productions. Triumph," directed by Ce-

cil B. DeMille, is the picture that appears, and Rod La Rocque plays oppo-

site her. Perhaps some time you will see Leatrice and her husband in the same film, but their contracts would permit that just now, even if they wanted to do it.
August 24, 1922, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, Charles Gatebh, 70 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Corporation, 78-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. L. Smith, 78 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Reginald V. Gould, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and Millicent F. Leach, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.;

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no matter how they tried.

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going to make you work—you can bet your old shirt
on that. But you'll thank me for it. 'cause—oh boy!
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inches on your chest in the same length of time. But
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shoulders on you that will bulge right out of your old
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a perfect pair of lungs that will pump real oxygen
into your blood, shooting a thrill over your entire
body and sending a quiver up your old spinal column.
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stomach instead of that roll of fat that is now hang-
ing over your belt line. And while I'm doing this,
I am also going to build muscle in and around every
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a flash to your eye. In fact, you will say to yourself:
"What a terrible oil—can I was turning out to be; why
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Let's Go

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This article was written by Margaret Reid, whose photograph is just at the left and who is one of the hundreds of pretty girls who are trying to make a name for themselves in the movies. How she got into the cast of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" she tells in her article; why she, in common with many other extras, wishes that the vogue for costume pictures would continue; what it is like to have Douglas Fairbanks, Marshall Neilan, and Charlie Chaplin start a general rough-house in the midst of working on a picture; all that and much more is told.

Other Big Features

of the next number of Picture-Play will be a personality sketch by Malcolm Oettinger of Anna Q. Nilsson, a frank and revealing article about Pola Negri by Myrtle Gebhart, "Pulling Their Punches" an arresting article about the fight films, and many other interesting and exclusive articles mirroring accurately the world of the films.
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What the Fans Think

A Debutante's Suggestion.

I am a débutante this season. My family has always been well off. I have, therefore, been able to travel around in the best society has to offer. I attended, at one time, a large social function in New York City, where Irene Castle was the only professional present. She was not there to entertain, but because she is a pet or favorite of society, and always has been. She, one might almost say, is the only actress who is really accepted by society. I also would like to remind you that her performances bring to light the most distinguished audiences of to-day. I have been prompted by several in my set to insist that Miss Castle must make more pictures and have as her leading man Huntley Gordon, who has been accepted into society by a certain set in New York. I know very little about what the motion-picture audiences in general desire, but I am sure that society would desert the opera when Irene was to be present. Does any one deny that Huntley Gordon and Irene Castle would be superb? THERODA ANTHONY.

Blackstone Boulevard,
Linden Place,
Providence, Rhode Island.

What a Sailor Thinks.

One of the chief enjoyments at sea is the time when the “movie screen” goes up, out on the briny deep, as they say. We are a family, not strangers, as people are at the theaters ashore. We are free to express our opinion, and we do, without blushing.

The majority like the picture presenting the most up-to-date views on our present-day life; pictures dating too far back fail to hold our interest long. I have heard a lot of discussion among the sailors about screen players and the majority seem to favor Tom Meighan, Tom Mix, and Monte Blue. The latter has a powerful drag with the sailors. Among the women, Gloria Swanson and Anna Q. Nilsson seem to hold a special interest.

As for pictures, all cannot be made on the same style, so it is up to the fan to pick from the many selections which one suits his or her taste. Variety is the essential thing about motion pictures.

In most cities of any size there are numerous shows to choose from, then it is the fan who should pick the picture desired. In a small town where there is only one show, let the ones who cannot bear the picture haul in the sidewalks.

L. G. RYAN, U. S. N.

U. S. S. Somers (301),
Care of Postmaster,
San Francisco, California.

Yes, She is Circe.

Why do people continue to see Mae Murray? She is not an actress, nor even a dancer. But she certainly wears clothes. No wonder she is the apple of so many women's eyes. She is Paris and Fashion incarnate! Paris, because she is light-hearted; Fashion because she knows how to wear clothes—or how not to wear them.

Miss Murray reminds me of cottillons and youth. She is never serious or even worried. Ah! that is where she attracts people. Miss Murray has the gift of making one's troubles and misfortunes vanish. She makes her audience feel happy.

Perhaps that is why she is popular. She is not an exponent of art; but she is Circe the enchantress.

Every time I see Miss Murray I swear I will not go again, since she is not an actress or even a dancer.

But I do go again. Yes, she is Circe.

217 West Ninth Street, JOHN W. WENDELL.
Lincoln, Illinois.

What the Public Wants.

"What does the public really want?"

Said a producer with a sigh.

"Year in, year out, with all my might To suit the public taste, I try."

I give it what I think it likes—
Stories of passion, love, and hate.

Stories of luxury, and vice
Of lives in crooked paths, and straight;
Of hapless heroines, villains bold
And heroes—all strong, silent men—
Who fight triumphantly through life
Subdue all enemies and then
Mid splendors rare, with boundless wealth,
Countless admirers, friends galore,
Marry the maiden of their choice
And happy live, forevermore.

"Now tell me, critic, if you can,
Why don't I please the average fan?"

I told him—after due reflection—
One fact you always seem to miss
In working out these tired old plots
Real life is not a bit like this.
If your strong, silent heroes were
To treat fair maidens, young and frail
As they do in your picture plays,
They'd quickly find themselves in jail.
In any case the average girl
In real life, won't stand usage rough
From lovers, but is more inclined
If one tries it, to say "Enough"
Of this; if you treat me so now
When courting—well, I really dread
To think of all the awful things
You'd do to me, if we were wed.
I think I'll marry yet a while.
For one who's gentler in his style."

(Continued on page 12)
The Long, Long Trail

By George Owen Baxter

A Western story in which Western folk will recognize a number of good friends, and a few bad ones, too.

Morgan Valentine, the rancher, sure had his hands full of trouble. There were certain incidental ones, like a pair of great hulking sons who were quick on the draw, but the heaviest cross he had to bear was Mary, who had been confided to his tender care by his beloved brother.

Then, as if to fill his measure of trouble to overflowing, poor Morgan leads to his home a bandit who has just robbed him of his ranch pay roll. Mary and the bandit meet, and the story begins.

Whether you like Western stories or not, this particular one will occupy all your attention while you are reading it. After having ranged the open places with the characters in it, you are going to deliver yourself of the verdict—"The best story I have read in years!"

Price, $1.75 net

Chelsea House, Publishers

79 Seventh Avenue :: :: New York City
What the Fans Think

From a Lionel Barrymore Fan.

I have seen a good many letters in these columns about Rudie Valentino's wonderful love making. Well, that may be so — I don't doubt it for a moment, for I've watched Rudie, and I know he's wonderful. But for really thrilling love making, for splendid acting and personal magnetism he is eclipsed by Lionel Barrymore. Surely American Film royalty should be the most compelling, the most wonderful figure in films? I ought to add-stage, too, but as I have never had the great good fortune of seeing him, I have to be content to worship him from my seat in the cinema.

Speaking for those English fans who love Frank Norris as I do, I assure you that we are very envious of all the U. S. girls and boys who can claim him as their special property, and if they don't realize their wonderful fortune, all I can say is — they're stark, staring mad! Naturally, we have our two stage idols— Matheson Lang and Gerald du Maurier — they have the most beautiful voices I have ever heard, and Mr. Lang is awfully good looking—but I hardly think they compare with your two. And after seeing "The Face in the Fog" and "Enemies of Women" I know that Mr. Lionel is my favorite motion-picture star. "Ruthless" says it all, and one man I'll love as long as I live as my dearest shadow friend — poor darling Wally, I can't say anything sweet enough about him, so I'll leave it unsaid. I'd like to hear from every girl or boy who loves these two stars. I have a small collection of four hundred photos of Wally and Maud, but I think helping me swell this in exchange for their favorites—I have the primely sum of twenty pictures of Lionel—why, oh, why don't the magazines print more of him for me?

VERA A. PAQUILIN.


Concerning Von Stroheim.

I used to think that Eric von Stroheim was the most despicable man on the screen. To me he was disgusting and a disreputable fellow. But I am afraid this motion-picture industry, through the horrible roles he essayed. I thought he ought to be run off the screen. He was no more than a nefarious Hun, I said, whose chief delight was to portray despoilers of women and baby killers for large sums of money. But—narrow-mindedly—could not differentiate between the actor and the man, I was one of those who thought Von Stroheim in private life must resemble Von Stroheim the film villain, and consequently, that he must be an undesirable person.

Well, could such a man have artistic receptacles, I thought? It was impossible that this horrible man could be doing anything but making capital of baseness. Yet could it be conceivable that he, when the screen needed nothing so much as artistic contributions, I was hot under the collar about it.

Well, the public have definitely reversed my ideas. I have been in a position to learn the truth about Von Stroheim. I have found out that this actor does one of the very finest and most earnest artistic idealists of which the screen may boast.

For instance, he has produced "Greed" from Frank Norris' "McTeague," one of the outstanding American literary classics.
Behind Locked Doors

Ernest M. Poate

MAJOR CONFORD was murdered, stabbed with his own knife! Under the body was found a syringe loaded with deadly poison. The major lived with his niece, his crippled sister and her son. At the inquest, the major’s will was read and it was found that his niece had been made residuary legatee.

Whose hand struck down the old man? How came the syringe beneath the body? Why did the counsel for Mildred Conford—the major’s niece—produce the will at the inquest?

The answers to these questions form the plot of this, the most intensely thrilling and powerful detective story in years.

Price, $2.00 net

CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers
79 Seventh Avenue
New York City
In doing so he has fulfilled a long-idented desire, it seems. There is no commercialism about this, no commercial endeavor of the highest sort, especially as he has produced the film as the book was written.

Also I have learned, from sources of authentic information—from a person in unusually close touch with what transpires in the motion-picture industry—that Von Stroheim has endeavored to make the motion picture "Greed" such an artistic piece of work that he has utterly neglected commercialism. I was told that when the actor-director used the Goldwyn Company it was stipulated he was to make three pictures in a year and receive thirty thousand dollars apiece for producing and directing, to receive a certain sum for writing the screen adaptations, and in addition was to get a salary for acting in two of them. Instead Von Stroheim has made but one production during the year, obviously receiving but thirty thousand dollars. I was told by my informant that he has not drawn one cent of the stipulated salary he was to have received if he was induced with commercialism he could have made at least one hundred thousand dollars within the same time in completing three pictures under the stipulation of his contract.

And this Von Stroheim, surely working as quite for art's sake if anybody ever did, was the man I thought would never attempt to raise the standard of the motion picture or make anything but disgusting contributions to it.

I would like to make his a public apology. He is, doing and will do as much for the artistic standards of the screen as has ever been done by any of his ilk, and he has the back of the world behind him. Von Stroheim, the young man of the year not only has the support of some of the world's greatest intellects, like the country morgue, inside—dark, and dirty, usually cold winter, and poorly ventilated at all times. Once a week they have opportunities to see the village comedians "do their stuff," followed by a Buck Jones or Jack Hoxie picture. In fact, all they have are those Westerm epis—"great-open-space-red-blooded stuff."

Yet just six miles away folks in the name of art are seeing "Little Old New York," "Robin Hood," "Sadie Thompson," and films of like caliber! Why is it? Won't our manager here pay the price, or can it really be that the natives like that stuff? I have attended twice in a year and can certainly testify that never again will that bird see the color of my forty cents. And the curious part of it is that all this doesn't take place somewhere way out West, a thousand miles from nowhere, but only about thirty-five miles from where I sit. Our only opportunity is that some of us can go to New York City about once a month and feast our eyes and ears in a real place where you can see new pictures and hear new music. Next week I hope to make up for a long dreary month by coming down to see "Boo Brummell.""
FOURTH place in the great motor classic at Indianapolis is won by the Fer-de-Lance, a “special.” Who is the builder of the marvel? The builder, a man of humble origin, suddenly finds that he is famous and the success of his car is assured.

Money, power and position are his, but—"What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So begins this tense drama of modern American industry. Interest is added to the story when it is remembered that it might easily be the life story of any one of several of our great present-day business men.

Price, $2.00 net

CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers

79 Seventh Avenue New York City
New Hair in 30 Days—or Costs You Nothing!

Alois Merke discovers a new, simple method guaranteed to grow thick, beautiful, luxuriant hair, or money instantly refunded. Gives new life and health to hair that is thin, falling, lifeless.

At the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, letters are pouring in from all over the country requesting information concerning this new method for growing hair. So successful is it that it has been guaranteed to grow new hair in 30 days or cost nothing.

To women this method is particularly interesting as it often transforms thin, falling hair into rich, luxuriant beauty in an unbelievably short time. It is unlike anything ever known in this country. It penetrates to the starved root cells, revitalizes and nourishes them—and the hair grows thick, lustrous, beautiful.

There is no massaging, no singing, no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind connected with this new method. It is simple, pleasant. Already hundreds of women who had thin, falling hair, hundreds of men who were "thin on top," have acquired new luxuriant growths of hair. Often the results are almost unbelievable.

Thin, Falling Hair Given Glorious New Health

Is your hair thin, lifeless? Does it fall out, break? Is it dull and without lustre?

All these conditions are nature's signs of starved or atrophied hair roots. Ordinary methods cannot revitalize the hair roots—nor reach them—not more than rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree can make the tree grow. You must get right at the root and nourish them. This remarkable new method provides at last an efficient way of invigorating the roots themselves. The hair becomes brighter, fuller. New growths make their appearance within 70 days—if they don't there is no cost to you.

Some of the Amazing Results

The proof-guarantee is made possible only through splendid results that have already been accomplished—by these few excerpts from letters testify. The letters are on file at the Merke Institutes and anyone may see them by coming to the office.

"I have been bothered with dandruff for 20 years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in."

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my beard is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment."

"I must frankly state I was skeptical as to your claim, but a faithful use of Merke Treatment for a month has removed all doubt and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and growth.

Free Booklet Explains the Method

We have prepared a special free booklet called "New Way to Make Hair Grow" which tells you everything you want to know about the remarkable new method for growing hair. This booklet explains the method in detail, given you many interesting facts and proofs concerning this new method. We know you would like a copy, and we will be glad to send it to you absolutely without obligation.

Among other things, this free booklet will tell you how this method penetrates to the hair roots—without any massaging, rubbing or other wearisome methods. And it tells how the dormant root cells beneath the skin's surface are awakened, given new life, new strength.

Mail this coupon for your copy of the special free booklet today. Remember there is no obligation whatever. The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 554, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 554
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new special booklet "New Way to Make Hair Grow," explaining in detail the remarkable method for growing glorious healthy hair.

Name: ____________________________
(State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)

Address: __________________________

City: _____________________________ State: __________
He has never appeared in motion pictures, but this photograph of Walter Morosco with his wife—whom you know well as Corinne Griffith—suggests that if he ever hankers for a career as a matinée idol it will come easily to him.
Box-office Appeal

Motion-picture producers have learned through experience that there are ingredients, one or more of which are necessary in the formula for a big success.

By Agnes Smith

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

The box-office of your theater is the barometer for the entire industry.

The next time you go to your movie theater, please give a little kind attention to the little box in front in which sits the blonde who takes your quarters in return for admission to the show. It is the least pretentions, the least interesting and certainly the most sordid part of the theater. And yet it is the center and the vital spot, not only of your particular theater, but of the whole motion-picture industry.

The little box is the box-office and the blonde who sits enthroned within is the uncrowned queen of the business. For when the blonde has a busy day, the glad news about the picture that happens to be playing at the theater is forwarded to New York or Hollywood, and the producer thereof plans a new studio, signs up more stars and engages passage on the Bercengoria for mamma and the kids.

When the blonde has a dull day with plenty of chances to chat with the customers, the producer of the picture that caused the slowdown announces a "policy of economy" in his studio, fires a few actors and allows the payments to lapse on his oil paintings.

And so you see, the box office which looks like such an insignificant part of the theater, is really a barometer of immense importance. It is the final court of criticism and the supreme judge of the value of a picture. It supplies the only real answer to the question, "What does the public want?" It outlines for producers the only really practical policy for making pictures.

What is a box-office attraction? What is meant by box-office value? What are the sure-fire ingredients that draw the quarters from your pocket into the bank accounts of the producers?

Here, in the plain and simple language of the Hotel Astor, where men are film salesmen, are the points that can turn just another film into a knock-out. Here, all kidding and talk of Art aside, is what the public really pay money to see:

- Mother Love.
- Cabaret Scenes.
- Lively Fighting.
- Swell Clothes.
- Cute Kids. Also Dogs and Cats.
- Sex Stuff.

"Hearts and Flowers" Love Stories.
Thrills and Melodrama, if well done.
Orgies and other glimpses of high life.
Society stuff, especially if about married life among the rich.
Flappers and Jazz.
Old Home Stuff.

Besides these points, there are certain other things that contribute to box-office success. For instance, there are a few stars in the business whose presence in a picture mean its sure success. But these stars are not so numerous as you have been led to believe. In fact, they are not so numerous as the producers themselves have been led to believe. There are scores of stars who, for years, drew big salaries from producers because of their "box-office appeal." The recent move on the part of producers to do away with excessive salaries has left the business staggering along very nicely minus several dozen "box-office stars."

Most of the real box-office stars are men. As far as I can judge from the reports of sales, the real winners are Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, Jackie Coogan and Thomas Meighan. Mary Pickford is usually credited with leading the feminine contingent, although I am inclined to think that the honor should go to Gloria Swanson or Norma Talmadge. Marion Davies and Pola Negri also figure in the lists of the best box-office attractions of the year.

Aside from the sure-fire stuff and the presence of a popular star, there is another small item that helps make a picture a success. And that small attribute is merit. In other words, every year there are a certain number of pictures that are so good that they are universally beloved by audiences everywhere. It is pleasant, for all but cynics, to know that the best pictures have, in the long run, been the greatest money makers, as for instance, "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon," "The Kid," and "The Four Horsemen."

But because producers know that they cannot humanly be sure of making exceptional pictures all the time because the supply of box-office stars is limited, they set about making pictures with the principles of sure-fire stuff firmly fixed in their minds. And, if you want to
estimate their success, all you have to do is to consider the elements that have raked in the heavy sugar in the last few years.

Is mother love a dramatic quality to be scoffed at as the simplest form of hokum? Just ask the producers of “The Old Nest,” “Over the Hill,” and “Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?” And the answer would be that mother deserves a Rolls-Royce and a trip to Monte Carlo.

And there are cabaret scenes. Any producer, filming a modern story, thinks he is going in for high art if he abstains from throwing in one good cabaret scene. He is courting disaster if he does so. And if you can use a cabaret scene and flash back on mother sitting at home waiting for her erring children to return you have a pair of your own flowers, as mah jong experts say, and you double your winnings.

Lively fighting is a tradition that started with “The Spoilers” and was given renewed life with the success of “Tol’able David.” The fight is to the melodrama—Western or big city—what the cabaret scene is to the society story. If you haven’t got it, your picture has no selling point, no big kick in the last reel.

Point No. 4 is: Swell Clothes. Ask any woman who goes to the movies. Ask any feminine star: Mary Pickford is about the only actress who finds that rags are royal raiment. But watch the box office at a matinée performance when Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Motte, Leatrice Joy, Norma Talmadge or any other smartly gowned star is billed to appear. Also consider the case of Cecil B. De Mille, who first discovered the gold mine of the dazzling heroine.

Most persons vehemently deny that they like children in the movies. Moreover, they claim that they wouldn’t walk across the street to see a dog as an actor. However, some one pays enormous salaries to Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy and Strongheart. Even Pepper, the Sennett cat, receives a nice little allowance of catnip for appearing in a few close-ups. Kids, of course, are only for the delight of sentimentals. But, in the dark of the theaters, there are more sentimentals than we suspect. Hence the sight of a little darling’s face and the patter of tiny feet always remains one of the most reliable brands of hokum. As a director once said to me: “When in doubt about an effect, use the close-up of a child. It gets ’em every time.”

Perhaps you think that sex stuff is the strongest box-office angle. From the popularity of such pictures as “The Sheik,” “Black Oxen,” and “Flaming Youth,” as well as from the insistence of most producers on sex lure in the titles of pictures, it seems to be an easy jump to the conclusion that the public is always in the market for hot stuff. But when you sit down and survey the certified box-office reports, you’ll find such educational entertainments as “Hunting Wild Game in Africa” and “Trailing Wild African Animals” rated above the luscious triangle dramas.

And, if you’ll analyze the success of many of the so-called sex pictures, you’ll find that other elements contributed to their popularity. “The Sheik,” for instance, had Valentino and, besides, its lurid reputation rested mostly on the reflected glare from the flames of the book. In itself, the picture was tame and harmless. “Black Oxen,” it is true, had a sex theme, but I’d be willing to bet that the idea of beauty restored to an elderly woman attracted more patrons than the sex side of the story. “Flaming Youth,” without its jazz background and the advertising that backed the novel, would have been just another one of those things that comes and goes without causing any financial flurry in the business office.

If Cecil De Mille has built up an immense reputation as a director of sex stories, it has been only because Mr. De Mille has shown expert showmanship in the selection of his settings, his choice of players and the costuming of his pictures. A De Mille picture in calico and cotton stockings would be worth no more than a last year’s news reel at the box-office.

Sex stuff has to be handled carefully. A lot of patrons are quite honest in their dislike of it; many others don’t like to be caught at the theater where a “shocker” is playing. Still others do not believe that the screen can handle sex themes intelligently and dramatically. And it is disastrous to overdo it; ask William Fox and Theda Bara. The public that stands for the wildest sort of melodrama bursts into shouts of derision at a far-fetched sex drama.

I’ll admit that it is drawing rather a fine line to differentiate between sex dramas and love stories. But by love stories, the producers mean the old-fashioned sort of romance wherein the hero and heroine are undisturbed by the temptations that beset flappers and cake eaters.

Like the sex drama, the love story is tricky unless the producer, like D. W. Griffith, has a knack for blending the well-known smile-and-tear combination.
Moreover, the love story must be played by actors and actresses who are sympathetic to the audiences. In other words, the audience must love the stars and so play their part in the unfolding of the story.

And so, with the help of the popularity of their stars, "Smilin’ Through," "The Girl I Loved," "The White Rose," "Merry Go Round," and "The White Sister" are among the films that prove that there is nothing in the world so sweet and also so profitable as old-fashioned romance.

Norma Talmadge in a love story is as near a sure-fire attraction for the exhibitor as could reasonably be demanded. Oddly enough, there is a real shortage of players, both masculine and feminine, who can be relied upon to please the public in straight romances.

And yet, from the point of view of the star, playing romantic roles is the quickest and surest way into public favor. While we all have our favorites among the stars essaying romantic roles, so far as the box office is concerned the field narrows down to Norma, Rudolph, and perhaps Lilian Gish.

When we get to point No. 8 — Thrills and Melodrama we come to the basic quality of the popularity of the movie. The sole reason for the movie is merely that it moves. The faster it moves, the better the audience likes it. The swifter the action, the surer the reaction on the audience, if the plot manages to keep just one step short of delirium.

While the critics may acclaim such pictures as "A Woman of Paris" and "The Marriage Circle" as signposts to the movies of the future, I am inclined to think that the fellow who filmed the moving train back in the dark ages summed up the main requirement of the screen. For while it may be pleasant to sit in a theater and watch the characters on the screen engaged in thoughts, it is infinitely easier to look at a picture in which the characters snap into action.

Nobody yet has invented better box-office stuff than the thrill climax. The speedy, whirlwind finish, with nine kinds of frenzies and fits going on at once, was brought to a standardized point of perfection by Griffith, Ince and Sennett. The great public still prefers the hero of action to the hero of psychological reaction. It is more interesting to watch a man battling with fire, storm, flood and a thousand enemies than to watch a man stand still in a close-up and change his mind.

Society stuff has the same sort of appeal. It is only human nature to gloat over the sins of those who have too much money to spend. The goings-on of the richest man in town are always a good source of gossip. We like to mingle envy and disapproval. To learn that the rich have troubles and failings fills us with a sense of delight.

Would we be interested in a story of a shipping clerk's wife whose husband neglects her for the superior attractions of his companions at the corner speak-easy? We would not. But the rich man's wife whose husband strays into cabaret circles attracts us at once. If the grocer's assistant became enamored of the shipping clerk's wife, we would brand the situation as pitiful and sordid.

But when a tea hound begins to court the wealthy lady, we accept it as a thoughtful slant on social follies.

And so the "society dramas" grind on, although most of them are neither real society nor real drama. But you cannot blame the public for getting tired of the drudgery of everyday life and longings for a glimpse of a butler—even though he is only a movie extra.

Jazz is only a current craze and promises to die out as a box-office attraction. And when I say jazz I don't mean cabaret scenes or dancing. I mean the rhythm of the picture itself. "Flaming Youth" was a perfect example of a jazz attraction. A story that is jazzed for the screen is one that is told in a disjointed rhythm. Its scenes are snapped up, its action is filled with pep. Its plot is viewed from the angle made popular by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Its heroes and heroines are boys and girls in their teens. Its old folks are middle-aged persons of forty. It is dedicated to flappers and persons with flapper tastes. Mae Murray has been jazzing her way through pictures for several years. She is, so the flappers say, just too cute and jazzy for words.

To prove the contradiction in public taste, we have old-home stuff as another box-office attribute. It is a much more lasting quality than jazz. Like jazz, it is not so much a trick of producing a story as an inherent quality in the story itself. The old-home picture accepts for its thesis that women in kitchen aprons with their hair slicked back are the salt of the earth and that men in suspenders and big straw hats are the moral and physical superiors of men who wear cutaway coats. It is a sound theory for a picture because no one has been able to prove it definitely untrue. Such stars as Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis, Theodore Roberts, and Cullen Landis have been doing nicely for years in just such stories.

Although the producers like to believe that public Continued on page 98
Some Film Stars in Disguise

A lesson for amateur detectives in how to recognize certain film favorites—that is, if they don’t devise new ways of disguising themselves by the time you have learned about these.

Glance at the pictures on this and the next two pages and see if you can recognize the players pictured here. You cannot? Well, that is just what they wanted. The public will stare at film favorites, so when they go out in public they usually try to look as unlike their screen selves as possible. Louise Fazenda, for instance, who is clutching a cat in the picture just below, wears simple, chic suits, and thereby succeeds in going about unrecognized. Who would expect a slapstick comedienne to dress like that? And Rosemary Theby, at the right, noted as a wicked siren, just disguises herself by going about in simple, gingham frocks.

Bull Montana, by merely pulling up his coat collar, confuses his eager fans, because they usually recognize him by his famous cars.
When Betty Compson, at the extreme left, puts on mannish clothes and horn-rimmed spectacles, even her best friends fail to recognize her. Carmel Myers, in the oval picture, puts on a blond wig, which tones down her vivid coloring and changes her whole personality.

Blanche Sweet has to go to extremes in order to disguise herself effectually. She adopts severely plain clothes, a hat whose brim comes down over her hair, a fur neckpiece that she can bury her chin in, and smoked glasses that hide her eyes. This is just the disguise that Lillian Gish affects in New York. Over at the right the trim, inconspicuous figure just getting into the limousine is Virginia Valli.
Some Film Stars in Disguise

Ruth Roland wears figured veils that give her features a rather scrambled appearance, and wears tailored, manish coats that hide her athletic figure and characteristic, brisk walk. Jacqueline Logan wears a high fur piece and a hat that swoops down over one eye.

People usually associate Claire fabrics and graceful draperies, and they know her by her fluffy, Windsor with exquisite soft blond hair and graceful hands. So, by wearing heavy gauntlets, a straight coat, and a close hat, she succeeds in going about unrecognized. Mary Astor wears a heavy chiffon veil and loose-fitting cloak. Her disguise is so complete that it must defeat its own object by making people suspect that she is trying to disguise herself.
Bill Hart's Declaration of Independence

After a long association the pioneer Western star and the Paramount Company have come to a parting of the ways, but that doesn't necessarily mean that Bill Hart is through making pictures.

By Helen Klumph

Now one of the most useless occupations in the world is writing criticisms of Bill Hart and his pictures. A person might just about as well write a review of the Rocky Mountains and the Western plains, pointing out their defects. Like them he may change outwardly but essentially he will always be the same. And like them he continues to be one of America's natural wonders.

Ten years ago he abandoned the stage for the screen and was the first movie cowboy to appear without whiskered trousers, carefully dented Stetson and an immediately tied bandanna necktie. He was the man who introduced the bad man with a good heart, a type that he had known and loved during his boyhood on the plains. He was an immediate hit, and no other person—except perhaps, Mary Pickford—has ever become so well known in so short a time.

Five years ago he was still at it—making Western pictures that were rugged and crude and sentimental. Pictures that were mostly Bill Hart, because the people who went to see him wanted Bill Hart and nothing else. If he tried to vary the type of his characterizations and the type of his plays, there was a roar of protest from his admirers.

There were four big stars in the movies then; Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and Bill Hart. With the addition of Harold Lloyd, Norma Talmadge, and Gloria Swanson they are still the big personalities of the movies.

You'll recall that at the time that Mary, Fairbanks, and Chaplin broke away from the big producing organizations, formed their own companies and established their own releasing organizations, thereby indirectly influencing several other stars to follow their example. Bill Hart remained with Paramount, although it was said at the time that efforts were made to induce him to leave also. Undoubtedly his decision to stay with the company at that time formed bonds of friendship which it was not pleasant for either side to sever. But conditions and men's ideas change, and sometimes differences of opinion arise which simply can't be reconciled.

Perhaps it was because Bill Hart was satisfied that he was making the right sort of pictures and the kind that his fans wanted, and was satisfied by the arrangement that allowed him to make them—until his recent ones were criticized—that he stayed with Paramount when the others left to branch out into new fields, to make big productions with new types of stories, magnificent sets, huge mobs, and the like. For Bill's pictures which he started making again, after his tem-
temporary retirement, weren't so different from those of yesterday.

"Why don't you make big pictures?" some one is always asking him. "You shouldn't be just a program star. Why you're great! Take my advice and do something really big."

"Big?" smiles Bill good-naturedly. "what do you mean, big? Do you mean mobs? Now how can I possibly have more than a hundred and fifty people in a scene if there aren't any more than that in a whole town like I set my pictures in? And how can I have 'big sets'? Would you like a miner's shack as big as a ballroom? And you talk about big themes. Well, when have I made anything else? Aren't loyalty and courage and regeneration about as big subjects as anybody can think of?"

"I don't mean that I wouldn't like to make some story by a popular author, but most of 'em don't write my stuff. Why some of them are just boys and they don't know the West as I knew it.

"Seems funny that people are just getting round to make a fuss over Emerson Hough's stories now. Why it was five or six years ago that we had him come out on our lot and talk about writing some stories for me. But scenario writers weren't paid the fancy prices in those days that they are now. I think they offered Mr. Hough about one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars for a story, and as he was getting about five times that much from magazines, he wasn't interested."

Our talk had turned to stories inevitably inasmuch as that was one of the things that Bill Hart had come to New York to fight with the Paramount organization about.

"I'm a fighter, Miss Helen, and I've fought this thing out the best I can." When he is talking his face is stern and on this occasion he paced up and down the little hotel parlor with incongruously big strides. "But I couldn't give up my independence. I'd quit first. I've got plenty of money. The chief reason I came back to make pictures was because the fans seemed to want me. In spite of all this I think I'll make a few more pictures, but I'll quit altogether if I can't go on giving Bill Hart fans what I think they want.

"The little pinto that has worked so hard in my pictures has done enough for one little hoss and gone up to be boss of the range on my ranch. He's happier out there where he doesn't have to do any more stunts, and I guess I would be too."

But Bill Hart doesn't dwell much on his troubles. He is a good-natured soul and much more genial than

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Soon we will hear all about the making of “Romola” in Italy from Lillian and Dorothy Gish because they are already headed home.

Over the Teacups

By The Bystander

HAVE you seen Gloria Swanson?”

Fanny demanded, without even pretending to be sorry that she had kept me waiting until I felt as though I were a blight or a curse or something that had descended on the Ritz never to depart.

“No, is she here?” I looked around eagerly and only succeeded in seeing six women wearing red scarves tied around their necks a la Stroeva of the “Music Box Revue.” I knew that Gloria wasn't among them. She would simply die at the mere thought of copying any one else's style.

“I don’t know; that’s why I asked. I simply have to locate her right away. Now that she has finished ‘Manhandled’ she is going to have a short vacation before she starts another picture. And I want to borrow her little portable dressing room during the interim.”

“Borrow it!” I exclaimed aghast. “Why don’t you try to borrow Marion Davies’ jewels or Barbara La Marr’s baby or something easy? Why that portable dressing room was a present to Gloria from the workmen in the studio and it is as precious to her as though——”

But Fanny didn’t even give me a chance to finish what I was saying.

“I know, but I need it terribly. I'm spending so much time seeing people off for Europe and welcoming them from here, there and everywhere that I really ought to have a home down on the docks. And I thought that just as an experiment I would borrow Gloria’s portable dressing room and try camping in that.”

“Camping in that satin and lace trifle! You have no reverence for works of art.”

“Simply every one is going somewhere or just coming
back," Fanny went on, ignoring me as usual. "Sometimes I think that all motion-picture companies believe that the best location for making their pictures is wherever they are not. All in one week Barbara La Marr arrived in New York—she is going to stay here to make pictures for First National, you know; Kathleen Key came on from California and left for Paris, Italy, and Jerusalem to play in 'Ben-Hur'; Mabel and Hugo Ballin left for California to make 'The Prairie Wife'; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sailed abroad, Alma Rubens got back from California. And I've heard that Lillian and Dorothy Gish are on their way home from Italy.

"That reminds me—did you read all the marvelous things Joseph Hergesheimer said about Lillian in the April number of The American Mercury? You really ought to read the whole thing to get half an idea of how much he admires Lillian, but this is the passage I like:

"You have the quality which in a Golden Age would hold an army about the walls of a city for seven years. Helen might be different from you in every particular from the ground gold in her hair to her dyed feet, but you are one at heart. Listen, in this picture none will ever possess you, no arms will be caught about you, dragging you down to the realities of satisfaction. You will be, like the April moon, a thing for all young men to dream about forever; you will be the immeasurable difference between what men have and what they want."

"If you wrote what you think of Lillian there wouldn't be any nice adjectives left." I commented, but as usual Fanny's will-o'-the-wisp mind had flitted to something else.

"Did you know that Seena Owen was going to Paris to make a picture? She has hardly had time to parade all her lovely Paris frocks that she bought on the last trip before her friends and now she is going back. She really enjoys making pictures abroad.

"And some lucky girl is going down to the South Sea Islands to make 'Never the Twain Shall Meet' for Cosmopolitan. The company has bought the yacht that formerly belonged to the Prince of Monaco and they are all going down in that. That is my idea of the way to make pictures. Raoul Walsh told me that when he took a company down to Tahiti last year to make a picture that the actors got so blue and homesick that the highly advertised lure of the South Seas meant..."
Over the Teacups

Nothing in their lives. Probably all they did was sit around and play Broadway song hits on the phonograph.

"I've heard that Anita Stewart may do the South Seas picture but I think that there are a lot of people who would be better for the part. They ought to have some one who can really dance.

"And speaking of dancing, did you know that while Barbara La Marr was making 'The White Moth' recently, she injured her knee cap terribly, and went right on dancing? She was working in a big scene where there were a lot of extras and she didn't want to put the company to a lot of expense by being laid up in the midst of those scenes so she went ahead and did five dance numbers even though the pain was terrific.

"You should have been down at the dock to meet Barbara"—Fanny never tells me about things until after they have happened. Not that she is selfish, of course, but—

"Simply every one was there," Fanny rattled on. "You know Barbara came from Los Angeles to New Orleans on a special Southern Pacific train bearing messages asking tourists to come to California. There were all sorts of parties for her in New Orleans and then she boarded the steamer Creole, bound for New York and was officially made 'Queen of the Sea.' When she arrived in New York accompanied by her baby and his nurse, Miss Carville, who is both a sister and a friend, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Lubin, the heads of her company, and a maid or two, there was a band and a lot of decorated tugs and about five thousand people to welcome her. She brought letters of greeting to Mayor Hylan and Governor Smith from the mayor of Los Angeles and the Governor of California."

"What do you suppose they said?"

"They should have said: 'Don't let
this little girl get into trouble but if
she does, help her out. That is what
she would do for any one else.' Or
they might say: 'You may think this
girl is beautiful, but watch out for
her because she is equally clever.'

'Neither of those would be either
dignified or formal,' I remonstrated,
"and you know mayors——"

"No, I don't know any," Fanny
insisted. "but Jackie Coogan has met
a lot of them and he told me about
them one time. He said he liked their
ice man better because he could wiggle
his ears and the governor of California
couldn't.

"Speaking of Jackie, of course you
have heard that he is going to have
a long vacation from making pictures
some time this summer. He is go-
ing to head a committee for the Near
East Relief and actually go over to
Armenia or Jerusalem or wherever the
Near East is with a ship load of food
for the starving children.

"You see how it is," Fanny went
on. "Mention any one of prominence
in the motion-picture business and
you'll be reminded that they are just
going somewhere or just coming back.
Alma Rubens just barely got back
from California after she made
'Cytherea' when the companies held
big private showings of that and 'The
Rejected Woman' and Alma had to go to her own pictures and
be lionized instead of seeing the shows that had opened while she
was away.

"Incidentally, poor Alma is the victim of a crazy newspaper
story to the effect that she has left her husband. She didn't know
anything about it until she reached Kansas City on her way from
California. A lot of reporters and photographers came down to
the train to see her there and Alma gloated to think that at last
she had become so important. But when they asked her about
her marital difficulties, she was simply thunderstruck. Some one
who started that rumor had a strange sense of humor.

"Alma and Dr. Goodman have a lovely new apartment looking
out over Central Park. She always has a beautiful home. I
was up at her house when she first came back and she was all
worried because the previous tenant had left a Sir Joshua Rey-
olds painting there that was valued at seventy-five thousand dol-
ars. Alma and I didn't know whether to stand there and dramat-
cally stand guard over it, send for the police, or wrap it up and
pretend that it was just an old partition she had had removed."

"And what did you do finally?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, we went to the Ritz to talk it over," Fanny answered
idly, as though it were the most natural thing in any one's life
to walk off leaving a Reynolds unprotected.

"Has Betty Blythe gone to Cali-
ifornia? I thought I saw her just now."

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The Babbitts Stick Together

The movies' severest critic is quite won over when he visits the Warner Brothers studio where Sinclair Lewis' novel is being filmed.

By Don Ryan

My only regret is that Sinclair Lewis, the distinguished author of Scenarios that Sell and Plots with a Punch, wasn't there, too. We Babbitt men have gotta stick together, as no less a personage than George F. Babbitt himself remarked. And we were all there at luncheon—all except "Sinny Lewis."

It wasn't his fault though, that he wasn't on hand. Sinny was down in Bermuda looking 'em over, as Harry Beaumont, the director, explained. And with the bank-roll collected from the last Warner Brothers classic, "Main Street," on his hip, it isn't likely that Sinny will be back among us folks for some time to come.

As his chum Harry remarked to me: "He should worry."

But Sinny Lewis is all right. We all agreed that he has redeemed himself. He's quit being a highbrow and a Socialist crank. Sam Cohn, who rattles a mean type-writer for Friend Harry in the publicity line, said it when he remarked:

"Aw, he's one of the clan now. He's one of the upper class himself. He couldn't very well kid the people he's obligated to—not if he knows which side his bread's buttered on. Watch his next story. It's going to be a hundred-per-cent American. I tell you Sinclair Lewis is going to surprise some people."

And I think Sam's right.

I realized how thorough the redemption of Sinny Lewis had been when Harry Beaumont began telling me about the way he is making sure-fire box-office stuff out of "Babbitt."

"Babbitt" wasn't very good box to begin with. Harry admitted this much. There weren't any big punches in the darned book at all. But the director got to work, and with the aid of Miss Dorothy Farnum, scenarist, he put them in where the author had been remiss in his duty to the films.

The worst trouble with "Babbitt" from a movie standpoint was the way it kidded the American business man. Instead of taking our stupendous business expansion and our wonderful national boosting spirit seriously, why this red-headed author-guy Lewis, he just kidded the life out of us.

But, of course, that was before he saw the light. Now that he's seen the light Mr. Lewis is more than glad to cooperate in removing anything that might possibly offend. For, as Miss Farnum aptly put it:

"Gee! You can't bite the hand that plunks down the fifty-centers in the box-office window!"

"Babbitt" is a book of four hundred pages. Of these, three hundred and twenty-five have some allusion to what has become an actual word in our language since the appearance of this revolutionary novel. I mean "Babbitism."

"Babbitism" is the exaggerated boosting spirit that has made a religion out of business in this country; that glorifies the drab matter of buying and selling with the glamour of romance; that attempts to iron all Americans into its own mold and scoffs at everything it cannot understand as "highbrow bunk fit for women and cranks."

My own definition of a Babbit is a man who will go into a hat store at high noon on September fifteenth when the sun is blazing hot overhead and buy the hottest, fuzziest felt hat he can find. Why? Because the Retail Hat Dealers' Association has announced through the editorial and advertising columns of the newspapers that the man who fails to lay aside his straw hat on September fifteenth and put on a "spiffy new felt" is a disloyal citizen unworthy to be called a booster, a go-getter or a true American.

Sinclair Lewis makes his hero, Mr. Babbit, rebuke his son, Theodore Roosevelt Babbit, for referring to his father as a real estate man. George Babbit insisted on being called a realtor. This was a point on which he was quite sensitive.

And at his "orgies of business righteousness," Lewis has Babbit making speeches on "the realtor's function as a seer of the future development of the community, and as a prophetic engineer clearing the path way for inevitable changes"—which meant that a real-estate broker could make money by guessing which way the town would grow. This guessing he called vision.

Babbit's favorite literature was the comic strips in the Evening Advocate. He believed that "dominating movements like efficiency and rotarianism and prohibition and democracy are what compose our truest wealth."

"Just as he was a joiner, a booster, and a member of the chamber of commerce, just as the priests of the Presbyterian church determined his religious belief and the senators of the Republican party decided in little smoky rooms in Washington what he should think about disarmament, the tariff, and
Germany, so did the large national advertisers fix the surface of his life, fix what he believed to be his individuality. These standard advertised wares — tooth pastes, socks, tires, cameras, instantaneous hot-water heaters — were his symbols and proofs of excellence; at first the signs, then the substitutes for joy and passion and wisdom.

That is the portrait of George F. Babbitt which Sinclair Lewis presented in his book — the book that has almost laughed the type out of its firmly entrenched position as the arbiters of American life.

But if you go to see "Babbitt" in the films you will never suspect that the author had so pictured him. There will be no allusions to "Babbittism" in the movie. My goodness, no! Mr. Babbitt will wear no lodge emblems. Willard Louis, who is cast in the role — and you can say this much for the selection: he looks the part — told me at our little luncheon that he suggested to the Warner Brothers the wearing of a double-tooth watch charm.

After ice water had been brought, the Warner brothers sat up, looked around, fingered their own gold-mounted double-tooth charms to make sure they were still in place, and exclaimed in chorus: "Say! Aren't you nutty or just crazy in the head maybe!"

Well, you ask, what have they left of "Babbitt"?

Quite a bit. I am compelled to state — Harry Beaumont, the director, was confronted with this problem: how to make a box-office movie out of a story that never should have been screened. Harry Beaumont is a darned good box-office director. He hasn't missed once. He directed "Main Street" and converted that stark piece of realism into something that made pensive shop girls sigh and plump housewives exclaim: "Ain't that just too cute!" But he also retained something of the original story for the more sophisticated minds.

Harry read "Babbitt." He found, tucked away among the pages upon pages of satire on go-getters, boosters, hundred-per-cent Americans, and chamber of commerce dervishes, the romance of a middle-aged man.

In the novel there is a character called Tanis Judique, a vocal teacher who is beginning to fade and who would like to win a home. Behold in the movie Tanis rejuvenated and revamped in the person of Carmel Myers!

Revamped literally. Because Tanis as played by Miss Carmel is going to do some of the tallest vamping ever seen on the screen since Theda Bara made "A Fool There Was."

In the movie version Babbitt actually elopes with Tanis, deserting his wife and family. His son Ted follows him to the train, persuades him to ditch Tanis and come back to his family. The redemption of George Babbitt. And the picture ends with the immortal line: "We Babbitt men have gotta stick together."

As we all sat at luncheon in the restaurant adjoining the Warner lot, Harry explained what he had done to make a movie play out of "Babbitt."

"When you get into the human story it is sure-fire box," said the director. "That's the thing I played up. Babbitt's home life. How he tires of his wife. How he does little things that hurt her. We all do these little things at home — things we wouldn't do if we thought about it. I'm having Babbitt do a lot of these things. And I have a gag line I use that shows this side of it. Babbitt's always saying: 'Myra, gosh! why do you always have banana fritters for breakfast?'"

"You asked for them, Georgie," says Myra, his wife. "I know — but — oh, gosh!"

Lest you remain with curiosity unsatisfied about the
little luncheon so frequently alluded to in this narrative, I will explain that it was a get-together luncheon—the occasion being a semi-official hatchet-burying and my own first appearance in the immediate vicinity of Warner Brothers' high-colonial art-front studio since Jack Warner told me how he was making a movie out of "Main Street"—and I printed it in his own words.

The Warner Brothers had decided that Ryan wasn't such a bad fellow after all. A little spiteful and inclined to kid. But—look at Sinny Lewis. He used to be like that. Always knocking. Thought organizations criminal. Didn't believe in churches. Always panned the upper classes and stuck up for the masses.

And look at him now! One of the boys. One of the gang. Just like the rest of us. A mixer, a go-getter—well, rather! And a he-author at last, worthy to consort with sterling novelists of the screen like Rex Beach and Harold Bell Wright!

Well, if Sinny can change that way, why not Ryan? Hence the luncheon.

And as I finished off my apple pie à la mode and, at the urgent request of my hosts, took a second helping of toothpicks, I felt that probably they were right. We're all just folks, anyway, I reasoned.

Harry Beaumont led the way out of the restaurant, pausing a moment to pat the shoulder of an old character actor with a hand on which an emblem ring glittered, the while he inquired about the welfare of the wife and kiddies.

I felt my heart melting. Darn it! we Babbitt men have gotta stick together.

So I followed the director into the studio and sat in a special chair, labeled distinctly "John Barrymore," watching Tanis vamp Babbitt in his private office. The studio orchestra played "Song of Songs" for the occasion and I felt the romantic lure of studio life stealing over me.

Carmel didn't look anything like Tanis of the book. The director said frankly that she had been idealized for picture purposes. But she looked most interesting, nevertheless. Her two lips were rouged to the pouting perfection of a ripe cherry and her clinging, dove-colored garments outlined a figure that would prove effective with a hero of much more sophistication than poor old George Babbitt. Babbitt himself was properly ensconced behind his flat-topped desk, rolling between plump fingers a cigar that bore a broad, red-and-gold band. He had a patent cigar-lighter attachment on his desk, a true Babbitt touch that Sinclair Lewis forgot to mention, but which was right in keeping with the character.

And Babbitt looked the part. Far more than Monte Blue looked Doctor Kennicott in "Main Street." Willard Louis is pursey, with a paunch and a double chin. He wore the business man's brown suit, the business man's hair-cut, the business man's watch-chain—minus the double-tooth charm—and his upper vest pockets were full of the fat cigars that Babbitt would smoke.

You may remember this actor in "Beau Brummel," where he gave a fine characterization of George, Prince of Wales. But I was disappointed to see him applying the same technique to Babbitt.

There was too much knowledge, too much sophistication. Too much continental flavor to the roll of the eyes with which Mr. Babbitt took cognizance of the presence of Tanis in his office. But at that, I think Louis is probably the best Babbitt to be found in Hollywood. It is decidedly hard to find actors to play such parts. Most actors are distinguished-looking in some way or other. Babbitt was just ordinary. So are most of the other characters in the story.

Warner Brothers and Harry Beaumont are not to be blamed because Robert Rendel, a distinguished-looking English actor, who wears high-waisted trousers with plaits in them, is playing the part of Paul Riesling, Babbitt's best friend. Nor because Michael Dark, alias Martin Johnson, former editor of the Dial, and sophistication incarnate, has been cast in the rôle of "Chump" Frink, the newspaper poet.

These are just some of the little inconsistencies of Hollywood.

It was after we had gone from luncheon to the set that I became interested in Miss Farnum, who wrote the continuity for Harry Beaumont. Miss Farnum it was who supplied the romantic interest that had been so sadly lacking in Lewis' original version of "Babbitt."

Miss Farnum herself would get along well in Zenith. George Babbitt's own home town. She talks in slogans. "Main Street" was a state of mind," quoth Miss Farnum, "but 'Babbitt' is a state of being.

"The love story of the great

Bekold, in the movie, the character of Tanis rejuvenated and revamped in the person of Carmel Myers.
unromantic," unwound Miss Farnum, with an upward roll of her eyes. "Babbitt: he had the courage of convention, but lacked the courage of conviction. "Another tragedy of Babbitt: the tragedy of the Indian summer of life."

Miss Farnum sighed. "Men after all are so much wet clay," she added with an approving glance in the direction of the scene, where, closing the vista, was a vignette of Tanis doing her stuff across the flat-topped desk at which poor old Georgie was seated in helpless fatuity. My tete-a-tete with Miss Farnum was interrupted. Friend Harry was advancing upon us. The action had stopped and everybody was smiling at me kindly, like the good mixers they were.

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The Babbitts Stick Together

Games with Names

By Harold Seton

I HAVE invented a new game. In fact, I have invented a series of new games! Not caring at all for either bridge-whist or mah jong, but caring quite a lot for moving pictures, I have entertained parties of friends with games involving studio stars. And, finding that this little group of men and women were diverted by these ideas, I am now explaining them for the possible amusement of others.

All that is required is an interest in picture players and some evidences of imagination. With a little patience and practice, any one of average intelligence could pass a pleasant hour with what I have called Games with Names. There is no limit to the number who could participate. And the more the merrier! Competition is stimulating.

One form is as follows: After the company is assembled, let it be announced that the object is to see who can think up and write down the greatest number of picture players with alliterative appellations, in other words, whose two names begin with the same letters. A time limit should be announced, five minutes or ten minutes, as preferred. At the end of that period, the individual who has classified the greatest number is declared the winner. If desired, a prize can be awarded.

Cases in point are plentiful, only a few being here-with recorded: Agnes Ayres, Barbara Bedford, Betty Blythe, Charles Chaplin, Dorothy Dalton, Hope Hampton, Julianne Johnston, Kathleen Key, Lila Lee, Mae Marsh, May McAvoy, Mae Murray, Mary Miles Minter, Nita Naldi, Ruth Roland, Virginia Valli.

After that, a second competition may be announced, wherein the object is to enumerate, within the same space of time, as many players as possible whose first and second names begin with letters following in immediate sequence, as a and b, c and d. Here also are many to choose from, the following being a brief selection: Alice Brady, Betty Compson, Carol Dempster, Elsie Ferguson, Glenn Hunter, James Kirkwood, Mabel Normand.

And, finally, a third form, and one that has proved highly interesting and really instructive, requiring intelligence and ingenuity, is to see who can, within a period agreed upon, record the greatest number of names well known in the movies with counterpart initials designating some celebrated personage in another walk of life, past or present.

For instance: Charles Chaplin—Christopher Columbus; Theodore Roberts—Theodore Roosevelt; Mary Pickford—Marco Polo; Richard Barthelmess—Robert Burns; Helene Chadwick—Henry Clay; Neil Hamilton—Nathan Hale; Hope Hampton—Hendrik Hudson; Mae Murray—Maurice Maeterlinck; George Walsh—George Washington; Jackie Coogan—Julius Caesar.

Once, in playing this last recorded sequence, two participants had the same number of examples, six each, the only one being repeated in both sets being Charlie Chaplin. One gave as the companion name Christopher Columbus, and the other gave Charlotte Corday. And so, since a trifling prize had been offered, and there was no way of dividing the trinket into two halves, Christophers was given the preference over Charlotte, as being a more distinguished personage, more worthy, in short, of being paired off with Charlie.
The Eternal Undergraduate

There is little exotic appeal about Virginia Valli, but much that is refreshing.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

W E'LL fix a very definite meeting place," said Virginia Valli over the phone, "because no one ever recognizes me."

It was well that she exercised such caution, for never had a girl two likenesses, real and pictured, so unlike one another.

On the screen Virginia Valli impresses one as mature, womanly, and reserved; off the silver sheet there is an elfin charm about her, a girlish spirit, an ingenuous naiveté that is as delightful as it is unexpected. On the screen she looks like a contemporary of Florence Vidor, twenty-seven or thereabouts. Watching me do away with a tardy luncheon at the Algonquin, she looked no more than nineteen.

It seemed that she had had two luncheons that day, farewell affairs both, with Marjorie Daw and Mrs. Victor Heerman. Virginia was excited at the prospect of leaving for Hollywood in a brief hour.

Despite the fact that she had lunched, and was taking only coffee, there was no reference to calories, reducing, or dietetics in any form. It warmed me to the girl immediately. Given half a chance, the average woman will recite whole pages of her experiences with an apple a day or acidulous fruits or what have you.

"People never know me," she complained, as I persisted in doubting her identity. "Some one who was to meet me yesterday afternoon sat looking at me for an hour without recognizing me. By the time we met it was time for me to be somewhere else. . . ." One of the local reporters described my 'blond' hair. . . . But the worst mistake was made by the boy who went overseas during the war, and wrote to tell me how he longed to look into my brown eyes. You see, they're blue.

And her brown hair is bobbed in the currently prevalent "shingle" fashion that is the mode of the moment, a coiffure that is boyish when viewed from the back, and quite feminine from the front.

By stepping deftly from "A Lady of Quality" to Goldwyn for "Wild Oranges," thence to Universal for "The Signal Tower," and on to Paramount for "The Confidence Man," Virginia Valli proves that one may succeed cinematically without being as sexly as La Mar or Naldi. She is suggestive of May McAvoy and Madge Kennedy. If Glenn Hunter had a sister, she would be a duplicate of Virginia. There is something utterly guileless and altogether appealing about the girl.

The major part of the time I spent with Miss Valli was given over to wondering how any one could look so totally different than her photographs. There has always been something mature and settled about the Valli characterizations; she has been a miniature Irene Rich, patient and lovely, but never cute. Yet "cute" describes her as she sat anticipating the patios and palmettos of placid Hollywood. She looked forward to seeing her father and mother, and the girls . . .

It was all quite schoolgirlish . . . She was the eternal undergraduate, a demure flapper, Peter Pan after subscribing to Vogue, sweet sixteen fresh from Fifth Avenue. In the flesh Virginia Valli becomes the symbol of youth, and when you look at her you are very likely to think of jasmine and mignonne rather than jazz and gin. Fatuous though that may sound, it is quite an honest observation.

She was probably the belle of her class at high school. For some unfathomable reason, the powers at Universal decided that she should do "Damned," a paper-backed rewrite of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," if reports can be gauged correctly. She may never do it because the Will Hays organization objects to its being filmed. Suffice to say that here was a lurid tale of the battle of the well-known sexes and things like that, a highly inflammable box-office story calling for the simmering services of a La Marr or a Busch. So Miss Valli was chosen. As well cast Betty Blythe as Little Eva.

"I don't know why they chose me," said Virginia. "They've been awfully kind about letting me select stories. I had to battle for my chance in 'The Storm' but after that went so well I found it easier to land good parts." She was slated to do "Butterfly" but has been cast in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K" instead.

"The Storm" marked her return to pictures following an absence of a year or two. Previously she had been a member of the Essanay Stock Company. When she went to Hollywood from Chicago, and told casting directors that she had done leads for Essanay she heard only an icy "What is Essanay?"

Gradually she worked back into the filmy fold, and after a siege of Universal program pictures, she convinced the studio executives that she was the logical type for the girl in "The Storm."

"My Paramount engagement was quite incidental," she said. "I was here for a vacation following the ardors of railroading in 'The Signal Tower.' One night I went out with a crowd that included Sarah and Victor Heerman, and he asked me why I didn't do a lead for him in the Tom Meighan picture he was about to make. So I did."

As a matter of fact it proved to be a vacation, for the entire company went to Florida for "The Confidence Man."

"It was fun," Virginia admitted. "They gave us receptions, and Tom introduced me to all the elderly gentlemen, and the weather was heavenly. . . ."

Conversation of little moment, you say; as you read this. Indeed it cannot be gainsaid. Yet our meeting was of little moment. It was casual, it was pleasant, it was anything but dramatic.

Meetings with the lovely prima donnas of the silent opera are, as a rule, eventful, and, occasionally, breath-taking. There is always, or almost always, a unique "angle" from which the subject may be viewed and considered for publication. You find, in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred, that here is a girl with odd ideas or latent talents or real blond hair. Whereupon you proceed to write about it.

With the influx of pretty and talented high-school girls to the screen, all has changed. You find yourself talking to one of thousands, rare as a buttercup, conventionalized, repeating themselves, sharing one another's views, bringing virtually the same attributes to the screen.

We had sat dallying over our coffee for almost an hour, chatting of this and that, discussing the rise of Julanne Johnston, Universal's colossal output, the new early-morning diversion at Rendezvous, Whiteman's

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ALBERTA VAUGHN is fulfilling the promise of her first screen work and is acquiring popularity as the "telephone girl" of that series of F. B. O. two-reelers.
THOUGH many girls would be satisfied with her beauty, Jacqueline Logan wants to win fame for her acting. She is featured in the Paramount film, "Code of the Sea."
JAMES KIRKWOOD no longer travels his old hectic screen pace, but works now only in the productions that he and his wife, Lila Lee, are making for Hodkinson release.
Lila Lee's acting is conceded to have improved since her marriage, and perhaps she will justify Cecil De Mille's belief that she could become a truly great actress.
THE screen appearances of Marjorie Daw have been infrequent of late, but soon she will be seen in "The Passionate Adventurer," a Myron Selznick production.
EDNA MURPHY is pursuing her career in the adventurous drama as the feminine magnet of "Leatherstocking," the Pathé serial of the Fenimore Cooper tales.
Stardom—without Illusions

What the test of heading the cast in her own plays will mean to Leatrice Joy.

By Edwin Schallert

WHEN one keeps a tryst with fame in the films the goal of the rendezvous is generally stardom. The player bows with resignation, or jubilantly nods, at fate as clandestinely expressed through the box office. Then, with a rush—a name appearing in the bright lights; subsequently perhaps, the flowers of applause, and the rhythm of dancingly accumulating shekels, and also—less exuberantly—the scarcely secreted mediocrity of stories and plays.

There are, at least, no illusions to stardom nowadays. The race is for the few, and experience has taken the glint off the prize conventionally awarded. The fair and favored have learned to retain their composure in the face of a rapturously advancing estate.

In view of all of which, I was not astonished recently on talking to Leatrice Joy to find that she regarded her future without any sense of smug security. She had lately been elevated to the superior position of heading the casts in her own plays for Paramount, but her own attitude was one of thoroughly judicious surrender.

I have always placed her mentally among the practical and wise personages that glitter upon the screen. And while I have sensed her radiant future, I have not felt that she could herself greet with sanguine anticipations being relegated to a solitary splendor. Something about her has always suggested a diviner sort of democracy, and the inability ever quite to lose the “common touch.”

It is, indeed, a tragic thing for an actress of intense capabilities as disclosed in numerous plays, among them “Manslaughter,” “Saturday Night,” or even the earlier “Buntie Pulls the Strings,” to be suddenly whisked from her high place as a featured player to a pedestal that is in its foundations shaky, and that depends for its steadiness upon the support of personal popular acclaim. It is even more tragic, perhaps, when one has dreamed of stardom all one’s life, and then suddenly having arrived at the destination, finds the prospect not half so alluring as it had seemed. This indeed is the risk, and this the hazard.

But let us to the lady.

I have always entertained for Miss Joy the high regard that one lavishes on a personality that shines not with a borrowed glitter of finery and made-to-order emotions alone, but who in the deep sincerity of a majority of her portrayals has capably rendered service, and incidentally attracted a glamorous sort of admiration from the fans.

It was at Famous Players-Lasky studio that I met her, and she was in the midst of the dull, slow business of posing for photographs. We had our very first tête-à-tête, as it happened, with the meeting. Because, although I had spoken with her casually on many occasions, this was actually the first time that I enjoyed a real impression of Leatrice Joy.

It was fitting, of course, that when I had arrived I should find Jack Gilbert in conference with her. He had run over for a few moments during the lunch hour from the Fox studio, and his white varsity sweater, rising high and woolenly about his neck, made a striking rougher contrast to her own presence, adroitly garbed in a deep dark evening gown.

Somehow, whenever I think of Leatrice, I always associate her with raven habiliments. Not that these should be expressive of any sort of tragedy, nor woe, but that they suit her personality—belong to her. Some women, I have always felt, should never wear anything but black, and she comes near being one of them.

One of my very earliest recollections of her was one night at a dansant at the Cocoanut Grove. She stood in the doorway, a resolute, clear-cut figure like an engraving. Her very manner spelled strength and vitality and rigor, even though she was then only contemplating an evening’s diversion. She was black-clad, and she wore the then-raw olive make-up which she was one of the first to introduce. You cannot imagine what a portrait she made—veritably like a study done by Whistler, with her dark, sweeping, somewhat Spanishy hat set at a subtly sirenic angle, and her eyes fastened on the crowd.

Leatrice Joy came to the films not as one sophisticated, but as having actually to earn her living in some line of work. She chose pictures because she had developed a longing to express herself temperamentally in some art—like music, which she loves very much—and while the means may have been aesthetic, if you want to call it so, the end was essentially economic. Leatrice Joy Zeitler was her name, then, and she had been born and bred in New Orleans. She had the advantages which were usual to a girl whose family enjoys comfortable circumstances. She had been dazzled by some of the premier presences of the theater, had seen the old French opera of the Southern city, and had otherwise experimented in culture without any real thought of being identified with furthering the same by any art of her own.

Then her father was taken ill, and it became incumbent on her to try to make her own way.

It is told of her, and she herself verifies the report, that her first undertaking professionally was with a small film company organized in New Orleans, and that she secured a part in the picture through her ability to cry.

At the studio they wanted some one to portray a weepy part, and none of the girls seemed to be able to exercise proper control over their tear ducts. They offered nothing in the way of copious evidence of this talent, at least.

Finally Leatrice’s turn came, and she was asked to demonstrate. There was no hesitancy on her part. She plunged right into the brim of tears. She was in a mood for crying on account of her sad experiences at home, and that was the reason it appears why she only needed the slightest encouragement for her to burst into the most heartrending sobs. Perhaps it was because even at that time she was blessed with a natural acting gift.

Anyway, her tears settled her future.

Whatever Leatrice has lacked of skill since then, she has mastered. It has been a slow and painstaking process at times, but she has literally fought her way along. She went into a stock company once to learn the rudiments of technique of the stage, she practiced walking for hours at a time so that her carriage, espe-

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THE OBSERVER
Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

"Picture-Play" is Indexed

On page 8 of this issue you will find an innovation which we believe will be appreciated by the large number of our readers who save their copies of Picture-Play Magazine. It is a complete index to the last six issues, by referring to which you can look up everything printed about the different players and productions, as well as all the articles about picture making, acting, the activities of the stars, and the like.

With the aid of this index, which will be repeated every six months, the volumes of Picture-Play Magazine will become, in a comparatively short time, a very valuable work of reference for any one who is interested in pictures.

For example: big productions, like "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," "The Thief of Bagdad," are usually begun a year before they are shown in New York, and often two years or more before they reach some of the smaller cities. During the period of the making of such a picture several articles are usually printed in Picture-Play Magazine touching upon the experiences of the players while working in it, new methods employed in its making, the personal point of view of the director, its significance in relation to the development of motion-picture art, a review of the picture, and so on. All of this information, though interesting when read in advance, is doubly valuable when it can all be easily referred to at the time the picture reaches your city.

There are so many obvious uses to which this index may be put in looking up pictures and stories of the players that it seems unnecessary to list them.

How Our Articles Helped a Reader

The articles in Picture-Play, discussing, as they do, every phase of acting and picture making and the ever-changing tendencies in the different branches of the industry, are valuable for other purposes, one of which is indicated by the following letter that we recently received:

I want to tell you what a splendid help your magazine was to me a short time ago. A member of a club studying modern drama, I was given the subject "A Comparison of Modern Drama and the Movies" which was quite a topic for a layman to grapple with. Although we have a Carnegie Library I was unable to find in it the material I needed, but in a file of your magazine—particularly the articles by Mr. Schlecht—I found just what I wanted. After my long and fruitless search I was more than thankful for this assistance, and from now on I shall be a strong supporter of Picture-Play.

Mrs. George F. Trout,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

If you have not been keeping your copies of the magazine as many do, this would be a good time to begin. You will be surprised at how soon the back copies will become valuable and interesting to refer to.

Follow the Leader

The story of how "Manhandled," the next Gloria Swanson production, came to be made, is an arresting one. Sidney Kent, the sales manager of Famous Players-Lasky, had an idea for a story that he thought would have all the elements of box-office success. He told it to Arthur Stringer, who wrote the story and sold it to a national magazine. Then Mr. Kent induced his organization to produce it. Now this seems like a fine idea to The Observer. Instead of trying to influence scenario editors and directors by constantly telling them what the sales force thinks the exhibitor thinks the public wants, Mr. Kent has put his theories into tangible form. His ideas will be given the acid test of the box office. The public will be enabled to see what a sales manager has concluded about their taste after years of catering to it.

The Observer hopes that other sales managers will follow Mr. Kent’s example. Far more interesting, it seems to him, than occasional statements to the press that “Costume productions are on the wane,” or “Mr. Flubdub says public tires of jazz and wants return to simple tales of homespun folks.” would be annual series of pictures suggested by the sales department of different production companies.

Furthermore, he wishes that this activity would keep the sales managers so busy that they wouldn’t have time to interfere with the genuine artists of the studios who are seeking to create beauty and develop a new art form.

An Artistic Experiment

Every fan who is especially interested in seeing more pictures of the type of “Sentimental Tommy,” “Peter Ibbetson,” and the like—pictures which are characterized by artistic handling and feeling rather than those qualities which are known as “sure-fire box-office appeal”—is hereby urged not to miss “The Enchanted Cottage.”

This picture was made frankly as an experiment, and it is our guess that every one connected with the making of it had some concern as to whether it would meet the popular taste. It may disappoint some of the regular Barthelmess fans, for in it Dick drives no “zippy roadster,” wears no collegiate clothes, and doesn’t have a single fist fight. But what it may lack in those respects it more than makes up for in beauty, delicacy, and feeling.

Every fan to whom this type of picture is especially appealing should become a booster for every such production. For every one which succeeds will encourage the producers to make more of the same type. And for every one which fails they will be less inclined to experiment further along similar lines. So we hope you will go to see "The Enchanted Cottage," and that if you like it, you will send others to see it.
Stealing the Stunt Man's Stuff

How new methods are being used in thrilling scenes to eliminate doubles and risks

By Edwin Schallert

It's all wrong. Why, here, I been doublin' for movie players for years and years. And now, all of a sudden, it's getting so they don't want me any more. They're framin' so many new-fangled tricks all the time that there soon won't be a decent livin' for a double, because all the actors will be doin' their stunts themselves. Why there's Harold Lloyd, for instance, in 'Safety Last.' did that climb—

It was the stunt man who was talking. At least one of them. And he wore an expression of excessive grief.

I could not share his sorrow, because personally I have never been particularly in favor of the Roman holiday effects generally attained by doubles, but I felt that what he said really demanded an investigation, because the opinion prevails among movie-goers that very few, if any, really hazardous feats are performed by the players themselves.

A recent article in Picture-Play written by Myrtle Gebhart threw much light on how the various stunts were performed by doubles, and told something of their colorful careers. It told of the climbs and falls and crashes and high dives and wild rides in which these daring individuals of the motion-picture colony, who seem to receive much credit for their work, take part. They have contributed importantly to every thrill picture and many of the most amusing comedies beside.

"Let a double do it," has long been a slogan of the makers of serials and melodramas, but it is now gradually giving way to a new phrase—"Let the camera do it," and that is the reason why the stunt man found some reason to bewail his fate.

No fan is unaware, perhaps, that much has really been accomplished within the past year in enlarging the power of the camera to obtain thrilling illusions. The Lloyd picture, "Safety Last," was striking proof of this, and a majority of Picture-Play readers know how this was accomplished through the use of sets adroitly placed on the tops of downtown buildings at different heights, as was explained in an article some months ago. The Red Sea phenomenon, also recently described, though it has nothing to do with doubles, is another vivid illustration of the camera's powers, and in various other recent films evidence may be found of where some magically achieved effect cleverly duplicates, and perhaps sometimes even improves on, actuality, particularly where in the past a double was used to perform the feat.

A really striking case is the climb made by Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," that is a combination of clever photography and setting construction, distinctly resembling that used in "Safety Last." You remember, of course, how Chaney appeared to descend the facade of the cathedral, and how at various stages you would apparently behold him doing perilous acrobatic stunts. No doubt the proceeding was not without some danger, and certainly caused Chaney a great deal of discomfort. However, in a manner which I will explain, it was accomplished with a comparative degree of safety for himself.

To begin with, the setting of the cathedral was not constructed in its entirety as you see it on the screen. Part of the building was lifesize, and part miniature. Everything, in fact, in the long shots, above the statues overlooking the door of the church was miniature. The lower part of the facade actually stood in the midst of the huge square near the Court of the Miracles.

Now you will ask, how does all this help Chaney to make his climb? Because obviously he couldn't descend the face of a miniature without virtually eclipsing it with his exaggerated form. Moreover his figure

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JUST because no star or producer has tried to knock my eye out with any magnificent superspectacle this month is no grounds for complaint that the new films have been lacking in interest. With "Secrets," contributed by Norma Talmadge, with "Cytherea," volunteered by Samuel Goldwyn, and with "Girl Shy," put forth by Harold Lloyd, I am inclined to think that it shouldn't be a dreary spring or summer for movie fans.

To me, Norma Talmadge and Harold Lloyd are two of the indispensable stars of the screen. Something should be done—probably by Will Hays—to insure the screen against their possible loss. Suppose Harold should follow the example of Chaplin and decide to make pictures only when the mood fell upon him? Or suppose that Norma should do a Nazimova and decide to go in for nothing but art?

"Secrets" is just the sort of story you have always wanted Norma to play. It makes "Ashes of Vengeance" looks like a rainy afternoon at the wax works. It makes "The Song of Love" seem like a hot afternoon at the Oriental Gardens at Coney Island. In end of a few days. The Mary of "Secrets" elopes with her John and follows him from England to the wilds of the Western states. First comes melodrama and then as they accumulate years and prosperity, come domestic tragedy and heartbreak. After all, John is only a frail man, while Mary is a superwoman, who bears all sorts of tribulations rather than spoil her love for him by one ugly scene or cross word.

It is a great tribute to Miss Talmadge's acting that when the picture was shown in New York, the audience was filled with women who were willing to accept her heroine as a pattern of all that is best in womanhood. And yet the women who wept with her so copiously and who most enjoyed her silent suffering obviously could hardly wait to get home to start the same old round of battling with husband or boy friend.

As I watched the flappers, the feminists and the modern wives completely taken in by "Secrets," I thought of the story of the man who murdered his daughter and was found by the police in the balcony of a movie sobbing his heart out over "Broken Blossoms."
No one could have played the rôle of the faithful Mary half so well as Miss Talmadge. Norma can make you believe in love and romance; her best rôle is that of the woman in love. She makes Mary so resigned and yet so dignified, so meek and yet-so spirited, so self-effacing and yet so proud. All in all, it is a lovely and engaging performance and, if not the most pretentious or the most dazzling, certainly the most lovable that Norma has yet contributed to the screen.

As long as I have made the picture such a tempting bit of caviar for women, I might as well go the whole way and say that Norma’s costumes, running the gamut of a half a century, are extremely beautiful and bewildering in their number. And, although she ages with the years, being no heroine of “Black Oxen,” she only has a few moments of looking unconvincingly “made up” for her part. As a very old lady, she shows streaks of grease paint.

Oh, yes, how could I have forgotten it so long? Eugene O’Brien is her leading man. Far better, Mr. O’Brien, to be leading man for Miss Talmadge than a star in your own right. If I say that at all times in the picture Mr. O’Brien didn’t seem quite up to his rôle, I might be met by the query of “Who else could have played the part?” And I can’t think of any one who would have pleased the fans better than Mr. O’Brien.

When Papa Didn’t Love Mamma.

By some strange accident the film version of Joseph Hergesheimer’s novel “Cytherea” becomes simply. “Cytherea—Goddess of Love,” instead of “Why Men Leave Home.” The plot, concerning the restless man of forty who elopes to Cuba with the beautiful Savina Groove, was a fair victim for screen slaughter- ing and might have made an excellent boob shocker. But, instead, it has been turned into an unusually fine picture which, unless I am all wrong, will be one of the most popular and most discussed films of the year.

Naturally, it is easy to trace the trail of the censor as the plot unwinds; there are some omissions, many elisions, a few changes, and the story, instead of being told as straight narrative, stops every once in a while to point a moral. Also, the hero is shipped home to his wife at the end and the fascinating Savina is made a much younger woman than depicted by Mr. Hergesheimer.

Nevertheless, this film “Cytherea” is pretty civilized entertainment and until the motion picture can presuppose the same attitude of mind that awaits a novel or a play, it is useless to kick against deviations or distortions.

As I have said, the whole story might have been cheapened beyond recognition, and as George Fitzmaurice, its director, is in the habit of cheapening his stories, it’s a miracle that Mr. Hergesheimer’s escaped. However, aided by a sympathetic, intelligent, and a masterly scenario by Frances Marion, Mr. Fitzmaurice has produced a picture that reflects great credit on himself and Samuel Goldwyn—not now connected with Goldwyn pictures.

I have seldom seen a finer cast brought together for a picture. Here is acting of the very first order. There are at least four stars in the film. First is Lewis Stone, who gives the best performance of his screen career as Lee Randon, who fled from his wife and his house—filled with clocks—to the tropical beauties of Cuba, only to find that Cuba, like most Utopias of tourists, is a romantic delusion. Mr. Stone makes you immensely sorry for Randon; after seeing him, never again will you be able to look at a nice forty with a good wife, a good home, good children and a good golf course without a feeling of pity.

And then there is Alma Rubens, who acted as she has never acted before. Miss Rubens should be praised for a difficult achievement. In order to conceal the fact that the Savina of the film was much younger than the Savina of the book, Miss Rubens was obliged to go through many of her scenes without the helpful aid of the close-up. Instead of acting with her eyebrows, she acted with her hands, her arms and her body. As a result, her performance has aloofness and mystery. You are conscious that you are seeing too little of her; and that is a rare sensation to carry away from any film.

Next on the list is Constance Bennett, who plays the rôle of a flapper without acting like a servant girl on her night out. Miss Bennett has an excellent sense of comedy and instead of affecting that Hollywood wiggle, she manages to bring grace and lightness to her rôle. In other words, she is a real orchid and not a dandelion on a rampage.

Irene Rich plays the rôle of Lee Randon’s wife—the mamma who didn’t go where papa went. Alas, poor Fanny, who was only a wife in suburbia when her husband wanted a goddess of love, Only a woman of unusual sympathy and understanding could have played that rôle. And Miss Rich has both. I don’t suppose any actress on the screen has made bigger strides in popularity in the last year or so than Miss Rich. Who says the public wants nothing but cuties?

I praise the acting in “Cytherea” at great length because the players deserve nothing but credit for bringing so much of the subtlety and intelligence of the Hergesheimer novel to the screen. I have said little about the story itself because who am I to write a synopsis of a Hergesheimer plot? As for the production, it is beautiful, smooth and in excellent taste.
The Modern Magic Carpet.

They do say that "Girl Shy," Harold Lloyd's newest, is not as funny as some of his previous masterpieces. However, I saw it with an audience made up chiefly of theater managers and at a particularly uproarious moment one exhibitor exclaimed to another, "Gee, hear 'em laugh, They'll raise the rental on this one!"

All of which means that no one will go through the summer without seeing "Girl Shy." It relates the adventures of a bashful boy who writes a book about the technique of love. The expert is an awkward Romeo; naturally his romance is comic.

The best thing in the picture is a gorgeous chase which is far funnier and more miraculous than Douglas Fairbanks' chase in "The Thief of Bagdad." There is nothing wonderful about riding on a magic carpet when you compare it with the thrill of dashing through crowded city streets on a runaway trolley car. The chase is long, thrilling and funny and guaranteed to throw any audience into a state of hysterics.

Jobyna Ralston is Lloyd's leading woman and is so much of a new personality that she is sure to be signed up for some dramatic vehicle; something like "Hedda Gabler," perhaps. Anyway, the little girl is good.

His Mislaid Memory.

The hero of "The Breaking Point" suffers from amnesia and whenever I think of the plot, which was written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, I get amnesia, too. It's the kind of picture that is easy to forget, not because it is so bad, but because it is so mixed up and jerky and jumpy that, before it is half over, you have worked yourself up into a high state of indifference about the whole business.

"The Breaking Point" is a typical movie—no better and no worse than the average. Evidently somebody told Herbert Brenon that the trouble with the screen nowadays is the absence of a little old-fashioned plot and as a result there is so much fool plot in this picture that you can't follow the story for the action that keeps going on all the time.

The only restful person in the picture is Nita Naldi, who plays the role of Matt Moore's "past" and who almost prevents him marrying Patsy Ruth Miller. In spite of flying time and fugitive geography—the scene shifts often—Miss Naldi is always her beautiful, placid and plump self. Obviously, Miss Naldi is an old-fashioned vamp who eats what she wants and passes up the daily dozen. Amid all the tumult, she is as restful to look at as a Greek statue.

And the Other Extreme.

If "The Breaking Point" is nothing but plot, there is almost no plot at all in "Not One to Spare." The picture was first titled "Which Shall It Be?" but the name was changed out of deference to the popularity of the poem by Mrs. E. L. Beers, which according to reports has been recited by every school child in the country except me.

"Not One to Spare" is the farthest North in sob stuff; it makes "Over the Hill" seem like a Strindberg drama. The story is simply this: a poor Vermont farmer has seven children. His wealthy and lonely brother offers to adopt one. Which one of the little darlings shall he ship away to a life of luxury? Alas, the soft-hearted man can't decide which one of the little rascals to give up, so he keeps them all.

The picture was made with beautiful simplicity by Reuhaud Hoffman. It is so frankly sentimental, so obvious, and so ingenious that it defies criticism. Unless you must have raw meat and strong drama in your pictures, you will like it, although you may be ashamed to come right out and say so.

The scenes on the Vermont farm are charmingly pictured, while Ethel Wales gives such an excellent characterization as the mother that she makes the whole picture worth the price of admission. Moreover, the seven children are quite delightful, which is lucky, as they are very much present. After all, it isn't like most movies.

A Couple of Dramatic Geniuses.

For those who think that Jackie Coogan is a greater actor than John Barrymore, "A Boy of Flanders" will mean an evening of high aesthetic delight. And for those who think that Jackie is just a cute kid, the picture will be nothing but an excellent film version of a popular classic for children. In other words, you'll probably not stand in line two hours to see it.

What a serious actor Jackie is getting to be! In "A Boy of Flanders" he is a sober, half-grown-up little boy, a boy with artistic aspirations, a boy with a soul. Jackie is getting to be just as much of a standardized figure as Charlie Chaplin. He is one of the few players on the screen to become a genius by thoughtful observers of the upward trend of the silent drama.

The atmosphere of the picture is best described as quaint. The scenes are laid in the Belgium of long ago. Such pretty, pretty windmills, such cunning, cunning houses! It is all fully in the spirit of Ouida, whose prolific pen dashed off the story.

I hope Rex, the black stallion, doesn't become too successful as a commercial proposition. I hope he loses none of his fine, impetuous freshness. But after his hit in "The King of Wild Horses," we shall probably read that he has been engaged as polo pony by the Prince of Wales. With due respect to the films of Bill Hart and Tom Mix, I think that Rex is the finest horse that ever tossed a wicked mane in front of the camera. Being a real star, Rex is surrounded by a mediocre story and a merely adequate cast of players. But personality triumphs over all handicaps and "The King of Wild Horses" is respectfully recommended for your consideration.

With the Giddy Triffers.

Remember "Skinner's Dress Suit?" Well, evidently Bryant Washburn doesn't want you to forget it. For
when Mr. Washburn isn't engaged as all-star support, he goes out and stars in a comedy of his own and all these comedies have a vague family resemblance to his greatest success. Mr. Washburn is particularly good when he essays the rôle of a man newly inspired by ambition and a comedy like "Try and Get It" is good once-in-a-while entertainment.

"Try and Get It" is light, amiable and filled with George M. Cohan Americanism. It concerns a young man who is trying to collect a bill from a man who is determined not to pay. As you can guess, once you get started on an idea like that, there is no end to the comic possibilities. Billie Dove plays what is known as "romantic interest."

Lloyd Hamilton, a persistent star of the two-reelers, doesn't quite make the grade as a feature star. He fails to take the jump so successfully negotiated by Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton. In a way, Mr. Hamilton is the victim of an accident. He was engaged by an auxiliary of the D. W. Griffith Company to take the place of Al Jolson, who suddenly departed for Europe last summer, leaving the cinema art to struggle along without him.

In "His Darker Self," Mr. Hamilton plays the rôle of a Southern lawyer who disguises himself as a negro in order to fool a band of bootleggers. At that, he might have been able to fool a bootlegger. But, technical discussions aside, the picture is weak in the gags and nifties which are the very motive power of a Lloyd comedy.

I wish Mr. Hamilton had been a violent success as an artist of the grand manner, because, goodness knows, there are too few comedies in this sordid world.

Flowers in the Gutter.

The scarcity of good comedies becomes a matter of poignant importance when you are sitting through a picture like "The Dawn of a To-morrow." Frances Hodgson Burnett's heroine makes Pollyanna look like a waitress with indigestion. Undoubtedly this Glad person who smiles and smiles is the dearest toothache that ever throbbed through an evening. Jacqueline Logan did all she could about it, for Jacqueline is a winsome young lady.

In case you can't recall it, the story is a melodrama of the London slums. Now according to the drawings in Punch, there is a lot of humor in the London slums, and according to Dickens, these same slums are simply alive with color and melodrama. But in this picture you work up a violent grouch against all the little daisies that bloom in the gutter. However, may I again call your attention to the lively Mr. Raymond Griffith, who would undoubtedly get somewhere if he weren't dogged by uninteresting pictures?

"The Confidence Man" is much better than "The Dawn of a To-morrow." For one thing, it has Thomas Meighan in the rôle of a reformed crook who gets religion just as he is about to steal the old miser's government engravings. A nice trusting old lady does the trick by telling Tommy that she knows he is a good, honest man. So there you are; that's the plot. If it sounds suspiciously like a lot of other Meighan plots, please remember that the subtitles were written by George Ade, the man who has been responsible for spreading golf and civilization in the Middle West. Virginia Valli is Meighan's leading woman, while Lawrence Wheat, in a comedy part, is so good that he is apt to find himself listed as one of the discoveries of the year.

Three Strikes—It's Out!

At the risk of making a nuisance of myself, I must tell Famous Players-Lasky not to produce this plot again. I liked "The Humming Bird" with Gloria Swanson; I was patient with "Shadows of Paris," with Pola Negri. But I draw the line at "The Moral Sinner," with Dorothy Dalton. I am all fed up with

Continued on page 94
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—United Artists. The greatest conjuring trick ever performed, the leading of the cinema into the land of enchantment and adventure. Douglas Fairbanks in a fantasy that embodies legends and folk tales of all lands, made wonderfully beautiful and thrilling through camera magic.

"Beau Brummel"—Warner Brothers. Another movie fling of John Barrymore and a great picture for those who idolize him. The picture does not live up to Barrymore's best talents, but it is excellent nevertheless, and it gives an entertaining, if rather dour, characterization of the King of Fops, who fought a duel with society by wit and subtilty.

"The Galloping Fish"—First National. Starring in this picture is a seal that makes most movie actors look like a lot of dried herring, and the plot has the old-time abandon of the Bennett comedies. The supporting cast includes Louise Fazenda, Lucille Ricksen, Sydney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, and Chester Conklin.

"America—Series One—The Sacrifices"—D. W. Griffith. History of the American Revolution as every school child would like to see it. A stirring spectacle with an appealing love story intertwined. Directed by Lionel Barrymore, Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton, and Louia Wolheim are in it.

"The Marriage Circle"—Warner Brothers. A high comedy of married life directed by Ernst Lubitsch with the last ounce of humor extracted from every situation. Adolphe Menjou, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost are in it.

"The Enchanted Cottage"—First National. An exquisite and touching presentation of a fragile and sentimental idea. Richard Barthelmess as a crippled war hero and May McAvoy as a homely spinster are excellent, though their performances may not appeal to the people who like only prettiness and stirring fights.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. The Book of Exodus spectacularly filmed, plus a modern story à la Cecil De Mille. Marshall's performances rank with the greatest. 

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"The Fighting Coward"—Paramount. A delightful satire on the old Southern code of honor as immortalized in fiction. James Cruze directed it and Cullen Landis appears as the timid hero who learns to throw a mighty bluff. Made in Mexico, the scenery has that languorous, Southern quality.

"Lilies of the Field"—First National. Not as naively as the stage play, but a gripping vehicle for Corinne Griffith. She plays the young mother who is tempted and tempted and tempted. Never did she look more beautiful nor act more convincingly.

"A Society Scandal"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson gets dressed up again in foolish costumes, but she doesn't lose sense of humor. A fine, entertaining picture for the tired business woman and the weary housewife.

"The Hill Billy"—United Artists. Jack Pickford in a beautiful and sincere tale of the Southern mountains. He has a dapper, a pray fighter all at times is inspired actor. The picture is exquisitely photographed.

"Icebound"—Paramount. A worthy picture which may leave you a trifle cold. Directed by William de Mille, this story of a righteous New England girl who reforms a wayward son is rugged and intelligent.


"Three Weeks"—Goldwyn. All that the censors passed of Elinor Glyn's poor little erring queen was a few rounds of seductive smiles aimed at impeccable Ronald Nane. If you have a taste for highly colored romance this is the best the screen can give you.

"The Great White Way"—Cosmopolitan. A love story of a musical-comedy actress. Cosmo's biggest star is all dressed up with Broadway's bright lights, the fire department, the races at Belmont Park, prize-fight training quarters, and Follies' rehearsal. Anita Stewart and Oscar Shaw play the leading roles.

"Wild Oranges"—Goldwyn. A gripping, psychological melodrama with but five characters. A girl and her grandfather, dominated by a murderous half-wit, eventually find release. King Vidor has admirably preserved the spirit of the Hergesheimer story.

"The Eternal City"—First National. Everything but a good scenario. Genuine Roman scenery, the Fascisti in person, huge mobs, striking settings, and a cast that includes Barbara La Marr, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Thy Name Is Woman"—Metro. A thoughtful melodrama concerned with a smuggler, his beautiful wife, and the officer who comes to bring him to justice. It just fails to be convincing in spite of the noble efforts of Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro.

"Fool's Highway"—Universal. A love story of the Bowery in its most picturesque days, with Mary Philbin in an appealing role.

"The Hoosier Schoolmaster"—Hodkinson. A pleasant adaptation of an old-fashioned novel, with Henry Hall and Jane Thomas in the leading roles.

"Happiness"—Metro. Laurette Taylor in the screen adaptation. The story is almost too good, and gay as ever. If you don't mind professional Cinderellas, this will entertain you, as Miss Taylor is skillful and her comedy persistent.

"Love's Whirlpool"—Hodkinson. Just the ordinary job—lot sort of melodrama, but not bad of its kind. Lila Lee is sweet and sincere and James Kirkwood is skillful.

"Yolanda"—Cosmopolitan. The screen's largest collection of knights, armor, moats, drawbridges, castles, kings, dukes, and costumes. The one element lacking is a gripping plot. Marion Davies never looked lovelier and when given any chance she acts with power and conviction.

"When a Man's a Man"—Principal. Glorifying the great open spaces à la Harold Bell Wright. John Bowers does as well as might be expected of the hero, and a capable cast helps him.

"The Song of Love"—First National. Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl in one of its prose wild-life-on-the-desert affairs. The picture isn't much good, but Norma does all she can for it by making her part ingratiating.

"The Extra Girl"—Associated Exhibitors. A case of wasted genius. With first-rate talent the screen scenario is a poor one; Stoll Normand succeeded in making this funny. A story of a girl who went to Hollywood to break into the movies.

"Nellie the Beautiful Cake Model"—Goldwyn. Just one big thrill left in the old melodrama, and directed toward the end of the picture. Claire Windsor plays the poor little girl of the many adventures, all dressed up in modern clothes.

FAIR WARNING.

"Daughters of To-day"—Selznick. Another exposure of the wickedness of the younger generation. Worse than any of its predecessors, many of which were terrible.
Among Those Present

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

Neptune's Daughter Acts Under the Sea

Annette Kellermann has done the seemingly impossible; she has photographed an entire sequence for a movie under sea, with complete sets and detailed dramatic action and in much more realistic fashion than such scenes ever could be obtained in a glass-inclosed tank.

Her story tells of adventures of Shona, an Irish girl whose father is interested in the pearl fisheries. Within this story is a fairy-tale sequence concerning the adventures of a princess and a mermaid. All of this action takes place under water. To achieve the realistic effect, Miss Kellermann used a new invention, a bell-shaped cabinet, lowered and raised by cables, with a glass window through which the camera man films the action. Wherever possible, she selected places where the water was shallow, yet it had to have sufficient depth so that the sets would be completely covered.

First the sets were built and then lowered down to rest upon the ocean floor, anchored as firmly as possible. Real sets, such as appear in the interiors taken in any studio, were used. The sets were made mostly of rocks, which helped to weight them and hold them steady. Between the rocks were fastened shells, seaweed, and other plants.

At a preview in Los Angeles, those under-sea scenes evoked considerable praise and caused much discussion as to how they were made. They are marvelously clear, every bit of action in such relief as if made up above in a strong sunlight; the undulating water, the many kinds of fish and vegetable life, the seaweed and coral—all of these add a naturalness that quite amazes when one sees the actors remain down there for such a long while.

“Our most difficult work was in matching the scenes together,” Miss Kellermann said. “The longest I remained down was three minutes and eighteen seconds, as a rule only one or two minutes. I would act as much of a scene in that time as I could; then come up for a rest.”

The light, she pointed out, was quite clear, aided by large mirrors, each the size of one side of a big room, anchored on rafts above at such angles that they reflected the sun's rays down below. So quiet and still was the water in most places that her clothes and hair did not have the soaked appearance that is customary when one goes for a swim in the ocean. Indeed, the whole thing has a fairylike, gossamer beauty and charm that should make it a decidedly pleasing novelty.

Annette Kellermann will be remembered as the modern Venus,” whose graceful curves, daily-dozen exercises and athletic propensities filled the daily papers a few years ago. Screen fans will recall her also, for she appeared in “The Darling of the Gods,” “Neptune's Daughter,” and other productions.
When the theatrical managers and motion-picture directors didn't need him. Kindly, gushing ladies who thought little boys should be happier going to school and having their afternoons free to romp and play were horrified at Joe's announcement that he hated to get back to work, when a theatrical engagement closed and school confronted him again. But even at that tender age Joe had learned that it was more effective to turn his melting brown eyes on women than to argue with them.

Now, at eleven, Joe has slid out of going to school very often by almost always being busy at the studio. Not that he doesn't have to do his lessons. There is a law requiring that. But Joe finds it much more pleasant to do his lessons in a dressing room at the studio with the chance that he may any minute be called away to play with Valentino, Bebe Daniels, or Lois Wilson.

Not that he is upstage toward the neighbor boys who haven't his advantages. Just a short time ago, after seven weeks spent working in "Icebound" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," at the studio, Joe made the rounds after school one afternoon with a friend of his who delivers groceries. The boy persuaded Joe to help pull up the heavy dumb waiters in the apartments where he delivered and at the end of two or three hours gave him fifty cents. It looked like a lot of money to Joe, because it was something you could spend on candy and marbles and tops. At the studio they pay you checks—three hundred a week it has been lately and they say soon it is going to be a great deal more—but a check is just a slip of paper that you put in the bank.

Joe has three highly prized possessions; a letter from Kate Douglas Wiggin saying that in "Timothy's Quest," he was all and more than the author hoped for, a review of "The Steadfast Heart," from the New York Tribune in which Harriette Underhill said he ran away with the whole show, and an autographed picture of William S. Hart and Pinto Ben.

His particular idol is Sidney Olcott. Other directors can criticize him but if Mr. Olcott calls him down he simply breaks down and cries. And the affection isn't all on Joe's side either, for Sidney Olcott has already decided that if he is the lucky director chosen to make "Peter Pan," Joseph will play Peter.

NO TIME OFF FOR MONG

That middle initial of William V. Mong's name must indeed stand for Versatility. For in his sixteen years on the screen he has played hundreds of characters, ranging from heroes to villains of deepest dye, all nationalities. This season, with the growing popularity of the character actor, he has come into his belated own. Scarcely an actor in Hollywood has been kept busier and many times he has had to double up on productions.

"I want to play ordinary old fellows, in situations that strike the heart," he says. "I like to see the cranky old codger bowing at his pretty granddaughter when you
Among Those Present

know all the time he worships her; I want the hero to win the girl and the grandfather to grumble over it."

"The Clay Baker," in which Mong starred for five years upon the stage, is still a favorite topic for reminiscence among the old-timers of the boards. Mong also acted in it for the screen nearly sixteen years ago; it was the second two-reel picture made by Colonel Selig. He loves to talk of those days, when he organized the first scenario department—with the aid of a second-hand desk, two pencils and a pen—acted several parts in each short film and doubled as handy man around the lot.

"We weren't allowed to see the rushes then, except when something was wrong, in which case the buzzer would call us in," he mused, among the hurdy-gurdies and old clothes shops for "Rose of the Ghetto" scenes. "One day by accident I achieved the close-up that Griffith later immortalized. I had been turning the crank on another actor's work and, when the buzzer summoned me to the projection room, found the colonel quite irate because I had somehow cut off the fellow's legs, only the upper half of his body, magnified, showing on the screen. I meekly promised not to make such a mistake again and the film of the first close-up was thrown away."

During the years in which he combined acting and writing, many stories came from Mong's pen. But no more, he says.

"Each man should stick to his craft. Let us try to do one thing well—there are plenty of workmen for each job."

A courtly gentleman of the older stage-school, Mr. Mong. He is well read along many lines quite foreign to his work, and is very proud of his ranch and his pedigree pigs that have won many medals at county fairs.

AN IRISH ESTHER

The flower of Hollywood was culled to be tested for the rôle of Esther in Goldwyn's production of "Ben-Hur." Among the eligibles was Gertrude Olmstead, as she had just completed her Universal contract.

When somebody mentioned that the test was for the coveted rôle of Esther, Gertrude, of course, became excited. "A brunette in a blond wig with an Irish face to play a Jewish character! Am I really conscious?"

She is still slightly dazed from the shock of their final choice of her and is tremendously eager to make good. Naturally, for it may mean a big thing to a career that heretofore has promised nothing exceptional.

Esther is a sweet, gentle character of deep spiritual feeling. Her drama would tax the capabilities of any young actress and one feels a certain curiosity to see what Gertrude, pretty, but rather untested, will give it by way of depth and realism.

A beauty-contest winner, Gertrude had been feted by the home-town Elks, and made a great fuss over. In Hollywood, she found herself merely one of many.

She went through a terrific and nerve-wracking training at Universal—in comedies, Westerns, everything made on fast schedules. Her lack of talent was pointed out to her often in unsympathetic fashion—for the directors have little time to train movies, or to tamper girls whose feelings have been hurt. Her first years out here were not easy. But their lessons she tried, the best she could, to understand.

"I can realize now how dumb I was. Even now I'm not half as clever as Colleen and Pat and Helen and Carmel. I can't think of smart, witty things to say. I'm just ordinary, the same as if I lived back in Illinois and went to parties and didn't act in the movies at all. But anyway," with a flash of spirit, "I'm not as dumb as I used to be!"

No, the past three years have not made Cinderella into a great beauty, a splendid actress, an intellectual paragon. Gertrude is still just a pretty girl of perhaps less outstanding qualities than some of her companions in Our Club. Gray eyes and a wealth of brown hair frame a sweet but rather inexpressive face; grace, girlish charm, she has; and for hobbies: dancing, eating choco-
lates, tending to her pansy-beds and going to the movies.

Recently she played rather girlish, insipid rôles in "George Washington, Jr." and "Cameo Kirby," and Gene Stratton Porter selected her as an ideal type to play the second lead in "The Girl of the Limberlost." But none of these rôles gave her a chance to develop acting ability.

In no way extraordinary—and yet perhaps in these very nebulous qualities of her lies the reason for her being given the rôle in "Ben-Hur," because the policy of casting the production is to secure actors whose personali-
ties are not great public favorites. The picture is to be featured rather than any individualities and, were the actor's personality too familiar, his talent too proven, it might detract from his realistic impression of the new rôle.

Will capable direction, as in other sudden successes, bring out unsuspected ability in Gertrude Olmstead and give us another of those surprises that from time to time add interest to the movies?
HUNGARY SENDS A MISSIONARY

THERE was a time when any deep and essential emotion in pictures had to be registered either by some ironic tortured wringing of the hands, or some strained expression on a player’s face. Shades and nuances were virtually unknown, and the real business of putting over the significance of a scene was usually left to a subtitle.

This custom is now being outgrown as a really finer technique is developed. The beginning of this technique was really the performances of European actors, and more recently the very direct influence exerted not only by them, but also the directors who have come to Hollywood. The actors have not thus far been so much in the spotlight, but there is one who probably will be, and that is the Hungarian, Victor Varconi.

“He’s a marvel with his eyes.” That was the dictum of Cecil De Mille shortly after he had begun directing Varconi in “Triumph.” “He can say more by shifting his glance or dropping his eyelids, or even by a slight movement of the corner of his mouth, than most other players can while emoting in a hundred feet of film.”

The players who have made their reputation appearing under De Mille’s direction during the past decade are ample proof of Mr. De Mille’s judgment, for nearly all of them have gone on to stellar heights. Is it not likely, therefore, that Varconi will do the same?

Varconi has been seen in this country in two pictures that he played in abroad—one of these “The Red Peacock,” had Pola Negri as the star, and the other, “Sodom and Gomorrah,” pretty generally released as “The Queen of Sin.” De Mille saw him in the latter and tried to engage him, but Varconi was under contract abroad.

Later, Varconi obtained a release from this agreement and came to America. When he arrived in Hollywood about the first thing that he did was to locate Mr. De Mille, who gave him one of the three featured roles in “Triumph.” Then he was cast again with Leatrice Joy in “Changing Husbands.”

When Mr. De Mille engaged him it was with the understanding that he should learn to speak English. Now he not only speaks English, but boasts a vocabulary of slang.

WAS IT LUCK—DO YOU THINK?

THE quality about Charles Ogle that draws around him old and young alike on the studio lot, is his kindliness of manner. The sympathy of heart that shone so unfalteringly through his interpretation of the old doorman in “After the Show,” which marked the turning point of his screen career, is a genuine attribute.

After many years on the stage, Ogle came into the movies in the days of their crude beginnings, played a year or two on all the lots, doing all sorts of roles, and in 1909 signed his first contract. Since that date, except for brief vacations of but a few days’ duration, he has been idle only one month.

A mine of reminiscence, Charles Ogle. Absorbed, the studio folks listen, as he weaves glamorous pictures of the past.

“I played with the three Pickford kids—but they were called Smith in those days—when they started on the stage. Carried Jack on for his first rôle—his salary was twenty-five cents a week. Used to hold Mary and Lottie on my knees, with Jack climbing all over me begging for gumdrops. Why, I put Jack’s first pair of pants on him, when he graduated to boyhood.

“I toured in a company with the Kimballs when Clara, now Clara Kimball Young, was just a tiny tot. An inquisitive mite, that one, and wily. Used to bother us something awful, when we menfolks would sit smoking, and we’d say, ‘Run along, honey, it isn’t nice for little girls to stay in the room where men are talking and smoking cigars.’ And we’d have to bribe her with candy.’

Several hundred roles he has played, few of them particularly conspicuous ones. But he has made money; he has invested wisely.

‘Lucky, just plain lucky, that’s all,’ he draws in his soft voice.

At nineteen, in order to obtain the money to gratify his mother’s ambition that he study law, he went on the stage, doing everything from musical comedy to playing a tuba in a circus. Having at last completed his legal education he settled down to practice law and dallied a bit with politics. Uneventful years passed. Then, the old love of acting forever stirring him to restlessness, he returned to the boards, playing for twenty years in all the sure-fire “meller-drammers” of the day. Then he drifted into pictures.

“That was the luckiest thing I ever did,” he says.
LA BELLE DUVAL

LA BELLE DUVAL" they called her in Paris, where nightly her chansonettes filled a tiny theater on the boulevards with her admirers. "She has no technique," complained musicians. "She is so young," answered her devotees. "She does not know life," said cynical Paris. "When has one heard of her affaires de cœur?" "She is an artist," retorted her friends. "She does not have to be besmirched by disillusionment in order to sing of the heart. She is aloof and so beautiful."

One night in the audience was Flo Ziegfeld, drawn to hear this Paulette Duval who had charmed so many. And the next day it had been decided that "La Belle Duval" would come to America and appear in the "Follies." That was characteristic of Ziegfeld. He would have her "appear," not sing, necessarily. For he realized as the others had not, that people went not so much to hear "La Belle Duval" as to see her.

The first time I saw her was during the rehearsals of the Ziegfeld "Follies" last summer. She had just learned a dance from one of Ned Wayburn's assistants—a dance that consisted chiefly of undulating across the stage, tossing the long ruffled train of her Spanish costume in spirals and stamping her tiny feet. There was a weird, arresting fascination about her gyrations. She was like a peacock quickening its pace to jazz.

Fanny Brice sat in the front row conferring with a composer in the orchestra over a comic last line for her song. "With a figure like that in this show," she announced to the audience at large, looking up at Paulette Duval, "what chance has a working girl got?"

The next time that I saw her she was at work in "Monsieur Beaucaire," playing Mlle. Pompadour, the most famous of the mistresses of Louis XV, of France. She was beautiful as ever, and she was stately, cold and calculating, as befitted the woman who, for years, grasped the reins of government in her tiny hands.

"No, we never saw her dance before we engaged her," Rudolph Valentino told me. "We needed only to see her."

SUNSET VISIONS

FROM the larger, established companies the public need expect but slight reply to their demand for better pictures. Instead of finer quality, the motion-picture manufacturers—yes, just that—still concentrate upon settings, background, investiture, adding little that is new or vitally progressive to the screen.

Josef Swickard was speaking, and his recent formation of a company to produce his own films is the result of perseverance, of faithfulness to ideals.

"I want to make artistic films. Why say that the public does not desire such pictures? Have they not had many opportunities to judge? Are not the films to-day, with a few exceptions, being ground out on the same old formula? I ask you, consider now—what more can the screen attain along present lines? Settings can scarcely be more gorgeous than at present; we have here the most beautiful women, the handsomest young sheiks, in the world.

"My goal, now that the opportunity is mine to begin to execute my plans, is to portray characters from life in whose struggles and heartaches there was much drama. Men who have suffered and toiled, who have exerted a constructive influence. Some day I hope to make a little series, inexpensive but artistic, detailing the lives of our music masters—Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and perhaps of our great dramatists. Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' is a poignantly beautiful story."

Thirty-two years of theatrical work, eleven of them in the movies—for he is another of those pioneers of the Keystone Cop days—have taught Mr. Swickard, however, that one's ideals must be worked out in practical fashion. So, for all this while, playing mostly ministers and failures and saintly roles until he raised a mustache and thereby, he claims, developed a more unique personality, he has acted the parts that the producers wanted, with the germ of his great ambition dormant in his heart.

A few years of comparative neglect followed his first outstanding screen role in "The Tale of Two Cities," but his portrayal of the old Frenchman in "The Four Horsemen" established him as a character actor of ability and of personal charm. And ever since that time we have seen him more and more frequently.
EYES OF PROMISE

YOU look into Shannon Day's green eyes and see a brooding restlessness, something—you can't figure out just what—that needs expressing. Under heavy, slumberous lids those eyes sort of melt into your own, compel your attention, incite your imagination. They have experience in them; at times they are cold and hard, shrewdly gaunting; again they blaze and become alive with feeling.

This restlessness may be traced, to an extent, to her heritage of gypsy blood, that strange urge which neither time nor circumstances nor changed conditions ever can quite smother, Hungarian and Irish mingle in her veins—and what could one expect of a mixture like that but pride, impetuosity oddly at variance with her somnolence, and forever that restlessness goading her on to she knows not what?

Her parents were immigrants, but two weeks in this country when she was born. Her childhood was spent mostly in dancing to the lure of the wheezy, jangling hurdy-gurdies along the sidewalks of New York's foreign sections. Just one of a mob of excited, queerly dressed youngsters, neither of the Old World nor yet completely of the New. If she differed from her more phlegmatic companions, it must have been a subtle difference—perhaps that hint of hidden fires behind those strange green eyes that gleamed in a pale little face framed with a tangled mop of brown hair standing out every which a way. Or it may have been merely the grace of her nimble feet that made her the leader of those shrill-voiced kids.

"Dance?" she shrugs. "I always danced. Lessons? Never. I don't know the first thing about the technique of it. Whenever the impulse came upon me to dance, to sing, to act, to draw, I just did those things. Always cruelly, for I never had any training, and very little schooling. It seemed there was something that always bothered me, that I had to tell some way and couldn't say in words, so I sort of danced and sang it out."

Along in her teens ambition flamed in that slim little body. She wanted clothes, lovely things that would lift her out of her surroundings so she could "be somebody." The first chance that offered was posing for commercial photographers, illustrating children's fashions. Dresses she bought, and cheap, odd jewelry of bright color, heavy chains to hang around her neck.

The second step was as salesgirl in a modiste's establishment, where she also displayed the gowns on her own graceful figure. That led her to the "Follies," and there her dancing feet found delight in a specialty number.

The movies next, of course. Publicity attended her arrival in Hollywood a few years ago. Her pictures in the papers, and so on. Another "Follies" girl to ornament the screen. For a while she did rather well. Some good roles—but always too typically the pretty, vapid ingenue—were entrusted to her. Then something went wrong.

Shannon thought things came so nicely, with such little effort, that she just quit bothering much, had a good time and told the calamity howlers to quit crabbing. She began to slip—and it is fatal, in Hollywood, to lose one inch of that so fiercely contested ground. Her roles grew smaller, of less importance, until no longer would they trust her with a big part.

"It seemed as if fate was against me, pushing me away. I just missed chances—I was out when they called, or too late, or somebody else had a bit more ability than I. When I realized I was slipping here, I went back East, worked in a picture, and then, reading in the papers about the boom out here, came back to Hollywood. No sooner had I arrived than that slump came—and hit me harder, it seemed, than any one else.

"For months I couldn't get even a 'bit.' I used to sit and cry. Then I'd wash my eyes with cold water, dab powder on my face and go out somewhere and smile—to let them see it didn't hurt, so they wouldn't laugh. They laugh here, do you know?"

The green eyes brooded once again. "It hurts. They don't care. You've got to put powder and a smile on, so it won't show. The last thing to go is your pride—then you are done for. But I hung onto that."

It held her rigid with determination. I used to see her around the studios, begging, demanding, wheedling for a chance to prove that she could yet learn to act—promising that next time she made good she would stay at the top. Finally her perseverance won and they gave her small roles again and slowly she has been climbing that hard-runged ladder once more.

Now she is playing a gypsy violinist in Universal's picturization of the "Information Kid" series and in the one titled "The Fiddlin' Doll," does her best work so far. An odd character, ideally suited to her, that: dreamy, stirred at times by strange, incomprehensible instincts that she obeys blindly, a girl who knows

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Hollywood High Lights

Continuing the sheherazade of the glittering cinema principality.

By Edwin Schallert

NOW, at last it is safe to prophesy joy for the subdebs once again. The screen glories in a brand-new set of potential matinée idols, who, after months and months during which youth seemed to be at its low ebb, and maturity dominating, have suddenly shown a most astonishing tendency to break and run for the ladder of fame.

We have almost weari ed of watching the parade of prospects at times, and sometimes they absolutely made us yawn. But now we have had to sit up suddenly and observe a certain few with keen eyes. We are just about ready to catalogue them, so that all the fans may find them and know them at a moment’s notice. Not all of them are new, to be sure, but they are destined for an early supremacy.

Perhaps the outstanding hit of the season thus far, for romantic appeal, has been Allan Forrest playing opposite Mary Pickford in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.” Forrest is not new to pictures, but until “Dorothy Vernon” he made only a negligible figure, except, possibly in Jackie Coogan’s “Long Live the King,” which served to awaken a slight interest in him. His chances for creating a vogue now seem remarkable, especially if they keep on casting him correctly.

Rod La Rocque needs just one more picture with a sympathetic enough touch to make him a matinée idol. Ever since “The Ten Commandments,” the flappers and the matrons have been waiting to see him in a vigorous, dashing, high-power love rôle. His work with Gloria Swanson in “A Society Scandal” did little except sustain an interest in him. Perhaps “Feet of Clay” with Cecil B. De Mille directing, will turn the trick. At least De Mille seems to understand thoroughly his particular talents.

The very best prospects among the new juveniles we have seen for ages are Ben Lyon and William Haines, with Lyon probably leading. He isn’t over twenty-three, his film career isn’t more than half a year old, and everybody has already begun talking about the way he played the young Romeo in “Flaming Youth.” He came mighty near stealing the honors of the picture from the seasoned Milton Sills and he virtually does the same thing to Conway Tearle in “The White Moth.”

William Haines, Goldwyn’s pet and prize juvenile, is another high-speed boy. He and Lyon have recently finished playing in “Mary the Third,” featuring Eleanor Boardman, and he did effective work in Rupert Hughes’ “True as Steel.” There is no telling just how far Haines will get along. Peggy Hopkins Joyce saw his promise at a single flash, and rated him as the most appealing young man that she ever saw.

George O’Brien also looks interesting. He has lately stepped in front of the camera’s eye in “The Man Who Came Back.” He was a find of the Wampas during their convention in San Francisco, the son of the chief of police there. The Wampas decided that he should have a job for the courtseies extended to them by the northern city, and the best of it is that young O’Brien is making good.

Robert Frazer should begin attracting audiences generally when he is seen in the biggest part of his young career, opposite Pola Negri in “Men.” He has also been more recently cast with Mae Busch in “Bread.”

Best of all, perhaps, is the progress of Reginald Denny. If there ever was an actor who could look forward to a more amazingly and overwhelmingly brilliant future since Wallace Reid made his first big hit in “Joan of Arc,” we’d like to know who it is. Denny has twice as much manliness as any player who has been seen in pictures in years. His sort is the only sort that will break down permanently the insane craze for Valentinos, Novarros and other Latins, that has so long prevailed.
A Great Combination.

No more cheering news has been heard lately in Hollywood than that Pauline Frederick is going to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. It will be the rarest sort of chance for her, because Lubitsch is recognized just about the best director for actors in the world. With a woman of such tremendous powers, which seemingly have never been fully sounded or determined by her previous directors, he should do marvels and wonders. No possible combination could promise more.

Miss Frederick has never lost her hold over a tremendous majority of the public. They have all been wanting to see her come back in some strong, vibrant dramatic part, such as she played when she was in her glory a few seasons ago. Her success in the recently completed "Let No Man Put Asunder" was negative but it is likely to be immeasurable in the kind of pictures that Lubitsch makes.

All About Hades.

A great deal of curiosity has prevailed in the past month or so regarding the production of Dante's "Inferno" that Fox is making, particularly as it seems to be a sort of counterpart for Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments." There is a prologue laid in hell, showing the torrents and terrors of the damned as described by the medieval poet. Then there is a modern story which draws some sort of moral out of this. The production of the "Inferno" has been carried on with the utmost secrecy because of the many trick effects, and the fact that many of the players wear little or nothing more than a pair of tights. Henry Otto, who made "The Temple of Venus," has been directing and Howard Gaye, an almost unknown actor, has been playing Dante. Hundreds of extras have been used in the shots depicting the fire and brimstone scenes.

Bathing Girls Save Season.

You may as well give up all the trips you have been planning for this summer to the seaside, rivers and other locales of aquatic diversions and start in looking at the screen instead. For this is to be a real bathing girls' year.

Not only is the new group flourishing at the Sennett studio, but bevies of the most luscious sort of peaches are being engaged for some of the features. In "The Beauty Prize," that Viola Dana has been making, and "The Goof," an independent picture with Matt Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller and Lloyd Hamilton, there are big bathing scenes in which dozens of girls clad in the latest one-piece garb take part.

The new sets of bathing girls are already looking with eager eyes to the day when they may appear in important roles. Madeline Hurlock is one that has already graduated. She has been playing comedy vamps for some time, but almost any day you may read her name in a production being filmed by Cecil De Mille, or James Cruze, or Mickey Neill, or some other prominent director. She is really most magnetic and exquisite, with deep-brown eyes, that shoot forth languorous glances. We wonder that she has been overlooked so long, since newer beauties have not been coming forward very rapidly.

Alice Day is another piquant little charmer whom Mack Sennett has discovered. She is just a little school girl, but so promising and pretty that we cannot say enough for her future. Just now she is doing the leads in Harry Langdon comedies.

The girl that really takes everybody's eye now is Eugenia Gilbert. She hasn't meant a thing to the films, although she has been doing bathing-girl bits for months, but everywhere she goes people ask who she is. Hers is the real peach-bloom type. She has absolutely no rival for radiance and health, and her only possible defect screenwise is, perhaps, that she is a trifle overweight. She dances regularly at hotels, and takes part in fashion shows, and on almost every occasion that she has appeared everybody has raved about her. She is a member of the chorus of beauties that take part in "The Goof."

A Terrible Temperament!

Estelle Taylor, who has been elected to succeed Leatrice Joy as Cecil B. De Mille's leading woman, proved in an incident that occurred during the making of "Tiger Love," that temperament isn't her only qualification for the rank of prominence. She has quick wit and initiative as well.

In "Tiger Love" she was called upon to do a Spanish fandango. During one of the rehearsals a party of monocled and titled English visitors, part of the customary spring influx of distinguished foreigners that besiege the studios, came upon the set and watched her Terpsichorean performance.

Estelle is very self-conscious at times and naturally felt ill at ease, particularly as the visitors passed an audible line of comment on what was a fandango and what was not. Miss Taylor bravely held out for a while but at last became so distraught that she asked the director if the visitors were ready to leave the set.

He replied that well, he didn't think so, and she answered, "Well, I am." More than that, she dashed to her dressing room and remained there until the
director sent the prop boy to her with a message to return to the set and fandango as long as she wanted, without fear of international complications.

We think that it is simply splendid that Miss Taylor at last has her great chance. She has been making headway toward it ever since she played Miriam in "The Ten Commandments" but now she has really arrived.

There never was a girl more unfortunate in her professional career. Every time she obtained a good part, she was caught with rheumatism or pneumonia, or lumbago, or some troublesome ailment, or else had some entanglement over a contract.

She is one of the girls who may be absolutely depended upon for her intelligence. She has a lot of it. She has none of the conventional prettiness or the commonplace screen personality, but a sort of dark dramatic beauty that is extremely individual. For picture after picture, she was miscast. She failed to attract the interest of any directors except those whom she knew personally for the most part, and even these generally wanted to place her as a vamp. She was, consequently, criticized at every turn.

De Mille has the eye of a connoisseur when it comes to talent, and during "The Ten Commandments" he saw what remarkable possibilities Miss Taylor had. He settled in his mind then that the first time he would make a change, she should be nominated the leading woman of his pictures, and now that Leatrice Joy has engaged in starrng, and is incidentally looking forward to a great domestic event, why Miss Taylor has come into her own.

A Derelict of Publicity.

Since the time when reams and reams of publicity were sent out describing Lew Cody as a he-vamp, nobody has ever been in a more unfortunate predicament as a result of maladroith press agentry than Charles de Roche. You will remember that he was hailed as the successor of Valentino, at the time Rudy and Paramount were having their legal difficulties, and that everybody all over the country laughed at the first photographs of him that showed him to be a rather raw-boned, athletic and very unromantic-looking Frenchman.

De Roche has temporarily broken away from Famous Players, and apparently has been doing quite well as a result of the change. His performance in "The White Moth" is one of his most commendable achievements, and he seems to have found a better role, at least one better suited to him, as a peasant Lothario in "We Are French." This is the picture that Rupert Julian, who finished "Merry Go Round," is now directing; and Gibson Gowland, Wallace MacDonald and Madge Bellamy are the other prominent in a cast that also includes Mary Pickford’s former personal "attendant"—in reality, maid—Mme. Bodamere.

The Best Bet for "Peter Pan."

No matter who is selected for the role of Peter Pan, we know who our choice would be provided the company decides to give this to a feminine player, rather than Jackie Coogan. We are absolutely for Viola Dana, among the girls who have been mentioned, and the reason is that we have very fond recollections of the way that Miss Dana portrayed Peter in an open-air performance for the Actors Fund of "Midsummer Night’s Dream," about two years ago. She was the hit of the play and a figure of the utmost sprightliness and charm, in a green-leaved costume and green tights.

Viola has really suffered outrageously from poor parts in pictures all during her starring career. The only good opportunity she has recently had is in "Revelation," that Nazimova once made. This won’t be released until the fall, and when it is, undoubtedly it will bring on a lot of sharp comparisons of the work of the two actresses, especially since this was the picture in which Alla made most of her screen fame.

Viola has completed her Metro contract, and will probably, as have many other capable stars, enter the free-lance game for a time.

Moribund Star System.

Despite all the efforts to reinstate the star system in the movies, we cannot find that our list needs any special revising from the last issue of Picture Play. Most of the actors simply will not stay put, and you cannot blame them. They’re bound to get better parts if they don’t bother about where their names appear in the bright lights, although they will squabble about this occasionally.

Tentatively, we might name the following as enjoying a sort of stardom that may at any moment become featured prominence again: Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Leatrice Joy, Barbara La Marr, Helene Chadwick, Mary Philbin, Reginald Denny, Ernest Torrence, Adolphe Menjou, Ramon Novarro—as soon as they obtain the right parts for them—and meanwhile he is appearing in "The Red Lily" with Enid Bennett—and Laura La Plante. These are the ones who comprise the newer group.

Meanwhile, a large portion of success is continuing to go to Claire Windsor, Florence Vidor and Anna Q. Nilsson. Their names probably appear in more casts per annum than any of the other women. The same is true for Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone and very lately Huntley Gordon.

Clara Brings Gayety.

Clara Bow is the joy-bringer of the studios. Everybody wants to have Clara in their cast. She is the happiest-go-luckiest little flapper that was ever born, but the saying is that when she is around nobody wants to work.

(Continued on page 94)
The Glory that
Known to every one as the leader of most of the greatest screen players, yet his most known. We take pleasure in presenting

By Helen

As we rode down Broadway, theater signs began flashing on, cutting the dusk with great glowing patches of light. Theater after theater displayed announcements of motion pictures and above, huge posters announced important film spectacles to come. We recalled that it was less than nine years ago that a man named D. W. Griffith caused a sensation by announcing that he was going to show a picture called "The Birth of a Nation" in one of the regular theaters. And now this same D. W. Griffith was still a few steps ahead of the rest of the motion-picture industry. "America—Series One—The Sacrifices," his latest picture, which had opened a few weeks before, attested that.

"Who but Griffith," I inquired, "could tackle a job as big as that?"

"Well, on your right is Cecil De Mille's 'Ten Commandments.'" the press agent who was leading me to an interview commented. "That was a pretty big job, wasn't it?"

"Not comparable at all. In the inspired words of one of our readers, 'Fans are used to seeing the Ten Commandments broken in the movies. Mr. Griffith can always be counted on to give us something new.' You can't get away from his influence," I mused idly as we sped along. "'The Birth of a Nation' even now is the standard by which every motion picture is measured. Almost every important innovation in pictures was introduced by him; the cut-back, the close-up, the fade-out, out-of-focus photography, colored inserts. I wouldn't be surprised if some one told me that movie in that experimental laboratory of his he perfected..." the interviewer with me?

"Why write an interview with me? I should think motion-picture fans would like to know these things about Mr. Griffith," Mr. Clifton suggested.

"As we plodded up the steps of the Fox studio to Elmer Clifton's office, we began to enumerate them. "Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, Mary Alden, Henry Walthall, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Mae Marsh, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Colleen Moore, Pauline Starke—" We
is Griffith's

motion-picture directors and as the trainer far-reaching influence over pictures is little—D. W. Griffith—a maker of directors.

Klumph

must have recalled the names of twenty or more of the most popular players on the screen. Elmer Clifton chimed in enthusiastically, naming a dozen or more others, when we reached his office.

That is a big influence for one man to have had on an art or an industry. People have showered Mr. Griffith with fulsome praise, and written ecstatically about him when a bare recital of what he has done might have impressed the public more. No one knows exactly how many pictures he directed before he made "The Birth of a Nation," but a thousand is a conservative estimate. He made two, or even three, split reelers a day when he started. Later, when he became interested in experimenting with what the other directors considered crazy notions, he settled down to one a day and it was during this turbulent period that he devised many of the improvements that were later almost universally adopted. When one-reelers came in, he was expected to turn in seven every week, and the first two-reelers were also made in a day. Mr. Griffith

How many fans can remember Elmer Clifton in this stirring scene from "The Birth of a Nation?"

D. W. Griffith makes scenes in all sorts of weather, the worse the weather the better the scene, quite often. His number and variety of storm costumes is an unending wonder to the members of his company.

never spent a whole week on one picture until he made his first four-reeler.

In looking back over some of those early pictures we realize that in many respects, the best days of motion pictures were the times before box-office reports were made showing the tastes of audiences to demand carabets, jazz parties, melodrama, and gaudy sets. For in those days were filmed Browning's poems, Tennyson's, and many others that would be condemned as "highbrow" now by the exhibitors.

All this I had often heard of Griffith, but it was not until Elmer Clifton spoke of it that I knew Griffith as a man who had exerted tremendous influence over the motion-picture industry through the directors he had trained.

There was Mack Sennett; he needs no introduction to people who like comedies. There was Alan Dwan, who made "Robin Hood" and who was more recently responsible for "Zaza." There was Marshall Neilan, who is undoubtedly one of our most original directors. Raoul Walsh is another of
the Griffith-trained men and while he has made few outstanding pictures in the past, great honors are bound to come to him as the director of "The Thief of Bagdad." Some of the other directors who were associated with Mr. Griffith in their apprentice days, are John F. Dillon—he who made "Flaming Youth" and "Lilies of the Field;" Joseph Henabery, Del Henderson, Edward Dillon, Chet Withey, Sidney Franklin, Erich von Stroheim, Donald Crisp, George Beranger, John G. Adolfi, Lloyd Ingraham, F. Richard Jones, Jack Noble, John Emerson, Paul Scardon, Tod Browning, Emmet Flynn, Frank Powell, W. S. van Dyke, Victor Heerman, Christy Cabanne, and, of course, Elmer Clifton. There were many others, among them actors who became directors and then went back to acting again. James Kirkwood, George Beranger, and George Seigmann are some of the most notable ones.

Perhaps the most surprising discovery about these directors trained by Griffith is that of them all only one is in any sense a copyist of the Griffith method. The others all developed a highly individual talent, which speaks well for Mr. Griffith as a teacher.

Recalling Elmer Clifton's striking performance in "The Birth of a Nation"—he played the brother of the character played by Lillian Gish, you may remember—I wondered how he had happened to give up acting for directing.

"Anybody who worked around Griffith would want to direct," he assured me. "And no wonder. He made the job of directing a combination of all a boy's dreams of adventure and an inventor's quest of new fields to conquer. He never talked to any of us about directing that I can remember, but every man on the lot was so impressed by his absolute concentration on his work that they wanted to try it. You know how it is—if you see anybody absorbed in something they are doing and having the time of their lives at it, your first impulse is to try it yourself.

"We never had to wait around for months wishing for a chance. Almost as soon as an actor started working

Great directors now, Elmer Clifton and Raoul Walsh were just humble actors in the Fine Arts pictures then.
in a picture for Griffith he would find himself delegated to watch some little detail—handle part of a mob, perhaps, or make suggestions as he watched a scene. I never could figure out why he did it, but he is a great person for trying people out at different things. Anything may happen to you at the Griffith studio at a moment's notice. He knows most of the people in his company better than they know themselves. He could easily have trained assistants to help him much more efficiently than we did—I've often wondered if what we did was of any value—but instead he let us find ourselves by knocking around and doing a little of everything.

"You never could tell whether Mr. Griffith was impressed by what you did or not. Sometimes when he talked to you it seemed as though he wasn't listening at all, but days later the same question would come up and he would remember just what you had said about it. Other times he would do just the opposite, talk to you courteously and apparently attentively, while he was really thinking of something else all the time.

"I remember the first time I met Mr. Griffith. I wanted a job as an actor. He asked me if I could ride and if I could swim and though I couldn't see what that had to do with whether I could act or not, I did my best to impress him. Years later I went to see him again and he asked me those same questions, though the part he wanted me for required neither. I dare say he still asks applicants those same questions and still doesn't hear what they answer. They are just a means of passing time while he sums up the actor in his own way.

"People who saw Mr. Griffith when he was on the stage say that he wasn't a good actor but that is hard to believe if you have seen him helping actors work out scenes in the studio. He can do something I have

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THE silly season for the theater is fast approaching, but thus far the plays have not been very foolish or very summerlike. Perhaps the coming convention has something to do with it and the managers are taking for granted that the crowds of earnest Democrats are prepared to do their serious thinking in the play houses. At any rate, there have been comparatively few musical shows for this time of year and those that have come in are amazingly intelligent, while the Theater Guild, the Equity Players and other groups of serious thinkers have been getting out plays in varying degrees of earnestness which seem to have every intention of staying in town through the dog days.

One of the best this month has been a brilliant little play by Rachel Crothers, who wrote the sprightly and significant "Mary the Third," and the not-so-significant "Nice People." It is a comedy, but not one of the senseless ones; indeed, there is more meaning in its deft, shrewd situations than in most heavy dramas "with a purpose."

It is called "Expressing Willie" because the chief character is a tooth-paste magnate who yearns for self-expression in the midst of a lot of Long Island intellectuals. But the real hero is not Willie but Minnie. Minnie is a little music teacher from a country town who is brought to one of these intellectual week-end parties to teach Willie the error of his way. But, instead of reforming the entire group, as Minnies often do in the best scenarios, she fails for the self-expression line harder than any of them. The complications are built around her wide-eyed trusting efforts to "be herself" after the manner of the best specialists in soul culture.

Of course, it is all a good-natured thrust at the little groups of serious thinkers which spring up in New York and its suburbs. But the comedy is handled so cleverly that the most earnest seeker after self-expression could not resent it. Miss Crothers is laugh-
York Stage

ings in the legitimate theaters.

Smith

warning of how it ought not to be done. Mary Brecht Pulver evidently doesn’t like the ideas of the younger generation on marriage and politics, so she wrote a short story about it which Ida Ehrich has made into a play for Mrs. Fiske. The young folks come home from college singing the praises of a radical woman writer who doesn’t observe the prohibition laws and whose thoughts on love are free, to say the least. The mother of the house is horrified at first until she gets the brilliant idea of behaving exactly like the woman radical. She treats her son to a scene in which she drinks a quart bottle of whisky—it is really cider—and announces that she is going to elope with a staid old friend without benefit of clergy. Whereupon the boys are frozen with disgust at their theories thus put into practice and turn from wild-eyed young radicals into the most correct little conservatives you could imagine.

Now there is an idea here that might have been mildly amusing if it had occurred to the playwright to make any of her characters real. But, as the play stands, they are all nothing but straw men which the author has set up so that she could knock them down again. Young people may talk a lot of nonsense but no sophomores—outside of Bellevue—ever pranced about with the lunatic lines that are given to these unfortunate players. If you are writing a play about radicals, the first task is to understand your opponents and to make them act like human beings. Perhaps Ida Ehrich doesn’t consider that radicals ever are human beings; at any rate, her girls and boys are not and, lacking this foundation, the play falls into the cheapest sort of manufactured claptrap, like most other plays on this theme.

The pity of it is that the production is excellently acted, or would have been if there had been anything genuine to act. Gay Pendleton plays an eager young Freshman called “Beansy” with a naturalness and sincerity that is worthy of the Booth Tarkington boy which his character should have been. There is also a group of gushing young flappers who would be funny if they had something to gush about. Then there is Mrs. Fiske. You can’t sit for an entire evening watching Mrs. Fiske without capturing some moments which are the rarest bits of comedy. If the play doesn’t suit her, she tosses it over the footlights and goes on into comedy of her own. “Helena’s Boys” was very hard sledding and yet I wouldn’t have missed it because of a few moments and a few lines which she managed to make brilliant and alive.

But they were few and far between. Which brings us to the great mystery of her performances for the last few
Francine Larrimore has the leading rôle in the Harvard prize play, "Nancy Ann."

years. Somehow she has managed to get herself cast in plays much like this one which hardly give her a chance from one curtain to another. This may be due to the accidents of management or to the lack of good plays in the show shop. Whatever its cause, it is something of a tragedy. For never did the stage more need the magnetic spirit which she can bring to a good play. And never has she appeared at greater disadvantage than in her struggles with this bad one.

"Cheaper to Marry."

Samuel Shipman has a lot of taste and it is all bad. He has exhibited this in many of his popular successes and in a few flops—like the ill-fated drama about garbage—which he loves to call "artistic failures." "Cheaper to Marry" is an example of the worst possible taste but it also has the ingredients of popularity for certain audiences. For there is a certain bouncing, energetic spirit about it which makes you stay till the last act, even though you half wish you hadn't. The thing may offend you at every turn of the lines but it never bores you.

You may have gathered from the title that it defends marriage against free love on the lofty grounds that marriage is really cheaper. This noble moral is pointed out by two sets of characters—a young business man who has done the right thing and married, and his partner who has set up housekeeping without any legal preliminaries. The illegal couple come to grief; the married pair live happily ever after. To drive this lesson home, the characters talk a strange lingo, which so far as I know, could have been invented by no one but Mr. Shipman.

"I have never been one to serve syrup with my mental pabulum," says the husband to his bride, and the ladies of the cast go about uttering thoughts like "Sex is the curse of men and the currency of women." An excellent cast, headed by Florence Eldridge, Alan Dinehart and Ruth Donnelly manage somehow to deliver these lines with straight faces. And part of the audience received them in eager earnestness as one who would say, "How true!" The play may be as great a success as "East Is West," by the same author, which was unmercifully roasted by the critics and which shows every indication of going on forever, as does "Able's Irish Rose," which met the same fate. This again proves Bernard Shaw's assertion that you never can tell. It is safe to predict, however, that "Cheaper to Marry" will never reach the screen without strenuous fumigation from the board of censors. There are moments when I begin to see a dim use for the censors.

"Man and the Masses."

This play has a picturesque history. It is a grim tragedy of capital and labor written by a German communist, Ernst Toller. He was unable to take his curtain calls on the night that it opened here because he is still in a German prison as the result of the theories which it advances. Apparently the German conservatives considered it powerful enough to be dangerous.

Over here it reached no such heights of excitement. In fact, it was considered far more dull than dangerous—which is a much more fatal verdict than a prison sentence for any playwright. Perhaps we expected too much. There is certainly no original contribution to this age-old struggle. It tells the story of a woman—who played with sensitive skill by Blanche Yurka—who tries to persuade a group of underpaid workmen to better their lives. Her eloquence is only too successful but the only means of betterment they know is bloodshed. There is a sudden flare-up of revolution, prompt suppression by machine guns by the authorities and the execution of the woman who kindled the first spark.

Not a new version of this bitter old theme, and yet there are moments which are strangely moving. There is the scene where the chief revolutionist, played by Jacob Ben-Ami, snatches the reins of revolt out of the hands of the woman and drives his mob into in-
furianted violence. And there is the infinitely touch-
ing last scene where the woman goes to her death
while the beggars whom she tried to save are fight-
ing over her pathetic little trinkets. Lee Simon-
on has developed all the scenes in a series of vivid and
exciting stage pictures. It is done in the startling
new manner of which “Dr. Caligari” is the best ex-
ample on the screen. His picture of the Stock Ex-
change with its jerking, grimacing bankers is unfor-
tgetable. On the whole, the play gives you a stimula-
ting evening, though there are acts when it is a long
time between thrills.

“Nancy Ann.”

The Harvard prize for playwriting this year goes
to a woman, a very young woman, I am told, which
may account for certain kindergarten overtones.
Dorothy Heyward has written this innocuous little
drama about a sweet young thing who is stage-struck.
She belongs to a haughty old New York family but
breaks away into the garish atmosphere of theatri-
cal Broadway. On the very night of her coming-out
party she tosses family tradition to the wind. We
see her next in the weary line that forms before
managers’ offices. In the last act, romance enters in
the person of a handsome matinee idol whom Nancy
seems about to marry as the curtain falls.

As you see, this is not going to set the theatrical
world afire with its originality. It has sections, how-
ever, that are so much better than the rest of its struc-
ture that you wonder just what brought Miss Hey-
ward to life so suddenly and let her down with such
a dull thud. The scene in the theatrical office, for
instance, has genuine, biting comedy. But the society
aunts and the whole picture of aristocracy on Park
Avenue were terrible.

In this Francine Larrimore swung with the play.
It would take more than the social register to con-
vince you that her Nancy Ann in the first act had ever
been the child of an old patrician family. In fact,
she acted more like Kiki. But her rowdy behavior
was really amusing in the theatrical scenes and helped
to make them lively, though it wasn’t at all what the
author meant. Tom Nesbitt as the matinee idol man-
age add a touch of delightful satire to his scenes.

But the kittenish romping of Nancy took most of his
scenes away from him.

If this is Harvard’s best, it is a long way behind
their whimsical little masterpiece of last year, called
“You and I.” It does manage, however, to squeeze
by on the merits of a few bright scenes. But the
second best play in that contest is a dreadful thing
to think about.

“Across the Street.”

Of course, a bad play need not necessarily be a
bore; some of them are so bad that they are a hilarious
treat to the audience. I had the time of my life at
the opening of “Across the Street,” a childish little
piece of bunkum which somehow found its way to
Broadway. When the thing began with a newspaper
man going to Glendale to learn journalism, and when
you were first introduced to the dry-goods merchant
who longs for a literary career, a sigh of agony went
up from the audience which had seen it so often be-
fore. But the scenes grew more and more absurd
and more and more like a burlesque of old hick melo-
drama, until by the second act every one was roaring at
the tense moments and the actors certainly couldn’t com-
plain of lack of interest.

Still later, the manager added a modern touch; he
brought his actors down into the audience—we’ve had

a lot of that sort of thing since “The Miracle.” By
this time the first nighters were so engaged by this
plucky little piece of bunk that they took off their coats,
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Two young men by the name of Douglas Fairbanks—Senior and Junior—who have a lot of fun playing together. Douglas, Junior, has retired from motion pictures, temporarily at least, and his father, having finished “The Thief of Bagdad,” is taking a hard-earned vacation.

Snapshots of popular players at work and play, proving that the latter is likely to be as strenuous as the former.

Mildred Harris is appearing in a thrill picture for the first time. Unaccustomed as she is to skipping about on the tops of buildings, she expects to live through the experience of playing opposite Richard Talmadge in “In Fast Company.”
This is the way they get those close-ups of people tearing along head on toward you in an automobile. Monte Bell is directing a scene for "Broadway After Dark," played by Norma Shearer and Edward Burns.

Percy Westmore, the boy hairdresser, is now listed among the First National attractions, though he is not to be seen on the screen. He arranges the coiffures of Sylvia Breamer, who is shown here, also those of Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore.

While in Honolulu on her honeymoon recently, Corinne Griffith donned a grass skirt and practiced the South Sea wiggles.
Barbara La Marr used to be a scenario writer, so now, instead of merely complaining about the scripts given her, she rewrites them.

Warner Baxter and his wife, Winifred Bryson, while away an idle afternoon by playing badminton at the courts of the Santa Monica Swimming Club.

Mack Sennett has a new pet out at his studios which he hopes will grow up to be a good comedian.
Harry Phillips, who acts as business manager for Agnes Ayres and Red La Rocque, specializes in real estate investments. This picture was snapped on a day when the two players and their manager were visiting their property holdings.

Louise Fazenda, as one would expect, has a highly original make-up table inspired by Felix the Cat.

It is a long, long way from Viola Dana's four feet eleven to Monte Blue's six feet two.
Manhattan's
Impressions and observations
By Leland

The press agents held their annual dinner a little time ago—they call it the "TNT Dinner." The naked truth and nothing else but. Every one in the motion-picture business always attends these affairs. On this evening I noticed Gloria Swanson, Alan Dwan, Adolph Zukor, Robert Kane, Mae Murray, and her husband, Robert Leonard, Dagmar Godowsky, D.W. Griffith, Will Hays, Samuel Goldwyn, Richard A. Rowland, the general manager of First National Pictures Corporation, Seena Owen, John Emerson and Anita Loos, Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooper, S.L. Rothapfel of the Capitol Theater, all of the magazine writers and critics, and many folks who must do something in motion pictures but manage to hide it fairly well. Mae Murray made the best speech of the evening—the idea being that every one in this industry is here but for one purpose—to serve the public as best as possible. There was a sketch presented called "Romeo and Juliet," first as the author wrote it, next as the movies produced it, then as the press agent saw it, and finally after the censors had gotten through with it. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Ernest Torrence did all the histrionic honors, and for movie actors and actresses did very well.

New York's night life has another new hangout—the old Montmartre, redecorated and rehashed. It opened the other night amid the blare of trumpets and brass bands to an interesting audience. Billy Riordan, who used to dance with, Irene Castle, and Dorothy Clark, who

MARY and Douglas Fairbanks have left New York on their trip to Europe. They sailed on the Olympic with maids, valets, private secretaries, Douglas' brother and Mary's mother, and her little niece, Mary Pickford, Jr. A goodly crowd escorted them to the pier. It included Raoul Walsh and his wife, Miriam Cooper—Walsh directed "The Thief of Bagdad"—Morris Gest, who is handling "The Thief of Bagdad" for Douglas, Dennis O'Brien, their lawyer. Hiram Abrams, the president of the United Artists Corporation, press agents, personal representatives, a thousand reporters and about ten thousand fans. D.W. Griffith sailed on the same boat, bound for Italy to make a picture. Just as the last whistle blew for all visitors ashore, Morris Gest rushed up to Mr. Griffith and, throwing his arms around him, kissed him on both cheeks à la Francaise. It was very dramatic. Mary and Douglas were glad to leave for a rest, for it is the first vacation they have had in many months. When they are in New York it is nothing but work for them. The average person doesn't realize what tremendous responsibilities they have on their shoulders. They make and finance their own pictures, as well as distribute them through their own company. All of this entails a lot of worry and work. No matter where they go they are never free from curious eyes and at times the strain is almost too much. Mary's picture has not opened as yet in New York, but is due to open very soon, following "The Covered Wagon" in the Criterion Theater.

Photo by Pacific & Atlantic Photos

Seena Owen and Raoul Walsh were among those who saw Mary and Doug off for Europe.
Bright Lights
of a young man about town.

Hayward

used to play the piano in the “Midnight Frolic” several years ago, decided to form a dancing team, for Mrs. Castle married, and left Bill with nothing to do but sit around the Algonquin Hotel. They are the attraction at the Montmartre, and are drawing by all odds the best crowd. Every one in the theatrical world knows them both, and opening night every one was there. Jeanne Eagles, the star of “Rain,” was there; Beatrice Lilie and Gertrude Lawrence of “Charlot’s Revue;” Diana Allen of the “Follies” and movies, Lady Diana Manners of “The Miracle;” Fannie Brice of the “Follies,” Hilda Ferguson, the shimmy dancer; Bonnie Haggain the former ballroom dancer; Madame Frances and Madame Bobe, the two stars of the dressmaking world; the famous Broadway character, Al Davis; Ben Finney, the new leading man and canine expert; Constance Bennett, of New York, Paris, London, California, and the movies, all the leading bootleggers, society pets, fashion followers, war millionaires, stevedores, débutantes, in other words, the crème de la crème of night life. The room itself is supposed to be Spanish and is most colorful. The dancers are original and amusing. Most dancers try to do all kinds of things—tangoes and other queer whirlings—but Miss Clark and Mr. Riordan stick to American dancing and prove highly entertaining. Dorothy is lovely to look at and even more charming to know. Bill Riordan is one of the wits of the town and a marvelous dancer as well. It is a remarkable thing the way dancing has taken hold of New York again—there have been four successful teams this year—Maurice and Hughes, Florence Walton and Leon Leirrim, Kendall Lee and Basil Durant, and now Dorothy Clark and William Riordan.

Norma Talmadge’s “Secrets” is now running in a legitimate theater on Broadway, keeping company with such fellows as “The Covered Wagon” and “The Thief of Bagdad.” The opening was just like any picture opening. Turn to the paragraph on the press agents’ dinner to find out who was there. The same ones go to all the openings. And how the fans line up to see them!

Alma Rubens is back from Hollywood, after completing her work in Sam Goldwyn’s latest, “Cytherea.” Alma is a New Yorker by habit and inclination and should never venture as far away from home as that sterling city of scentless flowers and wild orgies, Hollywood.

The Amalgamated Association of Women’s Clubs of the State of New York have just awarded Miss Marion Davies a fifty-thousand-dollar crown as queen

Continued on page 112
At Camp Lloyd, Santa Catalina Island.

Dear Miss Gebhart:

I can't resist the temptation to write you a few lines about my visit to location, where for the past five days I have been the only woman, excepting my maid, in a camp of over six hundred and fifty people. I feel like a queen, for I live in the old Banning home on top of a high hill and from my window I can look upon the horizon of the Pacific in the west, and closer in to shore see Barbara La Marr working in a freakish old Chinese junk with Mr. Badger directing. And to the east I see beyond the slope and Camp Lloyd, with its many tents, its funny Algerian slave market and custom house, the channel and out in the middle of the harbor I can see Mr. Lloyd in a khaki shirt and brown trousers calling for action from the naked slaves at the oars of the bright yellow Moorish galley.

To-morrow I go aboard the Moorish boat—over here they all talk like sailors, but to me a boat is a boat—where I am to be put inside a large pannier made of palmetto leaves, then to be exposed by order of the old basha and to find protection in the arms of The Sea Hawk. The scene follows a sequence in which I have become The Sea Hawk's wife and to avoid conflict with the old basha he has smuggled me aboard the fighting ship in an effort to restore me to my people. The other day Mr. Lloyd made close-ups of me on the Moorish boat and I was surprised.

During a lull between scenes Enid Bennett, coached by Milton Stills, makes a sketch of Wallace Beery.

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That lavish, sensational touch that exhibitors are supposed to love is introduced in "The White Moth" by an artists' ball, a glimpse of which you see at the right.

The scene from "The White Moth" above shows Kathleen Clifford and Conway Tearle, and the one at the right includes the other principals—Barbara La Marr and Ben Lyon.
What Will Gloria Do Next?

Each recent Gloria Swanson picture has been a pleasant surprise, and "Manhandled" promises to be as unique as its immediate predecessors.
"Manhandled" is the story of a resourceful and ingratiating young working girl who climbs and climbs with the assistance of various men who are attracted to her. On the opposite page we see her in the midst of the subway glide, an unpopular step, but one that is practiced twice daily, nevertheless, by New York workers. Another picture shows that seemingly inevitable scene where the struggling heroine's clothes get torn. Eventually, the poor girl becomes a manakin, and there are scenes that permit her to wear fancy dress. But through it all she loved the honest young mechanic, of course.
Many a critic who has sung praises to Leatrice Joy's naturalness, simplicity, and poise will have to change his tune slightly on seeing her in "Changing Husbands," her first starring vehicle. Perhaps she covets the mantle of Mae Murray more than that of Mae Marsh. Or perhaps it is just customary to make one's first star appearance sensational.
Betty the Beautiful

After making pictures in five European countries, Betty Blythe is happy to be back in America. A new honor has been paid her—the highest sum ever spent for the American rights to a foreign production was paid for "Southern Love," one of her pictures, which will soon be seen in this country.
On the New York stage a season or so ago a colorful Spanish play called "The Wild Cat" launched a singer and a song hit, established a vogue for Spanish shawls, and delighted audiences. This stirring Spanish drama suggested "Tiger Love," a Paramount picture, in which Estelle Taylor and Antonio Moreno play the leading parts.
From the Sahara

Prominent in Rex Ingram's production of "The Arab" are Ramon Novarro and Rheha—an Arab girl whose pictures appear above. Alice Terry is in the foreground of the scene at the top.
Ben Alexander is now a grown-up boy of twelve, and is being co-featured with Lloyd Hamilton in "The Goof," but many a fan will recall him as the Littlest Brother in "Hearts of the World" long ago.
Baby Peggy introduces this pelican in "Captain January," though she doesn't go flying through the air on its back as this photograph might lead you to believe.

New Faces in the Menagerie

Although not honored by the Wampas, not the least important of the possible stars of to-morrow are the four-footed, feathered, and furry ones.

IN answer to the cry for new talents even the studio menageries are boasting new faces. Some of the four-footed stars of yesterday retain favor—Teddy, the Great Dane is sharing honors with Jackie Coogan in "A Boy of Flanders." Strongheart is still starring, Tony often appears with Tom Mix—but even in the zoo competition is felt. Some rather odd specimens of animal talents add an unusual note to the films now in production.

This search for novelty has brought forward Snooky, a chimp of unique personality. Snooky has been educated by John Rouan to the point where she can do
New Faces in the Menagerie

cake-eaters of the films. Such debonair young foxes. Captured out on the desert by Jack Hoxie, the two little fox pets are being trained and will soon make their debut in films with Jack. They're quite camerawise already.

Edwin, the goldfish, is the glittering star of a new film—wasn't Constance Talmadge's "The Goldfish" named for him? About Edwin hinges the plot and naturally he is quite temperamental. Once, or so they say on the lot, somebody turned over his bowl and he wiggled his way out of captivity, making for Dinky, Norma's pet Pomeranian, who also appears in the picture and who, besides annoying Edwin exceedingly with sharp little yelps, is said to have cribbed some of his best close-ups.

Ethel, the Universal lioness, widely publicized as a vegetarian despite the fact that occasionally she cuts loose and almost eats up the works, is a dramatic actress of rare fire. Give Ethel a real chance and she might easily become the Negri of the zoo. These animals have as widely different traits as human stars.

Freddie, the seal, objects strenuously to his rechristening as "Bubbles," but then, as he is to be featured along with Louise Fazenda in Mr. Ince's "The Galloping Fish," he opines he can endure the ignominy of the new name. Freddie is eight years old and his swimming prowess is a matter of vaudeville record. His repertoire includes all kinds of tricks calculated to win applause, such as clapping his flippers whenever a cute flapper flips by and balancing a ball on his nose while he climbs a ladder on a shimmy movement that puts the most inspired efforts of Gilda Gray to shame.

Most majestic of this season's animal novitiates is Sam, the American golden eagle in Ince's...
Western historical spectacle, "The Last Frontier," Sam seems symbolical of freedom, of strong winds, of might. He was captured in the Rockies near the Canadian border.

Even in the extra ranks are new types of animals adding virility to the films now in production. Ten thousand buffalo will carry the climax of Ince's "The Last Frontier" in a spectacular stampede—a new dramatic note indeed.

Retaining screen popularity among the canines are Pal, starring in Century comedies, and Cameo, one of the family of dogs given to the movie world by Teddy and Chemise. Cameo has far outdistanced in popular favor his brother Knickerbocker. There are ranks of dogdom, even as in human filmdom, the aristocratic "inner circle" being led by Discretion the First, a Russian wolfhound. In his wake come Lancaster Mike and Lancaster Spike, fast racing English greyhounds.

The alligator family, not to be outdone in this competition for screen honors, is represented by Ethel, a dowager of one hundred years, whose beauty adorns "The Galloping Fish."

In their hobbies, these animals display as much versatility as do the human actors. Josephine the monk, who emotes for twenty-five dollars a day, has a passion for manicuring her nails, while the ambition of Pete the pelican is to fish. Mollie-O, the Sennett débutante bear, loves roller skating and will read a book for hours—provided it is first smeared with molasses, which she surreptitiously takes unto herself.

Sally Ann, a tiny marmoset monkey, is the smallest screen actress in the world; her daily menu consists of a banana, tomato soup and a bit of chicken. The deportment of Scotty, the parrot, for ten dollars a day, leaves nothing to be desired. The only animal-

Snooky is foremost among the new animal stars by virtue of her performance in "Snooky's Treasure Island." The lion cub is known as Doug, Jr.

Discretion the First, one of the aristocrats of dogdom, played with Margaret Morris in a recent production.

doouble on record is Pete, half wolf, who plays wolf rôles.

Probably the most sensational animal actor to be seen in a production this year is the dragon that Douglas Fairbanks battles with in "The Thief of Bagdad." But as neither Douglas nor Raoul Walsh are telling how or where they found this animal—or how they made him appear so gigantic and horrible—I cannot introduce him to you.

With these odd animals adding a novel touch to forthcoming pictures, the old-timers like Rin-tin-tin and Teddy will have to develop new graces.
A Busy Knight

When he isn't busy acting in "The Miracle," Orville Caldwell is hard at work at the Fox studio.

By Barbara Little

Six nights a week and at two matinées a tall, handsome knight in a snappy coat of mail stalks out on the stage of the Century Theater in New York and lures a trembling young nun out into the wicked world. That bit of seduction accomplished, he bounds up the stairs to his dressing room and joins the crowd. There is always a crowd there because Orville Caldwell is the sort of nice young man who inspires people to say: "Don't mind, do you, old chap if I leave my stuff in here? It's so much more convenient than my room." And Orville says he doesn't mind. Honestly, I believe he doesn't, his amiability seems that genuine.

The afternoon when his press agent and I were waiting for him we were joined by the Duchess of Rutland and Carl Link, both of whom had come to draw his portrait. You would carry a pencil and take up drawing too if you saw his profile, but in justice to the Duchess of Rutland I must add that she has been drawing portraits for years and she seems not to discriminate between the handsome and the grotesque so long as they are famous.

Orville Caldwell is coming back into movies after a year's absence, playing the lead in Elmer Clifton's new picture, "Crossed Wires." Really, it hardly seems as though he was ever in the movies at all because he played in Katherine MacDonald's pictures. His coming into them now is cause for rejoicing, for there is a dearth of big, boyish, unpretentious men on the screen. We have noble heroes of the great open spaces, slick city fellers, and romantics—but personable young men who look intelligent, wear clothes well, and act with conviction are all too rare.

Orville Caldwell belongs to the new order of motion-picture hero—the sort that has a college education and a genteel family in the background. His is the type introduced by Richard Barthelmess and Harrison Ford and furthered by Malcolm MacGregor. He went to the University of California, where his family fully intended that he should study law, but in the department of public speaking he found innumerable courses in dramatic art and these he gave almost his entire attention. Of course, it was a natural step from those into the productions at the outdoor theater in Berkeley and from there to the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco. Then the war came and young Caldwell enlisted in the navy. Within a few months he was

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Will Ruth Put it Over?

The Queen of Serials, who has a following that many a feature star may well envy, is going to invade their field.

By Myrtle Gebhart

FROM Hollywood have percolated tales of Ruth Roland’s business sagacity, of her pluck, her determination. Manlike is the brain of her; callous and hard sometimes they call her here, admitting the while that they “can’t help but admire her.” And the fans of her serial days, who feel for her a personal love that few players of recent years have evoked, sometimes ask me in their letters, “Is Ruth really as sweet and lovable as her letters to us indicate her to be, or is that bunk?”

A complex character, Ruth Roland. In the main, they are right when they call her tenacious and hard. She knows what she wants and she gets it, single-purposed, impervious to those influences which tend to distract. Scorning devious routes, she selects the shortest road to her goal and goes straight to it. But she “shoots square,” in the business men’s parlance. And there is a little side to her character—not weakness, surely—for she is the most decisive person I know, but a feminine slant that few besides her intimate friends realize.

And now that, after an absence of several months, she is to return to the screen in a feature comedy drama that she is producing herself, let’s turn the cold eye of truth upon her and see what she is really like. I have heard Ruth browbeat business men to her own terms, with an amazing clarity and shrewdness of judgment. And I have found her—when she didn’t expect me to happen in—sitting cross-legged on the floor, dressing dolls for the kids in an orphanage and crying because she never had much of a childhood playtime herself. I have seen her energetically bossing every phase of her serials’ production; and I have gone with her to the disabled veterans’ hospital, when she took the boys things they needed and sang for them until her voice was hoarse. Just because she took sweaters and socks instead of chocolate bars and a camera man to photograph the sweet scene, you didn’t hear about it.

Blunt, unsentimental, Ruth undoubtedly is—and yet she treasures valentines and such little things. She likes clothes, luxury, jewels—but when her auntie is ill and the maid away, she makes no bones about doing her own cooking and housework.

She has brains enough to know her limitations and to keep within them; but in her own field she usually leads.

At three, she started on the vaudeville circuits, in a

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The Crown Jewels

Not so gorgeous, perhaps, as the stars' own jewels are at least more

By Mona

MAYBE it is the reaction from being loaded down with glittering diamond tiaras and necklaces in pictures which prompts them to forsake all jewelry, with the exception of one or two simple pieces, in private life. And maybe it is just a case of good taste. At any rate, Hollywood's parties may flash with wit, and dazzle with beauty, but for the most part, gems are a minus quantity.

Nevertheless, little quirks of fancy and temperament come to light in the choice of precious stones and the manner of wearing them, when one lifts the lid of the jewel coffers of some of the well-known screen favorites.

There is no sparkling coronet worn by "Queen Mary." In fact, even on the most elaborate occasions, Miss Pickford never ornaments herself with any jewels, other than a wedding ring and a lustrous pink pearl set in platinum. Jewels she has galore, brooches and pendants in profusion, but she prefers not to wear them. A curious thing about this wedding ring of hers—a platinum band set in tiny diamonds—it never leaves her hand. Not even during her pictures, for she covers it up with a wider band ring in character with her part, or applies a little grease paint to camouflage it. It's just a bit of sentiment on her part.

A long time ago her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, gave her a delicate little bracelet of sapphires, and now and then if it matches her dress she wears it.

And who hasn't heard of the famous Schenck jewels? There are cases and cases of them, most of them pre-

sented to the lovely Norma by her husband and adoring friends. Even Cleopatra would squint her eyes in jealousy could she peep into the chests of exquisite ornaments. But not more than two or three times during the year does she have them brought from the safe deposit vaults. During the rest of the time she contents herself with a brooch and ring in which are set black opals.

"I never tire of looking into the depths of these smoky, gray stones shot with fire," says Miss Talmadge. "There is a fascination about them which I cannot put into words."

Nita Naldi, of the siren-like eyes and hair, lives up to her personality in her taste for jade and jet. These two she has had fashioned into innumerable sets of different patterns, consisting of earrings, necklaces, bracelets, rings and brooches. And all her gowns are of shades which harmonize with the jade or the jet.

As for Pola Negri—why the name conjures up flashing diamonds, emeralds, rubies, oh! an infinite variety of sparkling vivid gems which would seem to take their glow from her many-colored personality. Still, those in Hollywood who know her cannot remember having seen her wear anything but pearls. And according to the Polish star their lustrous beauty satisfies her more than any...
of the Film Royalty

ones they wear on the screen, the indicative of their individual tastes.

Gardner

other stone. She has several sets, with one of which she has set a new style of hair-dressing in Hollywood. Several other fair damsels tried it, but lacking Pola’s verve and originality, they seemed theatrical. For she took one long rope of pearls and wound it around among the curls in her black hair. The very simplicity of it on her lent it charm.

Another devotee of pearls is Mae Busch. Here again is a startling, vital personality which delights in no other ornament than the quiet, meek unassuming pearl. A long rope she wears about her neck at times and then again she wraps it about her wrist many times and it becomes a bracelet.

Eleanor Boardman, whose very newness to stardom has not distorted her perspective, wears no jewels at all. Not because she doesn’t like them, says the young lady, but because her favorite is the black pearl, and they are so very rare and so very expensive that she will not allow herself the luxury of owning any yet. The fascination for this stone dates back to her childhood when she saw one of these peculiar-tinted pearls and since that time she has never wavered from her desire to possess one.

Patsy Ruth Miller—the epitome of ingenious girlhood—called it flapperism if you wish—likes—now this is a jolt—heavy, bizarre, Oriental jewelry. None of the simple maidenly pearls for Patsy. She will have nothing if she may not possess pendants of jade and massive linked chains of wrought gold and colored stones.

"Mother dubs this streak in me as vulgar, and while I don’t doubt it, I haven’t the desire to curb the instinct for this barbarous jewelry. The more it clanks, the better I like it. I have drawers and drawers of it and if I sold it to a junk man he probably wouldn’t give me over $4.95 for the gross weight of it. I seldom wear it except around the house or at the studio but it gives me intense pleasure and I’m always buying it."

So says the bubbly youth of Patsy, and with another sly wink she tells how the other day she went downtown to get a pair of shoes and came home with three pairs of earrings. Freud would probably make an interesting analysis over this newly found outlet for suppressed desires—through which the colorful, bizarre personalities deck themselves in meek, mild gems, and the sweet young things seek heavy Oriental ornaments.

In the eyes of many, Gloria Swanson is the best jeweled woman on the screen as well as being perfection sartorially. And she wears diamonds and pearls only. She

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Shades of New York's Society!

A famous restaurant, often the scene of smart society's débuts and weddings, is now to be seen in the movies.

The news reels have taken us to weddings of exclusive society people and even royalty; we have seen glimpses of Fifth Avenue mansions in several features, and even watched representatives of smart society acting in some of our films. But no one mindful of the traditions of Sherry's famous restaurant ever expected to see it in the movies.

Sherry's is the citadel of conservatism, the monument to propriety. It is the correct place for mothers to give luncheons and dinners and dances for their suzdebs, home-for-the-holiday daughters. It is the place where one debuts, gets married, and—provided one remains married and lives long enough—celebrates her golden-wedding anniversary.

And now Sherry's is to be seen in the movies! Not just a studio set, mind you, built to simulate Sherry's, but the Park Avenue restaurant itself. The old Fifth Avenue Sherry's is gone forever—it went about the time that prohibition came in—but the famous old café's stepdaughter who followed the social tide over to Park Avenue and settled there will be known to every one through the movies.

It is "The Rejected Woman," a distinctive picture, which features Alma Rubens and Conrad Nagel, that introduces Sherry's to the films. The upper scene on this page shows the interior of the restaurant, and the lower one the tapestried reception hall that leads to it. In the upper photograph Alma Rubens is shown with Conrad Nagel, in the lower one it is Leonora Hughes who appears with him.
Fashions for the Bride

Laura La Plante and Mary Philbin pose in wedding finery and the models show an ideal trousseau for the up-to-date bride.

Directed by Peggy Hamilton
Wedding photographs by Freulich Trousseau photographs by Witzel

Any a girl offered the granting of one wish by a fairy godmother on her wedding day might ask to look like Laura La Plante. It would be difficult to imagine a more charming bride than the little Universal player as she appears in the accompanying picture.

Her gown is a ravishing creation of white brocaded metal cloth and is modeled after the conventional style with long sleeves, straight, simple lines and a medium-length train.

This style of gown is suitable for almost every bride, whether she is eighteen and slender, or thirty-five and portly, and it is just as effective in an inexpensive white satin as in brocaded material, or with short sleeves and train.

A very important feature of the bridal outfit is, of course, the veil. The one Miss La Plante wears is fully six yards long and is an importation of exquisite hand-made lace. Veils can be any length the bride desires—short to the waistline or full-flowing, and the material may be anything from rose-point lace, especially if one is fortunate enough to have such a veil among the family heirlooms, to plain net. In fact, the billowy veils of net or tulle are often more becoming to most brides than those of elaborate lace.

Another important feature of the bridal robes is the chaplet of orange blossoms or head-piece that holds the veil in place. There are no definite lines drawn for what the veil should consist of,

Mary Philbin, displaying an ideal frock for a bridesmaid ingeniously contrived of gossamer-fine net and rich embroideries.
Fashions for the Bride

Her gown, fashioned of delicate, gossamer-fine net and enriched by handsome laces and rich hand embroideries, is of the garden type, and is not only ideal for bridesmaid purposes, but can be very happily drawn into service for teas, dinners or college proms.

Bridesmaid gowns should always be planned with the bridal robes and the details of the wedding. If there is more than one bridesmaid, the gowns and hats should be alike, but the colors may be varied. Lacy gowns such as Miss Philbin wears are always good, especially when there is just one bridesmaid, or maid of honor. When the wedding is large, however, bridesmaid outfits are lovely in the different pastel shades made of taffeta or chiffon. Hats are usually of the sweeping picturesque type, and developed in soft shades of maline or tulle they are not only beautiful, but inexpensive.

The recent Peggy Hamilton fashion review staged in the film colony showed a variety of styles from which she has chosen a few frocks and wraps that would make an ideal trousseau for a young bride. The dress shown at the top of the page is of soft canary-yellow crêpe, printed in large designs of cocoa brown and touches of tile red. This, like many of the dresses for the coming season, shows an Oriental influence both in coloring and simplicity of line.

The ideal bride's bouquet is a generous shower of orchids and lilies of the valley tied with many yards of cobwebby tulle and dozens of tiny lover's knots of white satin ribbon dropping from the center of the bouquet. Roses, or preferably calla lilies, may be substituted for the bouquet, but in any case it should be a large one with showers of knotted ribbon attached.

Mary Philbin, of "Merry Go Round" fame, is a very good friend of Laura La Plante, and for this reason and because of her flower-like beauty she was chosen by Picture-Play as the ideal bridesmaid for a young débutante-type of bride.

Curls in this shingled age are such a rarity that they almost become a symbol for delicate, old-fashioned femininity. Miss Philbin's are her own, and lend a quaint charm, softness and grace to the poudre-blue transparent-brimmed hat she wears, which achieves its drooping effect through clusters of silk orchids extending over the brim.
Chinese influence is dominant in the mandarin afternoon or theater dress shown at the bottom of the page. It is of sand-colored crape, embroidered in dull gold and jade thread.

The girl who looks to the films for her fashion hints and adapts the styles worn by her film favorites cannot find much inspiration in the black and white of the screen this season, for the appeal of the new fashions lies almost entirely in their odd materials and striking color combinations.

In every girl's wardrobe there should be a utility coat similar to the one pictured on the opposite page. This one is of black Juina cloth and is braided with white soutache and finished with collar and cuffs of ermine.

A striking sports outfit is the white knitted silk frock, embroidered in delicate green and pink shades. This dress once again proves the tremendous popularity of the straight-up-and-down boyish model that American women have adopted with such enthusiasm. It relies for its individuality upon a wide-fringed sash of self-material tied in a loose, heavy knot right above the hip.

Here is another model of a costly importation that could be inexpensively duplicated by any ingenious girl who understands stenciling or embroidering.

Two of the season's most sophisticated accessories that give distinction to the severe tailleur, also apparently due for a long wave of popularity, or to the sports dress, are brilliantly hued scarfs and gay chiffon squares used for kerchiefs, neckerchiefs, or daring wrist ornaments, in which instance they flaunt themselves boldly from a tight knot close to the hand. The black-and-white printed crape scarf shown in the accompanying picture lends a rare dash to the two-piece knitted silk sports outfit with its simple wrap-around skirt and coat blouse.
This doesn’t seem to make any difference in the excellence of the parts that she obtains. She has the best so far, probably, in “Wine,” the prohibition story that Universal is filming. Virginia Valli, incidentally, is to play in “Dammed,” unless the Will Hays’ order against the filming of this prevails.

Le ROI est Mort; Vive le ROI!
We opened our eyes wide with astonishment at the party given by Paul Bern, the scenarist and director, in honor of Barbara La Marr, just prior to her departure for New York. The reason we were almost struck dumb with surprise was when we saw Pola Negri seated at one of the tables, Ernst Lubitsch on one side of her and Erich von Stroheim on the other. Now the question is how soon will Famous Players be announcing that Von Stroheim is to direct a set of films for the dynamic Pola? He should follow very nicely after Lubitsch, and we wager the realism would be ruthless and terrible.

New Kind of Serial.
Von Stroheim, after six months of cutting on “Greed,” almost had the Goldwyn Corporation won over to the idea of showing this film at two successive evening performances, this rule to prevail at least in the bigger cities. To our best knowledge, this is the first attempt made to project a picture a la Wagnerian music dramas with recesses in between. There are about twenty-six reels to the entire feature, we believe, and Von isn’t disposed to cut another foot, while all the efforts of the other studio editors have failed to reduce it satisfactorily. Thirteen reels would be shown per performance, which would make “Greed” seem almost as long as reading “Les Miserables.”

For Auld Lang Syne.
Maybe it was just a bantering for the old make-up of the hair braids, white cotton stockings, the flouncy bolero jacket and the torn straw hat that prompted Louise Fazenda to re-enter the straight comedy field long enough to make just one picture.

Whatever the reason, Louise donned the funny make-up to play in the Hamilton-White comedy called “Easy Money,” and just as soon as she finished it she went directly to Warner Brothers to do one of the best comedy character parts of her career. It is the sympathetic rôle of Deborah in “Being Respectable,” one of the recent popular novels picturing life in the small community.

Deborah is a rich girl who doesn’t know how to dress and makes everybody laugh. Did it not nearly break her own heart to find the kind of clothes that will attract the man with whom she is desperately in love.

“The Little Dippers.”
If the girls of Hollywood don’t stop forming clubs, PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will have to engage a special club editor. Since the third club, The Climbers, organized last month, ten of Mack Sennett’s new bathing beauties took the pledge of charity, sweetness, pleasure, unselfishness, brain development and stardom ambition, and after the initiation ceremonies, consisting of a plunge in the Sennett pool, they formally adopted the clever title of “The Little Dippers.”

In all of Hollywood clubdom there is no name as clever as the new club’s and with such a dashing beginning we certainly look for a unique future for them.

Their personnel includes Elsie Tarron, president; Selma Hill, Margaret Cloud, Hazel Williams, Marceline Day, Dorothy Dorr, Evelyn Francisco, Cecile Evans, Gladys Thompson and Mary Akin, who is secretary.

In the meantime, Our Club is steadfastly and aloofly holding its own, and its most recent member is Leatrice Joy.

Building Note.
The architectural designs of the homes of some of our most prominent players have lately been changed. Spare boudoirs have been transformed into nurseries. The homes thus happily affected are those of Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd—Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert—Lila Lee and James Kirkwood—Doris May and Wallace McDonald, and Barbara Bedford and Al Roscoe.

Dempsey Causes Stir.
When Jack Dempsey signed a million-dollar contract with Carl Laemmle to make ten two-reel features for Universal, and the day that work was actually started, there was as much bustle and hubbub on the Universal lot as there is at the national headquarters of a democratic convention, during election time.

We never saw so many press representatives together in Hollywood at one time and the entire Universal staff was overwhelmed with joy and pride. Dempsey’s tailors made him numerous trunks full of fine-fitting clothes and his shirt manufacturers also did a good job.

Carmelita Geraghty, one of the most striking girls in Hollywood, and a recent addition to the newer group of players, was signed to play opposite Dempsey. Miss Geraghty is a girl of high intelligence and breeding, and before she entered pictures seriously a year and a half ago she was secretary and script girl for Marshall Neilan, who urged her to try acting. Her father is Tom Geraghty, who was production supervisor for Lasky’s many years.

All of which speaks well for Dempsey’s choice in the matter of leading ladies.

A Candidate for Peter.
There will be one little broken-hearted girl in Hollywood if she doesn’t get the role of Peter Pan. That is May McAvoy. She told us that ever since she could read she has been dreaming, wishing, praying to play Pan. It is the only part she has ever really been interested in, and when that little elfin, whimsical creature tells you of her burning desire, with tears in her eyes, you wonder how in the world any producer could refuse giving her at least a try-out.

The Screen in Review

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French lady crooks and their apache friends. I don’t care whether the girls go straight or not. In other words, I’m through, and I hope Famous Players is through, too.

The funny part of it is that “The Moral Sinner” was adapted from that good old stand-by “Leah Kleschna,” but that doesn’t seem to make Leah any different from Toinette or Ou La La.

To make things worse, Miss Dalton isn’t as enlivening as Miss Swanson or Miss Negri. I am betraying no secret when I say that she is profoundly apathetic. But the picture is distinguished by some good acting by W. I. Percival and Alphonse Ethier. Bless their hearts!

Proving That Women Are Funny.
“Virtuous Liars” will be extremely interesting to any one interested in the study of the feeble-minded. For if the heroine of this picture is not...
Polar Attraction

Just about everyone else has made a frozen North picture, so why shouldn't Charlie Chaplin?

The Lure of the Arctics," or "Driven to Desperation by Seeing All the Other Actors Slip and Fall," might be the title of the new Charlie Chaplin picture. It is a burlesque of the many and various productions that have persistently pictured the great frozen spaces, its huskies, and its noble heroes. After Charlie had seen a considerable number of them he was seized with a desire to show that he, too, could make a picture glorifying the regions where the snowdrifts are a little deeper. Not only can he do it, but it is safe to assume that he will cover the ground of past productions so thoroughly and so humorously that no picture fan will be able to take the polar regions seriously again.

Mack Swain lends his portentous support to the cast and instead of the usual Eskimo dogs there is a rare assortment of lap dogs and house pets.

It has been a long time—much too long—since Charlie appeared in a new picture on the screen. He has been at work on this production, whose title will not be announced until it is ready to be shown, for many months. And in his ironic way he has chosen to make this burlesque more authentic in a way than the type of production at which it pokes fun. For while many motion-picture producers make their Alaskan scenes in conveniently near mountain resorts, it is said that Chaplin went all the way to Alaska to film certain scenes for his picture.
The Screen in Review

Fruits and Vegetables.

If you want to be lenient, then "Excitement" is a fairly funny picture. And why not be lenient, since in this little fillum Universal launches a new star, Miss Laura La Plante? Seems to me Universal always has a bright young girl on hand ready to spring on a waiting world. Well, Laura is pretty and she acts cute, as the saying goes, and her ability is quite up to the demands of an absurd farce melodrama.

"The Shooting of Dan McGrew" crops up again, this time told in de luxe style and acted—oh! yes, fervently acted—by Barbara La Marr, Percy Marmont and Lew Cody. Just why this poem by Robert Service should be deemed such a gold nugget as movie material it is hard to say. But very likely, persons will shut up the radio for the evening, crank up the bus and rush to the Cinema Art Palace to thrill with the adventures of the Lady Known as Lou who raised such havoc in New York, the Klondike and parts north and south. Of course, the scenario writer uses the poem merely, as a starting point.

Miss La Marr plays Lou with her whole heart and soul. Percy Marmont evinced some skepticism but Lew Cody, the valiant, walked right up and acted just as fast and furious as Miss La Marr.

"Singer Jim McKee" is pretty sad. It may be Bill Hart's farewell. And it's a bad picture. What's happened to Hart? He seems to have lost his grip on his work. But we needn't go into such sad things here.

However, let's not complain, because Jack Dempsey is coming back to the screen and if that doesn't please you there are always plenty of good news reels and Grantland Rice's Sport Talks.

Over the Teacups

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I wiggled my chair around so as to get a better view of the passing throng, thereby leaving the plate of sandwiches to Fanny's far from tender mercies.

"She has been all ready to go about a dozen times and had to change her plans, so now her friends just remind her of the 'Wolf, Wolf' story when she mentions leaving.

"Betty's picture, 'Southern Love' was shown to some of the big releasing companies the other night and one of the men remarked, 'When Betty comes on in a picture, you never know what is coming off.'"

"Not bad," I remarked, and the answer to that is that in most of her pictures she shows everything but her sense of humor. And that cannot be taught in films.

"By the way," Fanny chimed in, "Kathleen Key had the most peculiar experience the other night. You know, she came East a week before she had to sail just so that she could go around and see all the shows and midnight dance clubs and things she had been hearing about. She supposed, of course, that no one here would recognize her because it is only lately that she has done much in pictures, but everywhere she goes people stop and exclaim over her. The only trouble is that they always think she is some one else. Coming out of 'The Miracle' the other night wearing a great bunch of orchids and trying to look very blase some one announced, 'Oh there's Clara Kimball Young!' They must have thought Miss Young some sort of miracle worker. Of course, she may not be quite old enough to be Kathleen's grandmother, but—"

"Speaking of seeing players in person." Fanny spoke up with renewed enthusiasm. "The latest place to see stars is in the dairy restaurant over near the W O R radio station in Newark. They have all the big motion-picture stars speak over there, you know, at one time or another, and afterward the most convenient place to eat is the dairy restaurant right around the corner. Edmund Lowe went over there one night and at least half the girls in town must have turned out to get a thrill over seeing him placidly devouring dozens of butter cakes. When he talked over the radio he got sort of nervous and raised his voice so that you could easily have heard him in Arkansas without the radio apparatus at all."

"I never knew an actor so utterly oblivious to people staring at him as Edmund Lowe is. We went over to Newark in the tube—you think you are going to California, at least, if you try to make it in a car—and Eddie got to talking about baseball and showing us how to throw curves and spitballs and all. Some of the people didn't want to get out and miss the show when we reached their stations.

"Have you heard that Gladys Walton is coming back to pictures?" Fanny went on excitedly. "She's the proud mother of an infant now, you know, and I suppose she will come back to pictures all grown up and refusing to play flapper parts.

"There has to be a new crop of flapper stars every once in a while. I have a feeling that Colleen Moore is simply going to rebel against playing any more flappers pretty soon. She is such a good dramatic actress. But speaking of Colleen reminds me. I must go out and look for a vanity case like hers. Colleen's belongings are always full of surprises. You remember how she took the case for a mah jong set and made an awfully handy make-up case of it? Well, now she has the cutest French doll. You pull her shoulders back, her dress opens and there is a vanity case inside."

Fanny started gathering up her belongings and was just ready to go when she announced quite casually, "You know all this coming and going of motion-picture players is going to my head and the first thing you know you may find me boarding a train for California myself. You might just as well come along with me."

And I think that perhaps I will.
Exported—with Regret

Failing to provide interesting opportunities for Mae Marsh, American picture producers have had to yield her services to foreigners. In the past year only two new motion-picture productions have boasted the presence of Mae Marsh and neither of them was in any sense great. Yet because of her utter naturalness and her plaintive, poignant appeal people have not forgotten her nor ceased to regard her as one of our greatest players.

Only in Griffith's "The White Rose" and "Daddies," a Warner Brothers production, have we been able to see Mae Marsh, an actress potentially as great as Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish. People say that she has lost interest in her career—that she cares only for her husband and little girl. But who wouldn't lose interest in a career that demanded no more of one's great talent than those pictures did!

So Mae Marsh is going to Germany to make a picture for a foreign company. Later, she may go to Italy and it is hoped that she will again come under Mr. Griffith's direction then.
Stealing the Stunt Man’s Stuff

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would have been all out of proportion to this tiny part of the setting.

In addition to the lower part of the facade there were several other full-sized constructions. One of these represented a tower. This was built right on a platform on the ground, so that a close view of Chaney might be obtained. Another was a duplication of the balcony, where you find him at the opening of the picture. This was located on top of a hill, so that the camera might be trained on it from the ground below, securing the proper height perspective.

Now when Chaney was to climb down the front of the building, the necessary photographic shots had to be taken at four different times, and in four different places. One shot, which we think has been rather generally eliminated from the picture, showed him moving around the tower. This was secured right on the ground with the tower structure that I have mentioned, specially built. The glimpse of him you have climbing down from the balcony was photographed on top of the hill. There is also the view of him doing acrobatics on the gargoyles similarly taken.

In one of the shots you also catch sight of the crowd below, with Chaney visible in his apparently perilous position in the foreground. This, I understand, was procured by double printing. That is, Chaney was photographed at one time and a portion of the film reserved for the photographing of the crowd at the proper height to match in and give the illusion that he was away above them.

Still another phase—the portion where you see him apparently coming down the facade near the huge window. This was not built full size. It was taken with a miniature. For this reason only a long shot was used, so that you would not have too detailed a view of the figure of Quasimodo, who, in this instance, probably was just a tiny semblance of himself, puppetlike, to match the proportions of the miniature.

We now have three different phases of the operation—the shots around the tower, placed on the ground, those on the balcony improvised on the hill, and those presumably with the miniature and the dummy. The fourth development was very simple, for here you do actually see Chaney climbing down the real facade as it was built for the picture. By mingling these various effects, and suggesting in the actual movements of Chaney the hazards of the climb, an almost perfect illusion was obtained of his descent right down the tower.

To be sure, whenever the producers decide not to use a double, it always requires a tremendous lot of mechanical ingenuity, as this instance discloses. The higher actuality of the scenes is worth the trouble, and furthermore there is a constant and commendable elimination of the risks that are oftentimes really not so essential as they seem.

Even in the roughest type of serials much is being done to brace up the productions with a more believable type of thrills. Mechanical devices of various kinds placed just beyond the range of the camera, and occasionally a display of courage on the part of the real players, has made many of the effects more real than in the past.

In the chariot chase in “The Ten Commandments,” no chances were taken with old-fashioned treadmills, with moving scenery in the background. The scenery wouldn’t have mattered anyway, because there was so much to fill the eye in the actual dash of the horses, and it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to arrange the treadmills in such number as to attain the required great mass result.

To reduce the danger, De Mille selected a location where the ground was absolutely flat over a tremendous area. It was such a location as is oftentimes used for the frantic speeding of automobiles in a race, as for example in a recent Agnes Ayres picture, and those made by Wallace Reid. On such level stretches as this a maximum speed can be obtained without any particular risk because there is plenty of room and no chance of a vehicle upsetting because of encountering some unexpected obstacle in its path. The chariots were really driven at tremendous speed, but while they required expert drivers, the danger because of the choice of location was comparatively slight.

Box-office Appeal

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taste is a variable thing—and can quote from their own losses to prove it—the list of box-office assets proves that the whole question of what the public wants resolves itself down to a few fundamental points. Home, mother and the kiddies are popular on the screen because they happen to be associated with our earliest, our most insistent and our pleasantest memories. Therefore, we like to be reminded of them.

Naturally enough, too, the public wants sex and love stories. And if the public draws the line at too much sex or romance on the screen it is only because it is natural for the healthy, normal individual to protest against too much "slush" in real life.

Fighting, thrills, and scrambled melodrama are the logical demands of a nation that spends most of its time in the humdrum of office work. In other words, the man who has been working at an adding machine all day finds great delight in the evening in watching some brave hero shoot up a frontier saloon. In spite of the prevalence of motoring on Sunday and its attendant risks, life isn’t as hazardous as it was several generations ago. Or at least, it isn’t as hazardous in the same way. Few of us ride horseback at breakneck speed, few of us get into gun battles, few of us jump bridges, few of us speed along in the cab of a runaway locomotive; but by paying a small admission at the box office, we can share in the sensations of those who enjoy all the luxuries taken away from us by a city-and-office-building civilization.

Many of the box-office qualities rest not only in human nature but in the nature of motion pictures. So we enjoy swell houses, swell clothes and swell surroundings not only because they represent the things we want but because their representation on the screen satisfies our eye. It is immensely important that a motion picture have visual beauty and the easiest way for producers to obtain this beauty is to engage good-looking men and women, dress them in attractive clothes and set them in charming backgrounds.

If you will look over the list of box-office points or go over in your mind the notably successful pictures you have known, you will find that an appeal to the intellect is conspicuous lacking. There is no intellectual appeal in pictures. A picture may be intelligently produced and it may be made by intellectual men. But in the last analysis it cannot be considered an intellectual art. If this is a fault, at least the motion picture errs in distinguished company with music, painting and sculpture, all of which arts appeal to our primitive sentiments and to our innate sense of beauty.
Residents of Alaska, tiring of seeing "Alaska" pictures made in Hollywood studios and on the California mountaintops, organized a company of their own and produced "The Chechahcos," filming scenes on real Alaska locations, including the one on Mt. McKinley, the highest point in North America, shown in the picture below.

The film, which is soon to be released, was recently given a special showing to members of the department of the interior at Washington. This showing had been originally requested by President Harding, who became interested in it on his trip to Alaska, but death prevented his seeing it.

It is claimed that this is the first feature picture ever filmed on real Alaska locations. Woven into the plot is the real history of Alaska, showing the different methods of mining from the days of the gold rush in 1897 to the present.
Will Ruth Put It Over?

say of her in Hollywood, sometimes in rebuke, more often in admiration. “That girl has every penny she ever made;” but I think it is to her credit that she has had the tenacity and acumen to hold onto her earnings, to spend wisely, where it would show to the best advantage, to so shrewdly gauge conditions and effect.

Her latest reality venture is the erection of an “own-your-own apartment” at a cost of a million and a half. Such buildings are not uncommon in the big cities of the East—but trust Ruth Roland to be the first with the nerve to put over such an undertaking out here.

She was the first to make a color film, six years ago, a three-reeler. The process had not been perfected to eliminate the silver flicker, so the ambitious little picture failed and the incident is worthy of mention only because it illustrates Ruth’s spirit of attempting things, undaunted by occasional failures.

“I have been wanting to try features for some time, but I had to go slowly,” she told me recently, now that she feels definitely sure of what she is doing. “My fan public consists mostly of folks in the smaller towns, who have followed my serials and who do not always get to see the more pretentious films. That form of appreciation means a great deal to me and sometimes astounds me—that people can care enough about me or my work to come week after week to see fifteen episodes of a serial.”

Incidentally, Ruth Roland has encouraged that personal bond more than has any other star. Most of them make some pretense of answering fan mail, a few actually do so; but I know of none who has attended to her letters from the public as conscientiously as Ruth has, partly because she appreciated the tribute and partly because her common sense told her that friends mean success. I know positively that she opens and reads personally every letter, arranging them in lots for her secretary to answer with a photograph, laying aside those which deserve a reply from herself. When working, she combines publicity by enclosing in each letter a card with greetings, announcing her forthcoming film.

“That public has to be retained and yet, in order to progress as the movies advance, I want to reach the new, big-city public that does not follow serials. That means I must combine the element of adventure with the acting of a feature. I have no illusions that I am a Bernhardt, but I do believe that I can act passably well within certain limits.”

“Dollar-Down,” upon which she is now starting production, is a story that teaches, sheathed in entertainment, the lesson of thrift. The statistics that “eight hundred and seventy-eight out of every thousand in this country live beyond their incomes” gave her the idea and about it she and Tod Browning, who is directing, wove a story concerning the extravagance of a young society girl, just beyond the flapper age. The action moves swiftly and there will be exciting thrills to satisfy those who wish to see her risking her life—or pretending to—and yet it will give her opportunities to try herself out in a genuine comedy-drama acting role.

Experience has taught me the foolishness of prediction and critical faculties cannot be taxed even by personal friendship; so I can but, with those of you who are interested in her, wait and see what the result will be. Certainly, though, she is determined to make good in her first feature; and, knowing the spirit that goads her to attempt new things and the perseverance that has brought her success along other lines, I sort of have a hunch that Ruth will put it over.

A Busy Knight

A young man who got ahead that fast in the navy couldn’t be expected exactly to stand still in the world of the theater. He played prominent parts in “The Rise of Silas Lapham” and in “Mecca,” both of which ran so long that it seemed as though young Caldwell would never get around to playing anything else. So, for variety, he went into pictures, and then just as he settled down in Hollywood, built himself a house on a high hill, and began to take life easy he was sent for to play the Knight in “The Miracle.” And then Elmer Clifton saw him and induced him to forgo sleep in favor of working in motion pictures mornings, nights, Sundays and any other times when “The Miracle” wasn’t playing.

He tries to catch a little rest now and then on an army cot in his dressing room; but what can a fellow do if he is naturally friendly and good-natured and the other members of the company keep dropping in to smoke, to read, or just to talk? The answer as proved by him is somehow to get along without it.
A Study in Contrasts

Not long ago Betty Williams was in charge of the municipal bathing beach in Detroit, Michigan, and her workaday garb consisted of the brief bit of jersey in which she is pictured at the right. Hardly more than that does she wear even now as she frolics about in the Ziegfeld "Follies" in the evening.

But during the day this same Betty Williams is one of the beauties of the English court—a part of the background of the lavish production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," in which Paramount is starring Rudolph Valentino. There she wears the far more voluminous costume in which she is pictured above.
UNDISCOURAGED.—You are an optimist, to still want to go to Hollywood after all you've read and heard lately about conditions there, and the almost-nil chances for beginners to break in now. And there are many thousands more, too, with your persistence and hope who won't be turned back, no matter what I or any one else with an inside knowledge of conditions can tell you. So what's the use of asking my advice? You won't pay any attention to my warnings anyhow. William Cohill, casting director at the Paramount Long Island studio, said just recently: "So long as people are willing to take a fifty-to-one shot on a horse race, so long will they rush to the far corners of the earth when gold or oil is discovered, just so long will there be plenty of candidates for motion pictures. It's the gambling instinct. Most people seem to be convinced that there is sudden wealth to be gained in pictures. That settles it. You can quote statistics until you are weary; you can tell the world that ninety per cent of those who try fail; but the entire thirty-five hundred in our card-index system and thousands more who haven't been able to get in think they are the ten per cent destined to succeed. It is only the ten per cent who succeed that make good."

Cohill says that the number of applicants at his office averages three hundred a day, and that is for only one studio in New York. How many pictures are made at a time. So you can imagine how much more congested the casting officers are in Hollywood, where the production scope is so much greater.

INA T.—Yes, quite a number of screen players have gone, and are continuing to go, back to the stage. There are few actors now who are satisfied to confine their talents to only one medium—most of them would switch back and forth a good deal if it could be managed, I think. There's hardly a player in Hollywood that wouldn't like to get behind the footlights at least once. Charles Ray recently took his play, "The Girl I Loved," on the road, but returned to the screen recently and will make pictures for his old producer, Thomas Ince. Clara Kimball Young is another screen player who is back to the footlights again, in a play called "Trimmed in Scarlet." Anita Stewart is in vaudeville; Cullen Landis is playing with Forte Komonau on the stage in Los Angeles; Tom Moore appeared recently in New York in a play that was not so good, but in which his work was praised; he will break out next in Eugene Weller's "Three in Cipher," Lionel and John Barrymore, of course, make plays and pictures as their fancy pleases; Theodore Roberts, after years of camera work, went back to the stage recently in a vaudeville playlet; Alfred Lunt usually makes a picture and appears in a play at the same time. He is in the drama "Onward Bound" now. Glenn Hunter works on the same basis—he is still playing "Merton of the Movies" on the stage, but manages picture work, too. Hope Drown, the girl that played the leading role in "Hollywood," does not like the screen, and is back on the stage, apparently for good. Olga Petrova is another screen deserter who probably won't back—she is playing now in New York in her own play, "Hurricane." And I could name dozens more, if space permitted.

THE SHEIK.—I'm sorry your other questions were not too good for you. I can see the stacks of letters I receive and the small percentage of them that I have space to answer in these columns, I'm sure you'd forgive me. I have to pick out the ones that are likely to be the most interesting to the majority of readers, you know. There's a good tip for you: If you ask interesting, unusual questions you are more likely to get them answered than if you just inquire about heights and weights, and so on. The film production of "The Sheik" of Dau, Montana" with Theda Bara and Lionel Barrymore, was announced a long time ago, but has just been finished. That's why you got confused about it. I've asked Leo Dike plays the role of Dau, and not Lon Chaney, as was reported some time ago. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. That "in the shadow of the Pyramids" tale was an old press-agent yarn, invented along with many other absurd stories about Theda. Barbara La Marr is twenty-five. Valeska Suratt has not appeared in pictures for several years, and seems to have disappeared from the spotlight altogether. "Les Miserables" has already been filmed. Where were you six years ago? Many persons still talk about William Farnum's vivid performance as Jean Valjean in the Fox production of the Victor Hugo story, released in 1918.

T. C. V. A.—"One Exciting Night" was the first picture in which Henry Hull appeared. He is a stage actor, you know, and devotes most of his time to that. But he has made another film, for Whitman Bennett, called "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which probably will be released by the time you see this, and will make other pictures from time to time. If you come to New York soon you may see Mr. Hull in person in the stage play "The Other Rose," with Fay Bainter. Yes, I understand that he answers requests for photographs, and you will find his address at the end of The Oracle in this issue.

OLD-TIMER.—Flora Finch has played on the screen only infrequently in the past few years, but she has been appearing in the New York stage play "We've Got to Have Money." You may, however, see her in Rudolph Valentino's new picture for Famous Players, "Monsieur Beaucaire," as she appears in that as one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court of Louis XV. It's only a small part and very much costumed, but you probably would know Flora anywhere and in no matter what disguise.

C. E. M.—Well, I've been called many things, but never the "Picture Oracle" before, and I don't think it is a bit nice of you. Of course I do have to say "No" to some of the fans' requests, but on the whole I think you must admit that I am more of a help than a—obstacle. Now, after putting myself on the back for being so helpful, I hate to have to tell you that I can't offer you much comfort regarding your scenario. I thought that by this time most amateurs had reconciled themselves to never being able to get anywhere with producers and had directed their creative energies elsewhere. But there are a few of you left, I see. All I can say is that there is practically no hope, and if you spend any money on yourselves you are just being very foolish. So why not give up the idea and concentrate on something nearer to home and with some possibilities of success?

U. E.—The rôle of Ma Pettigill in "Ruggles of Red Gap" was played by Lilian Leighton. Miss Leighton was born in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, and educated in Chicago. She has had a varied career, and before taking up acting was the youngest editor in the United States at the time she edited her own newspaper in the hillyer district of northern Wisconsin in 1888. Shortly after that she took up stage work, and finally landed in the films with the old Selig Company in Chicago in 1912. She has been in pictures ever since.

H. P.—I'm terribly sorry I can't give you the address of some "mystic who will read the future," but I deal only in definite, unymystic facts. Can't I help you out with some screen information? Aren't you curious about any of the movie stars? I hate to refuse you when you are so anxious, and so nice, but if you will just ask me something I can answer I'll be glad to put all my knowledge—all of it—at your service.
The Crown Jewels of the Film Royalty

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has a love of playing and experimenting with her jewelry—that is, putting it to unusual uses. She startled Los Angeles society once by wearing two big diamond rings in her hair. This she did by thrusting a braid of hair through each ring, then arranging them so the diamonds peeped out of coils over her left eyebrow. And while the effect was startling, it was not glaring. A long rope of pearls, wound around her neck several times, was her only other jewelry on this occasion.

Her idea of a perfect jewel is an entirely visionary one, but nevertheless unique. It is a milky, varicolored pearl seen through a thin covering shell of fiery, glittering diamond—a sort of banana sundae of the lapidary's art.

Bessie Love, that petite little emotionalist, has only one piece of jewelry to her name, she declares, and that is a string of tiny, pink seed pearls which just fit about her neck. She insists that nothing else seems to suit her personality, and besides she feels that jewels are an expensive luxury, which she doesn't wish to start.

But it is another story with Aileen Pringle, for she has a different set for almost every gown. She wears her gowns and her accompanying jewels to suit her moods. For instance, if she is passive or just a little weary she dons black from head to toe and with it a necklace of jet and crystal beads, with earrings and bracelets of the same combination.

Again, when she is vivacious and alert, then it is a brilliant red necklace that contrasts with her fawn-colored costume. Mystery and seductiveness she feels lie in amber beads, and demureness of a past generation she assumes with the aid of an exquisite filigree of gold and amethysts which lies close about her neck.

Sapphires and diamonds fashioned in delicate platinum filigree set off the blond loveliness of Claire Windsor, while Corinne Griffith finds her pleasure in tawny topazes and opals.

The male stars, for the most part, confine themselves to heavy carved band and signet rings. Of course, it is not to be expected that Rudolph Valentino would follow the conventional modes. When he removes his glittering and clanking ornaments which accentuate the Argentine costume which he wears for dancing he puts on one of two rings. Either a beautiful scarab, carved in agate, which is said to be from the tomb...
of Queen Tuyi, grandmother of Tutankhamen, or he wears a ring made from the single hair of an elephant. The huge coarse hair is held together by a small gold clasp and is shellacked so that to the casual observer it appears to be a band of jet about the size of a curtain ring.

Frank Mayo never departs from the he-mannishness which has thrilled so many feminine hearts, but has a single ring in which is set a beautifully carved cameo.

Antonio Moreno has an intense love for jade and besides showering it upon his wife, he has bought for himself a Chinese carved ring set in a medallion of jade of clear, apple green. A small spring releases the medallion and exposes a small cavity in which it was once the former owner, a Chinese mandarin, carried poison for his enemies.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 74

You know this story, by Sabatini?

"The Sea Hawk" should be the greatest sea picture ever made. I only wish all of the people who will see it on the screen could see the big boats inside and out as I have. They'd love the adventure of it.

Mr. Sills looks a perfect Sea Hawk—my dear, you should see his ferocious whiskers!—and Frank Currier as Asad, the sultan, in his false beard looks a perfect screech. Poor Lloyd Hughes had to get a lashing to-day and then they finished the day by throwing him headlong into the ocean. Poor Lloyd! (That's what he gets for being the one that killed my brother and blaming it on Sir Oliver.)

You've seen the magnificent William Wrigley home farther down the island? We've been up there several times and the other evening Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley and some Los Angeles society people who were at Avalon for the week-end were our guests on board the Moorish galacee. We wore our costumes and they were in bright yachting attire and it certainly made our boat look picturesque. Our "slaves" served everything in sixteenth-century style but it was regular 1924 food.

The other day one of the ships floated onto the rocks and there was a lot of commotion on board but Mr. Lloyd and Billy Reiter got everything adjusted in a hurry. It looks mighty funny to see the men going aboard the ship in the morning, some dressed in chain mail and helmets, some with caps and modern clothes, with banjos, ukuleles, mouth organs. And when the boats get out to sea Mr. Lloyd has quite a time getting the extras to get all of their blankets and modern things tuckered away so they won't show when the camera starts.

Sorry, but I must bring this to a close, as guests are coming down from Avalon for dinner and I must forsake Rosamond for modern attire. Ever sincerely,

Enid Bennett.
the bitterness—and, too, a bit of the joy—of life.

"Character ingénue, that's my forte. I've had trouble, an unhappy romance. I can't just smile and look sweet. I'm not pretty in the way these other girls are pretty. But I think I've got something inside of me that some of them haven't. I don't know yet just what it is. When things happen to me I just feel, at the moment; then afterward I try to think and understand why I felt that and how I acted, so I can put those real touches into similar incidents in scenes. I'm not as moody as I used to be. I forced myself to believe that there would be a turn in the road, and it has come now.

"Why, the encouraging letters I get from actors here that I wouldn't think would even notice me, telling me I have pluck and they're glad I stuck it out, and all. Even during those hard days there were letters from fans who had seen me on the screen before—and one wrote, in PICTURE-PLAY's 'What the Fans Think,' that I should have a chance. She called me 'little lady,' too." Shannon choked over the word, and the green eyes challenged. "Laugh if you want to—but I cried over that so. I cut it out and kept it under my pillow, nights. Now, laugh!

I couldn't laugh. I've been through too many of those hard times myself when a little friendly comment meant something to cherish.

"I believe I have some artistic ability in me, or I would have quit. The fact that I feel these things, sort of queerly, tells me I belong here. And I am going to keep on until I do make a place for myself. I'll make everybody—not just one lone fan—call me 'little lady' and give me a chance."

And I rather think she will. She's quite small and not vivid in a striking, foreign way. She's rather of the quiet, still-water-runs-deep kind. For a long while she will sit, inanimate, her colorless face expressionless save for that slow, speculative, crooked smile curving her full lips. Except for that brooding, restless quality that breeds a strange reflection in those green eyes, she is very ordinary. That feeling alone, thought, is quite possibly going to bring Shannon Day again up the ladder. And the next time she gets there, it won't be on the strength of "Follies" publicity, and I sort of have an idea she will stay put.

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The Glory that is Griffith’s
Continued from page 68

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Name...

Address...
The Eternal Undergraduate
Continued from page 34

efforts to introduce jazz to the high-
brows, New York before noon, and
kindred fragmented subjects, when
suddenly I noticed that the clock's
hour hand was doing its stuff.

"You'll be boarding your train be-
fore you know it! What," I asked,
"what am I to write about you?"

She smiled helplessly. "Isn't it terrible? There simply
is nothing to be said about me. I
married without eloping. I slipped
into starring in pictures without so
much as a single headline. I have
never been shot, sued, or divorced!
I cannot make myself 'good copy.'"

She grew confidential.

'You know Pete Smith says that
I'm impossible. He handles my pub-
licity on the Coast, and he says that
unless I murder some one or get
hit by a train I'll never have my
name in the papers. He says that
there isn't anything unusual about
me. It's so discouraging!"

This inability to break into the
headlines she shares with Lila Lee,
Dorothy Mackaill, Lois Wilson, and
similar successful sisters of the cinema, who, though capable in their
various delineations of sweetness, re-
venge, et cetera, are not sufficiently
colorful or bizarre to attract re-
porters. Spend five minutes with
Jetta Goudal or Nazimova, or
Betty Blythe or Pearl White and you
will have a column of news with
which to regale your readers. But
an afternoon with Constance Bimney
or Jacqueline Logan or May Mc-
Avo or Bebe Daniels or Helen Fer-
guson brings little in the way of
what is colloquially known among
the slasher brethren of the press as
a story. These are simply decor-
tive girls who have found their
places in the Klieg sun, more or less
able actresses in embryo, who pre-
sent pleasing off-stage personali-
ties. But they remind you of no one so
much as your own sister, or the girl
next door, or your Baltimore cou-
sin.

There is no vicarious thrill in
meeting them, no flashing high lights
of individuality with which you may
dazzle your readers, if any.

While I am able to report Virginia
Valli a girl of unquestioned charm
and gentility that, strictly speaking,
ends the marquees. The screen
does not do her justice; she is pret-
tier and younger away from the
camera, and infinitely more vivacious.

But when you meet Virginia,
don't set yourself for a temperamen-
tal treat. "Why, you will find your-
self saying ten minutes after you
have met her. "I used to go to high
school with this girl!"
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or
A Glass Bubble

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Stardom—without Illusions

Continued from page 48

cially in society roles, might become more graceful and correct, and she made a deep study of her personal good points, and her bad—for she is a striking rather than a beautiful type. Occasionally, too, she has even struggled valiantly to obtain the sort of parts that she desires, though for the most part she has remained finely disciplined to the daily routine, and is, therefore, a splendid doer rather than a seeker.

She strikes one as singularly responsive. There is nothing that suggests that the glitter of professional life has gone to her head. She lives and loves it, but that is all.

I recall even that a fan once wrote to me what a result of a casual meeting with her, she had enjoyed Leatrice's hospitality, and the full and complete revelation of her friendliness in a long chat.

I can hardly imagine any director except a bull-headed one, having the least difficulty in obtaining from her a reaction to whatever shade of feeling she wanted to express. She is really like some instrument finely tuned that vibrates immediately it feels the stimulus of a tone not only of similar pitch, but of any pitch even distantly related, for the gamut of her spirit is so ample.

In our conversation I had only to suggest things to start an immediate answering flow of talk that took in not only the first question, but a dozen other questions beside that she seemed to anticipate. Our talk lasted hardly half an hour. Yet I felt that from it I obtained more in really convincing opinion not only about her own career, but regarding other things that interest her, then I have under similar circumstances from any other star. She actually seemed to bubble and throb with frankness and enthusiasm.

Even to her marriage with Mr. Gilbert she enlightened me. She came out directly indeed with information pertaining to the rumors of their separation.

"Yes—we have been separated six times," she said. "But we're happy and we're going on.

"Jack is just a bit old-fashioned, and would like to have me stay home and fix up the house and hang up pictures."

"But I simply can't."

"When I'm working all the time, as I have to when we're in the midst of a picture, he just gets tired and mad at being left alone so much. And I don't blame him either. Because when it comes to my work I really am anything but a satisfactory sort of wife. I come home tired and cross, and don't want to go out, or be entertaining or anything. And really Jack is a splendid sport."

"So it's on again, off again with us. And Jack will sometimes say to me, 'Now, Leatrice, you remember that time when we went to So-and-so.'"

"And I'll answer: 'Why, Jack, now you know I don't remember. Because I didn't see So-and-so! That must have been during our second separation—or our third, and heaven only knows who you went with while you were away!'"

But their domestic happiness hasn't gone on the rocks, and though it may possibly have cruised into the shoals, I think that I may sanguinely prophesy the future. Some people, anyway, build houses in their wedded life, and others instead a bridge on which to spend dreamy summer nights in the moonlight together.

The main thing is that the marriage should go on. And in the instance of Jack and Leatrice I could even perhaps tell you a secret—if it can be reckoned any sort of secret now—that will prove that it should. Sunshine really glows over the roof-top of the twain.

It is not difficult to see how, with a girl as impetuous and at the same time as responsive as Leatrice, her life should be in more or less of turmoil. She herself is. Cold conventions mean nothing to her, for she has broken away from them, and she loves freedom and life, and expouses it in every fiber of her radiant healthy being.

There are no sinister shadows in her composition, her really fine and vibrant soul; she is filled with le joie du vivre and aspires to fame, but she will take the lesser rank, if it would mean to her more of the right sort of acclaim.

To be sure, she always wanted to be a star, just as she is now. She has wanted it with heart and mind, and fought for it with a tigerish sort of energy. But she has never under any conditions wanted to be a pampered kitten of the movies, to be aught but her glowing self.

I recall an incident of how she was once called on to speak at a banquet, and absolutely upset the equilibrium of her press agent by the talk that she made.

He had carefully prepared for her a speech that she was to deliver before some civic organization, where she was the honor guest. It was
full of the usual safe and sane Babittisms that are inevitably expected and inevitably boresome at such an affair.

Leatrice learned the speech. The preparation was sure of that. Then she went on her feet in front of the stodgy and thrilled nabobs:

"All my life," she said, "I have dreamed of being a star, and being called upon to speak before just such a gathering as this. All my life I have been willing to go on hoping and wondering whether some day all this would come true. And I doubted that it would.

"But, lordy!" she sighed her mock relief, "I sure am glad that it has happened now!"

At that time Leatrice spoke with a broad Southern accent, which, in the interim, she has pretty nearly lost. Only a few vagrant words of the soft dialect wander into her conversation now. She has through that responsiveness which is so supremely hers adapted her individuality, and it remains individuality, to the new conditions; done in Rome, or rather Hollywood, as the Hollywoodians do. And that partly consists in saying farewell to "lordy!" and "you-all."

She began to make headway toward the goal of stardom when she entered first on her contract with Paramount, and played in "Saturday Night." It was whispered soon, as it was bound to be, because of the precedent set in the career of Gloria Swanson, that sooner or later "Letty" would be heading a unit of her own, and that her name would be registered even in front of the title of her play, or in larger letters.

I confess that at the moment I cannot remember the first title that has been chosen for her, but I am sure Leatrice's name deserves to go before it. The story, first considered, was a society melodrama, wherein there was a triangle complication. It sounded like the good old grab bag for sure, but the powers sometimes change their minds.

I hope, at any rate, that most of the titles for her plays will be inspiring. She deserves that. But this I know, that even if they are not, Leatrice will fight hard and die hard, and that her good and glorious determination will bring her back as a featured player, if she does not succeed in being a star.

And if she does—I feel that any one may say that she has earned her stardom, every bit, but that she has held her poise, and possesses absolutely no exaggerated illusions as to what such conventional prominence means.

O. K. AS "BEST MAN" BUT N. G. As a BRIDEGROOM?

UNFITNESS for marriage is the most humiliating thing in life. It stings like a lash to see your friends stride magnificently, the altar with all heart's beloved . . . to feel your own bachelor circle growing sparser, emptier, lonelier, until you will dare in yourself an outlaw of Nature, a flat, stile, incompetent specimen of man.

Slipping, Slipping, Doomed?

You can only let yourself go just so far . . . and then you're done for. Nature will stand for only so much defiance of her laws and when she punishes the penalty is a fearful one. No form of capital punishment ever devised by man is so cruel, so devastating as the sentence of Social Death . . . the doom of a companionless existence from youth unto the grave.

But Here's the Cheerful Side of It

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TARA STUDIO, 1133 Broadway, Desk 7E, New York
"Come on," said Harry, taking me gently by the arm. "I want to get a still of us together. I want it to show to Jack Warner. Just to let everybody know there's no hard feeling.

"Here, I'm Babbitt. You're the prospect. Just coming in the office door. That's it. Shake hands, Babbitt greeting you. Now—hold it—still!"

"Save me a copy for The Exhibitor's Herald," sang out Sam Cohn. "Hot exploitation stuff," he muttered, already conning the caption to himself. "Movie Mentor Boosts Babbitt."

I felt a tightening among the buttons of my vest. "Movie Mentor—h'm! They'll probably frame it and hang it alongside that still they made of Sinny Lewis—the day he was entertained by the Warner Brothers.

Well—h'm! Alongside of Sinny. Dear old Sinny Lewis. I used to resent his attitude. Yes, when I read how he penned us fan magazine writers I felt very hurt. I remember what he said in his book: "The motion-picture magazines, those extraordinary symptoms of the age of the very skillful manicure girls, and who, unless their every grimace had been arranged by a director, could not have acted in the Easter cantata of the Central Methodist Church; magazines reporting, quite seriously, in interviews' plastered with pictures of riding breeches and California bungalows, the views on sculpture and international politics of blankly beautiful, suspiciously beautiful young men; outlining the plots of films about chorus girls with hearts of gold and kind-hearted train robbers; and giving directions for making bootblacks into celebrated scenario authors overnight."

How Sinny has changed! How that boy has changed! You'd never think to see him standing there all nice and pretty with the 'men responsible for making Main Street!' that he ever wrote such cynical sneering stuff as that about our "great onrush art," as my friend Cecil De Mille so aptly describes the motion-picture industry.

And I reflected—if Sinny has come to see the light like that—why shouldn't I? That still will probably be widely circulated. My rate may go up as a result.

The Warner Brothers have been showing a great improvement, I argued. Yes, I could honestly say that much. They permitted Lubitsch to make 'The Marriage Circle' the way it should have been made. And Harry Beaumont—friend Harry—with the assistance of Jack Barrymore, recently delivered himself of "Beau Brummel," a film contribution that certainly can stand on its merits.

Yes, the Warner boys were coming along. They were coming along. And when Miss Myers—still in the dove-colored costume—came over and on her own super-ukulele played "My Lovie Came Back to Me," singling the words with her own cherry lips, just for my special entertainment, why I decided that, yes, "Babbitt" probably will be one of the season's greatest contributions to screen literature.

Am I right, Sinny?"

"Dog-gone it! I've Babbitt men have got to stick together!"

Bill Hart's Declaration of Independence

Continued from page 25

the photographs of his stern face in repose would suggest. He can laugh at himself with more gusto than any other actor I ever met.

"Yes, you bet I played Romeo, Miss Helen, and there never was another Romeo like me. If Eugene Field had seen me he probably would have written a review like that famous one he wrote about Walker Whiteside's Hamlet. Remember that? No, of course you wouldn't. I suppose it was about a hundred years before you were born. Well, he said that 'He started playing Hamlet at eight fifteen and he didn't get through until near eleven thirty.' And I played in 'Ben-Hur' too, for a long time. But I never was really happy until I got to playing Westerns. You see that's where I spent my boyhood and my idols were the folks my father told me about and the folks I knew when I was a kid.

"But I'm not all a roughneck, Miss Helen. I went abroad on a cattle steamer once, went to Paris and lived in the Quartier Latin for a year and a half. 'My French isn't much good but I can still make myself understood in Sioux. I learned that as a boy.'"
He proceeded to demonstrate. The spoken Sioux language is like a beautiful, crooning lullaby. We—his manager and I—were so fascinated by it, that we quite forgot the world of pictures and scenarios and kept urging him to say just a little more for us. Then he showed us an Indian sign language, which is like the graceful gestures of a ballet. Sinuous grace and this great, gaunt six-footer somehow seem incongruous, but there are a lot of incongruous things about Bill Hart.

There is, for instance, his career as artist's model. Many a time his picture appeared on magazine covers before he ever went into movies. Out of his very slender savings as an actor he had bought his mother a little home at Westport, Connecticut, and the artist's colony near by offered him work during the summer, when there were no theatrical engagements.

There where he once had a tiny cottage on a small plot he now has a big estate that includes what was formerly the John Quincy Adams home. He has a New Englander's reverence for crumbling stone walls, old fireplaces, and hand-hewn beams, and has restored and preserved as many of the old features of the place as he could.

In New York he has many friends. Rather than go to shows he spends his evenings back stage with one of his old pals. Fred Stone says that if Bill Rogers and Bill Hart will only come East once on the same train he will drive down to the Grand Central Station to meet them with the genuine old 1670 coach he bought a few years ago.

Bill Hart isn't one of these supercilious Westerners who scorn our cabarets and insist that nine o'clock is late enough for any man to be out. Accompanied by Mary Eaton, the beautiful blond young star of "Kid Boots," he is the cynosure of all eyes dancing at the Palais Royal. In company with Pee Wee Myers, the saxophonist of Paul Whiteman's band he explores the Club Gallant, where celebrities of the political, social, and professional world are sketched on the wall and often one finds the celebrity himself sitting under his portrait.

Until recently I never realized how tremendously people admired Bill Hart. Of course, there was the little boy up at Cape Cod who for two years steadily dinnefed in my ears, "Can't you get me an autographed picture of him?" There was the eminent essayist who turned her attention temporarily to movies and confessed that Bill Hart's name always drew her into a theater and that on one occasion when he had changed his type of role she was bitterly disappointed. There was the widely advertised admiration of Ethel Barrymore and Mary Garden for him.

But when Bill Hart came to New York I began to learn what an idol he is. One afternoon little Joseph Depew, who is making quite a name for himself in pictures, was in my office when I telephoned to Mr. Hart to verify an appointment. The boy's eyes grew misty and he was very solemn until I thought to ask him if he wanted to go with me to meet Mr. Hart. He fairly danced with joy at the prospect, and when he did meet Mr. Hart—despite the disappointment of finding him without guns—nothing could pry the boy away from him, regardless of the grown-up interviewer who was waiting to see young Joseph.

Courtney Ryley Cooper, the popular writer, was another person who was eager to meet Bill Hart—not for any business reasons, but just for the pleasure of meeting him. Now celebrities mean nothing in the life of Courtney Cooper, who has known so many of them, but he was bovishly enthusiastic over meeting Bill Hart. So was Dwight Franklin, the sculptor, responsible for many pioneer groups.

There is something really great about the appeal of a man who can hold the sincere admiration of those people as well as of countless less sophisticated fans. And there is something unique about a man who makes good friends of interviewers. Ordinarily, an interviewer, after a chat with a star, dismisses the incident with a sort of "That's that" attitude. Often they don't speak when next they meet. But people who interview Bill Hart get so fond of him that they drop in to see him whenever they have a chance, call him up, and keep in touch with him. He holds their interest and commands their friendship.

When his last picture, "Singer Jim McKee," was shown in New York, the wise-cracking reviewers gathered in the back of the theater and talked him over. "He reminds me of the man in Walter de la Mare's nursery rhyme," a girl suggested; "Oh didde di do, poor Jim Jay—Got stuck fast in yesterday." But another critic insisted, "No, he demands a more classical quotation than that—he is so substantial. How about 'All changes—Hart alone endures.'"

And though he meant it as criticism it seems to me a pretty fine tribute.
Manhattan's Bright Lights

continued from page 78

of the movies or something. This gives Miss Davies a practical monopoly on the crown proposition. This is the eighty-nine times she has been crowned queen this year. The night she was crowned by all the women, Eddie Cantor was present and auctioned off an autographed portrait of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Quite aptly Eddie remarked, "This is the only portrait that has come out of Washington in the past few months that hasn't been done in oil."

With the said eighty-nine crowns to her credit Miss Davies felt that she might possibly get in touch with some of the other royalty and so she talked over the radio to Europe the other evening. Her press agent says that she is the first woman to talk to Europe on the radio.

On the New York Stage

continued from page 67

rolled up their sleeves and proceeded to help the play along to a triumphant finish. It ended in a burst of hilarity with the villain hissed to his finish and the hero and heroine united in a magazine cover-close-up.

Robert Emmett Keane had the principal rôle of this masterpiece. But the most dramatic acting was done by the audience.

Coiled in the Triangle.

"Cobra" has one bad woman, one good woman and a moral. Strictly speaking, it is a perfectly well-meaning and thorough-going moral—the bad woman tries to lead astray the somewhat smug young hero and gets burned to death in a hotel for her sins.

Nothing could be more clearly a warning of the wages of sin. But the play hasn't gone very far before you discover Martin Brown, who wrote it, has given the siren all the charm and brains of the cast and has made the sweet young thing a little less than quarter-witted in her goodness. Where, I rise to inquire, is the moral in that? Bad as the elegant Elise was, the author seemed far more interested in her than in all the piots folk. And so was the audience, especially as she was played by the vivid and magnetic Judith Anderson. It is a curiously uneven play but well worth seeing. And it would make a thrilling movie.

Among Other Things.

Down in the little Provincetown barn, the players have given "The Ancient Mariner" a dramatic setting. It is a gloriously blood-freezing ballad of Coleridge's told in a series of stage pictures, while E. J. Ballentine reads aloud the immortal stanzas. Some of these pictures are startling in their weird enchantment.—Robert Edmond Jones has used all his magic of stagecraft. But none of them gave the thrill that comes with the first reading of the poem and your first glimpse of the Doré pictures which has sent many small feet clattering down the garret steps where the young literary adventurer was reading alone.

The musical revues are putting on fresh coats of gilt now and getting ready for the summer season of buyers and political delegates and other visiting firemen. A new version of Ziegfeld's "Follies" arrives with no great change in the scheme of things but with new costumes, new jazz for Paul Whiteman and new songs for Ann Pennington and Brooke Johns. I hear, incidentally, that this ingratiating pair are to be one of the high lights in Gloria Swanson's picture called "Manhandled."

That priceless old piece from London, "Charlot's Revue," has a new comedian. He is Nelson Keys, an irresistible actor of the solemn, silly-ass variety, so popular across the water. From his reception the first night of his arrival, I gather that the type is going to be equally popular here. That perfect musical satire, by the way, is riding at top speed. —Beatrice Lillie as Britannia still sings "March with Me," Gertrude Lawrence is still bewitching in the "Limehouse Blues," and the entire production remains one of the most illuminating hits of many seasons.

Among our own producers, we have again that reliable combination of Bolton, Woodhouse and Kern in a merry and tuneful concoction called "Sitting Pretty." It is distinguished by the dancing of Queenie Smith, the wistfulness of Gertrude Bryan and the appearance of lyrics which actually make sense—and very charming sense at that.

"Vogues," on the other hand, is the usual combination of idiotic lyrics and whirling legs with nothing to lift it above the millions of its kind except the bright presence of a pig- uant French girl, Odette Myrtle.
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

I soon found out, that was only "one man's opinion." As the lovers came to the inevitable conclusion and the lights flashed on again, the man next to me turned with a rapturous grin and exclaimed: "Man, ain't that a real picture? True to life, it is, just like it was written!" And then and there was born my unalterable conviction that art is anything, hokum or otherwise, which can make men and women forget what they are and imagine themselves as they want to be. It may be a Neal Hart Western or it may be a Rex Ingram spectacle, but if somewhere in America an audience thrills to the story, fights with the hero, cringes with the frightened girl, furiously wipes its eyes with the mother or child, then I say that picture is art to them, and what does it matter what it be to others?

And so I say to Mr. Wendell and Mr. Solomonetta—it would scarcely be gallant to include Miss Mackenzie—that, outrageous as the idea may seem to you—there are other people in America who don't think your opinions matter a ticker's rap—and really, if you dislike the movies so—why not buy a radio and stay at home? At least give the rest of us credit for having individual tastes and preferences.

C. C. SANDISON
2336 Franklin Street, Denver, Colo.

The Adventures of a Cuban Fan.

I am sending you a literal translation of an article that appeared in a Matanzas, Cuba, newspaper. I think it is rich and perhaps your readers will enjoy it. The translator was very proud of his work, and, after all, he should be.

PEDRO DE CORDOVA

We are driving toward to where we are told that a group of movie actors are taking part in a very interesting picture. We do not want to miss this spectacle, and want to get a close view of them, and see the speed of the horses, and the film rods which seem so real to us on the screen.

Alas we go in a bright Paige car, property of our director. From the window of the fast car resembles a mosquito flying along the great white strip which from up there it is guessed to be a road.

We arrive, with destination and see Rodriguez Arango and Jose de Rueda, two perfect bandits, taking to the old counselor's home a child which had been kidnapped. Rueda and Arango are wearing wigs as a substitute for the old Beija whiskers.

Venezuela, the baritone of the Lazaro Opera Company, is playing the rôle of the one-eyed in one of the principal Goldwyn pictures.

In the kidnapping of the child appears on the screen, many tears are shed from feminine eyes, not knowing that the child is but a bundle of rags. The scenes are played with four backgrounds to choose the most perfect one for the master reel.

We are in the heart of the Yucatan Valley, where a corner of Andalusia is being imitated, under the light of the blue sky, which only can admit the comparison of the beautiful Andalusia. The terrible bandits, who are ruled by the one-eyed, surround us everywhere; one of them is making a final touch with a burned cork. Now the handsome young Granado, who won the contest initiated to find a partner to act with Mary Pickford.
is coming toward us, his melodious Argentine accent captures him sympathy from every one. He is a newcomer in movieland, but has large chances in playing in the most important roles. We predict that he will yet dethrone Rodolfo Valentino in sympathy from the women who so terribly fall in love with the movie actors.

Granado presents us the components of the company: Maria Valray, characteristic; George Richelavie, producing manager; Harry Englander, technical manager; Edward Naimy, assistant; Tom Terris, first director; George Peters and Harry Davies, photographic artists; Gustave von Seyffertitz and Author Donaldson, star actors; José de Rueda, the baritone, who has chosen the movies in preference to the song.

They are rehearsing other scenes while Rueda, Granado, and Donaldson chat with us like old friends. They are enchanted with the surroundings of Matanzas. They say that this is the ideal place for their purpose, and that there is no other place like it, not even California, which has been the Mecca of the moving pictures, can be compared with Cuba, especially Matanzas.

They set forth to us the argument of the picture, which will appear as taken in Andalusia. Granado inspects a horse which is to be used in a scene shortly. Rueda smiles, seeing an assistant breaking a guitar by trying to drive in a staple to pass a cord through it so as to fling it over the bandit's back. Donaldson is deeply interested in knowing how many bags of sugar will an acre of this land produce, and no one can answer him, but he is impatient to know.

The stars arrive, and the first one to descend from the car is Gordon Begg, an Englishman imported from London for the sole reason that he has the Spanish-village-priest type. Here is Pedro de Cordoba, a name dignified for that of a captain or some other great personage, whose respectable salary runs into thousands. In the car is the charming Renee Adoree and Dorothy Rooth, who resembles more a Cuban than an American, whose beauty is at par with any woman on earth.

They are now placing curtains and reflectors for a new scene, and some little pigs, who are not contracted by the Goldwyn, are scattering around us.

Now the sun is setting, the one that only is seen in Cuba. We take our car to return to the city, Granado and Rueda are with us; the baritone sings to the beauty of the surroundings. We pass Misses Adoree and Rooth, who throw a smiling glance at Granado, and send rings of smoke up into the air from the cigarettes which they so gracefully smoke.

We are thinking about the great Pedro de Cordoba, his air of prosperity, and that we should be proud of him knowing that he originates from the Province of Caraguata.

Wallace "Sure Put it Over."

I have just read a letter from Wallace MacDonald in the May issue of Picture Play, and I want to say right here he sure "put it over." I was so glad that he said what he did about the stars. It is true, every word of it. We condemn a person who is in the movie profession because he has broken a law, yet we never give an ordinary business man a second thought for doing the same thing.

I have met several of the stars and attended various affairs where they were present, and always they have conducted themselves in a highly refined and respective manner.

Wallace MacDonald is a hard-working boy who is deserving of much better pic-
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**Advertising Section**

**A Screen Test.**

Fans—and fellow thinkers—have never had a screen test before. If not then hearken unto my tale of how it all feels.

A little over three weeks ago there appeared in this paper this announcement: "Do you want to act in the movies? Have a screen test made today!"

Immediately I started a school of acting—we teach you in only twelve lessons"—behind this flaming ruse. Thinking what a neat little account it would make for the manager, I bid myself to the town hall and viewed the picture with some impatience.

We waited impatiently through the showing of our film, "The Girl." When the last scene had faded out, the screen-test man made his appearance on the stage.

He made a speech about the wonderful chance they were searching for new faces—new personalities. . . . He finished with the prediction of a new future for all of us. Oh, how I stretched my golden hand of opportunity stretched forth to us and the open doors (?) and glowing welcome that awaited our ambition. Presently the impresario ordered the screen rolled up to reveal four large lights, old faded scenery, a chair, and a camera.

The girls with me developed stage fright and refused to move. I began to see a perfectly good movie story fade away, so to save the evening, I jazze myself up the aisle and on to the platform—and the audience applauded.

I felt, rather than ate, at home, while the screen-test man went on urging others to the slaughter, I went around the stage scrutinizing the lights. The two at the back were huge bulbs, and a round white metal background—one was bluish, the other white. To the front, left, there was a similar one, with one bulb, and across from it was a funny little light—round and about the size of a small orange.

My investigations in this line were put to an untimely end when the director— we will honor him with this title—made me sit down and "register" things. First, it was sorrow, surprise, anger, then just a smile and a trifle of southern voice, and the audience snickered and tittered with amusement.

When I had expressed faith, hope, and charity, all of which, as wiseacre put it, and proved, publicly, that I possessed every qualification for the dumb-bell ranks, another call was made for volunteers, and this time I responded with new-found courage.

The two girls were rather usual types, but the boys were the whole show. One, I can't miss as the prototype of Merton. He even wore a large cowboy hat, had his test made with a pistol in his hand, and was, oh, so fearfully brave. I was greatly elated to see him, if awkwardly, for tragedy, while the other harbored comedy aspirations—even to the extent of wearing Lloyd spectators—only with lenses.

When the tests were finished the director put us through a comedy that was "nothing else but." It all went along beautifully until Merton, the lover, made his appearance. With a Macbeth stride into the sun防火, and a bedraggled rose dangling in one hand, announcing to his true love that the bouquet was, actually, for her, he turned his back severely upon the camera, excluding the others. There was a yelp of disgust from the director. "Aw—ain't it takin' a pitcher of your back? Take that rose off the flowers!" Much to Merton's chagrin, he rehearsed it again. This time everything was satisfactory until he dropped the girl's feet, laid the rose in her lap, dropped his hands at her sides and calmly stated in a disinterested voice that she was "the kitten's look." Again there was a squawk from the director. That, he asserted in rascous tones, was no way to love. To prove his point, he elbowed the rose and rushed over to the girl. "Jus' look wot I brought you, darlin'!" he cried, putting both arms around the girl and scaring her almost to death. But when Merton did the scene again, he went the director one further. "You got to kiss me," he announced to the girl. The man said, "gotta!" The girl said, "No." calling his attention to "all those people out there." Finally the comedy was finished without casualties, except that we got a bit of the most of it in the dramatic choking scene.

As I think it over, I doubt that I have ever seen a more appreciative audience. Such wholehearted enthusiasm of wondering seriousness and erudite eternity. Yet, it laughed until it cried at the "faux pases" we pulled and, certainly, their mirth was genuine.

I haven't heard yet that any of us who were tested had any startling offers. Nor have I seen any of the tests. In fact, I've been wondering whether there was really any film in the camera!

**Trux MacKenzie.

Orange Hotel, Inverness, Fla.**

**Another Protest About "Our Club" Write-ups.**

A deep, profound salaam goes to Edward Lee Seay for his letter in the May issue. I've groaned and raved inwardly over the space devoted to the "Our Girl Club," et cetera, but lacked courage to write about it. It's nice that those girls are so chummy and all that, but don't tell me much about anything. Wait till they do something big on the screen, and you won't need to tell us about 'em. We'll ask.

Mount Kisco, N. Y.

**From a Strongheart Fan.**

It is often a source of wonder to me that there are any efforts being made at all in the way of producing really worthwhile motion pictures. Perhaps the producers such as Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and scores of others whose films may be considered the best of the great output, do not read the fan letters in magazines. If they are still ready to carry on their efforts to bring art into the movies, I must congratulate them on their courage.

The number of Picture-Play motion pictures are called "vulgar, common, without depth," et cetera, but Monsieur Solomonetta, whose letter you have read, in the last issue, "a burst!" is the most unkind, and, in my opinion, unfairest, of any.

Why has he condemned all the movie children, except Jackie Coogan? Perhaps he has never seen Jackie Condon or Mickey Daniels or Mickey Bennett or True Boardman or
Ben Alexander or any of a great number of young actors whose work is as good as Jackie Coogan's. And as for poisoning Strongheart, Brownie, and Joe Martin, I would advise Mr. Solomonetta to have his own shampoos in stock for other purposes. Surely Strongheart's films, instead of being "unreasonable, senseless, stupid, boorish, larcenous, and asinine," as is sometimes said of his comedies, have brought novelty to the silver screen. They have never been more beautifully photografted, nor has the director attempted to trick up the production. As surely as some of the comedies of Charlie Chaplin, there have been picture productions that have tried to bring novelty to the silver screen.

I don't doubt that there are some stupid pictures on the screen to-day, but that can hardly be remedied by picking on a few. The few who entirely deride of any blame.

GERARD HOFFMAN.

White Plains, N. Y.

Let the Stars Be More Modest.

I am a young married woman, and I have often wondered why so many of the actresses who are striving for popularity and money are so extremely killing their chances. You ask how? By having their photographs for publication taken at the time that it leaves very little to the imagination.

On the other hand, consider Lois Wilson, Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich, Patsy Miller, Claire Windsor Blanche Sweet. Among these I have named are some of the foremost names on the American screen. I have never seen a picture showing any of these girls in which they were not clothed as decent human beings. Please do not leave it to me from you. I do not think that there is anything more beautiful than a well-formed human body. But some of the actresses shown on the back of a double spread are so radical in their ideas of the person who is too willing to display their charms for view at all times. So few people are charitable to stage folk that I think there are far rather have the fans think the highest of them, instead of judging them by most of the cuticle displays seen on our American screen even a long ago in a drug store, while looking through a magazine, remark, "They wouldn't wear anything to have their pictures taken if the law didn't compel them to." Was he right? I think so. If an actress is so proud of her beautiful body, why doesn't she pose for a sculptor or painter, and give the world in a way that will be appreciated and remembered? How does Mary Pickford retain the following she has had since the screen was new? By her mate and my own.

MRS. W. F. Y.

Stroudsburg, Pa.

From a Barthelmess Fan.

I was very much interested in and delighted by Richard Barthelmess' recent letters. We like him here in Portland. Our dear Barthelmess picture "Our only one" was shown was obliged to turn away hundreds—which is quite a number for our fair city of Portland—and then the critics seconded the usual standard. Maybe they thought so! But we were delighted with it. I don't believe I have missed a Barthelmess picture since he first appeared with Nazimova in "War Brides." Sincerity best describes this young star, and what a happy selection in leading ladies he made when he chose the lovely Dorothy Mackaill! It is very exciting to Mr. Barthelmess to be so anxiously to please. We appreciate it. There are so few on the screen now who aspire to please the public. The interest seems to be being finessed and, after some have attained stardom they cease to strive for a higher goal. The writer had the pleasure of seeing Mary Hay Barthelmess, Sr. in her musical comedy "Mary Jane McKane" in Boston. She is the loveliest creature imaginable! Wouldn't it be wonderful if they two were to appear together in a motion picture? Perhaps Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr. The latter is a darling youngster—we like the pictures she has made. Not so far as I can tell. If Mary, Sr. is touring we can't expect to see her in the picture, but we do hope to see a picture of the delightful trio some time soon.

MARY BURBEN.

Portland, Maine.

A Note from Ruth Roland.

As many of the fans know, I have not worked in any pictures since the completion of my last two serials, "Haunted Valley" and "Ruth of the Purple Dome." This is because so many of my fan friends asked me to enter the feature film again, and I finally decided to attempt it. I have spent months and months looking for just the right part. I have thought of the many friends wanted to see me in. Personally, I have always wanted to return to the feature film, if not entirely, to make one feature between each serial.

Now, however, my dream is at last coming true, for I am to make a feature, titled "Dollar Down," in New York, the most capable direction of Tod Browning. This will be a comedy drama with plenty of pathos, laughter, and thrills, such as I have never had into my serials. I feel sure it will be just the kind of picture my fans will love the best, and I want to ask them all to write to me and let me know they like "Dollar Down" if they see it.

During the time I have been looking for my story I have been away from home some months, and when I returned to a whirl tour on the Orpheum Circuit, and my fan mail, unfortunately, became terribly mixed up, as I did not have a secretary then. I am very much afraid some of my friends did not receive the photos which they requested, and would like to ask any who did write me for a photo, and did not receive it, to please write me again, and I will be delighted to send them a new picture. Any mail addressd to me at Los Angeles, California, will be received by me.

With all good wishes to my fan friends,

RUTH ROLAND.

Sigrid Holmquist Writes.

The other afternoon I received a letter from a dear friend in Sweden which reminded me very clearly of my home. My friend has been in motion-picture work all summer and her gossip about conditions under which pictures are made there brought home to my mind the great contrast between American and Swedish methods.

Very soon now they will stop production for the winter. The huge glass houses have been covered through the long period of frost and snow and most of the players will return to the legitimate stage. The cost of heating the glass houses is very heavy, and even the heavy gray light of our northern winters makes good photograh possibility.

In Sweden we do not have a distinct class of motion-picture players as you do in America. Our players go back and forth between the stage and the studio, one in winter the other in summer. They
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are not nearly so well versed in the art of make-up for pictures as American actors. This does not make a great deal of difference, as pictures are made with very few close-ups. Practically the entire story will be told with long shots. Usually the director is the actor on the stage during the winter season. The studios are very large, quite as extensive as here, in many cases. They have enormous rooms. The sets are also very large.

The letter from my friend reminded me of all these things, and it occurred to me that readers might be interested. With best wishes for them and you.

Shirley Holmquist

The South in Pictures.

I was very interested in a letter from a New Orleans fan in the April Pic ture Page of the Smith's criticism of "The White Rose." I doubt if Miss Smith has ever been in the South, especially in the far South, where much of "The White Rose" is filmed. I wonder if she is aware of the quaint charm of many of the old towns and picturesque byways of Louisiana's bayous; a charm that California with its nouveau riche and "sticky" varnish cannot hope to have. Yet the South of today as well as the modern progress has been painfully neglected by the majority of moving-picture producers. Still one may hope—for just recently two of the most famous names in the business, Griffith and James Cruze, have discovered in the South a new field of scenic possibilities, witness—Griffith's "The White Rose," filmed in the Teche country of Louisiana, and Cruze's "The Fighting Cordov," filmed among the white-paned mansions of old Natchez in Mississippi. How ever, it is not the geography that is peculiarly your own, you are more than apt to see its flaws, are you not? Well, we of Louisiana considered "The White Rose" our picture, and, while we received it cordially, we were certainly on the lookout for flaws—and we saw very, very few.

We saw, instead, that which Miss Smith failed to see, the poeti c significance of "The White Rose." Aside from that, we found Griffith clever in the way he introduced "New Orleans City." The little glimpse of the parade was actually filmed during the 1923 Mardi Gras festivities of "America's most interesting city." Very effective, too, was the scene of the bal masque in the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms of the old Southern mansion. That the south and southland will be southern, if not northern, is the mask ed ball any one who has lived in the colorful old state knows. Griffith was not far fetched there. As for the mansion itself—well, we admired it many a time. It bears a name that is romantically beautiful, one very expressive of its personality. Also, it is a real honest to goodness, bona fide, Southern colonial home. At its back door, curving in and out among the ancient oaks, is the Teche—the dream bayou of incomparable beauty it was, this bayou of the old South. It brought to the screen with an exquisite sense of beauty and the simplicity of genius.

May G. Nelson

New Orleans, La.

Speaking of Southern homes in their right place, let me mention a recent release, "The Fighting Coward," photo graphed at Natchez, Miss. One of the many things of it appear in the same issue as the letter of B. H., and if the writer of that letter will read it, I remember a "comedy of the South of pre-Civil War times." I shall earnestly hope to see antebellum mansions there.

I am proud of the old South—pride of the traditions and the people and the customs peculiar to herself, which she has possessed, I love the Southern atmosphere. Born 1869, when I do not pretend to see it falsely transplanted to 1924. I do not know a living person who resembles the "Southern gentleman" of the screen. If B. H. knows any, and the traditions attached, I should like to meet him.

B. H. tells me: "I refer him to "The White Rose," in which he may see scenes of one of the most beautiful mansions taken right here in this State."—Louisiana. Unfortunately, I have not seen the picture which might use as an "Encyclopedia of Southern Mansions. The fact that pictures may accomplish anything they wish, and that one mansion in one State does not make that of structure present in the South for a day or two, I might let the statement pass.

As to the trip to Louisiana, I have already mentioned: the trip from the east to the south, and very few homes of the Colonial type did I see. However, I give credit to B. H. as a Southern man. The Southern of to-day does not live in a Colonial mansion, but rather in an angular frame building or in a bungalow. The beauty of the South grows tiresome when it is shown every time the country below the M. and D. line is mentioned. A true Southern town on the screen would be entirely different. It really is and not one constructed from the past. Repetition is tiresome; things become old.

I hope that I have shown that I thoroughly approve of the antebellum mansion "with all its trimmings" in its proper place. I should like to see it in a picture of the Civil War. But antebellum atmosphere and these jazz times do not mix well.

Water Valley, Mississippi.

Two Nominations for "Peter Pan."

When are people going to be sensible and respectful for "Peter Pan," Marion Davies?—Jackie for choice. I think he ought to play Peter, but if that is impossible, Marion Davies certainly will spoil it.

I have just seen "Anna Christie," and I think it is one of the most successful and brilliant films I have ever seen. It is a tribute to the director that he kept to the plot of the play, and confined his cast to four splendid actors, while at the same time the shadows of all the things of the sea and of O'Neill himself is. It is a great picture.

Is Nazimova going to descend to make more pictures? I admire her tremendously, because, despite her affectations and mannerisms, I think she had at times a spark of genius,—un like Mae Murray, who has all her faults without any of her fine points.

Olga de Lichtenvelt.

Colleen a Publicity Star? No!

In reply to Stella Meade's letter in the May Picture-Play, in which she asks some one to tell her whether Colleen Moore is a genuine star, or a publicity-made one, I will answer by saying she is a real actress. In "Frightening Youth" she was wonderful! Imagine some one else trying to act the part she did. R. C. B., of Hollywood, says: "Colleen Moore, the 'Flaming Youth' will do no one any good, but give the flappers some new ideas for their parties. Must every show we go to be of the body-good-sprinkle. We go to a show to be entertained, and 'Frightening Youth' sure entertained me. It is quite a relief to see a picture like that after seeing 'Over the Shoulder' and Vitagraph specials you see in our town, such as 'Man Next Door,' 'No Mother to Guide Her,' and 'Midnight.'—Ronald Smith, Flandreau, S. Dak.

In the May issue of Picture-Play, Stella Meade asks the silliest question that could be put to a novelist, 'Colleen Moore, a publicity-made actress?' Well, I should say no. Any one with common sense could see that she isn't. Colleen has won standing and many marvelous portrayal's. I think she has right fully earned her place among the leading actresses. Besides being a marvelous actress, she is also considerate, unassuming, and any one who says she is not is just plain "batty."

Some fans are always intent in including Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, and James Kirkwood in their list of best actors on the screen. I think the whole three of them are absolutely awful. And as for Charlie Chaplin, I don't see him at all. He gives me a pride cramp. His "Woman of Paris" was bunk. I think that Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, and Conrad Nagel outshine these other "would-be" actors.

As for good pictures, I'd like to know what William Lueredge expects when he says that "The Covered Wagon," "Scararamouche," and "The French Doll" are rotten. The first are the most wonderful pictures made. Also some fans go wild, simply because of the brilliancy of performance of George Arliss, or "dear Charles Ray," or the most wonderful actors on the screen, Ernest Torrence and Wallace Beery. I say that the price of any one of these last two is a bargain. I have never heard such a ridiculous thing in all my life. Imagine sitting through a play with Ernest Torrence as the star.

I tell you it just makes my blood boil when some fans write that they would like to see these impossible things I have mentioned.

I have always been an ardent reader of Picture-Play, and have always found it fair and convincing. But some of the fans have grown rather cute, and I think there should be a line drawn.

Another Fan Club.

We have the most wonderful secret to tell all the fans! At least we think it is wonderful, and we do so hope every one will interest. A small group of Norma Talmadge fans have banded together, in spirit at least, from here and there and everywhere, to form a club. We have chosen a name for our organization, because we wanted to become a small success, anyway, before we truly set out, publicly, to become a large success. So we have exactly planned, and hoped, and dreamed, and worked, until we feel now that we have a secret we can tell you all with a smile of confidence. For we have just received the news—oh! the most glorious news—that Miss Talmadge approves our venture, and accepts the title of our honorary president! Not only that, but for some time we have had the honor of considering Charles Ray "one of us." And, oh! the thrills such knowledge brings to loyal fans!

And listen, fans, we've just begun! We're out to do something—to be something. We must make every member of our honorary and our honorary president proud of us!

So much we have done alone. We have planned the club, given it a name, and set out to be something. But, we feel that it is now time to let the other fans in on our happiness. We stand ready to provide any information required for the public. We have a whole list of new pals who care to share our dreams and the infinite happiness of dreams come true!—Constance Riquet, President of the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club. 14207 Northfield Street, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Some Personal Impressions of Stars.

Oftentimes, when one meets stars they promptly dismiss you from their minds, and if you were to pass by them two minutes later, they would not recognize you as any star. So you can imagine my utter amazement when Dorothy Devore spoke to me several months after I had first met her. I happened to be passing by the Christie studio one day when she was out in front, talking to some dogs, and before I had time to go over and say hello, she spoke. Honestly, that was one of the most thrilling moments in my life! We chatted a few minutes, although to this day I have no idea what I said. I suppose I mumbled something about the hot weather. Anyway, Dorothy is so pretty, without the least bit of make-up. And she looked adorable in a straight bolt. And her eyes are so big and brown and twinkling. She is very tiny, and one would never think of her as a star.

Colleen Moore is perhaps the most natural star I've talked to. And yes, she really has one blue and one green-brown eye. One would never call her beautiful simple—she possesses that little spark of something—personality, or what you will—about which we hear so much. And when she is speaking, she has a habit of lifting her lips and widening her eyes which is quite captivating. This mannerism is affected also by Jokyna Ralston, who looks and acts surprisingly like Colleen.

Hope Hampton is very lovable, and, unlike the three I have mentioned, would never be mistaken for anything but a screen star. She is vivacious and beautiful and much younger looking than she seemed on the screen previous to her appearance in "The Gold Diggers." She is most adorable and possesses all the other accompaniments of a star.

Jacqueline Logan looks more unlike her screen self or her photos than any other player I know. I'm sure I never would have recognized her if she hadn't been introduced to me. By this, don't get the idea that she isn't pretty, for she is. Her hair is reddish brown, and with May McAvoy's for blueness, and she has a sweet way of smiling, like Alice Calhoun, without opening her mouth. By the way, how much alike Jackie and May look on the screen? I mentioned this to Miss Logan, and she said others had said the same, but that she wished she were one half as pretty as May.

Concerning Lois Wilson—well, I'll just refer you to Louise Loughron's letter in the February issue. Her description con-
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Advertising Section

cides exactly with mine. Lois is the sweetest, dearest girl that ever was! Viola Dana—tiny, and with the biggest eyes and longest lashes imaginable. Eleanor Boardman—plain and colorless. I do hate to judge a person, though, after only seeing her once. I imagine that with make-up, Boardman would be pretty. Richard Dix—tall and manly, with quite ravishing dimples. He lives up to every expectation.

Bessie Love—tomboyish, likable, and full of fun—the very antithesis of her screen emotional and wistful portrayals. She looks cute in a straight bob, but is not pretty.

Bobbie Agnew—boyish, likable, and full of fun, just as you'd expect him to be. Incidentally, he's very good looking. Pat O'Malley—a good-looking Irishman, who punctuates his conversation with "See." Miss Dupont—tall and very, very pretty. Conway Tearle—always frowning, but if you're really observing, the twinkle in his eye will not escape you.

Kathleen Hurst—very pretty, very free from pose. She says what she thinks regardless of the time, place, or occasion. She is rather pretty.

Blanche Sweet—pretty, with bobbed hair of a lovely blonde shade. Despite reports, Blanche was not the least bit indifferent when I met her, but more than lived up to her name.

Julianne MacGregor—very dark, tall, and handsome, totally eclipsing the stocky, swarthy Valentino.

Lila Lee—tall and slender, beautiful with make-up, plain without. Helen Ferguson—younger and prettier than on the screen. Personality plus! Barbara La Marr—very beautiful and sirenish, with a soft, magnetic, not too English-looking voice, guaranteed to win over the most devoted of husbands.

Constance Bennett. The Mary and graceful I always think of her toe dancing to the magic strains of "Pizzicatti," a lovely, fairylike figure.

Juliette Compton—the most beautiful of all, and the most aloof. One must see her to realize her Bawdyless beauty.

I could go on and on, but this may not be as interesting to read as it is to write, so I'll quit. But I can't resist the temptation to tell you that I'm simply wild to meet or even see Mary Philbin and Clara Bow, and if by chance you run across this who has met either, won't you write and tell me all about it?

HELEN M. BRINKERHOFF

1265 East Sixtieth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 102

AMBITION. — Yes, it is true that every one in the movie industry is discouraging movie-struck girls and boys from going to Hollywood. It is also true that all ordinary facts are now so many and experiences of experienced extras in California that practically no novices are being taken on, even for mob scenes. But that fact needn't discourage you. There are aspirants who have something else beside a pretty face to offer. Producers are still picking girls with no screen experience from the stage, dancing classes, and similar fields for a tryout in pictures. Alan Dwan hired Jacqueline Logan right out of the "Follies" into a leading role in "A Perfect Crime" because he saw how much Jacqueline has gone ahead since then. Dorothy Mackaill, another comparative newcomer who is gaining steadily, was also chosen in the "Follies" when Marshall Neilan spied her and used her in a small part in "Bits of Life." Of course, the "Follies" has been the greatest field of all for newcomers. Dozens of girls have been selected from them by various directors and producers, some of whom have been made stars and leading ladies immediately and others given good parts, but none of these girls were cast to travel the long road of extra and bit roles for a couple of years before getting a chance to shine more or less prominently. Some other ex-Follies girls are Billie Dove, Peggy Shaw, Marion Davies, Mac Murray, Nita Naldi, and Ruby De Remer. There are then a number of whose dancing ability to help their screen careers, directly or indirectly, are Barbara La Marr, Marguerite De La Motte, Jobyna Ralston, Patty Ruth Miller, Carol Dempster, Margaret Loomis, Virginia Valli, Eleanor Boardman, Corinne Griffith, and Colleen Moore. Experienced stage actors, of course, are always likely to be approached with screen offers, and more and more of them seem to be coming over to the films. So it would seem that the best way to get into the movies now is not to run out to Hollywood and beseech the casting director, but to take up dancing, get on the stage, or in the "Follies," or in any of the New York show places where directors go when they reach town. Such girls have tremendous advantages over the little girl from Main Street whose face may be beautiful, but who knows nothing about pantomime, who is self-conscious, and who doesn't know how to stand or walk gracefully or do any of the things that are the essential groundwork of a successful screen player.

ALICE. — Reginald Denny! Reginald Denny! What hearts that man is conquering. Can it be possible that you girls are drifting away from the dark-eyed Latins so soon? The earson why Mr. Denny performed so well in those "Leather Pusher" stories, I suppose, is because he was working under the name of "James Brown" before he ever took up acting. He was born in England, you know, and evidently preferred the stage to the prize ring because he joined the London Opera Company and toured the world with it for several years. Mrs. Denny—that's sad. But it had to come out—was a member of the same organization and the company was playing in Calcutta, India, that they were married. During the war, he was with the British Flying Corps, and after the Armistice came to America. Now playing a few small roles here he was signed by Universal for the "Leather Pusher" stories, and has now graduated from them into feature starring roles. Mr. Denny, in case you treasure these little details, is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-two pounds, has fair complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair.
WAGHIT—Yes, that was a blond wig that Corinne Griffith wore in "Black Ozen." Her own hair is light brown. Miss Griffith is fond of wigs, and often wears them in her screen characterizations, often keeping them on for weeks at a stretch. Most players, though, prefer their own hair whenever possible, because, unless a wig is exceptionally fine, it doesn't please Corinne Griffith. In the case of Anna Q. Nilsson, after cutting her hair short like a man's for "Ponjola," wears a wig of wavy blond hair in "Flowing Gold," and in the picture, "Metro," she has continued to wear wigs until her hair grows again, unless she strikes another part that calls for short hair. Marion Davies is another who sometimes uses wigs for the sake of art in "Little Old New York," and who is keeping the wigmaker busy. She wears a beautiful wig of long yellow braid in "Allan." And another "Janice Meredith." Mae Murray sometimes uses a black wig during part of her productions, as in "Fascination" and "Fashion Pictures." Doris Eaton, in "Old New Orleans," has been covering her own blond hair with a black wig for the past few years, and only removed it when she appeared as Lillian Russell in "The Two Orphans." The men, too, are often seen wearing wigs in costume roles. And as for sacrifices—the girls don't lay all claims to it. For the sake of art and realism, Bert Lytell became a bald head and stood that way all during the filming of "Rupert of Hentzau" to make the character more convincing. Of course, he came back to normal sometime ago, after having been nearly kidded to death.

C. G. SHANGHAI.—No wonder you are puzzled by the apparently conflicting movie reports that reach you out there. Things happen so quickly in the screen world—so many things are published and printed so close to it get the latest accurate information. It is true that Martha Mansfield is dead, that she died from burns received while making a picture. The reason why you say, "But I read in a magazine the report of her death is that the magazine had already been made up and printed. You know, most monthly publications, especially those of the celluloid type, are published months in advance of their publication date, and that is the reason why the news they contain is sometimes inaccurate by the time they are put on the market. And Priscilla Dean's death is not true. Priscilla is very busy now with plans for producing pictures with her own company. Harold Lloyd's birthday last year was a very private affair. Your guess was almost right, anyhow. Norma Talmadge's birthday is May 2d, and the year of her birth 1897. Louise Huff is now 16, but is devoting all of her attention—that is, all she can spare from her two children—to appearing on the stage. She made a very successful appearance as the star of "Mary the Third," and is now rehearsing another play. So it looks as though Louise is going to be lost to the screen, unless she should get married. She should be addressed to "What the Fans Think," Picture Play Magazine, 70 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

WEEN.—Yes, Anna Q. Nilsson's husband is wealthy. But you are mistaken in thinking the the majority of screen actresses who marry acquire large fortunes along with their husbands. On the contrary, comparatively few film players can marry men of great wealth. Katherine MacDonald, of course, married a millionaire some months ago, and Ora Carré married the son of a wealthy banker about a year ago. Tony Moreno's recent bride has considerable fortune, and Nina Untermeier, who recently became the wife of Reginald Dexter, also has extensive worldly possessions. But, on the whole, the marriages that have taken place among players in the past few years have been more or less private affairs. The material "fortune" has been nothing to boast about.

O. C.—Why are there more heroines than heroes on the screen? Well, because the stories are written that way, I suppose. Don't you know that the feminine soul is of much more interest to most novelists than the masculine? She's supposed to be more subtle, more complicated, and that's why, most writers seem to enjoy analyzing her and the mystery-shrouded emotions more than they do those of the more or less prosaic man.

Addresses of Players

As asked for readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.


Monte Blue, Don Novello, Willard Louis, and Bruce Geron at Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.


Alice Pringle, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Blanche Sweet, Marshall Thompson, William Haines, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.


Wyndham Standing at Laurel, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Mae Balin, Frances B. Rushman, Kathleen Kiernan, and Anna W. C. C. at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.


Norma Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Ben Lyon, Colleen Moore, Constance Talmadge, and Corinne Griffith at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Barbara Stanwyck, star of Metro Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Laure L. Plante, Shannon Dey, Billy Sullivan, Regional Donny, Virginia Vallis, Ethel Sedgwick, Art Accord, Jack Hoxie, Hoot Gibson, William Powell, Helen Holmes, Marj Philbin, Josie Sedgwick at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Alene Ruby, Marion Davies, and Anita Stewart, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, 777 Seventh and Two, Seventh Street, New York City.

Madge Kennedy, star of Cameron Coca Cola Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Norma Shearer, Huntley Gordon, Kenneth Harlan, Clara Bow, and Ethel Shannon at 3600 Wilshire, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Terry, Malcolm MacGregor, Ramon Novarro, and Rene Adoree at the Metro Studios, 5600 Hollywood, California.

George Arliss, care of Distinctive Productions, 306 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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the dancer is in demand. Starting salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites. In addition, one is so much more desirable as a partner in ball room dances when she has developed a sense of rhythm, and cultivated suppleness through classic dancing.

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Rainbo Gardens
Chicago
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Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Confidence Man"
From the story by L. Y. Erskine and Robert H. Davis,
Directed by Victor Heerman, Screen play by Paul Sloane. Titles by George Ade.

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A HERBERT BRENON Production with Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Fawcett, Matt Moore. From the novel and play by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Screen play by Clara Beranger.

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A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by Rita Weiman and Josephine L. Quirk. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

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"TIGER LOVE"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor. From "El Gato Montes" by Manuel Penella. Screen play by Howard Hawks.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "MEN"
A DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From the story by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Screen play by Paul Bern.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE BEDROOM WINDOW"
A WILLIAM DE MILLE Production with May McAvoy, Malcolm MacGregor, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Edeson, George Fawcett and Ethel Wales. Story and screen play by Clara Beranger.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"PETER THE GREAT"

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"CODE OF THE SEA"
A VICTOR FLEMING Production with Rod La Rocque and Jacqueline Logan. Story by Byron Morgan. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser.

The final guide to entertainment values in any picture is not the title or the star or the director; but the thing which represents a tremendous permanent investment, the brand name. The good will of millions has made the leading brand name—

Paramount Pictures

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN
INTRODUCING TWO NEW CONTRIBUTORS

EW players have either the ability or inclination to engage in writing, in addition to their regular work. But we know that nothing pleases the fans more than to read bona-fide contributions from the players, such as their occasional letters to "What the Fans Think," the letters from location, and the like. We are all interested in knowing what the players think and feel about their work, and we are very glad, therefore, to introduce to you two new contributors who are going to give you their experiences at firsthand.

One is Margaret R. Reid, a girl who has been playing extra parts for some time in Hollywood, and whose first article appears in this number.

Most of the stories about extra work of late have been rather discouraging to screen aspirants. But Miss Reid has a happier story to tell—a story of the pleasant and extremely interesting aspects of working on a big production—even as an extra.

The other newcomer is Dorothy Manners, whose first article will appear in our next issue.
Mellin’s Food and milk will enable your baby to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin’s Food babies.

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What the Fans Think

A Few Impressions.

MAV I give you a few impressions that come to me when I watch different motion-picture actresses play?

Norma Talmadge—Dark red velvety rose petals falling on a white marble walk.

Constance Talmadge—Big yellow daisies with brown velvety centers, sunny and waving in the wind.

Mary Pickford—A dainty bunch of sweet peas tied with a pale-lavender ribbon, and lying on a black ebony table.

Pol’a Negri—Ascension lilies held in the hands of a woman with heavy-lidded eyes.

Marguerite de la Motte—Apple blossoms.

Marion Davies—A Dresden bouquet.

Patsy Ruth Miller—Varicolored pansies growing in a cool spot.

Nazimova—Tall, deep-orange tiger lilies in a black onyx vase.

Doris Kenyon—Autumn asters, pretty and sturdy.

Agnes Ayres—Cool blue corn flowers dropping from a white crystal vase.

Corinne Griffith—A fragrant orchid.

Leatrice Joy—A twig of pine with pine cones attached.

4 Woensner Avenue, May Cochran.

N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

How the British Aristocracy Regards Norma.

I have just been to see “Secrets,” with Norma Talmadge, and, oh! how I enjoyed it. It was really splendid of her to let us see it in London first and we all appreciate her thoughtfulness. Of course, the film throws the stage play quite in the shade and Norma is wonderful as Mary Morlau. I don’t think I have ever seen her look more lovely. She is like a painting come to life and if the American fans don’t love her in it, they must be very difficult to please. I am wondering what your critics will have to say about it. They seem awfully rude when they don’t particularly enjoy the films themselves and I think the fans are very long-suffering. In England we could never think of being so personal or talk about our stars as if they could help having the bodies they were born with, or that they could help the failures that come to every artist at some time or other. Besides, the fans are all judges, after all. I went to the premier showing of “Ashes of Vengeance” just before Christmas and loved it. It had a splendid send-off. Two of our princesses were there and seemed to enjoy themselves very much and they much admired Norma’s lovely dresses.

Writing all this has made me want to see “Secrets” again before it is taken off in town, only it means a one-hundred-mile train journey for me. I’ve got to publish this letter before I close. Have you got to publish some letters as that of Edward Seay in the January number of the Picture Play? I have never read a ruder criticism of any player than his of Norma Talmadge. That a man should bother to abuse any woman—and one he professes to admire—however he may dislike her work, absolutely passes all understanding. I did not know American men could be so unchivalrous.

Norma and her sister, Constance, made a very good impression over here when they attended the Lord Mayor’s banquet in London last year at the Guildhall, and there is a certain titled young man who wishes he could leave his duties and visit Hollywood since meeting—guess which?

Did you know the Duchess of Norfolk had “The Eternal Flame” shown to her house party at Arundel Castle? Well, you must know now that Norma is quite the thing in merry England.

Ivy Dayrell.

The View, Lower Road,

And Wait Till You See “Bagdad”!

After reading “What the Fans Think” for over two years, I am beginning to wonder what they do think!

One fan will say, “I’m simply wild about Gloria Swanson!” In the very next letter another fan will ask, “How can any one like Gloria Swanson?” And so it goes until every star in the film firmament has been pulled to pieces and put back together again!

I do not think there are many fans, however, who don’t like this one—Bugless Darepranks!

I have just spent a perfectly thrilling evening in a tiny, third-run picture house, where I paid fifteen cents admission and listened to a rickety old electric piano for something like three hours. Some one may wonder what the attraction could be that would overcome all these unattractions. Well, here it is: Douglas Fairbanks in “The Mark of Zorro,” and I have seen it four times before! Imagine my delight when I found that the film was just as good and clear as when I saw it three years ago at the Palace! The music and seats were the only difference, but I didn’t notice them anyway.

Can you name cleaner, better pictures than “The Mark of Zorro,” “When the Clouds Roll By,” “The Three Musketeers,” or “Robin Hood”? Even his old Westerns like “Shootin’ Through,” were simply full of thrills. If you are looking for romance, did you

Continued on page 10
A New and Sensational Discovery

A Million Dollar Secret

A New Joy

This new and startling discovery of a supreme natural law of life, health and pleasure is joyfully revolutionizing the lives of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is bringing them a new kind of pleasure, happiness, health, strength, confidence, energy and power of personality and success. It is giving them such marvelous energy of mind and body, and they enjoy life so fully, so intensely, so dominantly, and so thoroughly, that the old life to which they were accustomed appears totally inferior in every respect.

The possession of this new and mysterious natural law gives a new idea of how truly vital, alive, joyful, healthy and happy a human being can be—how easily one can be overflowing with life, energy, bubbling vitality and the fire of triumph. Although thoroughly natural and simple, nevertheless it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without sacrifice, active effort or cost.

A new life of unlimited thrill is yours—when you possess this newly discovered natural law of supreme life, health and pleasure. It is no longer necessary for any one to spend money for treatments and drugs and dieting and books and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this marvelous natural law. Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may absolutely free, become in every way perfect and supreme through this sensational natural law?

This extraordinary natural law yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and amazing power of every character of mind and body—a new and superior life. Through this sensational natural law, you may have all of the benefits of exercise without exercise; all of the benefits of conscious deep breathing without conscious deep breathing; the full and complete benefit of every vitamin and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs without medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology without auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting and every other kind of treatment, device or assistance without these treatments.

Through this amazing natural law, anyone can rid self permanently of every human weakness. This unique natural law gives immunity from every disease of the inferior life. No matter who you are, this natural law can demonstrate to you that you do not yet know the full meaning of joy, pleasure, happiness, vitality and gratification. This natural law is ready to give you a new realization of the meaning of life and enjoyment.

This extraordinary and Universal Law does not require you to actively do anything or give up anything. It requires no exercise, no time, nor conscious deep breathing—no stretching, dieting, drugs or medicines.

This natural and supreme law must not be confounded with hypnotism, auto-suggestion, psychology, spiritual science, psychic science, science, mental science, nor with electricity, osteopathy or any other method—mental or physical—even devised in the past.

No self-hypnotizing phrases to repeat—no yielding, no recession, nothing to give up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice. no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth—reality—Natural Law.

Perfect health cures every known and conceivable disease. This startling natural law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are in any way handicapped—if you are not in possession of all of the powers of mind and body to the highest degree, you owe it to yourself to at once procure for yourself free of charge this revolutionary natural law. Through this supreme natural law, anyone may have the health and vitality of a lion or tiger. Remember that demonstration and results are immediate and free.

This powerful natural law transforms the gloom of disease into the bloom of health, as the rays of the spring sun transform the dead soil into a "sea" of luxuriant vegetation. It is destined to revolutionize human health and happiness—Humanity.

This natural law is most marvelous, most simple, most subtle, and most powerful. It is the Law of Creative Power.

Remember there is nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely Natural Law. This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer.

You would not be without this secret if you could imagine how delightfully transformed your life would be through the possession of this new and deeper realization of happiness, pleasure, joy and gratification. Anyone — male or female — above eighteen years of age is eligible to receive this marvelous secret absolutely free.

Swohoda has a priceless secret for every human being who wishes to be happier, healthier, more vital and successful in a new degree.

Alois P. Swohoda, 1256 Berkeley Building
21 West 44th Street, New York City

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To help cover cost of publishing and mailing, I enclose postage. (Not more than ten cents, please.)

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Address: __________________________

City: ____________________________ State: __________________________

Publishers Note—Many individuals who have obtained this secret claim it is absolutely priceless—worth millions.
From an American Abroad.

Occasionally I come across some fan letter in Picture-Play complaining because European pictures are shown in the United States.

It seems European I am touring Europe, and in almost every country I have visited thus far, preference is given to American films. Then, for one, contend that since rivalry is necessary, it is only fair that all the countries should exchange their best pictures.

The Germans, the only real innovators in the films, have, besides the marvelous pictures they produce, also made some splendid ones that I believe have not been shown in the United States. Among the best is "The Old Law" (Das Alte Gesetz), one of the most sincere productions I have seen. A young actor, Ernst Deutsch—still, I believe, unknown to me—plays his part with all the fire and conviction of the great acting. Another splendid picture, his "Street," is a series of vivid realistic impressions that, if once passed by the censors, would be a decided success in America.

It seems strange that Russian pictures are not better known. One of their best, "Roskolmiker," from Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," is a marvelously psychological study of a criminal.

The Danish Asta Nielsen seems to be little known outside of Europe, where she is considered the greatest actress of the screen. The work of Asta is so rich that any other actress possesses the vividness, the intelligence, the reality that hers does. Yet, set upon arriving in Paris was to see Nana. She is a marvelously imaginative thing it is! Even the scenes between the captain and the page that I was afraid would be omitted were done in such a way as to re-create the true spirit of Wilde. The settings in the manner of Aubrey Beardsley, and the acting of Nana are magnificent. Here is a superb actress whose talent vitally casts her in the part of cheap plays when she is one of the four or five truly great actors of the screen.

I was lucky enough to see Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through." I couldn't forget it through the picture, it was so perfectly管家, so natural, so touching. A few years ago she was a fine actress, though not a particularly beautiful woman. Today she is a beautiful woman, though not a particularly good actress. There is also a cheapness, a loudness if I may use the expression in connection with her. Her silent drama, about her pictures, no matter how much money is expended on them. Perhaps that is with the public, as well.

What has become of D. W. Griffith? A few years ago he produced the enchantingly beautiful "Broken Blossoms." Since then, he has produced pictures that seem to have turned out great social, moral, and artistic failures, but certainly not artistic ones. Of all his pictures only "Broken Blossoms" will live. And why, may I ask, will such an intelligent producer as D. W. Griffith not make historical pictures that contain a mass of erroneous details? In "Orphans of the Storm" he made the most liberty with the French Revolution that were never excused. Historical pictures should at least possess the merit of having the main characters true to the period of history.

What a humorous letter this is by Edward Lee Seay, which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine. He has voiced many of the things that most of us think of the stars, the movies, et cetera. It seems sort of like to dislike a star because of what she does or does not do in her private life. An actress is either a good actress or a bad actress, in business whether she is a "good woman, or not.

It is very amusing the way so many fans become heated at the mere criticism of their favorite star. When I am writing to "What the Fans Think," I am not going to watch in "What the Fans Think" the spirited arguments that are aroused by some of the letters.

7 Rue de la Sorbonne, Paris, France.

One Effect of Personal Appearances.

I am all excited over Barbara La Marr, and justly so.

We were driving in the country a few days ago and some one suggested going to the Eagleville Sanitarium, as there was to be some sort of a big party given for the inmates with half a dozen notables to entertain them and all that sort of thing. The public was invited. We passed in, and then changed our minds and started back—and that's all, too. We were stuck about fifteen minutes in the traffic. There was a mob, all the cars were jamming at the machines around us. The chauffeur of the one opposite us was dancing around, screeching that he had to get through—most important, he said. Wondering who his important passengers were I peered into the machine. There was a blonde, a gentleman—and—Barbara La Marr! I almost rolled off the seat. Jim, my young cousin, got awfully excited, and disgraced me by saying, "Oh, great Scott, where? Let me see her!"

Barbara surely is lovely; her eyes are beautifully blue, to be re

ized. And her mother got a thrill. No wonder Tommy is so good on the screen. You just fall in love with her at one look.

After seeing Miss La Marr and Thomas Meighan, I am not so sure of reading interviews with them now. In fact—now I know that Barbara is like a poster by Leyendecker, and I can imagine her saying, "Hello, Mr. Oettinger had in his interview with her. Before seeing her I could only imagine the lady in "Trilling Women" or the adventure in "Street of the Night" saving them.


Marion Buckley Logan.

Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot?

This letter is from an honest-to-goodness movie fan. I've been simply crazy about moving pictures ever since they first started. This, however, is my first letter, although I buy every magazine I can get that has any connection with the movies. I'm twenty-four years old now, and have been a fan since I was about twelve years old. Few persons would admit this, but I served six months in a reform school just for going to movie shows every night. I've got a job now, and I'm still stick to my first love the same as ever.

I wonder how many fans can remember some of the early favorites who were the objects of my early adoration? These include Bemie—she is dead now—Morris Foster, Mignon Anderson, Alton Miner, Vivien Prescott, Jane Gail, William Shy, Pauline Bush, Edward Coxen, Winsted Greenwood, and the lovely Vivian Rich, who always played leads with handsome William Gar

Wood. I remember Gladys Brockwell in those good old days, and also how fine and handsome was the Irish J. Warren Kerri

gan. There was no such thing as a star then. How good it would be to see some of those boys as soon as possible. I have forgotten to watch in "What the Fans Think" the spirited arguments that are aroused by some of the letters.

St. Louis, Mo.

Comment from Cornell.

No mouth passes without some letter appearing in Picture-Play in which it is stated that the purpose of the movies is one of entertainment or amusement. I wish to make a distinction between amusement or entertainment and another kind of appreciation—a distinction which none of your recent correspondents seem to appreciate.

To do so I turn first to literature, then to the stage, and finally to the screen.

It is ridiculous to say that one reads Shakespeare's "King Lear" for amusement, but it is truthful to say one reads Harold Bell Wright for that reason.

In "King Lear" the spectacle of the mad Lear on the stormy heath is a thing that moves you to a great wonder and speculation about the forces that brought him to his terrible plight. I refuse to call this such as amusement or entertainment.

We reach the legitimate stage. Here the same conditions obtain. "Cyrano de Bergerac" did not amuse me; nor did "The Miracle" or "Saint Joan." Had I wished amusement or entertainment I should have gone to see "Alas! Irish Rose" or "Seventh Heaven" or an older play like "Lightnin.'" Those others gave me a thrill of some kind, but not my intellectual or spiritual delight. Do not mention the word amusement in the same breath with the other kind of appreciation.

Now we come to the screen. It is my despair.

Here we have the ultra Harold Bell Wright, Edgar Guest, and "Alas! Irish Rose." The screen's appeal is a foundation of amusement of this baser kind. There is Baby Peggy, Greta Nada, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills, Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Mary Astor, George Walsh, Colleen Moore, Kenneth Harlan, Greta Garbo, what is the name of the actress going on? There are but a few exceptions in all moviedom—whom I shall name presently. These others are amusing and humorous and sentimental. One has beautiful golden hair and a whimsical smile, another a perfect dimple in the chin, another a wicked snarl, another a steady gaze, another a kind smile. But wherein do all these things equip them to portray human conduct or passions? Indeed they do not so what we are getting the amusing dolls of Thomas Meighan, Mary Pickford, and the others, and five hundred thousand more fans write for photographs of their cute, ador

able, or divine, or gorgeous favorite. It is a futile procedure.

Continued on page 12
Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso’s Marvelous Voice

WHY is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso’s marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

We Guarantee —
Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons — like the late Caruso — are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

Prof. Feuchtinger’s Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M. — descendant of a long line of musicians — famous in the music circles of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the maestros of the Continent who went on year after year blindly following obsolete methods, Eugene Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the “Singing Muscle” — and a system of voice training that will develop this muscle by simple, silent exercises.

Opera Stars Among His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America hundreds of famous singers have studied with him. Orators, choir singers, club women, preachers, salesmen and teachers — over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of this wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor’s methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes each day. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are sure.

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger’s method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be the sole judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

A Beautiful Voice for YOU

You cannot even guess the possibilities of your own voice. If you want to sing—if you have always felt that you could sing but lack the proper training because you had not the time nor the means to study—here is your chance. You can now learn to sing at a very small cost and in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help.

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FREE Diagram of Caruso's Throat

FREE Diagram of Normal Throat

FREE Diagram of the Complete Vocal Mechanism
What the Fans Think

I know among all the screen people only these whom I believe capable of vital roles: of the men, Lewis Stone, Richard Barthelmess, Adolphe Menjou; of the women, Dorothy Mackaill and Lillian Gish. Your others, fans, are entirely dicing and entertaining to watch, and in truth are merely so much as a burning barn. If you can see the difference between the methods of Dorothy Mackaill and Mary Pickford or Gloria Swanson you should realize the point I'm trying to make.

I am not pessimistic but just rational when I say that I fail to see wherein the screen is going to make a change for the better along the lines I have intimated. The reasons are two: first, that just as long as people pay so well for vaudeville or for Spanish pictures, they will soon get so long will they be ground forth. Will people pay well to see Baby Peggy? Yes? All right, sign her up for six superproductions. Does Gloria Swanson receive six thousand fan letters a day? Yes? Sign her up for thirty-two superproductions—and so on, ad infinitum.

Secondly, the hold the movie purse strings are business men and not artists. They are unwilling to take bold chances on experimental methods of procedure; they do not sponsor any radicalism. They are champions of conservatism, and since when has any new-born movement or industry made any great advance by that path? But Mr. Cortez! Radicalism involves hazardous chance; hazardous chance involves a loss of money; money involves business, and no business is any better done men. How then can the movies get out of this rut?

If I have reasoned falsely in this letter I should appreciate knowing in what manner I have failed. Lewis M. Dunsin, Cornell University, 238 Linden Avenue, Ithaca, N. Y.

Why Not Let Ricardo Marry?

I am a girl of sixteen and would like to know why Mr. Ricardo Cortez always "gets left" in his pictures. Why doesn't he ever marry? I have just seen him in "The Hotel of the Century" and I thought it was a fine picture in every way but one, namely: why couldn't he learn to love one girl and marry her? I am sure that he would be glad to marry a pretty and refined girl of some nice little girl and marry her. The first picture I ever saw him in was "Children of Jazz," and even in that picture he did not marry the girl. The picture director will see this and give him a play to act as a leading man, and then get married at the end.

Josephine LaBell
232 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Movies Are at a Standstill.

It seems to me that the motion-picture industry is at a standstill—and has been for the last three years.

I admit the boldness of such a statement, yet it is not a suddenly arrived-at conclusion, but is based on long observation and a keen interest in motion pictures. Nor am I one of those detestable individuals who set up their thoughts as a criticism upon the entertainment offered; while I say that the industry is at a standstill in so far as improvement is concerned, I do not see any irrevocable reason why it should continue.

The motion pictures produced "Broken Blossoms." It was a work of art. What has been done can be done again, and improved upon. "Lonesome" is now five years old and, by universal acknowledgment, has never been equaled. Why?

To be sure, we have had "Humor-eque," which was perhaps the nearest approach to Griffith's masterpiece; and now we have the Camera in Motion, however, by a cloying love story; but what else? And from Griffith, to whom we look with eagerness, has come a succession of disasters, so that he would be mediocre if it were not for that hint of genius smoldering in each.

The drawback to the screen play, is, I suppose, that it must be a thing of physical action rather than of psychological. At least, that is what producers have been chancing for years. Just why this should be I cannot understand. Physical action is of no value at all unless there be a fundamental guiding thought. When our heroine dangles by a rope over a yawning chasm, we do not give a rap for the picture; it is of what she is thinking, and the complications of the situation that are holding us breathless. Can producers be deluding themselves with the mere picture and forgetting the fundamental thing?

Annabelle Urban
5105 Holcomb Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Movies Are All Right!

What's all this the crape hangers have to say about better pictures? I can't understand it. If they don't like the movies as they are, they are perfectly free to divert their attention at the morgue. I've lost many friends by lighting for and defending the players, but my best friends and pals are people like me for the movies just as they are, and I wouldn't go to see any more of them if they were any different.

Ottilie Le Francois
1603 Tenth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Way to Get a Thrill.

I am going to let you in on a deep, dark secret, secret. When I go to see a Meighan movie I go all by myself, for when I go with some one else I can't get half the thrill that I do when I go alone. Mr. Meighan to me is the ideal of manhood, and I certainly would not switch the directing bug. If he does, I am going to start a movement so no one goes to see the pictures he directs; then he will have to keep on acting.

Jane Rae Langripp
Birmingham, Ala.

From a Fan Who Has Thought About Pictures.

What a train of thought Don Ryan's article in the April issue of Picture-Play has set in motion. I have read and reread it, each time doing a little more thinking until, like Pandora's box, the lid is being removed and imprisoned ideas set free.

Mr. Ryan's synopsis of "Garden Peril" cleverly serves to show that I have yet no theme to offer in this line, but the plots in several books—read some years ago—come to mind as fitting plans for this style of photography.

H. G. Wells' "Food of the Gods" could easily be worked out. Mr. Tolhurst could enlarge vines, insects, birds, animals, and humans. To him I would give a greater design, this seemingly grotesque tale. If you have read Mr. Wells' book you will understand the largeness of things after partaking of the food of the Gods.

Mr. Tolhurst could accompany "Alice in Wonderland" and help "shut her up like a telescope" and "draw her out again until she said 'Good-by' to her feet so far off." He could make her too large for the room she was in and reduce her to
the size requiring her to climb a table leg. Can you picture poor little Alice trying to see the large blue caterpillar, smoking a hookah, on top of an immense mushroom? Alice could excel the "Through the Looking-glass" and make pictures of the numerous grotesque birds and beasts therein.

Think of the possibilities in "Gulliver's Travels," containing giants and piggy galore!

Why not let the newer generation get acquainted with the vagaries of Rider Haggard's "She," H. G. "He," and "Allan Quartermain," a quartet of books very popular at one time. H. G.'s "King Solomon's Mines" would make a piquant and colorful combination, for instance, Harry Myers—who would not object to cavorting about in abbreviated garments.

Captain Marryat's "Pasha of Many Tales" contains some bombastic narratives, one of which I faintly remember had to do with icebergs. Strange the movies have overlooked the region of ice and the marvelous aurora borealis.

Mr. Tolhurst should be able to evolve something from James Huneker's "Visionaries," the contents of which are as follows:

A Master of Colwells,—The Eighth Deadly Sin.—The Pursue of Ahohlah.—Rebels of the Moon.—The Spiral Road.—A Man From Smoky River.—The Enemy.—The Enchanted Yoller.—The Third Kingdom.—The Haunted Harpsichord.—The Magic Wall.—A Sentimental Relinquishment.—A Missing step.—The Cursory Light.—An Iron Fan.—The Woman Who Loved Chopin.—The Tune of Time.—Nada.—Pan. Each title sounds good, but remember the Eighth Deadly Sin was perhaps one of certain flowers brought moods of the great composers. Music surely was the art Tolhurst is to do,

Again, Don Ryan says, "The camera is not limited by life on this planet...it can soar beyond the skies." This brings thoughts of Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" and "Life Everlasting," also Frederic Oliver's "A Dweller on Two Planets."

Quoting Maurice Tourneur, "When we can picture emotions through words, then—ah then—we may be able to make passable movies." It is my opinion that when a larger number of movies patrons get a chance they will be getting somewhere on the screen. The producers and directors are doing everything they can to please the pleasure-seeking public.

They spend millions in magnificent clothes, wonderful settings, and stupendous happenings, such as burning forests, desert sand storms, head-on collisions, swirling waters, and boundless leaps from precipitous heights. Finely cut into one classic, magnificent settings to another, beautiful scenery to another, and breathless thrill to another; now, the thing is to find something that will appeal to all classes, and the spiritual qualities are the only attributes that seemingly do so. Whether white or colored, good or bad, young or old, deep in the heart of every individual lies a longing for love, justice, and kindred virtues, and this is irrespective of nationality, creed, or class.

Science fiction, although shown, but its wonderful message was lost on a thoughtless crowd, who called it "rotten" and "crazy," and imagined some spirit philosophizing being brought out. To me it was wonderful, on account of the photography and the theme that our loved ones, who have left us, are in reality ever with us, "Smilin' Through" was along the same lines, but met a hap-pier fate because of the popularity of Norma Talmadge and Harrison Ford.

House Peters ably portrayed fear in "The Closed Road," the little crippled boy demonstrated his ability to "smile at the Miracle Man"; Ralph Lewis showed what avarice meant in "The Conquering Power"—I wonder will Voni Strohme make the same quality and many more pronounced in "Greer's Prophecy"—was the outstanding feature in "The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse," the very lack of justice in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" made me reflect how wonderful a fate could be; all through the jazziness of "Flaming Youth" ran the thread of a pure love; "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" demonstrated insanity in theme, background, and gruesomeness; Tom Moore, in "Big Brother," showed how small boys are influenced by the example set for them by their own people—it used to be laid to the teachings at mother's knee, but now that the truth is out, mother's poor knees can take a rest. I wonder how many figure out why they like or don't like a picture! This thinking over a picture is not an unpleasant pastime—try it!

An anonymous writer says, "We live in and through qualities, possessions, passions, convictions, and activities which are intangible and invisible. We live in and through love, honor, devotion, sacrifice; these are the words that compass our deepest life and make that life valuable and significant to us."

Is this the key to our future pictures? Is Mr. Tolhurst to work it out with the magic of his camera? Is Douglas Fairbanks, as the Thief of Bagdad, the one leading us into the "land where dreams come true?"

I wish I was as sure that the movie patrons were doing some thinking as of the able supporting casts of those directors and directors.

FLORENCE CALDWELL BELL
401 Thirty-eighth Street, Oakland, Calif.

Praise for "The Malman."

It's about nine thirty p.m., and I have just arrived home from the theater. It was a wonderful play. I have never seen a screen play—not even one about society or flappers—that I liked so well! For this was a romantic play yet full of action. It had a splendid cast of players, and two of its best were Johnnie Walker and Ralph Lewis. If I wish I could meet Mr. Ralph Lewis to see what a wonderful character man he is. A typical American father! I wish that all fans would give him more praise; he surely deserves it.

Johnnie Walker is a handsome young actor, one of my favorites. I wish him all the success he should have. I thought I would write this bit of appreciation tonight while the impression was fresh in my memory. It was a play I have heard many fans praise, but one well worth seeing—"The Malman.

SHIRLEY HANLY
412 W. Antelope Street, Girard, Kan.

The Favorite of Maryland.

I would like to say a word in reply to Miss Stella Mead, whose article appeared in the May edition of Picture Play. You headed the article "From a Thoughtful Fan." She claims that Colleen Moore is noticed and clever. Allow me the privilege of her special honor to say that Colleen is the favorite of the State of Maryland, and that any one who talks critically concerning her is reading a book.

Good luck, Colleen, we consider you the most beautiful girl on the screen!

CAPTAIN ARTHUR F. FENLAY
Mayor, Maryland.

Coalition on page 116
LIFE is stranger than fiction—and more dramatic.
The life story of Abraham Lincoln holds a drama that you will find more entertaining than any novel of the season. All that you had ever hoped for in a motion picture is in the Rockett production "Abraham Lincoln." There is romance, thrills, humor, and pathos. Above are George Billings and Ruth Clifford, and in the oval Billings as the Lincoln of late life.

"For Sale"

THE proper setting is essential for a real romance. Claire Windsor and Robert Ellis seem to have found it here. The scene is from "For Sale"—a society drama with tremendous love interest.

"Husbands and Lovers"

JOHN M. STAHL'S newest domestic drama is "Husbands and Lovers." Lew Cody, Florence Vidor, and Lewis Stone are the principals. Your local theatre will show the picture next month.

"A Self Made Failure"

HERE'S the likable group of shadowland folk who make J. K. McDonald's "A Self Made Failure" one of the real human pictures of all time. From left to right Mary Carr, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ben Alexander, and Lloyd Hamilton. The story has laughs and tears—and all the emotions in between.
The ever-changeful Gloria presents several new facets in her latest production, "Manhandled," one of which is the demure and old-fashioned presence you see above.
The Perils of Per Cent

It takes money to make movies, and the raising of money for this purpose presents as many hazards as confront the hero or heroine in the picture which is to be made.

By Agnes Smith

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

Once upon a time there was a showman who startled great crowds at the country fairs he visited by demonstrating how he could make a lion and a lamb lie down together in the same cage.

An onlooker, not convinced that it was a Biblical miracle, asked him confidentially how he performed the trick.

“Well,” replied the wonder worker, “just between ourselves I’ll admit that we are able to do it only by supplying a new lamb every once in a while.”

So you see, boys and girls, there are times when this business of amusing the public is only maintained by the occasional slaugthering of lambs. And the lambs who pay the price in the movie business are the gentlemen who enter the cage and get chummy with the lion of film finance.

You have heard the wonder tales of the fabulous fortunes that may be made by any one who hires a camera man and rents a studio. Perhaps you have heard faint whispers of the fortunes that have been ground to nothing by the same cameras. The motion picture is politely referred to in financial circles as a “speculative industry.” No harm is meant. There are plenty of good speculative industries which are good game for gamblers but poor risks for the widows and orphans.

But the risks of speculation in the movies are, properly enough, particularly dramatic; the Perils of Per Cent are more exciting than any serial yet to be filmed. So, if you’ll follow closely and hold tight to your pocket-book, we will peep under the flap of the showman’s tent and take a look at that phase of your favorite industry known as its finance.

To begin, you must understand that practically all business has to operate at times—and properly so—on borrowed capital. Only a few of the oldest and most firmly entrenched business concerns operate “on their own.” It is, therefore, quite respectable and usual to “go to the banks” for operating expenses.

Even a conservative who sets out to be a farmer travels along on borrowed money. He puts all of his own capital into the land and equipment. Then he goes to the banks and borrows enough money—mortgaging his farm as security—to buy his seed and pay his operating expenses until his crops are harvested and sold, when he pays off his obligations and keeps his profit to use as he pleases. Or if he is jinxed, he either loses his farm or goes back for a second mortgage.

This method, you see, enables business to operate on a much larger scale than would be possible if every business man had only his own money to operate with, and makes it possible for persons who have accumulated money to find channels, through banks, for putting their money out at interest.

Now if you lend money to a farmer, or to a manufacturer, you may be sure, if you are a good business person, that your money is fairly safe. You are protected by the mortgage you hold on land, buildings and machinery, which is worth more than your loan and which can be sold to bring back your money in case the business is unsuccessful.

But in the case of the movies, it is something else again. The usual securities are strangely missing. Usually the lender is risking good money on something that may be only the rose-colored dream of an idealist. A few of the big companies, who have been running successfully for a number of years, have big assets, not only in their studio equipment, but also in the completed pictures which are bringing in the bacon.

But most of the big companies to-day act only as distributors for a number of small units. And these units are the hungry lions that demand the lambs. Such a unit may be composed of two or three business men who have a contract with a famous star. It may be an association of a few business men and a successful director. And when such a company is organized they usually haven’t anything but a reputation or so, an option on a story or maybe merely a bright idea between them and complete disaster. To make pictures this little group has to borrow money. And the money must come in big chunks because even the most ordinary sort of production costs upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. The producer who wants to make the movie must have the cash before he starts in and the loan must extend for at least six months because the picture cannot return a cent to him until it has been filmed, advertised, and placed in the theaters. And, unless it is an exceptional attraction, it won’t make a thin dime until it has been playing in theaters for from three to six months. So the producer has to stand six months of expense and several more months of suspense before the dollars come home to roost. That is, if they do come home to roost at all.

There are three ways of raising this money. The legitimate—and also the safe—way is for the producer to go to the banker, ask for a loan and pay the legal rate of interest. The gambling method is for the producer to go to one of the finance groups that specialize in succoring ambitious directors who want to make their own pictures. The producer gets the money but he
The Perils of Per Cent

pays from ten to thirty per cent interest for the use of it. The gentlemen who lend money at extra-legal rates are known as bonus boys, because for raising a one hundred thousand dollar loan they sometimes demand as much as twenty-five thousand dollars for their services in lending the money. This fee amounts to usury but it is politely called a bonus. The third way of raising money is to sell stock or shares in the profits of the proposed picture to anybody dim-witted enough to buy it.

So you see, three questions arise out of this cash-in-advance situation in the movie business. First, what do the banks demand as security before they will lend money for making pictures? Why do producers go to the hock shop of the bonus boys, thereby cutting their financial throats even before the camera begins to grind on a picture? And third, are the movies ever a safe investment for the person who has a few hundred dollars hidden away in an old sock?

H. H. Bruenner of Associated First National told me that any producer with a legitimate proposition for making pictures need not have any trouble getting the money from the banks and without paying any pound of flesh. First National, you know, is a large distributing company that markets the productions of big independent directors and stars. To protect its own standards, it is obliged to pick only salable products made by established stars or directors, or pictures made by lesser lights, but obviously sure fire.

If an independent producer wants to make a picture, all he needs to do to raise the money is to show a contract with First National guaranteeing him the cost of the negative up to a certain amount and a percentage of the profits, after First National has received the cost money back.

Naturally First National is no charity institution and so a distribution contract cannot be had by walking into the office and asking for it. The contract may be only an option on the negative, or finished production; it may involve the company in little or no financial responsibility for the picture. On the other hand, in the cases of established stars, First National digs into its own pocket for the money.

As Mr. Bruenner put it, "If Harold Lloyd, Thomas Meighan, or Richard Barthelmess should walk into the office and want money for a picture, he could go out with the cash in his pocket."

But to get back to the problem of how the producers convince First National that that company cannot get along without their pictures. In the first place, the applicant must have either a flawless reputation for delivering the goods or he must have a contract with a big star or the rights to a book as widely known as "The Four Horsemen" or as sure fire as "Flaming Youth." If he has none of these things to show, First National simply allows him to go out as quietly as possible and with the comforting thought that if the picture turns out better than might be expected, he will always find the office door open to him.

Undoubtedly it is hard-hearted for First National, Goldwyn-Metro and other powerful marketing concerns to tell the poor but ambitious director to go out and do his own gold-digging. But they reason, with a great deal of justice, that if a fellow has no tangible assets he has no more right to call on a bank for money than I have the right to go out and raise money to start a factory for making buggy whips.

Not only is there no money in bad or unsalable pictures, but there is only grief, heartbreak, and worry in them. A few producers have made money on these desperate, shoestring ventures but Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard are filled with the makers of the kind of pictures the public forgets.

Kicked out of the office—figuratively speaking, of course—by a distributing company that represents one of his few hopes of making money on his picture, the would-be Joseph Schenck calls on other big distributors, such as Marcus Loew and Hodkinson. But it's the same old tragic, heart-rending story; he can't see why Messrs. Rowland, Loew, and Hodkinson won't believe that a director with no money, no star, and no story, but with a bright idea, isn't capable of turning out a wonderful picture. Of course, if I were Messrs. Rowland, Loew or Hodkinson I wouldn't believe him either. And neither would you if you could see the fuzzy stuff that the freelance director calls money-making art.

Naturally you might suppose that this director who wants to be a pro-

When the banks refuse the motion-picture promoter, his next visit is to the "bonus boys."
producer would call it a day and take a contract job with William Fox. But no; once a director becomes inflamed with the idea that he wants to make his own pictures, no amount of cold water will do him any good. Hasn't he seen Thomas H. Ince's yacht? Hasn't he read that Rex Ingram has made enough money to retire? Hasn't he heard about Cecil De Mille's fleet of airplanes?

Of course, he also knows that David W. Griffith, the greatest director in the business, has failed to pile up

millions from making his own pictures, but you cannot convince him that he isn't a better manager than Griffith.

So this brave free-lance, whom for convenience we will call Hector Ibex, happens to think of those pawnbrokers—the bonus boys. The bonus boys are glad to see him; they are more cordial than Mr. Rowland or Mr. Loew. Of course, they can finance his picture, at thirty per cent interest. Or, if he fears the bonus boys and is not bothered by any foolish scruples, he can go to the suckers. He can get the money from the widows and orphans or he may possibly get it from some sugar daddy who will finance the picture, provided that it stars a certain girl who is said to have a wonderful camera face.

But let us not go too far down in the scale. Let us stop with the adventure of Hector Ibex and the bonus boys. Hector gets the money and promptly forms his own company. The company gets a flying start with a press agent and space in a studio. But before the cameras begin to grind it is covered with more mortgages and bad debts than Broadway has electric signs.

Once started on his own production, Mr. Ibex is astonished to find how the money rolls out. Previous to his venture, he had enjoyed a salary from a vile trust that employed a business man to attend to the vulgar details of the production expenses. Now that he is on his own, he is obliged to look after himself.

There are the actors, for instance. Actors aren't fussy; if they want money, they don't care where it comes from. Moreover, they demand more from the free-lance producers than they do from the big companies that are able to offer them long contracts, a certain prestige, and steady work. Without the supervision of the vile movie factory, they are likely to report when they please and leave when they please, especially if they are prominent enough and important enough in the picture to get away with it.

And then there are the settings. Halfway through the picture, Mr. Ibex decides he needs a twenty-five-thousand-dollar setting to give class and market value to his picture. The story doesn't need it and the picture is already too long. But Mr. Ibex, working on his own, has no mean-minded efficiency man to tell him what he can't have. So he orders the set, shoots the scenes, and finds himself out of money.

The picture isn't completed, the actors want their money, and Mr. Ibex is in a bad way.

He goes to the dear old bonus boys, who scurry around and get him more money. Why do they do it? Because unless the picture is finished they stand no chance of getting any returns. It's the same old argument in favor of throwing good money after bad.

When Hector Ibex finally emerges with the film under his arm, he has aged considerably, but his troubles have only started. If it's a good picture, he can sell it to a big distributor and by a little careful planning he has a chance of paying his debts. If it is a bad picture, there is nothing for him to do but jump in the river. No matter if he sells the picture, gives it away, or eats it for dinner, there is little real money in it for him. The interest rate swallowed up the profit. Nobody yet has found borrowing money at thirty per cent a profitable financial career. As Doctor Giannini said, "When I see the bonus boys walk into a studio, I know the grape is on the door."

As yet, I haven't made clear why Mr. Ibex borrowed the money or why the bonus boys let him have it. The best analysis of the psychology of the situation was given to me by Mr. Joseph Dannenberg, editor of The Film Daily.
"The independent producer-director cannot be made to see that he isn't a business man," Mr. Dannenberg told me. "When he works for a big company, he has the sneaking suspicion that the profits are going to some one else and all he is getting is his salary. He vastly overrates the earning power of pictures. Last year the average gross on pictures was about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"However, the director believes that if he could branch out for himself he could make not only better pictures but better money. The director believes that he will make a great picture. All he wants is the chance.

"The bonus boys give him the chance. And he is so sure of himself that thirty per cent doesn't seem a bit too much to pay. Money means nothing to him in the studio. If the success of the picture is at stake, nothing can prevent him from going to the bonus boys for more. His temperament, his optimism and his vanity destroy all sense of caution. He knows he can't fail. And so he takes chances that would make the average business man turn cold.

"Now for the bonus boys. Their methods are illegitimate but not dishonest. You can't call them crooks. They are really gamblers. This special way of financing pictures is like a poker game; you plunge heavily so that you may win heavily. And, of course, you may lose heavily.

"That's where the interest comes in. They charge big rates to protect themselves against loss. The odds are against them. They are betting on the director. If the director wins, they get a salable negative; if the director loses, they get a negative which is worse than useless.

"This industry isn't like other business. If a man borrows money to make steel rails, he is able to turn out steel rails and sell them. He has a market for his wares. But if a man borrows money to produce pictures, he may have a salable product when he gets through but he may have only a negative—a few thousand feet of celluloid absolutely without value of any sort. You can't even sell it as junk.

"'It's gambling, and dangerous gambling. But there is a lot of gambling in the business, a great deal of reckless borrowing and reckless spending. But, oddly enough, it is easier to call in a loan in this business than in any other. Why? Because there are no small investors, no little fellows. All the financing is done in big sums. The money changes hands but it always stays in the business, within reach of a hurry call. As for the small investor, the movie game is a wonderful one to stay away from.'

"Every once in a while, a group of promoters generously offers to let the public in on the ground floor of the big movie profits that one hears so much about—on paper. A small section of the public must be gullible because one outfit has been operating in New York for years. Years ago, the promoters made a picture, but they haven't had a camera grinding for a long time.

"Nevertheless, the money rolls in. And the bait that draws it is most simple.

The company announces that it has obtained the rights to certain well-known books or plays. The works under discussion are usually extremely valuable and have not yet been disposed of to any organization.

"Of course, on the strength of their announced ownership of these books or plays, the promoters are able to clean up money in twenty-four hours before the rightful owner has a chance publicly to declare that he has not yet parted with the gold mine.

"Local pride is another bait for getting money. If a movie promoter came to your town and announced that he was going to start a studio in the vacant lot and promised further to use local talent in his pictures, you might think him awfully big hearted to offer you a share in the business. Even chambers of commerce and other civic organizations often fall for the lure of turning their community into 'another Hollywood.'

"But this sort of movie financing is just one step above the old-fashioned shell game.

"The companies that offer you stock which is a regular commodity on the New York stock market are, for the most part, of course, perfectly honorable in their intentions and strictly honest in their performances. The stock of Famous Players-Lasky is just like the stock of any other business, subject to the same depressions and exaltations that hit any other commercial enterprise. But some of the lesser companies that operate on the curb, issue stock that isn't exactly safe for widows or orphans, to say the very least.

"There isn't space in this article to tell you of the trials of the producers — independent and otherwise. So the next episode of the Perils of Per Cent will have to be held until a future issue of Picture-Play.

"And just to make it more exciting I shall prove to you how it is possible to make money on pictures and still lose your bankroll and how it is sometimes more profitable to make bad pictures than good ones.

"All of which is as intricate as explaining how Cecil De Mille parted the Red Sea. But I shall try to do it.
As every one knows, she helps love rule the world. Her admirers love her; her parents can’t manage her; those who “view with alarm” condemn her. The rest of the world adores her.

King Vidor has filmed “Mary the Third,” Rachael Crothers’ stage success—to be known on the screen as

THE MODERNISTIC FLAPPER.

You see her, in the oval, posed by Rosalind Byrne. She is interested in futuristic art; she knows something about batiks, and she professes a great admiration for Gertrude Stein. If there is an art club or a Little Theater movement in her town, she belongs to it. She reads the writings of the less-balanced philosophers, and has convinced some people that she understands them. A great believer in the isms, this flapper.

THE WILD-CAT FLAPPER.

The type you see above, posed by Marjorie Bonner, has slapped many a cake eater, occasionally leaving the marks of a scratch. She has walked home once or twice. Her looks belie her actions. She is one of the few flappers who can inhale ’em.

THE PURITANICAL FLAPPER.

Here she is, below, posed by Mary Aiken. She travels with the gang, enjoys the parties, but she has never learned to smoke successfully, and insists on going home about midnight. The sheiks like her, but they don’t seem to get on so well with their petting; they condemn her with the contemptuous comment, “She doesn’t drink.”

THE DIGNIFIED FLAPPER.

She is portrayed, on the left, by Dorothy Dawn. This type looks on the antics of the less restrained members of her species with disgust. But she is, nevertheless, a flapper.
"The Wise Virgin." In the picture he has used several dozen flappers, the cast headed by Eleanor Boardman and Pauline Garon. He has selected for us the portraits of eight different types, and has catalogued them according to their thoughts, inhibitions and affectations. To which class do the flappers of your acquaintance belong?

THE THOUGHTFUL FLAPPER.
Eleanor Boardman represents her in the oval, on this page. She isn't sure that things are just right. She reads a good deal and talks about living her own life, and she carries on quite a bit of conversation about more or less obscure things, such as wanting to be a "real person" and living her ideals. She denies that she is a flapper, and although she doesn't bob her hair nor bear many of the outward manifestations of the species — she's a flapper just the same.

THE PERT FLAPPER.
She appears below, represented by Pauline Garon. She talks most of the time, generally has a fast smart crack with which to greet the remarks of her companions; rolls her stockings, and would rather dance than eat. She is the typical flapper to the eye, having all the accoutrements — but she is really no more the flapper than any of the other types.

THE KID FLAPPER.
Iras Nicholson, on the right, represents her here. She is probably the youngest of her set; she tries to be as sophisticated as the rest, but just can't keep that kid smile hidden.

THE BORED FLAPPER.
She is characterized, in the picture above, by Virginia Lee Corbin. She yawns when a sheik becomes amorous; she finds all parties dull, all the cake eaters dumb-bells, and all the other flappers catty.
Looking on with an Extra Girl

Motion-picture studios do not lose their glamour nor players their interest for her, as this account of her experiences during the making of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" shows.

By Margaret R. Reid

AFTER a few months' work in the motion-picture studios, most extras get case-hardened and to them the business is just a business and nothing more. I feel truly sorry for them, for they miss a lot of thrills that the rest of us enjoy. We are just like any other fans who worship the stars from afar, except that we have the advantage of intimacy enough to be novel and exciting, with not enough to destroy the glamour. There is nothing more exciting to me than starting on a new picture with some famous director, or attractive star whom I have adored for years.

Only in the most prosaic studios do I lose that thrill that comes when I step into the barnlike, darkened stage, with the Kleigs and Cooper-Hewitts sputtering bluely through the gloom, the sets towering ghostlike all around me, the shouts of the prop boys, the camera men, the director, the preliminary scraping and twanging of the orchestra—it is all fascinating.

I think that the atmosphere of a costume picture is more gripping than that of any other, for the old-time costumes and settings heighten the unreality. My very happiest experience was three and a half weeks in "Scaramouche" under Mr. Ingram's direction. That is too long past to relate now, but you might like to hear about my next most pleasant long run of work, which was in Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Extras are always on a sharp lookout for the starting of a costume picture, as it usually means a fairly steady job to be taken on as a lady or gentleman of the court, and in no profession is a steady job so prayed for and appreciated as in the lower strata of the motion-picture business. Consequently, there was a mad rush from all parts of Los Angeles to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio when it was announced that Miss Pickford was shortly to begin production on "Dorothy Vernon." However, not having any great amount of nerve—which is considered by some one of the most necessary qualifications for pictures—I had been afraid to trust my chances to such overwhelming odds, and had, several weeks before, written to Miss Pickford herself, telling her how greatly I had always wished to work with her, incidentally mentioning that I was from her birthplace, Toronto. I put my heart into that letter, for no one in pictures has ever meant to me just what Mary has. She has been a most cherished ideal, ever since my childhood, and I wanted very much to play in her picture. And then, too, like any other extra, the prospect of a long run and steady pay did not at all distress me. Miss Pickford, thank Heaven, is blessed with an understanding heart. I received a most charming letter in return, and when they started to cast for the picture, I was one of the lucky ladies-in-waiting.

We were told that our first work would be in San Francisco and accordingly all sorts of complicated arrangements were made. It was at an expense of over seven thousand dollars a day that the huge company, with all its lights, props and costumes, spent a week in the north to do a few short scenes in Golden Gate Park. The venture caused a ripple of interest even in Hollywood.

We were told that we would not be required to work the day we arrived in San Francisco, and so we immediately started in to enjoy ourselves, continuing to do so the next day, the next and the next. We did not seem to be at all connected with the Pickford company—except that they were paying our hotel bills. Each evening we were informed by a bulletin in the lobby that our services would
Looking on with an Extra Girl

not be needed next day, only the men being called.
And each morning we gazed anxiously at the sky,
praying for fog—a thick, heavy, wet fog—for that
would mean work held up and a longer holiday for us.

On Saturday Miss Pickford arrived. She was to
have come before but Mr. Fairbanks found that he
could not leave work on "The Thief of Bagdad"
until the end of the week. Yes, my dears, that story
that the Fairbankses have never been separated a single
night since their marriage is absolutely true. Miss
Pickford had some scenes by herself and with Mr.
Forrest, who plays the hero, and started on them at
once. The scenes were taken in the famous Golden
Gate Park—the largest artificial park in America, or
the world, I've forgotten which. It is a beautiful
wilderness, several square miles down by the ocean
and a perfect replica of the estate of Haddon Hall.

And such an audience as they had! Thousands of
people flocked daily to see Mary, standing with touch-
ing patience for hours hoping for just one little glimpse
of her and when word went around that she was in
the vicinity, it took a corps of mounted police to re-
strain their wild enthusiasm.

Finally, on the evening of the fifth day we were
ordered to be ready to leave the hotel in costume and
make-up at six thirty the next morning. At six a. m.
the dining room was filled with soldiers, ladies and
gentlemen of the court of Queen Elizabeth—all in
the elaborate riding costumes of the period. Promptly
at six thirty busses left the hotel and sped through
the gray, silent streets laden with many thousand dol-
ars' worth of wardrobe in which sleepy extras shivered
in the biting air of a San Francisco dawn.

Early as it was when we arrived at our location
in the Park, the thrilled crowds were already begin-
ing to collect, apparently prepared to spend the day,
armed as they were with numberless bundles, wraps
and paper bags. There was much dashing about and
confusion among the company. The cameras were
being set up at one end of a long curving meadow,
lined on both sides with towering old trees and tangled
green bushes. It had once been
"the Speedway," I believe, a popular
bridge path but it truly looked like
some mellow old English etching.

The scene to be shot was the ar-
ival of Elizabeth at Haddon Hall—
and will be one of the most beautiful
and impressive in the picture, I am
sure. The company had engaged a
great mob of men—over a thousand,
I know—at the San Francisco Labor
Bureau, and these were
costumed as foot sol-
diers, while some who
rode expeditiously were
cavalrymen. Thes-
ese, the courtiers, flag-
bearers and ladies-in-
waiting were all
mounted on horses
garbed al-
mus as
tussily as their riders
—with flowing velvet
capes over their saddles and very smart
bows and tassels distributed over their
tails and ears.

Although the scene itself was very
short, it was rehearsed and shot
over and over again all day.
It was a most beautiful
and majestic sight—the
procession starting at
the far end and
coming slowly to-
ward the cameras,
banners fluttering
in the
breez,
horses prancing—to the shrieks of some of the girls who didn't fancy side-saddles—and, near the head, the great elaborate coach of Queen Elizabeth. Again and again we did it, and again and again Mr. Neilan shouted, "That's fine, let's do it once more," until at last, when the shadows were black and long, and the light dim and soft, the noble cavalcade passed gallantly down between the lines of ancient trees, looking through the golden haze like a ghostly glimpse into a half-forgotten age—and out past the cameras to the shout of "O. K." from Mr. Neilan.

Immediately we were snatched from Elizabeth's royal court to the very modern, but not prosaic, Pickford company. We dismounted among the crowds of spectators who were busily snapping pictures of us, were rushed to the busses and told that we were to leave that night for home. There was much groaning and wailing at that, everybody being quite willing to stay much longer, and on our arrival at the hotel we had become almost sentimental about our attachment to San Francisco. It was with noticeable reluctance that we took off our make-up, turned in our costumes, packed our bags and went down to dinner for the last time. Only the girls were being sent home, as the men were needed for other scenes, so in charge of Mitchell Leisen we crossed on the ferry to Oakland and caught the southbound train. As usual, there was an undignified row about the disposal of the upper and lower berths, from which Mr. Leisen fled in dismay, only appearing next morning to pray us not to exceed a dollar on breakfast, that being all Mr. Kerrigan had allowed him. About an hour later we drew into the San Francisco station, where among others, Betty Francisco had come to meet her sister Evelyn—whose last day in the north was marred by the fact that her spirited horse was determined to sit down like a dog and rest—and Wallace Beery to meet Arita Gilman, one of the most beautiful girls in the company, to whom he is said to be engaged. After many scrambles for luggage and affectionate farewells, we dived into our respective taxis—bound for Hollywood.

My location trip was over. It had been thrilling, novel, interesting. I had loved every minute of it, yet here I was noting all the familiar old landmarks on the way home as fondly as if I had been away six months. We turned onto Wilshire Boulevard by the dear old Ambassador, swung into Western Avenue, passing in quick succession Conway Tearle in his little old red roadster and Pola Negri in her smart green town car, out past the shabby, sprawling Fox studio, with Tom Mix's super-fancy gray roadster turning in—up by Lasky's, the ugliest and most exclusive studio of all, with about a million dollars' worth of machines in front—up along Hollywood Boulevard, where the famous, familiar faces thronged the road and sidewalk—past the old Hollywood Hotel and the Garden Court Apartments, where King Vidor was playing tennis—then down quiet, picturesque old Franklin Avenue, and home.
It was almost four weeks later that we began work at the studio, and the genial, happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the company having made a deep impression on us all, it was almost in the spirit of a home-coming that we returned to it. Our interest in the people and the picture made us really love the studio.

For instance, a typical day. At seven-thirty we are at the studio, some in make-up, some not. A mad scramble in the wardrobe for our costumes, a fight for dressing rooms, the doors close violently and shouts of "Hook me up next," "Who stole my grease paint?" "For the love of heaven, help pour me into this costume, I'll be crippled for life by to-night," emerge, interspersed with "Did you go to the opening of 'The Ten Commandments' at the Egyptian last night? Pauline Frederick was there with Will Rogers and his wife. She looked really beautiful, has a new single bob." "I saw Shirley Mason with Bobby Agnew—they make the cutest couple," "Arita Gilman was there, too—weren't you Rita?—she looked like a million dollars, too. A white dress and a new seal cape." "Didn't Pola Negri look gorgeous? And she is always so sweet to the fans who mob the entrance." "Didn't you just weep buckets over Rod La Rocque? I saw him at Montmartre a couple of nights ago, and he is terribly attractive, doesn't spoil your screen illusion a bit."

Then through the halls comes a warning shout, "On the set, girls, we're waiting for you, snap it up." Cries of dismay and five more minutes of frenzied preparation and out pours a lovely company, completely transformed, arrayed in luxuriously elaborate costumes of every rich design, fabric and color, with carved glittering jewels adorning fingers, wrists, hair and ears. We troop down the stairs to the great darkened stage and across to the area of light that is the set. Here it proves, as we knew it would, that they are nowhere near ready to begin, so we drape ourselves over the stray boxes and steps, cautiously, with due regard to our costumes, about the care of which we had been quite severely warned.

Mr. Neilan is too busy playing tag with the electricians to bother about the picture. He throws himself into his playtime, as well as into his work, with the superb abandon of a child, and his playmates swear by his name and are his slaves. How many times I have seen him turn from some aching, tearing, heart-rending bit of tragedy directed with the consummate feeling of the born artist—to direct his own four-piece orchestra in some crazy, jazzy melody, and his assistants can shout, "Ready, Mr. Neilan!" till they are purple in the face, but Mickey will finish the number, to the last little chord. He is an odd contradiction, as are all interesting people, for although the grips and electricians are apparently his boon companions, I have very rarely seen him speak to an extra. Most other directors I know will at least say "Good morning" to their atmosphere people when they have worked for them three or four days, but at the end of three months Mr. Neilan was as oblivious of his as at the beginning.

An emotional bit of acting leaves Miss Pickford shaken after the scene is finished.

Continued on page 91
Satisfaction Guaranteed

By Helen Klumph

Ernest Torrence would blush to have such a motto emblazoned on his crest, but it belongs there nevertheless.

CASTING directors are harassed individuals.

They set out to get just the right actors for a motion-picture and immediately find obstacles in their way that make "Pilgrim's Progress" look as simple as a cross-word puzzle. There aren't any actors that look the part and have experience; the ones who might possibly do are always engaged elsewhere. Alas, the casting director must fall back on one of the old reliables. These O. R.s are the robber barons and baronesses, the pirate chiefs of filmdom. The tribute paid them averages two thousand dollars a week and often runs higher than that. They are the people whom the public likes, whom directors like, and who can be depended upon to give a strikingly good performance in a wide range of rôles. And so, more and more the casting directors come to depend on them. They are the Tully Marshalls, the Anna Q. Nilssons, the Milton Sibbes—the people one sees this week in a Universal super-jewel de luxe and next week in a State-right program feature put out by some unknown company.

They aren't character actors in the old-fashioned sense that a character actor was a man who could always devise a new kind of whiskers. Their characterizations are always themselves—yet with a difference.

Among this gentry there is one figure that moves majestically, coming more and more to the foreground—domineering, threatening, repelling. It is Ernest Torrence. Since his first triumph in "Tol'able David," and his even greater triumph in "The Covered Wagon," he has played a great variety of rôles always a little better than either director or public expected. Casting directors grasp at him as drowning men do at straws. One casting director told me that he picked up an unfamiliar story, read this line, "Stepping back among the crowd at the bar was a tall, gaunt man with a determined jaw and piercing eyes," and without reading any further, reached for his telephone to see if he could get Torrence. He could make such a character human if any one could.

Now Torrence might have been marooned in that sort of rôles if he hadn't had vision and ambition. He knew what he wanted. When people talked to him about his work he didn't gush abstractions about big rôles with depth and feeling that would give an actor a chance. He said, "I want to play The Mountebank." And there is

"The Mountebank" is the poignant story of a clown who, in the World War, rises to the rank of general, only to have to return to the sawdust when the war is over.
something so impressive and convincing about this man Torrence that Jesse Lasky went right out and bought the screen rights to “The Mountebank,” and now Ernest Torrence is making it under Herbert Brenon’s direction.

It looks as though “The Mountebank” might turn out to be one of those great personal triumphs by which an actor is always remembered. One cannot tell, of course, for often the things that look best in the studio fall flat on the screen, but if the camera catches even a small part of the magnetism that one feels in Torrence’s performance while watching him in the studio, “The Mountebank” will be a great picture.

There is probably no other figure in all drama and literature so popular as the clown who continues his antics though his heart is breaking. It is such an appealing role that most of our players choose to do one variation or another of it at some time during their careers. But Torrence, I venture to suggest, will outdo all of them.

I was watching him at work one afternoon in the Famous Players studio on Long Island. There was a huge set, a sort of theater café thronged with extras, and Torrence was the star of the show that was taking place on the little stage at the end. He leaped on the stage and danced around, a grotesque, arresting figure. With flamboyant gestures he made much to-do over a gigantic envelope from which he extracted a tiny note. Stuffing it in his mouth to keep it from the petite ballerina who fluttered around after him, he permitted her to pull it out—and it was one of those endless paper chains that children learn to make in kindergartens. Crouching and leaping, playing tricks on his little partner and roaring with mirth, poised perilously on tiptoe with knees turned out in approved ballet technique and balancing a pile of cigar boxes on his chin, Torrence roused his apathetic, paid audience of weary extras to real applause. Some one behind me remarked feelingly, “Isn’t he a wonder?” and I turned to find Richard Dix and several other players from a neighboring set who had come to watch Ernest Torrence.

Continued on page 114
Over the

After scurrying around New York and favorites, Fanny the Fan goes West

By The

that the Will Hays organization was sending her out to introduce grammar in Hollywood. Goodness only knows what she told when I wasn't with her.

But even our last few days in New York were fantastic.

"Do be a dear and go change our reservations to to-morrow," Fanny urged after I had my trunks all packed to start westward. "I simply must stay for the opening of 'Dorothy Vernon.' Every one will be there; everyone but Anna Q. Nilsson, I mean. She got homesick and went back West when she finished 'The Mountebank,' instead of staying in New York to make two more pictures as she was supposed to do. She went to the auction of the furnishings of the George Gould estate just before she left and bought a silver and enamel tea service. And what do you suppose she paid for it? Only seventy-five dollars!

"No, I cannot wait and see the picture in Hollywood," Fanny insisted. "I'll be too busy watching pictures being made out there to go to see any of them. And anyway I want to go to this opening to see the audience and then I can tell who is left in Hollywood."

Later she glibly put the trip off another day so as to go to a luncheon Marion Davies was giving, but anybody would be justified in postponing anything in order to go to one of Marion's luncheons. They are always quite hilarious.

"We had luncheon in Marion's suite at the Forty-fourth Street studios," Fanny informed me breathlessly when she dashed home to hurl her last few belongings into a suit case. "There were about sixteen of us but after we all crowded in and allowed room for the waiters there was still a corner or two left, so we sent for Maclyn Arbuckle"

Claire Windsor hurried back to New York to play in "Born Rich.

Photo by Richard Burks
Teacups

bidding a last fond farewell to her film to see what is happening in Hollywood.

Bystander

and his wife, and Holbrook Blinn. They are all playing with Marion in 'Janice Meredith,' you know. Marion had a lovely surprise for Mrs. Arbuckle. It had just been decided that she should play Martha Washington. She was so thrilled she would have fainted if there had been room.

"When the assistant director came to call Mr. Blinn on the set, Maclyn Arbuckle told him not to hurry. 'There's motion-picture time and standard time,' he drawled in that unctuous Texas voice of his, 'so if they say they are waiting for you now, that means they will be ready in about an hour.'

"They were filming a big Valentine party for 'Janice Meredith,' maybe that is what gave Marion the idea of giving a party herself.

"As usual, every one started talking at once about how to get thin. You should have seen me devouring caviar and chicken and ice cream while I proclaimed loudly that I kept my girlish figure by never, simply never—eating anything but pineapple and lamb chops. But in that I

Of all the younger players, Jobyna Ralston looks like the best candidate for starring honors.

Photo by Koenman

am not very original. Every one talks about that diet, but Pauline Garon's the only person I ever knew who really had the determination to stick to it. And just wait until you see her in King Vidor's new picture and I bet you will agree it was worth whatever effort it cost her.

"That reminds me; a man named Jack Hutty had a wonderful idea for a fat-reducing comedy called 'The Isle of Lost Hips,' but it hasn't been produced yet. Motion-picture producers all being men don't realize what a vital matter fat reducing is to the rest of us.

"Marion Davies insists that she is getting too fat but I think she looks much better than she did when she got so thin for 'Little Old New York.' She is radiant and dazzling now. If colored photography ever gets improved to the point where it can catch the real colors of eyes and skin, Marion won't have any photographic competition. All the other blondes had better stick to black-and-white photography, except possibly Claire Windsor.

"And that reminds me—why don't we postpone going another day? Claire gets here to-morrow to make 'Born Rich' for First National and I simply cannot go away without seeing her."
about movies. It was a terrible blow to her to find that the woman was one of those organization hounds. She seemed to belong to all the "Better Film" leagues on record and be organizing a few more. And she had just returned from a speech-making tour among women's clubs during which she advocated a more strict censorship of films.

"But when do you have time to see movies?" Fanny asked her, displaying a calm and politeness quite foreign to her nature. "Oh, I don't," the reformer admitted, "I haven't seen one since 'The Adventures of Kathlyn,' but I suppose they are all pretty much alike."

Fanny's explosion over that is one that I will never forget. All I could catch of it were staccato remarks on "Gish," "Thief of Bagdad," "Lincoln," and a few of her other idols. In an effort to get her calmed down I later invented a game from the advertising slogans on sign boards along the way. Each time I announced a slogan she had to guess what player or picture just fitted it.

"A Skin You Love to Touch," I announced.

"The Galloping Fish," Fanny guessed correctly.

"Good to the Last Drop."

"Buster Keaton." I had had Clyde Cook and his funny falls in mind, but I let that one pass.

"Fresh Every Hour," was Viola Dana, of course, and "Mild, But Satisfying," was—but it would be catty to tell. It was hard to find any after that that were not catty. "No Better Designing at Any Price" all depends on whether you consider Nita Naldi or Barbara La Marr the most designing woman in pictures. And "Save the Surface and You Save All" applies to whomever you consider beautiful but dumb.

That helped to while away the hours until we pulled into the Los Angeles station and from then on keeping up with Fanny was like riding in the tail of a comet.

"Isn't it marvelous?" Fanny raved as she joined me at Montmartre for luncheon—Montmartre being the place to eat luncheon nowadays. "Pauline Frederick is working in Lubitsch's new picture with the most becoming shingle hair-bob you ever saw, and Nazimova, no less, is coming back in pictures. She is going to play in 'The Ragged Messenger.'"

Blanche Mehaffey, far from her native bright lights of Broadway, is attracting attention in the Roach comedies and has a promising future.
Elythe is out here, so is Hedda Hopper. Corinne Griffith has finally got the rights to 'Declassee,' and Elinor Glyn is making the gold-laciest and most romantic picture you ever saw. She isn't really making it, of course, just making suggestions, but so far they have all been good ones. King Vidor is the director and Aileen Pringle and Jack Gilbert play the leads.

"Speaking of Aileen Pringle, I met her the other day and she is a perfect dear. Much smaller than she appears on the screen, and just as pretty. She is so quiet and reserved in appearance that when she makes smart comments on things she takes you quite by surprise.

"I lost my heart to her at once when I found her standing out in the hot sun at the studio during her all-too-short luncheon hour buying a dog. Hers had died just recently, and she was lonely without one, so she was getting a black Chow puppy as much like the other one as possible.

"I cannot understand people who don't have pets. That reminds me—Colleen Moore is supposed to have a pet monkey in her next picture and she is having a terrible time making friends with him. Part of the time he ignores her and the rest of the time he bites her. I just dread having her work with him. Maybe she can persuade the director to use a peacock or an alligator or a pet June bug instead. You never can understand what will prove dangerous and what peaceful to work with in pictures. Now Jack Dempsey is enough to strike terror to any man's heart, but Carmelita Geraghty is playing opposite him in pictures in perfect safety. I understand he is as mild-mannered and meek as a lamb.

"Oh! there's Alice Terry. Doesn't she look different?"

"From other people, or her usual self?" I inquired idly staring around.

"Both," declared Fanny. "And isn't Eleanor Boardman getting lovely looking? I'd be willing to bet that thousands of girls would give almost anything to be working in Eleanor's place. She is playing opposite Adolphe Menjou.

"To Carmelita Geraghty falls the distinction of sparring with Jack Dempsey in perfect safety.

"I just dread having her work with him. Maybe she can persuade the director to use a peacock or an alligator or a pet June bug instead. You never can understand what will prove dangerous and what peaceful to work with in pictures. Now Jack Dempsey is enough to strike terror to any man's heart, but Carmelita Geraghty is playing opposite him in pictures in perfect safety.

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"Many a girl envies Eleanor Boardman her chance to play opposite Adolphe Menjou in 'Free Love.'"
A Turn in Pola’s

WITH the peace that has followed Pola Negri’s fight for emancipation from petty box-office tyrannies, a more hopeful to-morrow is dawning, which promises us again her vivid art as it first flashed to us in “Passion.”

A strange, stormy career, hers, unparalleled in our own stars’ chronicles, for hers is a strong individuality that colors her every act. She loves and she hates—with equal fervor. There is something ruthless, driving, in this capacity for feeling that pales the loves and jealousies of most of our girls.

“When I am feeling,” she said one day when commenting upon the vagaries of her life, “my brain seems deadened. But afterward I realize how necessary those hours of bitterness and suffering are to one who would interpret life.”

Sophisticated, with eyes that reflect many experiences, there is still about Pola at times a naïve childishness.

Her twenty-seven years have been full ones. She is of a race moved by primitive feeling, who give small quarter and expect none. Strife and restless passion were born in her veins in the gypsy blood of her father and probably will never permit her content. We

have plenty of little pop-guns in the movies. Pola is our bombshell. What she does seems startling; yet to her it is a natural, groping expression of that inbred turbulent spirit.

Her father was exiled because of his revolutionary sympathies; her mother for a time was insane. As a child, in the Imperial Ballet School, she was beaten unmercifully, to curb the violent temper of her. At sixteen, she made her début and the following year was acclaimed a success in “Sumurun.” After the war her screen work began and under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch she achieved cinema notice.

“What comrades we were!” Her eyes sparkle when she speaks of those days. “Our art was not commercialized; we did a thing because we believed in it. Our company was like a big orchestra, each actor contributing his melody to the symphony. Such inspiration you lack here, where you make movies for money, because there is not such close thought and feeling. Your stories are superficial. Art is mirroring life genuinely in any creative form. Carmen I think my greatest role. An unlovely character, coarse, crude, but sincere, true to herself—therefore, art.”

“And then you came to Hollywood,” I mused, in a new train of thought. Her lips tightened to a line of defiant red, then drooped at the corners.

“Yes, and then I came to Hollywood. I was ill, and the climate depressed me. All this golden peace—this beauty of nature, and over it all that still quality that you see first on the surface and wonder that beneath it can be so much smoldering fire, such ambition. I had suffered much, from my childhood on. We of Europe, with generations of strife back of us, are that way—raw, crude feelings. I had worked hard. I had felt to the core of me—

As she appears in “Men.”
Career

ent type of stories, the qualities in her wide prominence.

Gebhart

every emotion. I wanted, for a while, to stop feeling, to relax and think only of my work.

"I thought I had been engaged as an actress. But no, I found that I had been bought as a personality for exploitation, to be remade by the American pattern. I wondered that your public could be so stupid as to expect always the same old hokum, actresses who say and do the regulation things.

"Speaking but little English, I could not phrase that bewilderment. When I realized that my reserve was construed as snobishness, I retired within a shell until I could get a better perspective on it all. I expected jealousy, yes, for there is professional envy everywhere. But not such personal, catty jealousy. Me—the queen of the cinema abroad—they called me 'competition.'" Her lips curled over the word.

"I stormed—and I cried—hours, alone. Misunderstood always, whatever I said or did. You and I—we were speaking a different language. Not only our words, but our impulses and characters were on divergent paths.

"This past year has been a bitter one. Why did they bring me here? They had actresses who better expressed their idea of the sweet, young heroine. But I had qualities that they lacked—the training, the experience. I wished to interpret women not afraid of life. Stories to express those attributes distinctly mine I must have. 'Bella Donna' was such a story—but no, she must be good, she must have sympathy."

Pola's eyes spat fire, the whole of her vibrated with contempt.

"Why are the producers afraid to attempt progress, innovation? Only when you portray true impulses, what comes from the heart, can you impart realism to any work. Every public is the same. European, American, they feel alike. So when I saw that they were crushing out my only assets and that I was blamed for the artificiality of my pictures, I gave myself one year more in which to fight. If I cannot win, I will go back to Europe, where they love me, where I can make the films in which I belong."

Pola's quarrel with Lasky officialdom was in six languages, slang, and pantomime. Pola talked and Pola sulked, and refused to act any more soda-water, "all-white" heroines. But Pola only chuckles now, for her tongue has learned discretion.

"I fight. And I win. I get all that I want—Bucho and Lubitsch to direct, three great stories—Sudermann's 'The Song of Songs,' Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina,' and 'Manon Lescaut.' I get carte blanche to play those characters as I feel them, with no distortion of stories."

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Portrait of a Successful Actress

After years of consistent effort, Anna Nilsson now stands at the summit of her career, surveying the scene calmly and shrewdly.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

If you were to meet Anna Q. Nilsson this afternoon in her apartment on Park Avenue you would not believe that the same girl once collaborated with Mabel Normand in pouring ice water from a fourth-story hotel window onto the passing and unsuspecting crowds below. You would have difficulty in visualizing her as the beautiful cloak model who applied at the Kalem studios—long since gone—for "bits."

Riding, as she is at present, on the crest of the wave, Anna Q. Nilsson is the embodiment of the successful actress. There is no pose about her, but there is a well-defined poise, a commingling of complacency and confidence. She has reached the point where producers must bid against each other for her services; she is a box-office name; books are read with her in mind as the possible star; knowledge of all these things has not escaped her attention.

Last year, if you attended the temples of the capper ing chromos religiously, you saw the Nilsson name topping the casts of twelve or more productions. This year will find her equally conspicuous. She is, as always, free lancing, and any one in picturedom, from Baby Peggy to Theodore Roberts, will tell you that no one is so successful as a successful free lance. If you are your own employer, your wages are raised as your services become valuable. As the demand increases, your wages increase accordingly. Not so, if you are a star under contract. Your agreement calls for a stated sum, and though the crowds storm the box office to see your pictures, you receive no more nor less than is stipulated in the bond. Ask the truant sheik; inversely, ask his employer about the beauteous blonde of the golden curls whose Cinderella feet failed to fill the shoes of stardom. It works both ways.

With the free lance the sky, colloquially speaking, is the limit. Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Wallace Beery are a few male exponents of the independent plan. Anna Nilsson is the outstanding Lady Luck, though she has reached the point where luck has little to do with her various appearances. She acts where she pleases, when she pleases, and under whom she pleases.

"Of course," she said, "during the past year I have appeared in some disappointing pictures. But choosing what will be a good picture is difficult. For example, I entered 'Why Girls Leave Home' rather dubiously, suspecting that my book was leading me contrary to my better judgment. But what happened? We made the picture in an amazingly short time—less than three weeks—and so far it has grossed three-quarters of a million. In other words, thousands and thousands of people all over the country have gone to see it. Exhibitors have rebooked it. Was it so bad, then? Who are we—you and I and a few other self-appointed critics—who are we to say, 'This is a cheap picture?' If the great masses like it, there must be something in its favor. It cannot be punk, whether we say so or not."

Anna said all this judicially, slowly, musing, I fancied, aloud, and at the same time justifying her decision to accept roles that were highly remunerative, regardless of their artistic qualifications or lack thereof.

She had entered the cast of "Why Girls Leave Home" because of the alluring finances contingent upon such a step, and, when thousands proved curious concerning why girls did leave home, Anna wondered whether perhaps it wasn't a good picture after all. This is, to me, faulty reasoning, but it opens the way to interesting arguments. The fact that the public has kept "Abie's Irish Rose" on Broadway for two years will never convince me that it is a good play.

"I have been offered twenty thousand a picture for four pictures," Anna continued, "but I shall not accept for two reasons. The director is a simpleton, and the photographer an unknown. With either of these handicaps it is almost impossible to make a good picture."

When she granted me audience she was currently employed opposite Ernest Torrence in Locke's "The Mountebank," under the direction of Herbert Brenon, all three of whom she admired unstintingly.

"Next I hope to do a screen version of 'The Worst Woman in Hollywood.' The lead is a notorious vamp who shields her little sister from the wicked world, and tests the sister's suitor before permitting her to marry him. It has sympathy and dramatic opportunities, and screen values."

Without trying strenuously, I can recall no stellar sister of the shadow stage who speaks of her craft with the sanctity and practicality of Anna Q. Nilsson. Bunch lights and baby spots are not merely things that shine in your eyes to her; they are background and shading and effects. She does not substitute make-up for characterization; she forces make-up to complement characterization. This, in itself, sounds simple. It is true, you say, of all actresses. But it isn't. To prepare for Carmen the average star would buy a shawl, a stiletto, a black wig, and a jeweled comb, then, to make assurance doubly sure, dine lavishly on tamales.

Salaries and production costs and royalty figures and grosses rolled from Anna's pretty lips like so many 'Yesindeeds' from the lips of the usual cinemakinde. Overhead expenses, studio rents, and agents' commissions are open books to her. Yet she is not devoid of artistic yearnings. Her actress' soul glinted, occasionally, through the statistics of her conversation.

"I was to have done Anna Christie for Ince," she said. "Nothing would have pleased me more. But at the time I was working on another picture. He waited for me two weeks, our picture dragged along with delay after delay plaguing us, and finally Mr. Ince engaged Blanche Sweet. She gave a remarkable performance. It was a gorgeous part. But the picture," and again the business woman dropped out, "the picture is not making money."

It is her ambition—nor is it an uncommon one—to do Sadie Thompson in celluloid—the flaming, vital creature who makes "Rain" one of the two finest plays in New York—the other is, for the benefit of the curious, "Beggars on Horseback." Miss Alison Smith will corroborate me. I am sure—but Miss Nilsson is apprehensive about "Rain" and censorship. And well she may be.

"'Anna Christie' has been forbidden in a number of States, you know," she said soberly. "And that doesn't help a picture's grosses. Too bad. It stifles the incentive to make pictures of many plays that..."

Continued on page 106
AFTER a short vacation following the ardors of dueling and intrigue in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Rudolph Valentino will make "A Sainted Devil" for Paramount.
ALICE TERRY has discarded her golden wig for the present and appears au naturel in "The Arab," Rex Ingram's latest production for Metro.
AGNES AYRES has just completed "The Guilty One" for Paramount, and will make her next picture in New York.
Despite her small stature, Bessie Love was chosen for the heroine in "All Day," one of the biggest productions now being made.
VOLATILE little Clara Bow will be given a splendid chance in the leading feminine rôle of "Wine," a Universal special production.
JUST as every one predicted she would, Julanne Johnston is achieving distinction for her lovely grace in "The Thief of Bagdad."
LOIS WILSON and "Another Scandal" may seem incongruous, but that is the title of the first production in which she is starring for Hodkinson.
The Observer has long been in favor of retiring certain overworked plots from the motion-picture screen, and this seems as good a time as any to start a movement toward that end. When a plot gets so hackneyed from frequent use that not only the general dramatic incidents of the story but certain individual scenes as well are repeated, producers should hesitate before making it again. And when a picture of any particular type has been made and perfectly so as it seems possible to make such a picture, combining all the best features of all its predecessors and adding a great deal of beauty and charm, then it is time to stop using that plot and give one's attention to another.

These remarks are prompted by “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,” which, it seems to The Observer, is the best of all the costume pictures. It has that old familiar plot of the feud between two important families; of clandestine meetings between the daughter of one and the son of another; of the daughter’s rebellion against her betrothal to a man of her father’s choice; of her submission when it appears that if she does not her lover will be killed. It has that oft-repeated scene where the daughter imprisoned without food is tempted with a lavish tray; it has that pathetic one where wedding finery is brought to her from which to choose for the unwelcome wedding.

But all of this is done with consummate artistry. The pictures which preceded “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall” served a good purpose if they only showed Mr. Neilan and Miss Pickford how to make theirs.

The big city theaters with all of their gigantic orchestras, their artistic decorations and their lavish scenic effects cannot play as important a part in the cultural life of their communities as some of the smaller-city theaters are doing. Out in Mountain Grove, Missouri, for instance, the folks don’t get much chance to hear good orchestral music. That is, they didn’t, and in that they were just suffering one of the usual artistic privations of a town of only two thousand inhabitants. But Paul Bowlin, manager of the Missouri Theater there found that his patrons enjoyed the playing of his eight-piece orchestra so much that he planned an additional treat for them. He enlarged the orchestra to fifteen pieces and if you don’t think that they can play a musical score for a picture with as much feeling as the symphony orchestra in New York’s Capitol Theater, just ask anybody from Mountain Grove.

In Asheville, North Carolina, the local theater orchestra has an even greater effect on the musical life of the community. The public schools there make no provision for musical education and there are few, if any, really competent music teachers in the community. Cultivation of musical taste, therefore, rests almost entirely on the local theater orchestra.

For taking an important place in civic affairs, the Allen Theater in London, Ontario, deserves honorable mention, according to The Motion Picture News, a trade journal. The annual winter fair of the neighborhood is held in the large lobby of the house. There the latest improvements in automobiles, radio sets, bicycles, hardware, gas stoves, washing machines, pianos, toilet goods and clothing can be seen.

Who Will Play

It has been definitely announced that “Peter Pan” will be filmed this summer by Famous Players-Lasky with Herbert Brenon in charge of the direction. At this writing, however, the player who will be entrusted with the part of Peter has not been decided upon. Searching back in his memory, The Observer recalled that at least once before the announcement had been made that “Peter Pan” would be filmed, occasioning much speculation then on players suited to the rôle even as it does now. In the November, 1920, number of Picture-Play, The Observer finds that Bessie Love, Mary Pickford and Lilian Gish were boosted for the honor of playing Peter, but, alas, cynicism reigned in our editorial ranks even then, for the comment is also there that “Probably the casting director, following his usual disregard for type, will cast Gloria Swanson or Bebe Daniels as Peter.”

There is a persistent rumor that Jackie Coogan will be loaned to Famous Players to play the part, but at this writing it is nothing more than a rumor.

The New Directors

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is going to try its hand at developing new motion-picture directors—an experiment that commands the interest of every one who follows pictures.

The men who are to be tried out are not in any sense newcomers to pictures—all but one of them is a veteran from some other department of the business. Paul Sloane has long been a scenario writer, and is noted as the man who adapted “Over the Hill” and “Big Brother” to the screen. The first picture that he will direct is to be “Manhattan,” an adaptation of “This Side of Paradise.” Paul Bern, who is also well known as a scenario writer and who was formerly editor at the Goldwyn studios, will make his début as a director with “Open All Night,” an adaptation of Paul Morand’s stories of the same name. R. H. Burnside, the third of the new directors, was formerly general director of the Hippodrome in New York and is said to have staged two hundred and ten productions during his theatrical career. His first picture will star Richard Dix.
In Defense of the Stars

Fans often think that the stars are too aloof, but few persons realize the demands that are constantly being made on their time and strength.

By B. F. Wilson
Illustrated by Edgar Franklin Wimack

Recently there have appeared in the pages of this publication many letters from various fans concerning the attitude of the stars in their personal appearances, and in their response to fan mail. These two matters are important ones, not only to the stars themselves, but also to their admirers.

I have personally read several communications from fans expressing antipathy in some cases, and ardent admiration in others. In view of the fact that I have been interviewing motion-picture celebrities for over five years, at one time having been editor of a film magazine, I feel justified in giving such information on these two questions as I possess. I will abide by the opinions sent in from the various readers after this article appears as to whether or not I am correct.

The young lady fan from Chicago who disguised herself as a messenger boy in order to meet Clara Kimball Young is one of the correspondents who interests me the most. Her fairness in judging what Miss Young did regarding the blind man’s book is unquestionable. But I notice that another fan defends Miss Young by stating that she would surely have written the poor old man if she had known the whole story, and I agree with the latter.

Miss Young is one of the very few stars that I have not met and talked with personally, but if my knowledge of the daily routine of all the others is correct, and I am pretty sure it is, Miss Young hadn’t the faintest idea of the singular honor she was being paid—and I mean this in all sincerity—or she would have most certainly written a personal letter of thanks for this worthy tribute.

I got so worked up over the incident that I felt like cutting out the article and sending it to her personally with a large question mark written over it. However, let me tell you how a few stars I know feel about their fan mail.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have individual secretaries who receive comfortable salaries for taking care of fan mail—and doing nothing else. Norma and Constance Talmadge have an office in which the largest part of the work is the attention paid to letters and requests for photographs from admirers. Rudolph Valentino has a charming wife, as everyone knows, and she personally supervises the handling of the fan mail her husband receives.

Let me tell you one truth about a film star, and no matter what happens to make you doubt, remember that this is so: Every single celebrity of the screen is extremely interested in his or her fan mail. They cannot read all of it, of course, but they know that when it increases in volume, their popularity is growing, and this makes them very happy. When the opposite happens, and the letters slow up, they begin to worry, and they have good reason to. The film magnates of the industry have their fingers on the pulse of the country. And the value of a star to them is only measured by the way these stars can fill their theaters. The fan tells the exhibitor; the exhibitor tells his releasing company, and the releasing company tells the production organization, and the latter tells the star who has had an advance notice from her fan mail, and who is either elated or downcast by the time the production organization gets around to her with the news of an increase in salary—or the fatal pink slip notifying her that she is no longer in demand.

It is like a great octopus—reaching out a hundred long arms—and the center of the octopus, the body so to speak, is the fan.

I absolutely agree with the girl who writes that it requires very little effort for the stars to recognize their admirers with a friendly smile when entering a theater. As a matter of fact, I have entered many theaters on opening nights with many stars, and although you wouldn’t have known I was on earth for the amount of attention paid to me, I know that each time my friend, the star, has literally beamed upon the crowd. There are so many incidents, some amusing, some pathetic, which have occurred to me when I appeared in reflected glory, that I can’t begin to enumerate them. One or two, however, will illustrate my point.
One evening I was with Dick Barthelmes. The crowd almost bowled him over as we tried to get into the theater. Dick, whom I have known for several years, is one of the shyest human beings on earth. He suffered physical torture before the audible comments and battery of eyes. And yet, through the agony on his face, there appeared his famous smile, one of the most ingratiating I have ever seen. He becomes transformed; the illusive shy quality of the smile erases all that makes him a man from his face, and he looks at the world like a young boy who is grateful and embarrassed at once for what he is receiving.

Charles Ray came to New York to make a personal appearance with the opening of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." I sat in the wings of the theater and waited for him to finish his speech. He was upset and unhappy about his work. He had spent practically every cent he had in the making of this feature, and had put his whole soul into it. He worked on it over a year and it cost a small fortune, but he was doubtful of getting his money back, much less earning anything on it. He is another shy person. If you will stop to think about it, there is less publicity written concerning Charles Ray than almost any other star. While I waited for him, two colored men came to the stage door and asked the doorman if they could see Mr. Ray. They waited for him to come off the stage, and he went up to them and greeted one as cordially as he would an old friend. The other turned out to be an ardent fan, and had wanted for years to meet him. He shook hands with the fan and autographed a photograph, not only for the colored man, but for three or four women who were waiting to see him. His manager and two other men were trying to get his attention for some important business matters, but they had to wait.

I interviewed Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the Ambassador Hotel shortly before they sailed for Europe. Mary was so tired when she came into the room that she sank down on the couch with a pitiful sigh of weariness. She looked about sixteen in the pretty little blue silk dress she wore, and reminded me of a small child, pathetically trying to ward off a complete collapse.

This famous couple, when they get to New York, burn up enough energy in one day to carry an ordi-
nary human being through a month. They have to.
If they don't respond to the hundred thousand demands
to appear at this benefit, to open that bazaar, to address
a hundred clubs, to speak over the radio, to receive
divisions from the Boy Scouts, to attend public dinners,
and so on, they are accused of being up-stage.

As we sat and talked, Miss Cameron, Mary's secre-
tary, came in to ask if she would say hello to two
little girls who had been waiting outside the door of
her suite until she came in. They had brought her a
little bouquet, and Mary jumped up, went out, got the
children and brought them into the room. She shook
hands with each one and gave them a signed photo-
graph, and thanked them profusely for the flowers
which had just been pinned to her blouse. There
were dozens of baskets and vases filled with American
beauties, orchids, and similar floral tributes all over
the room. I have never seen anything more graceful
than this little acknowledgment of a tribute from two
admirers whom any other star as tired and as busy as
Mary probably would have passed over as negligible.

The telephone rang many times. Messenger boys,
men with whom Mary had business affairs to discuss,
the two secretaries, all interrupted, but she never lost
her poise. Curled up like a kitten in a corner of the
couch, she answered each question calmly and quietly,
and would then turn back to me.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," she said, answering
my question as to just how she managed to keep alive
with all this distraction, "if it were possible to rest a
little at night. But we have to accept so many invita-
tions; we have to be so many different places during
one evening, that I crawl into bed so worn out I feel
as if I never want to get up again.

"Then, of course, I'm still suffering from what I
went through at Douglas' opening for 'The Thief of Bag-
dad.' It was too terrible! I don't believe in personal ap-
pearances. I think the strain is too much for every one
concerned. You remember what an enormous crowd
gathered. And I have never seen people act the way
those did.

"Why, I had Douglas and two policemen around me
to keep me from getting trampled on, and the crowd
was so thick that Douglas had to put me up on his
shoulder. I hate this, it makes me feel so ridiculous;
like some queer animal, and I had made Douglas prom-
ise he would never do it again. But he just had to!
My ermine coat was torn into strips! If I had those
three big men to protect me, can you imagine what
must have happened to the women who came there
alone? Why some of them might have got seriously
hurt.

"And besides, the struggle of trying to force your
way into the theater through a mob like that is too
much. It spoils the picture. People are too tired when
they sit down, and too upset because of what they
had to fight through to be in any mood for enjoying
themselves. Don't you think so?

"Of course, it is a beautiful tribute. We were both
so proud to think that all those people wanted to see
Douglas. We appreciate what a thing like that means.
But I do wish there were some other way of showing
how much we appreciate our following.

"It's a little different with a man. All he has to do
is to put on a clean collar and get a shave, and he is
all right. He's much stronger also. But people forget
that I'm not very strong, and that every time I
appear in public, I have to look my best. If I show
the faintest sign of being tired or looking badly, the
women all comment on it immediately. They say, 'Oh!
she is losing her looks,' or something like that.

"I have to look my best always. I feel like a doll
in a shop window, and if there is anything ever so
slightly wrong, it upsets me dreadfully. You know
what I mean. If you readers could have seen the
wistful little smile accompanying her speech, it would
have warmed your heart.

She waved her hands in a gesture of joy. She has
the most beautiful hands I have ever seen. Small,
perfectly formed, the tapering slender fingers reveal
the artistic side of her nature more graphically than
any other feature of her appearance. I couldn't tear
my gaze from those hands.

The reason for the joy was that Douglas had en-
tered. He greeted me with a smile.

"Where have you been?" was the first remark Mary
made, and I thought to myself of how one touch of
nature makes the whole marital world kin.

"We are going away for six months," she continued
after a short while. "We are both tired and need a rest.
Do you know, it will be like taking a honeymoon trip
for us. We've got to open Dorothy Vernon of Haddon
Hall and the 'Thief of Bagdad' in London, Paris, and
Germany. And then we're going into Russia. Won't
that be thrilling? And then—and then," and she gasped
with the happiness of the vision. "I'll tell you but you
mustn't publish it for a long time," I promised.

"Well, Douglas and I, all alone, are going to take
a little car and tour through Europe. I'm not even
going to take a maid. I shall buy those shirts for
Douglas which won't have to be ironed, and wash them
myself. We are going into a lot of little towns and
villages, where people won't recognize us. We'll avoid
the big cities, and when we have to stop at one, we
will go to some small hotel and hide.

"I just can't wait! It will be the first time we've
ever gone off just by ourselves since we've been mar-
rried. We'll loaf and rest and take our time in visiting
all the queer old places we've both wanted to see all
our lives."

"And I know that when we get to the Orient Mary
will never be able to get me away," interrupted Dou-
glas. His eyes lit up with enthusiasm.

"Gosh! I love to think of it. I'm crazy to get there—
out in the hot sun on the desert. I love the way those
people live. Their outdoor life. Always on a horse, riding
night and day—always out in the open. It's great! Won't
it be wonderful, dear," he turned to his wife, and grinned
with sheer delight.

And as I could see that in the vision of their trip
they had completely forgotten my existence, I slipped
out quietly, smiling a little with envy at the happiness
in store for these two who so justly deserved a little
vacation from all their hard work, and above all, a
little privacy to themselves from the vociferous de-
mands of the public.

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TWELVE YEARS AGO

Bill Hart was acting Shakespeare on the speaking stage.
Jesse Lasky was managing vaudeville acts on the
Orpheum Circuit.
Monte Blue was a cow-puncher in Texas.
Dick Barthelme was a schoolboy.

Jack Holt was driving a dog team up in Alaska.
Jackie Coogan wasn't born.
Charlie Chaplin was cutting up dildoes in a London music
hall.
Gloria Swanson was studying art in a Chicago school.
The Wherefore of Great Lovers

A psychoanalyst compares the divergent attractions of Menjou, Meighan, Barthelmess and Valentino.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

Upon the roof's ledge above her bower the sidling cushions stretched their gorges to moan of the gentleness of love.

In this fashion Robert Nichols writes about love in the court of King Arthur. The author makes known the vogue of that day in this, the oldest and most essential of all the arts. And thus in epigram might it be stated:

The tougher the knight the gentler the lover.

Yet, long before there was jousting at Camelot, flashing of falchion, scraping of rebeck, braying of brachet or weaving of those ensorelements which Merlin retailed to that lady seeking to make sure of her knight, the poet Homer sang a lay of another age and clime that pointed an entirely different fashion in love-making:

Thus having spoke, the impatient Phrygian boy
Rushed to the bower, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen followed, slow, with bashful charms;
And clasped the blooming hero in her arms.

There appears the contrast. "Him Helen followed." Helen, most beautiful of women, who, in addition to her justly celebrated feat in rivalry of the war-time activities of the U. S. Shipping Board—namely, the launching of a thousand ships—also caused many a good scraper, heavyweight, middleweight and featherweight, to take the count. Nevertheless, her most authentic biographer represents her, not as the pursued, but as the pursuer; Paris goes in first, Helen dutifully follows.

And if we read more of Homer we find beautiful women innumerable performing little short of valet service to an unlimited assortment of classic heroes.

The reason for introducing the contrast between love-making of the classic and that of the romantic age into an article that is supposed to treat of motion pictures, is because the screen to-day is reflecting both these varieties of erotic simulation. It may reward us to give the matter some serious attention in an effort to determine in just what direction the most interesting phenomenon of daily life is headed.

In the pages that ensue we are to make our purely scientific observations upon this important subject by watching the performances of four typical screen lovers of the day: Adolphe Menjou, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess and Rudolph Valentino.

Let us predicate our researches upon a fact, arrived at tortuously by psychoanalysts and instinctively by every girl of high-school age, whether she will admit it or not.

"Every lassie wants a ladie," if such a paraphrase of folk literature were permissible, would express the thought perfectly.

In other words, feminine psychology does not change; feminine necessity for love remains constant in all periods of her life.

Sometimes she gets what she wants. Sometimes she is not so fortunate. It is the general experience to have several beaux and finally one lover who later becomes a husband.

This is often an unfortunate circumstance—his becoming a husband. For, alas! too often the husband, engrossed in men's affairs, takes for granted the abiding affection of the girl he married and forgets entirely to remain her lover.

Now this situation, however unfortunate for the wife, is productive of large revenue for motion-picture manufacturers. These astute business men have built up a great industry that is rivaled only by its immediate cousin, the other branch of the canning industry. Canned vegetables, fruits, meats, salads, relishes, and everything else to eat, are now the salvation of the American digestive tract. Canned love, manufactured in bulk and distributed to the retail picture exhibitors all over the broad land, is equally the solace and delight of the American housewife.

Is her husband a tough egg, lacking all the refinements of education? She can run down to the corner movie and see Adolphe Menjou.

Is her husband a weakling, two inches shorter than she, disgracefully unable to crush her in strong arms? She can run down to the corner movie and see Thomas Meighan.

Is her husband a cold-blooded proposition, without a hint of passion in him, and a rotten dancer? She can run down to the corner movie and see Rudolph Valentino.
The Wherefore of Great Lovers

Meighan is so big physically that he fits the rôle of a protector as neatly as Menjou's evening coat fits the other's sligher shoulders.

Is her husband a practical, hard-headed fellow, past his youth, disillusioned, totally lacking in the idealism that women cherish? She can run down to the corner movie and see Richard Barthelmess.

Let it not shock our prejudices to say frankly that every woman in a movie show imagines herself in the arms of the hero. There is really nothing to be ashamed of in this vicarious pleasure. The actor is there in disembodied form. He is a symbol—to the yearning, adolescent girl, to the somewhat disappointed housewife—a symbol to the first of what she would like her future husband to be and to the second of what she wishes that her present husband was.

The movie producers know of this vicarious love-making and, depend upon it, all the screen heroes are equally aware. Watch any of them. They all make love over the heads of their heroines and right at the palpitant women fans who are sighing back—perhaps subconsciously—from the darkness of the back rows.

And now we come to an interesting development in this routine of vicarious love making, something which we may term a revival of the classic tradition.

It got away to a running start with Valentino's interpretation of the Sheik, and it has now apparently reached its goal in the latest performances of Adolphe Menjou, the newest, but fast becoming one of the most popular of all great lovers.

Neither Valentino nor Menjou could be called manly fellows. They are never seen in the romantic, protective rôle which was the fashion among the knights of the Middle Ages and which, until recently, continued to be the accepted standard in this country. They are anything but gentle lovers. They are sly, insidious, alluring devils—he-vamps! When one of them is on the screen you can hear feminine whispers: "Gee, ain't he wicked-looking—I just adore it!"

Instead of waiting on women they make the women wait on them, and they make the women like it.

In his last picture, "Broadway After Dark," Menjou had a girl valet. You could hear the shocked but delighted exclamations when this personable young woman lighted a cigarette at her own dainty lips and began to march to the bathroom, wherein the audience knew that Menjou, in his character of a New York boulevardier, was even then having his morning tub. The girl valet handed the cigarette to a manservant, who in turn conveyed it to the lips of his master, just in time to forestall the scissors of the censors. Even at that, the scene failed to get by in some states, where smoking is considered bad for women, even as a matter of business, and bathtubs are kept strictly out of sight except on Saturday nights.

Menjou has a fashion of looking sidelong at a woman, the while his eyebrows go up and his eyelids down and his lips, beneath a perfectly proportioned mustache, are sucked inward by a cynical smile. His look says: "Woman, I know you. I know every little trick you have in your cabinet and can match it with a smarter one. I can see you, all of you, even what you think is concealed. Well, you're not so bad!"

His technique is the same whether dominated by a foreign sophisticate such as Lubitsch, who directed him in "The Marriage Circle;" or by Charlie Chaplin, a sophisticate of another school—the individual; or by Monta Bell, whose very creditable "Broadway After Dark" reflected the same type of sophistication which this new director had been soaking up during his association with Chaplin.
Menjou draws women. They follow, "slow, with bashful charms," exactly like their immortal prototype. Frequently they kneel to him in worship, in pleading, in abandon. He never kneels to them. He outrages all the canons of chivalry, while observing the niceties of breeding.

He is, in all respects, the new Apollo of the classic revival of love-making on the screen. His vogue and that of his contemporaries is growing as the rage for this particular style of love-making, so in contrast to the romantic style, continues to mount.

Just as, roughly, both Menjou and Valentino fall into one class of screen lover which we have denominated the classic, so do Meighan and Barthelmess fall, roughly, into the other class which we have called the romantic.

Menjou represents one kind of classic lover and Valentino another kind which we shall examine a little farther on. In the same way Meighan and Barthelmess represent two different types of romantic lover.

Meighan is the all-American brand. He may be a bad one in the first few reels, blowing safes or selling gold bricks, but he is always brought around in the end by the influence of a good woman. He always manages to express affection for children, and they say that he really is fond of kids. He is so evidently the sort of fellow who would make an ideal father that his woman worshiper is naturally led to cast him mentally in that rôle.

Tommy Meighan is so big physically that he fits the rôle of protector as neatly as Menjou's evening coat fits about the other's slighter shoulders. He is so good-natured and humorous that every woman knows she could just make him do anything she wished. And when, in the final clinch, Tommy gathers the heroine—she is always a frail little thing—into his strong arms, a great sigh of contentment goes up from all over the theater.

This sort of thing may be mush and milk to the realist, to the knowing, to the disillusioned, but it is the wine of fulfillment to the disappointed, the hopeful, and the trusting type of woman. Some day her knight will come for her, thinks the slaving office girl, the housewife captive to an ogre of a husband. They believe it because they like to believe it, and in spite of the harsh realities of experience that confront them daily.

Guinevere in her tower, Andromeda on her rock, Maggie at the kitchen sink, and Hattie wrestling with the office filing cabinet, each tells herself the same old story. Romance they seek, romance they will have. And if the knight is laggard there is someplace to be had for a quarter at the movie house down the block.

Little Cinderella cries a prince who is very big and strong and can slay any number of dragons, but who, to her, is as tender as the cooing doves above her bower, which "stretch their gorges to moan of the gentleness of love."

Menjou gives the women movie-goers the extreme of sophistication; Meighan the extreme of naiveté. Menjou twists them. Meighan protects them.

The actor with the French name represents a type familiar on the continent of Europe and not altogether unknown in the fastness of Manhattan Island. In other sections of these United States he is a rara avis, practically nonexistent. Tommy Meighan, on the screen, is not what the average American man really is, but he is what the American man, having been widely informed to that effect by newspaper editors, Fourth-of-July orators, organizers for fraternal orders and candidates for office, has come to believe he is.

In the same manner as we have contrasted Menjou with Meighan we may well contrast Valentino with Barthelmess. For as Menjou and Meighan may be said to offer the greatest contrast, inasmuch as the former is on the side of the mental, the latter on that of the physical; so do Valentino and Barthelmess again present this same contrast, the former being an all-physical lover and the latter the extreme opposite.

Valentino belongs in the same class as Menjou—that of the classic lover. Both tyrannize over their women. But their technique is vastly different. Menjou is a mental tyrant. Valentino a physically physical one.

With the first crack of Julio's whip in "The Four Horsemen," Valentino established himself in this rôle. Sex appeal the producers frankly label the quality that makes the sleek young man worth millions to them.

Most American men are as careless about their physical well-being as they are about their dress. They eat too much and exercise not enough. They have their bodies under poor control, in consequence of which they are awkward dancers, sadly lacking in physical grace. Valentino was a professional dancer before he became a rage on the screen. He handles himself with the oily ease of a jungle python.

Stack him up beside the average American husband and he bears the same comparison that a sport-model roadster bears to a two-ton truck. Ask any woman in which she would prefer to ride.  

[Continued on page 112]
Here is Marion Nixon, one of the 1923 Baby Stars, whispering a secret to one of the clowns who appears with her in "The Circus Cowboy," a Fox picture, starring Charles Jones. Marion, we should add, is the leading lady. She is appearing regularly in Fox pictures, and has been leading lady to all the male Fox stars.

Did you ever try to kiss a sunbeam? That is what Colleen Moore is trying to do, in the picture in the corner. Look close, and you'll see the sunbeam, playing about her lips.

Shirley Mason just can't decide whether to jump into the cold swimming pool, or to sit still on the springboard and bathe in the warm California sunshine.
the Studios

at work and at play.

When Gerald Beaumont, author of “The Information Kid,” and other magazine stories, was engaged to write a series of screen stories for Jack Dempsey, he decided to go right out to Hollywood to confer with the champ, and the director. So here he is, on the Universal lot, talking over a script with the famous fighting star.

Below, you see Bessie Love, working away at her typewriter, while waiting in her dressing room to be called on the set.

The sad singer in the lower right-hand corner is Harry Langdon, who entertains the Mack Sennett studio when he isn’t at work on one of his comedies.
Tom Mix and his company stop for lunch, while on location in the Yosemite Valley.

Here is Laura La Plante, caught by the camera at Universal City.

Booth Tarkington and Thomas Meighan were bosom friends years ago when Broadway was their playground and the Lambs Club their headquarters. Now the association has been resumed through the stories Tarkington has written for Meighan to play.
Although they have been married for four years, few pictures have been published of Virginia Valli and her husband, George Lamson. This one was taken at their Hollywood home.

Muriel Frances Dana recently acted as a volunteer to collect funds in Los Angeles for an orphans' fund.

The Beery brothers, Wallace and Noah, in an imitation of the old daguerreotype pictures.
The Screen
Critical comment

By Agnes
Caricatures by

that it has been done before. After all, Mary's pictures have a claim to distinction in their own right.

I think most persons will enjoy "Dorothy Vernon" immensely. It is a beautiful and high-spirited production with a great many thrills and a great many moments of boisterous comedy. Boisterous is the only word for it. Neilan goes after his fun with a slapstick and Mary, the light comedian, valiantly plunges into knockabout stuff with all the zest of the Louise Fazenda of the Sennett days. You may not admire these touches in "Dorothy Vernon," but you must remember that both Mary and Neilan know their audiences.

But Mary is really at her best in the romantic scenes. She is best when she is either wistful or downright broken-hearted. She has a great gift for looking absolutely crushed, for looking as though the world had been knocked from under her feet.

A great play is made in the picture of Mary's rages, of her stormings against her father. For "Dorothy Vernon" has a temper—a real Elizabethan, one-hundred-per-cent Tudor temper. Mary rages very well but occasionally I felt that she was allowed to rage just a little bit too often. In other words, I would have enjoyed Dorothy and her adventures more if she had been a little quieter and a little more subdued.

The beauty of the picture and the beauty of Mary—for the two are bound up together—are the chief things that will make you remember "Dorothy Vernon." The backgrounds are lovely to look at. The scenes are beautifully photographed. Mary's own camera work is above reproach, except that every now and then her close-ups seem muffled into unreality. But you have never seen such exquisite posing in your life.

Another thing that will make you remember the picture is the portrayal of Queen Elizabeth given by Claire Eames. From the thick of artificial romance, Miss Eames emerges with a vital and living performance of Queen Elizabeth. It's the real thing in screen acting, and scarcely less interesting is Estelle Taylor's performance of Mary, Queen of Scots. Allan Forrest is Miss Pickford's leading man. He is, you know, Lottie Pickford's husband. Mr. Forrest is a good romantic type and I am reliably informed by no fewer than three girls, all under twenty, that he is very fetching.
in Review
on recent releases.

Smith
John Decker

in looks. So it is evident that he will give all-around satisfaction. Lottie herself appears in a small rôle and does that little very well.

So This Is the Film of the Future!

"Wanderers of the Wasteland" is the first thoroughly satisfactory color film I have ever seen. Usually these pictures advertised as being presented in nature's own tints look like nothing so much as a violent case of measles. Until now I have always hoped that movies would stick to black and white.

But Technicolor has done it at last—produced a film that is a joy to the eye and never again will I be satisfied with plain photography. Most of the scenes were taken on the Great Western Desert and when the untraveled Easterner looks at the scenery he is going to be inclined to think that the camera is kidding him. Certainly it looks too fantastic and gorgeous to be true. But the wiseacres who have journeyed to Hollywood will know that it is the real thing finally coming to its own on the screen.

But it would be wrong to give the impression that "Wanderers of the Wasteland" is nothing but a scenic. The plot is so good and the acting so excellent that the picture would be well worth seeing even if it were filmed in black and white. It has much of the appeal of "The Covered Wagon:" that is, it was filmed in the actual locale of the story and the backgrounds fascinate you by their reality.

Moreover, it contains one of the biggest thrills of the season. The hero is marooned on an oasis. At first he lives by killing birds and small animals, but the supply runs low. Then he turns to lizards and other crawling things. Finally you see him grasping for a snake, which is coiled to strike. And the snake does strike. When this particular scene came along, every woman in the audience at the New York showing forgot her manners and let out a yell.

Maybe you don't like this sort of thing, but you must admit that it is daring. And there are other good scenes, too, particularly those which show something new in the way of villainy out in Death Valley.

All in all, Irvin Willat has made a rousing melodrama that is going to be remembered a long time. The players, too, contribute much to its success. Jack Holt shows that he can act when he gets a chance. In fact you aren't likely to forget the way Mr. Holt looks when he makes a grab for the deadly snake. Noah Beery gives one of the best performances of the year in the rôle of the humorous old prospector. It is the best thing of its kind since Ernest Torrence's hit in "The Covered Wagon." Billie Dove, in natural colors, is twice as beautiful as she is in dull tones, which makes her an ideal heroine for a picture of this sort. Also you probably never realized before what a charming ashen blonde Kathryn Williams is in everyday, chromatic life.

If you are careless enough to miss "Wanderers of the Wasteland," don't blame me.

Another Profitable Evening.

"The Signal Tower" is no superspecial which will require a theater on Broadway and a million dollars' worth of publicity to herald its presentation. It's just a good picture and so it probably will roll up a greater record of satisfaction than most of the more expensive outbursts.

Universal made this picture and evidently it was no strain on the company's resources. All it needed was a few plain settings, a little scenery, a few good players and some spectacular railroad scenes to appease those audiences that are gluttons for melodrama.

Virginia Valli is the attractive heroine in "The Signal Tower," and Wallace Beery, as the home-grown villain, is wonderful.
After watching "The Signal Tower," it seems to me that it ought to be just as easy to make good pictures as bad ones—and a great deal less expensive. Clarence Brown, the director, achieves a startling novelty merely by making his villain a comic sort of roughneck instead of dishing him up as the usual Fiend in Human Form.

The story is laughably simple. A hero and a villain are stationed at the same signal tower. In his off hours, the villain tries to get fresh with the hero's wife, who has taken him in for a boaster. On the fateful night, the hero must take his choice between wrecking a couple of trains or rushing home to help his wife throw crockery at the roughneck.

This plain story is made pleasant by its human touches. Honestly, there isn't a person in the picture who wouldn't be plausible in real life. When the whirlwind climax comes, you are even ready to be convinced by the melodrama. The railroad scenes are beautifully staged, especially those shots which show the freight cars running wild.

A little trio of players runs away with plenty of acting glory. Without the aid of a single spangly dress or feather fan, Virginia Valli gives you an accurate performance of an attractive young wife. Rockcliffe Fellowes looks more like a real railroad than a movie player. And I can't say too much about the performance of Wallace Beery. As a Brutal Menace in superspecials, Wallace never made much impression on me. He was too bad to be true. But as a home-grown villain, he is wonderful. The boy is a great comedian.

Just a De Mille Hors d'oeuvre.

Here I have written pages and pages without even intimating that Cecil B. De Mille has made another picture. But what with the political crisis and the baseball season, I have so much on my mind. Almost any director could have made "Triumph," which isn't, of course, even hinting that any other director could have made it better.

"Triumph" is no gift to humanity like "The Ten Commandments," and no one has said that Mr. De Mille spent three years absorbing the atmosphere of a canning factory before he embarked on the project. And so "Triumph" is pretty small potatoes for De Mille but pretty big potatoes for the small-town theaters.

It has, at least, an interesting story, which has been slickly presented. At times, the characters strain your credulity. Other critics, I believe, have pointed out to Mr. De Mille that prima donnas need not necessarily return to the factory after they have lost their voices. But if it makes a good story and a dramatic situation, why not?

"Triumph" is gorgeous to look at, even though Mr. De Mille has restrained himself in his costumes and settings. Nevertheless, Letrice Joy in overalls is a pretty sight on a rainy evening. And Rod La Rocque is an ideal De Mille hero.

The story, by May Edginton, proves that money isn't everything. You have, of course, heard that somewhere before.

More Stellar Scenery.

"The Chechaicos" would be a much discussed picture if only the title were easier to pronounce. It has enough novelty to recommend it and make you forget its faults, which are so obvious that they might have been made by almost any movie director instead of Louis Moonaw, an amateur in the field—who has had virtually no experience in making mistakes.

The picture was made in Alaska. And what a country Alaska is! The scenery is something swell and if
you are a chechahco—that is to say, a tenderfoot—you can have a wonderful time figuring out how much ice and snow it takes to make a glacier.

The story ought to be an engrossing one, but it doesn't quite make the grade. It is a melodrama of the gold rush and although its incidents are rather far fetched, probably stranger things took place in the Klondike. But the acting is amateurish and the performers all look like members of a northwest stock company.

But I am partial to all these pictures that venture away from the artificial atmosphere of the studios. I would rather watch the rushing waters of an Alaskan river than see the flowing cocktails of the flapper drama. Great big quiet mountains are a relief after too many nervous ingenues. A glacier looks pretty good after too many close-ups of leading men. When a producer tells me that a studio setting that looks like an ice-cream soda parlor is the Fifth Avenue drawing room of the wealthy Mrs. de Peyster, I know that he is a faker. And so I get real pleasure from reflecting upon the fact that the scenery of a picture like "The Chechahcos" is undoubtedly strictly totem.

So, in spite of its deficiencies, I have no hesitation in predicting that you won't be disappointed in "The Chechahcos."

**Rough Weather at Sea.**

On the other hand, I am sick and tired of pictures like "Miami" but I understand that the public cannot get enough of the flapper stuff. But I, for one, wish all the girls would go on the water wagon, burn the one-piece bathing suits and return to blond curls. Just one more of these pictures, and I'll go out and shoot Scott Fitzgerald who is the innocent cause of all the fuss made about the younger generation.

Betty Compson represents the Younger Generation in "Miami," but though it is cruel to say so, she looks old enough to know better. Miss Compson has never been so badly photographed and she ought to speak sharply to the camera man or director who allowed her to go on the screen in such an unbecoming light.

As that title vaguely hints, the picture was made in Miami, Florida, and it all goes to show the low moral tone of persons who go south in the winter. Personally, I don't believe anything I saw on the screen. The villain is a society bootlegger and the hero is a noble fellow who builds bridges, although no samples of his work are visible in the picture. But you can easily see the deadly results of the bootleggers' trade.

The big moment comes when Miss Compson takes her clothes off and jumps off a high-diving board, wearing nothing but her six-ninety-fives. She takes the high dive because she is mad at the hero. The psychology of the situation would make old Doctor Freud blush. The rest of the plot is too silly to bother repeating.

However, let us waste no more indignation over "Miami," but let us hope that Miss Compson gets a better break next time.

**Enter a New Wizard.**

Please don't be frightened by the title of "Broadway After Dark." If

Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque appear again in "Triumph."

you are unduly timid about it, you're going to pass up one of the best pictures that has brightened the screen in a long time.

It was made for Warner Brothers by one Monta Bell, who was Chaplin's assistant in "A Woman of Paris." For humor, for dramatic technique, for finesse and for intelligence, Monta Bell is one of the finds of the year. What a picture he can make!

The story is adapted from an old melodrama by Owen Davis and it proves that it is possible to make silk purses from a sow's ear. The plot relates the adventures of a gay old dog who goes to an actors' boarding house looking for new hearts to conquer. And there he meets a poor little drudge who is having a bad streak of luck. He dresses the gal up in fine clothes and takes her out to see the sights.

But is the rich man a villain? He is not; that's where the director fools you.

And is the handsome young man a hero? No, he is just a spoiled youth from everyday life. The story is a neat reversal of the Cinderella legend, although it comes to the usual happy ending.

The picture is rich in comedy, color and atmosphere. Some of the scenes were taken at the Equity Ball in New York, so you may see some good glimpses of Broadway society on parade.

Adolphe Menjou is a joy as the worldly-wise gentleman. Can Mr. Menjou be the new matinée idol? Certainly he has captured more hits than any one person this season. Maybe, after all, the public does appreciate good acting. Willard

Continued on page 93
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks in a fantasy that embues Lewis Richardson and folk tales of all lands made wonderfully beautiful and thrilling through camera magic.

"Secrets"—First National. Norma Talmadge in a beautifully mounted and highly romantic story of a woman who bore all sorts of tribulations rather than mar her love for her husband with a single cross word.

"Girl Shy"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's latest and as funny as the best of them. It includes a chase that is one of the great comic achievements of the screen. The story is that of a bashful boy who writes a book on the technique of love.

"Cathedral"—First National. A sophisticated picture for admirers of the Hergesheimer novel. The story of a restless man of forty who followed a rosy ideal of romance only to find it a delusion. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, and Alma Rubens give great performances.

"King of Wild Horses"—Pathé. The thrilling adventures of Rex, a handsome black stallion. A mediocre story and poor support fail to mar his glory.


"Beau Brummel"—Warner Brothers. Another movie fling of John Barrymore's and a great picture for the people who idolize him. The story of the king of fops who for a time dominated society by his wit and cunning.

"The Enchanted Cottage"—First National. An exquisite and touching exposition of the idea that love is not only blind, it is cockeyed. Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy play an embittered war hero and a homely spitfire with rare skill and deep feeling. Not for those who demand stirring fights, mere prettiness, and lots of action all the time.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. The Book of Exodus spectacularly filmed and a modern problem play done in the usual manner of Cecil De Mille. Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, and Richard Dix are the attractions of the latter part.

"The Galloping Fish"—First National. A picture with an all-star cast, headed by a sleek, debonair seal, and with the old-time abandon of the Sennett comedies.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A gripping film epic of the pioneers who crossed the Western plains with a hymn in their hearts and a gun on their hips. Seemingly endless trains of wagons battling against Indians and the forces of nature.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"A Boy of Flanders"—Metro. An excellent film version of a popular classic for children with Jackie Coogan and a lovable big dog romping through it. Laid in the Belgium of long ago, the scenes are quaint and pretty.


"The Fighting Coward"—Paramount. A delightful satire on the old Southern code of honor as immortalized in fiction. Cullen Landis plays a butterfly chaser who learns to throw a fearful bluff, and James Cruze directed it, which guarantees its high standard of humor. Made in Mississippi, it has that languorous Southern quality.

"Three Weeks"—Goldwyn. If you have a taste for highly colored romance this is the best the screen can give you. The censors passed several rounds of seductive smiles aimed at Conrad Nagel, and Aileen Pringle makes a very beautiful queen.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"The Dawn of a To-morrow"—Paramount. A melodrama of the London slums through which the ultimate in glad young heroines smiles her way. Jacqueline Logan makes her rather winning, and Raymond Griffith is splendid as a young crook.

"Not One to Spare"—Hodkinson. A frankly sentimental, ingenuous and obvious film version of the old verses of the poor family who couldn't hear to give up one of their children for adoption by a rich uncle. It will tug at your heart, and there is no one so hard hearted as not to be touched by Ethel Wales' performance of the mother.

"The Breaking Point"—Paramount. Enough plot for ten pictures compressed into one. The hero suffers from amnesia, a past with Nita Naldi, and a desire to marry a sappy heroine played by Fanny Ruth Miller.

"Virtuous Liars"—Whitman Bennett. A pitched battle that would have gone all to pieces if the heroine hadn't used her head, and as Edith Allen plays the heroine such oversight seems highly improbable.

"Try and Get It"—Hodkinson. A comedy that has a vague family resemblance to all of Bryan Washburn's early and greatest successes. A mildly amusing story of a young go-getter who tries to collect a bill from a man who is determined not to pay.

"The Rejected Woman"—Distinctive. A foolish heroine who never pauses to consider that if she accepts a lot of money from a gentleman, it may cause talk. Alma Rubens cannot play an unintelligent woman convincingly.

"The Confidence Man"—Paramount. Ever-charming Thomas Meighan in the rôle of a reformed crook, aided by a feeble story and subtitles by George Ade, to say nothing of Virginia Valli.

"His Darker Self"—Hodkinson. Lloyd Hamilton in a comedy that isn't quite swift or funny enough. It concerns a lawyer who disguises himself as a negro in order to fool a band of bootleggers.

"Excitement"—Universal. An absurd farce melodrama that introduces pretty little Laura La Plante as a star. Funny, but not riotously so.

"Thy Name is Woman"—Metro. A thoughtful melodrama built around the hectic triangular affairs of a smuggler, his beautiful wife, and an officer of the law. Barbara La Marr, William V. Mong, and Ramon Novarro are in it.

"Yolanda"—Cosmopolitan. The screen's greatest collection of knights, armor, scenery, moats, drawbridges, royalty, and costumes. There is no plot to speak of, but Marion Davies never looked lovelier.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Moral Sinner"—Paramount. Dorothy Dalton's last picture, a maudlin story of another of those French girls with a lot of apache friends. Pathetically acted, it is a picture to be attended only as a refuge on a rainy night.

"Daughters of To-day"—Selznick. Another exposure of the wickedness of the younger generation. Worse than its predecessors, many of which were terrible.
Hollywood High Lights

Mirroring the events in the Western theater of cinema production.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Our skepticism regarding scenario writers has vanished. We have faithfully attended the performances of stage plays that they give every month at their club this season, and we are now convinced that they have two separate art standards, one for the film public and an entirely different one for the select group of intellectuals who are present at their theatrical productions in Hollywood.

We are also certain now that some of the very best actors in motion pictures have never become stars. Outstanding hits in the productions have been won by men like Jean Hersholt, who has been doing lots of interesting character work on the screen lately; Donald Crisp of "Broken Blossoms" fame, now a director; Ramsay Wallace, who played Charlie Ray's rival in "The Girl I Loved," Walter Long, who did the bandit in "Blood and Sand," Raymond Hatton, David Butler and Warner Oland. Certainly, this would be an odd list from which to select matinée idols.

More recently a group that appeared in a single playlet included Adolphe Menjou, who gained prominence in "A Woman of Paris," Jack Gilbert, Ernest Torrence, and Aileen Pringle, the Lady of "Three Weeks."

The old guard of stardom, including Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin have never, as yet, been seen in any of the plays, but there is a good chance that one or the other will be tempted if the proper sort of part comes along.

The greatest variety distinguishes the programs, which range from musical burlesques, domestic comedies and satires, to ironic mental tragedies. Frances Marion recently offered a striking example of this type of play. The characters were six inmates of an insane asylum. There are no censors at the Writers' Club to cut scenes and change words. The result is that many of the plays are the very starkest sort of realism, and the scenarists get rid of all the suppressions and inhibitions which are deemed necessary in "writing down to the public."

Another Comedy Girl Wins.
Comedies still remain unqualifiedly the highroad to fame in the pictures. The proof is the fact that Vera Reynolds was the final candidate selected to appear in "Foot of Clay," Cecil B. De Mille's production.

Miss Reynolds began as a comedy girl at Universal. She obtained her first recognition in features playing Gloria Swanson's little sister in "Prodigal Daughters," about a year ago. It looked as if she were about to succeed famously right from then on, but none of the parts that she subsequently had in films like "Shadow of Paris" and "Icebound" were sufficiently outstanding.

One of the main reasons why De Mille's choice fell on her for "Foot of Clay" was because she possessed the comedy girl's well-known ability to swim and do other athletic stunts. The main excitement in the production is a thrilling surf-board race. Twenty girls will take part, doing the thrilling stunt of balancing themselves on the bouncing boards, as these are pulled along by high-speed motor boats. Miss Reynolds will not only have to enter into this athletic game, but will also be forced to remain in the water for hours at a time while she is being photographed.

If her work in this picture proves sufficiently good she may become the featured De Mille feminine player.

Vital Records.
It must sound somewhat incongruous for Dorothy Dalton to hear Elaine Hammerstein call her "Mamma," but since the former star of Alaskan dance-hall pictures married Arthur Hammerstein, father of Elaine, she is legally a step-mamma.

Even though Pola Negri didn't quite understand Hollywood manners when she first came to America almost a year ago, it has taken her just that long to make up her mind that the United States is the greatest country in the world. To prove it, she recently took out citizenship papers.

Pola and Rod La Rocque simply laughed at the rumor that floated around the studios that they were engaged. It all started when Pola gave a small and
intimate dinner party at the Cocoanut Grove with La Rocque, Charles Eyton and his wife, Kathlyn Williams, the Tony Morenos and Blanche Sweet and Marshall Nelan as her guests.

Recognition for Technical Man.
That there will be a lot of clever camera trickery in "Peter Pan" is indicated by the naming of Roy Pomeroy as assistant to Herbert Brenon in the making of this picture.
Mr. Pomeroy gained national fame as a result of the clever contrivances that he perfected for Cecil B. De Mille to show the opening of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments." He is considered the most proficient and skillful of studio technicians. "Peter Pan" undoubtedly will be the most logical successor to "The Thief of Bagdad" in its revelations of the recent advances in the magic of photography.

Mae to Be a Widow.
Mae Murray is going to break away completely from her conventional jazz roles in her forthcoming picture, "Circe." This was written for her by Vicente Basco Ibañez, who has already contributed two or three outstanding successes like "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," and "Enemies of Women." He wrote "Circe" especially for Miss Murray and during a portion of the story she plays a cripple, which certainly will allow her small chance for dancing. James Kirkwood will be the leading man.
Following this, the prospects are that Miss Murray will be seen in the screen version of "The Merry Widow." The rumors that Erich von Stroheim would direct her in this started Hollywood, because of the vast difference between what they symbolize in picture making. The plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, which supervise the destiny of the two, have been changed, however, as regards Von Stroheim. Present indications are that Robert Z. Leonard, Miss Murray's husband, will direct the picture.

Glad Tidings.
The immortal classicist Ben Turpin is going to add two more treasures to his already great contribution to the cinema art, with burlesques on "Romeo and Juliet" and "Three Weeks."

Beautiful Madeline Hurlock will play Juliet and Mme. Glyn's Lady to Ben's romantic Romeo and amorous Paul.

Pola's New Heroes.
Youth seems to be the prize requisite of Pola Negri's leading men lately. In "Men," Robert Frazer played the hero, and in "Compromised," Ben Lyon has a leading part. Both are considered among the principal corners in the rivalry with such actors as Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, James Kirkwood, Huntley Gordon, Lewis Stone, and one or two others who have maintained supremacy during the past year. Certainly, they could have no better aid to their advance than in the merry little game of trying to steal scenes from the European actress.

The Titles Again.
For some reason or other the names of the pictures for the current season do not look half as exciting as they did a year ago. "Wordly Goods," "A Stained Devil," "The Female," "The Man Who Fights Alone," "His Hour," "Free Love," "Single Wives," sound very much like the good old movies of yesteryear. Many of these films are splendid as to cast, but the choice of names, some of which may be changed, of course, indicates a return to the old system of enlist ing the attention of the unwary through sensational appeal.

The New Millenium.
There was a time in the history of the films when the wildest sort of dread existed in studios because of supposed and perhaps real rivalry. One company would hardly admit an employee of a competitive organization within its gates. The big bugaboos was that some story, or trick or actor might be stolen. Interchange of opinions or ideas between the various producers was unheard of.
This narrow policy, a justifiable topic for criticism, has practically disappeared. We noted particularly at the recent opening of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company's plant how friendly was the feeling evidenced by other institutions. Players from Paramount, First National, Universal, Warner's and Fox were among the invited guests, and the speakers included prominent
executives not only from the newly combined group of studios but from the others. It was a grand mingling of personalities and people, the most cosmopolitan of gatherings.

As we have indicated on various occasions the bars are down as regards players. The companies help each other out regularly. Prominent Paramount leads are lent to Goldwyn, and Goldwyn or Metro players to Universal, and nobody raises the slightest objection to the proceeding.

We feel that this unity of interests will gradually pervade the distributing systems of the producing units, so that nationally, even as in the larger cities now, the best type of entertainment will be bestowed, regardless of systems of release and other restrictive phases still existing.

These Restless Stars.

Home life, and the chance to have a home, formerly meant everything to the actor in pictures, but many players now, even if they have a bungalow or mansion, find little occasion to enjoy it. Consequently, many of them prefer to rent an apartment or live at a hotel.

"I always have a railroad ticket to New York with me, or at least feel that I should have," Claire Windsor told us recently. "I've done nothing but travel this year."

And really she is not the only one. Betty Compson, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Richard Dix, Bert Lytell, and dozens of others have kept us busy tracing them in various sections of the country, and even of the globe.

Contracts, too, mean little or nothing, as far as identifying a player with a certain set of pictures goes. Adolphe Menjou, for example, has been signed with Famous Players-Lasky for months, but during that time he appeared in various productions like "For Sale" and "Free Love," made at other studios. The first picture that he worked in for Paramount was "Open All Night," in which Viola Dana has the principal feminine role.

Miss Dana, by the way, enjoyed the honor of being the first actress to appear opposite Glenn Hunter in the West. She was engaged for "Merton of the Movies" almost as soon as her contract with Metro expired. James Cruze, who made "The Covered Wagon," is directing "Merton."

Regarding Former Favorites.

From New Orleans has recently come the news that Marguerite Clark, the wife of Harry P. Williams, wealthy lumberman of the southern city, recently enjoyed the distinction of being crowned queen of the Mardi Gras carnival ball. The friends of Miss Clark said that she made a most fetching presence in a czarsina's costume.

Miss Clark's retirement from the screen has remained astonishingly permanent. She and her husband have a beautiful home on the river Teche, which many of the fans will remember from D. W. Griffith's picture, "The White Rose," and she has lately taken quite a part in the social life of the Louisiana metropolis.

Charlie Climbs High.

The most drastic change of style that Charles Chaplin has exhibited in ages of backgrounds and scenery is anticipated in his new comedy. He has broken away from slum surroundings and gone in for high living on some of California's topmost mountain peaks. He spent all of a dozen weeks on location where the snowdrifts are heaviest, and if he does not rival the icy thrills of D. W. Griffith in "Way Down East," it will not be the fault of his daring, for he scaled some difficult heights to increase the excitement and interest of his picture.

The film is going to be a surprise as to length. The studio announcements say it will run eight or ten reels.

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Photo by Elser

Pola Negri, who has applied for American citizenship, in her Hollywood home.
AN OLD FAVORITE RETURNS

A TINY woman, with great dark eyes, stepped on the stage where a scene for Marion Davies' picture, "Janice Meredith," was being filmed. The stage hands and extras gave her a casual look; to them she was just another visitor getting a first glimpse of how the movies are made.


"Miss Turner was a star when you and most of the other players in the business were in your cradles," explained Mr. Elmer.

The return of Florence Turner is a little drama of behind the screens. In 1907 she made her first appearance with the Vitagraph Company and became its first star—the famous Vitagraph girl.

She became so popular that she received an offer from England to make her own pictures. That was in 1913. Scarcely had she obtained a good start abroad when the war came along, most of the studios were closed and production almost stopped.

In 1916, she gave up, and returned to America. She went to Hollywood where, like many other of the old favorites, she found herself forgotten. New faces, new companies and new methods of making pictures had sprung up over night. Discouraged and considerably poorer, Miss Turner returned to London. After all, the English public has a long memory. And she went back to work. But gradually the work dwindled. There are only a few studios in England and these few are able to offer only scant encouragement.

Last winter a small item appeared in a theatrical paper saying briefly that Miss Turner and her mother were destitute in London. Marion Davies read the notice and remembered the vivacious comedienne who was one of her favorites when she used to go to the movies when she was a little girl.

It all happened very quickly, so quickly that Miss Turner could hardly believe it. A London representative of Cosmopolitan called on Miss Turner and offered her a part in "Janice Meredith." Could she sail immediately for New York?

Could she go? It was the chance she had prayed for, to get back home and to find herself once more in make-up on a studio floor. As soon as she landed, she went to the studio to thank Miss Davies, the "fan" who hadn't forgotten her. Miss Davies didn't want to be thanked; it was the one thing in the transaction that she dreaded.

So there were just a few tears, a great deal of talking and some laughing and then Mr. Elmer rounded up all the old-timers in the studio for a general reception for the first star of the movies.

A YOUNG MAN OF PROMISE

HE went to interview a movie star—and came away with a contract to appear with Valentino in three pictures!

Andre Daven was a young French journalist. When the Valentinos arrived in Paris last summer, he was sent to interview the famous sheik. On his arrival at Valentino's apartment he found a room full of other reporters, all there for the same purpose. Wishing an exclusive interview, he decided to leave and return later. As he rose to go, Valentino entered the room, and Daven heard him exclaim, "Why, Ramon Novarro, I didn't know you were in Paris!"

Daven looked about in surprise, to see where Novarro was. To his greater surprise, Valentino hurried over and grasped his hand.

When the mistake was explained, Valentino insisted on seeing the young journalist again, and after several subsequent talks, Daven received the shock of his life when Rudolph told him one day that he wanted Andre to come back to America with him and act in "Monsieur Beausica."

"But I'm not an actor!" Daven exclaimed.

"We all have to learn," protested Valentino. "You'll begin with a small part, and if you study and watch all that goes on, you need have no fears as to your future—I am confident of that. I would scarcely encourage you to abandon another profession if I were not."

So you will see Andre Daven in the role of the Duc de Nemours, in "Beausica." In it Andre does not have much acting to do, but Valentino is said to be very well pleased with the young Frenchman's efforts.
Those Present
most interesting people in motion pictures.

At the Famous Players Long Island studio, where "Beaucaire" was made, Andre became very popular. When the picture was nearly completed, he was approached by a studio executive and offered a rather difficult rôle in Valentino's next picture. Instead of jumping at the chance, as every one thought he would, he said calmly, "I'm sorry, but I do not think I know enough to handle such a rôle as yet. For the present I would prefer a less important part."

And if you look at the picture at the top of this page you may catch a glimpse of something that Valentino saw in the young Frenchman that gave him such faith in Andre's possibilities.

WHY MAKE HIM A LATIN LOVER?

FROM the shipping business to acting is the prosaic path traveled by Ricardo Cortez, the "Latin lover" discovery.

But, strange to say, he was born in America and his real name isn't Cortez.

Several years ago he left the job of shipping cargoes of this and that from his company's wharves at an Eastern port for a precarious existence in the movies. Bits and a few small parts, with Bob Ellis and other actors, which didn't seem to get him anywhere at all, and two years playing juveniles with a stage stock company convinced him that the thespic realms were not destined as his habitat. So back to his desk he went.

About a year or so ago, however, he chanced to be at the Ambassador one evening during a Los Angeles visit when Jesse Lasky was impressed by his personality, his grace of manner, his hard-someness. A contract with Paramount was the result. And we were told many highly interesting things concerning this new Latin lover upon whom the name of Cortez was charmingly bestowed, carrying with it, perhaps, stern admonition to live up to its implication of colorful mystery. In fact, the information broadcasted, when simmered down, proved rather vague and indefinite and left us wondering what Cortez might really be like.

In the past year he has appeared in several Paramount productions, the latest being "The Next Corner," and is now slated for a featured rôle in "Feet of Clay," which is to be the next C. B. De Mille picture following "Triumph."

He has no fool notions about his art. Rick, as they call him about the studio, is quite a likable young fellow, shorn of that absurd Latin lover publicity. There is a distinct void on the screen which could so nicely be filled by young men of Rick's calibre—nice, pleasant fellows who indulge in good-natured kidding, who dance and flirt divinely, and who can give to their rôles a genuinely likable personality. So why, in the name of all that is sensible don't they strip off that veneer of foolish false publicity upon whose waves they attempt to make successes, and let young chaps like Ricardo Cortez be themselves?

He is unique among actors in one respect—he doesn't want to be a director.

"When my youth and beauty fail me," he grins, "I want to go into the business end of picture production. There's where the money is. So I'm biding my time, doing my acting job the best I can—and studying the industry in all its branches. I'll be a movie magnate yet and sit at a shiny mahogany desk and push buttons."

Far too keen is he to admit the fabrication of that Latin lover stuff; instead, he side-steps queries with a neat wit; but there's a twinkle in his eyes as he does so.
ASK LOTTIE—SHE KNOWS

ASK Lottie,” they say on the Pola Negri set at the Paramount studio, where the sleek, polite little foreigner, Dimitri Buchowetzski, is putting the dynamic Pole through her dramatic tricks.

If one wishes the meaning of a German word, if Buchowetzki desires to know aught of American ways or thought, unfailingly it is, “Ask Lottie.” So greatly does the latest Continental importation depend upon this Lottie person that the other day when a visitor, not recognizing him, asked him where he was directing the picture, the director unkindly replied, “Ask Lottie.”

Seven years ago Lottie Cruze and her mother came to America from Hamburg, Germany. Aspiring to act before the camera, though she spoke English very haltingly, Lottie managed for two years to carry out this wish.

“But I got too—er—plump and they wouldn’t let me act any more,” she explained. “So when Pola came over here I was engaged to translate the script into German for her and to act as interpreter and confidential secretary.”

“Nein, nein,” in paternal fashion, Buchowetzki soothes Lottie’s wails for an acting rôle. “In Eu-rope maybe you could act, but nod in America, be-cause here on-ly skinny do dey like dere heroines. You stay here, papa Buchowetzki see you get nize sal-a-ry und you got no worries. You don’t even got to reduce!”

So Lottie has resigned herself to answering questions, realizing that the rôle of the beauteous and dramatic heroine is not for her.

SHE FEEDS THE STARS

MEET me at Madame Helene’s for luncheon!” is one of Hollywood’s favorite expressions, for, among all the tea-rooms and cafes Madame Helene’s seems one of the most popular.

From table to table, greeting friends—more a hostess offering a charming hospitality than the manager of a restaurant—is a tall, dark-haired Frenchwoman.

A rather interesting history, Madame Helene’s. Her youth was spent on the Continent. She speaks quite casually of a nine-months trip up the Nile, of a sojourn along the Amazon, of meeting many illustrious personages.

Then came the lure of the stage. She came to America and for six years she appeared as Ruth Helene Langford in plays with Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, Margaret Anglin, and William Faversham. Friends of her more glamorous yesterdays say that she was for a time the toast of New York.

But she quit the stage. She became engaged to a wealthy oil man whom she had met in Egypt. Together they had adopted ten war orphans and the future looked rosy. But her fiancé was killed in an accident and, shortly after, an unwise business investment made havoc of her fortune. Placing her war orphans in homes through the Red Cross, on one of those inexplicable impulses, she set out for China and adventure.

Reaching Los Angeles, there was some delay over passports and, equally on impulse, she decided to stay and open a tea room. So now her artistic place has become a mecca.
THE ONLY ONE OF HER KIND

MILBA K. LLOYD bears the distinction of being the only woman plaster-molder in the Hollywood studios, for the plaster shop, where they turn out everything from ornamental ash trays and decorative bathtubs to leering gargoyles and Egyptian sphinxes of bronze, is usually man's domain.

Trained in the Liverpool School of Art and the London Royal Academy, Miss Lloyd has received many commissions from England to model heads.

"In motion-picture work I first design my statuary in clay, then execute it in bronze molding," Miss Lloyd explained in her workshop atop the big Paramount stage. "Some of the bric-a-brac and statuary for film scenes is made of a porous plaster of white-dust preparation that makes the completed piece not so heavy or cumbersome as when made of marble or bronze, but many of the larger figures are made from small clay models into the big bronze statues, with as much care as if intended for some art gallery exhibition."

Perhaps her most skillful work was modeling the thirty-five foot statues of Rameses used in the settings for "The Ten Commandments." Often she must execute reproductions of famed statuary on exhibition in European salons, or enshrined in cathedral—pieces so well known to art students all over the world that accuracy is necessary. Working from photographs and measurements, she fashions her clay models, from which the plaster shop makes the large statuary.

A SUCCESSFUL PORTRAYER OF FAILURES

ANY years ago a man stood in a theater called La Scala, quite the finest in Milan, conducting the orchestra while a young girl sang.

Destiny is strange; in the long, changing years, the girl became a great success. Her name is Mary Garden. Another friend the man had, a comrade of his boyhood. His name was Enrico Caruso.

And the orchestra leader? To-day he is playing pathetic old fellows, life-beaten but happy-spirited failures, in the movies. And the peculiar thing about him is that he, himself, isn't a failure at all, for Cesare Gravina owns a string of theaters in Brazil and other South American countries. He might live in quietude and comfort there at home, but he prefers to stay in Hollywood and work. In "Merry-Go-Round," he gave the screen one of its finest moments. You surely remember him as the old clown who, dying, kept right on smiling for the children, and doing his funny tricks so they wouldn't see his suffering.

Such a polite, odd little fellow, Cesare Gravina! With the self-effacement of the old who realize that this busy younger generation hasn't much time to bother, he stands aside, begs your pardon apologetically if you shove against him. Always smiling, always bowing, always saying, "Si, si," it is only in his expressive pantomime that he tells you things—a hint of sorrow, somehow, even though he laughs, and perhaps a vague suggestion of adventure behind that veil that he never lifts. But to nobody here has he told why he gave up his beloved music to start all over again in the movies.
She has been in New York for several months studying music and dancing preparatory to going on the musical comedy stage. But motion-picture producers have persuaded her to make an occasional picture, too. She made one last year, you may remember; for her friend Jane Murfin, who sympathized with her desire to break away from her usual type of rôle. The picture gave her a chance to wear her hair straight, at least, even if it offered no great dramatic opportunities. Recently she made a picture for C. C. Burr.

But now, at last, it looks as though she were going to have a real chance. Ernest Shipman is going to produce "The River Road" with an exceptionally able cast and May Allison will have the leading rôle.

Since the days when she was known as "The Georgia Peach" and Sylvia Ashton nicknamed her "Cherry Blossoms," her sunny personality has been adored by many fans, and many a girl has wished that Providence might have made her look like May Allison.

But in addition to her sheer prettiness, May Allison has ambition. And she has such a highly developed sense of the ridiculous that she cannot take herself seriously as an ingénue. So the public will have to take her seriously as a dramatic actress—for they will never consent to losing sight of so great an old favorite.

OVERCOMING A HANDICAP

YOUTH is one of the greatest assets a screen actor can have. But sometimes it is a handicap.

Edward Burns found this to be the case. For a long time he was kept playing juvenile rôles when he wanted to be a leading man. On one occasion he begged a casting director to let him play opposite a girl star some years his junior, "Wait till you're a little older, son," the director said. "If we gave you that part the audience would take her for your mother."

But he finally did become a leading man. He played opposite Constance Talmadge in "East Is West," and recently played leading man to Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." After that he played with Agnes Ayres in a similar capacity. From now on we shall probably see him being featured more and more.

Burns drifted into pictures six years ago, after having been a salesman. A Fox casting director, mistaking him for an experienced actor, cast him in a picture which William Nigh was to direct. Burns, not even knowing how to make up, got Nigh to apply the grease paint for him, by flattering him on his own make-up in a picture in which Nigh had played a part. The first scene was an easy one, and when Nigh expressed himself as being satisfied with the rushes, Burns thought he had better make a clean breast of his inexperience. Nigh took it in good part, spent some time in coaching him, and as the other scenes in which Burns had to appear were not taken until the end of the picture, he had a chance to prepare for them by observing the others.

"But the company had a good laugh," Burns said, "when I told them later that after that first day I tried to remove my make-up with soap and water."

NO MORE POUTS OR CURLS

It wasn't only the pouts and curls that drove May Allison out of pictures; it was all that they stood for. She felt that she could no longer endure the changeless run of light, frothy stories, the dim-witted heroines, the endless flitting about and looking guileless in a halo of light.

She wanted to grow up dramatically, feeling that she had served her time as an ingénue. That is why she left pictures when her Metro contract expired three years ago. "There is a limit to the number of ways you can pout and flutter and curl your hair," May told me not long ago when I asked her if she thought she would make pictures again, "and that is all producers seemed to think I was good for. I won't come back until I can play dramatic rôles. It is perfectly silly to think of a woman of my age bounding around like an ingénue and besides it seems to me that I played all the possible variations of the eternal ingénue in those old Metro pictures."

A woman at her age! You should have seen her as she said it. Blond hair escaping in the wind from a tiny, chic hat; clear, blue eyes dancing; a mischievous smile. She is one of those girls who went into pictures when she was so young that at twenty she felt a veteran and now she tries to live up to the dignity of a retired old-timer. But appearances are against her.

Photo by W. E. Smith

Photo by Robert
A CONTINGENT OF CARRS

The finest load of cars I ever brought out," chuckled the conductor of the train from which Mary Carr, the little white-haired mother of countless sob-dampened movie plots, and her six young hopefuls, clambered a few months ago, bound for Hollywood and their first glimpse of the wide, open spaces.

A motherly soul with twinkling eyes takes you on a tour of the big, rambling house to meet the various and assorted members of her brood. May Beth, eleven, is pinched out of her nap by Thomas, an obstreperous sixteen; Rosemary, thirteen, bobbed-haired and pert, is discovered getting the most weird effects on her fresh young face with her mother’s cosmetics.

Stephen, seventeen, ambles in from the garage where he has been doctoring the family car, and John, with a nonchalance befitting a man of the world of twenty summers, shows you a splendid sketch of Noah Beery, his own work. Luella, twenty-two, has a "date," to the others’ great enjoyment, and Papa Carr is off talking with some cronies somewhere.

"One of my pictures, ‘On the Banks of the Wabash,’ is running down the street," began Mother Carr. "Let’s——"

"Aw, let it run, Mums," said May Beth scornfully. "Don’t try to catch it. Mums, it’s awful! Why, there’s a man in it that bats his eyes. Huh!"

"You’re the worst thing in it, Mums," John offered serenely, disentangling his long legs from a chair arm

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On the New York Stage

Reviews of Broadway's latest offerings in the legitimate theaters.

By Alison Smith

A NEW and startling footnote has just appeared in one of the daily newspaper advertisements for a musical comedy. After the usual rapturous comments on the incomparable star, the hilarious comedian and the glorified chorus, the announcement adds, mysteriously and a bit sternly, "No dramatic critics in the cast."

This would be baffling to any one reading the papers of ten years ago. You would then take for granted that the critic's place was in the aisle seat, not on the other side of the footlights. But ever since Robert Benchley, the dramatic critic of Life, broke so hilariously into the "Music Box Revue," there have been rumors of other scribes who were about to make the same venture. The second and even more startling arrival comes with Heywood Broun, who has just joined the cast of "Round the Town."

Through his syndicated column in the New York World, Mr. Broun's rambling comments in "It Seems to Me," have been echoed all over the country. This is the first time, however, that they have been broadcasted through his own appearance "in the flesh" as we say in the movies. On the first night, he leaned up against a proscenium arch and delivered his thoughts with the casual charm which makes his column and his reviews absolutely unique in journalism. But, unfortunately, he had little or no support from the rest of the show.

"Round the Town" was written by two other journalists—S. Jay Kaufman and Herman J. Mankiewicz. It was built on the excellent idea that audiences would enjoy a social evening in the theater with the same line of comment that they read in their daily papers. But somehow it didn't quite come off. There was a conflict between the material in the piece and the actors who delivered it. Harry Fox didn't seem to have the tone of the lyrics written for him by Dorothy Parker. Julius Tanner pounded home his points so vigorously that the poor little jokes were smashed against the footlights before they reached the audience. So that, by the time Mr. Broun ambled out on the stage, he found an utterly bored group of listeners who sat there daring him to make them laugh.

So "Round the Town" was a cruel error, but that doesn't prevent the idea from being a real possibility. If newspaper readers will eat up personal journalism as eagerly as they do "It Seems to Me," there is no reason why the personal touch in the theater will not be as eagerly welcomed. Unfortunately, the mechanism of the stage show is much more complicated. In addition to wit and wisdom and a graphic style you need the gift of showmanship or you will be suddenly extin-

guished by the glare of the footlights. Balieff, the Russian showman, had this secret and so have the owners of the Music Box, which launched Mr. Benchley so successfully. And there is enough promise in "Round the Town" to convince you that these producers will one day strike the right note which they somehow missed in this revue.

This is the most original of the musical comedy ventures ushered in to greet the summer. The rest range from fair to simply awful with the usual medley of legs, lyrics, French stars and burlesques on the current stage successes. "I'll Say She Is," however, is one of the few exceptions. And it is lifted out of the mediocre class by the unaided efforts of the four Marx brothers.

This amiable quartet has been wandering up and down their circuits with much applause from their somewhat limited audiences. But this is their first unqualified success in a New York revue. Unquestionably they have glorified it more than an entire cast of Ziegfeld beauties. A good clown is the rarest thing on the stage and when you are faced with four priceless clowns, you have found a miracle in the theater. Of the four I found "Harpo" most appealing. He says not a word through the entire performance—in fact, his big scene consists in leaning wearily against his brother, but he has that touch of pathos or even deeper tragedy without which no comedy is ever great. Julius, another brother, has a line of patter which is sometimes senseless and sometimes profound and always riotously convulsingly funny. The rest of the show is elevated to the ladies of the cast headed by Cécile D’Andres. They are graceful and decorative, but when they come out in one of those endless numbers celebrating "Milady's Dress"—furs from Russia, fans from Timbuktu—I was so bored that I only had strength enough to gasp faintly for more Marx brothers. In fact, they couldn't hurt my feelings by throwing out the entire extravaganza show and turning the show over to this utterly priceless quartet.

"Peg Again."

"Peg o' My Heart" shows every sign of going on forever in one incarnation after another. Probably when Jackie Coogan is an old man making a stage hit as King Lear, this persistent character will still be going strong. She has been a play, a movie and popular song, and now she emerges as a musical comedy thinly disguised as "Peg o' My Dreams."

Hartley Manners has been fortunate in retaining more of his story in this than ordinarily enters into a musical comedy plot. Still, the drama of the piece isn't
exactly what you might call "gripping." It is interspersed by pleasant enough music and some skillful dancing by Albertina Vitak and Lovey Lee. Suzanne Keener plays Peg after the best Laurette Taylor traditions.

Not So Innocent.
The Winter Garden opened for the summer with "Innocent Eyes." Its title is misleading for the piece was evidently written to display the usual line of lovely, but not innocent, legs. It also served to introduce Mistinguett from France, the grand old lady of the Paris music halls, who swings a wicked apache dance. There is more dancing by Vannessi and a good-looking chorus as rhythmic as the Tiller girls. But, it is short on humor, and aside from these antics, is lavish, expensive, glittering and dull. Like many of its show girls, it is beautiful and dumb.

Grand Street "Follies."
There is a demure little brick theater in the heart of the East Side called the Neighborhood Playhouse. For the best part of the year it goes serenely on producing Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw without any regard for the passing show way uptown on Broadway. But once in every season, it has its annual little joke on Broadway. It gives a burlesque performance of the uptown season which for sheer wit and impudence surpasses anything that is being done on the Kialto except perhaps the "Charlot Revue," which it somewhat resembles. Some time, some producer is going to realize that there is a gold mine in these productions and cart the entire company to an uptown theater. That is, if they will go. For the Neighborhood Players are an independent lot and honestly enjoy putting on their plays for their own, and their neighbors', entertainment.

Einstein Dramatized.
Incidentally, it was this same Neighborhood group that produced a strange and haunting drama, "Time Is a Dream." It was based on the Einstein theory and by way of introduction, they ran that fascinating film which does its best to make clear some idea of the theory of relativity. Einstein himself said that only twelve men in the world understood his theory and it is reasonable to suppose that this group did not include the current movie and dramatic critics. But at least the play, and even more the film, gives tantalizing hints of a new world which are most thrilling to consider. There is little chance that "Time Is a Dream" will ever reach Broadway or points west. But the Einstein film is probably being shown all over the country. Watch for it at your movie house, if you want to discover a new and thrilling use for the screen.

"The Bride."
Peggy Wood has deserted the musical comedies for her first legitimate play. It always seems a pity when a lovely voice is muted because the owner fancies himself as an actor, though this, of course, is justified if he is a really great actor or his medium is a really great play. But "The Bride" seems one of the saddest excuses for a crock drama that has reached these footlights in many seasons. It isn't actually bad—not bad enough to be funny—but all the worn-out old trails that can surround the stolen jewels are followed until you reach the hopelessly banal conclusion.

Miss Wood can act—and does—very charmingly. But you miss her songs—such songs as she had in "The Clinging Vine"—at every turn. It irritates you to sit through a performance like this with a constant sense of something lacking. Still they will do it. We even have John Charles Thomas, one of the best baritones on the concert stage to-day, going gruffly through the gyrations of a long, elaborate and stupid movie. There must be something about the silent drama that appeals to singers. Unfortunately, the type that need it most refuse to be captured by the pictures. We have a long list of singers that we would love to find in the silent drama—and the more silent the better. But we wish the real musicians would stick to their melodic line.
On the New York Stage

"The Flame of Love."
This is one of the most colorful and interesting of those Chinese tragedies which always spring up at least once in every season. Unfortunately, it is so long and involved that its really poetic idea gets lost in the plot. It is based on the legend of Si-Ling, who spins a silk robe in which to receive her lover but who finds him unfaithful. Her tears fall in the magic weave of the silk, which bursts into flame, consume the unholy goddess. From this legend a play of ancient Canton has been developed. It has fire and imagination behind it but it moves with true Oriental slowness and its motives are not always clear. Still, there is enough of beauty in it to give the authors, Maurice Samuels and Malcolm La Prade, the credit of an artistic effort, beautifully performed.

"The Dust Heap."
There is a certain sort of melodrama that has lost its hold on the legitimate stage. This is the sort of thing that combines all the old thrillers with a few extra shocks on the white-slave traffic. "The Dust Heap," had every kick in it known to the ten, twenty- and-thirty days, and yet it lasted for one scant week on Broadway. Its scene was in the wild Yukon. it had a beautiful and persecuted heroine and it is galloped all over by the Royal Mounted Police. And yet it failed. The answer may be that the audience have become fussy about their Yukon melodrama. They do these things so much better in the movies with all the scenery of the world to set them in.

"God's Chillun."
This was one of the most discussed plays of the year earlier in the season. It was written by Eugene O'Neill and deals with the marriage of a white girl to a negro. When its theme became known, there was a howl of frightened rage from people who had decided that the play was propaganda for miscegenation and would start race riots all over the country. To these alarmists the only answer was "Read the play," which was published long before its production in the American Mercury. But of course they wouldn't—they just kept on viewing with alarm until the mayor was so agitated that he refused permits to the children who were to play in the first scene.

When "God's Chillun" finally opened it was revealed as so far from immoral as to be a little dull. And, far from urging marriages between the black race and the white, it is one dreary picture of the tragedy of such a union. So the "race riots" ended in a little mild applause for a play which has its true moments of pathos but which is certainly not one of O'Neill's best. It was beautifully played by Mary Blair as the white girl and by Paul Robeson, a genuine and moving negro actor.

"The Melody Man."
Lew Fields arrives again as the old German music master. This time he is struggling against the noise and confusion of "tin-pam alley" or the Broadway music shops. He has written a wonderful sonata which a song plugger has turned into a "mammy" jazz record—and hence the tragedy. There is an excellent idea here which somehow didn't quite come off. There are, however, real flashes of wit and pathos in the thing and a few genuine side lights on the vaudeville and burlesque world in New York. Its author was announced as "Richard Lorenz," but, as no one could trace his identity, the legend grew up that this was the pen name of three young playwrights, one of whom was Lew Fields' own son. Whoever the author, or authors were, they certainly found an interesting basis for a play but lacked the technique to mold it into shape. Whatever is good in the piece has been brought out to its full by Lew Fields' old-time magic.

"Garden of Weeds."
"White Cargo" was so interesting that this second play by Leon Gordon was awaited with interest. It proved to be a flat disappointment. It is the old theme called "Should a Wife Tell?" in the movies and developed without any attempt at originality. The chorus girl becomes a respectable married woman and worries through three very long acts for fear her husband will discover an old lover. He does, but your only reaction as the curtain goes down is "What of it?" The only distinctive actress in the cast was Lilyan Tashman as a Broadway gold digger.

"Catskill Dutch."
This was an uncommonly interesting sketch of the Dutch community. Like "Hell-bent fer Heaven," it dealt with religious intolerance and its effect on the innocent bystanders. But unlike that masterpiece, it won no prize as the best play of the year. It didn't even win the prize of a fair run on Broadway, for it was closed suddenly almost within the week before it had time to get its breath. Personally, I think it should have been given a chance to live, but there is no arguing with a Broadway box office. Frank McGlynn, Louis Wolheim, Ann Davis, and Minnie Dupree all did excellent work in the cast.

Two Revivals.
"Leah Kleschna," which is the great-granddaddy of crook melodramas, has been dragged down from the shelf by William Brady. It had a most impressive cast; Arnold Daly, Lowell Sherman, Jose Ruben, William Faversham and Helen Gabaghan were a few of the names. But even this impressive list could not put new fire into the weary old situations. It is interesting, however, to watch at firsthand the source from which all our later crook plays have come.

"The Kreutzer Sonata" has not only old-time playwriting but old-time acting—altogether a thorough revival. Bertha Kalich came back in the Yiddish play which was one of her early successes. Through its turbulent scenes, Mme. Kalich acted in the deep, booming manner of the old-school heavy melodrama. It was noisy but not very moving. All this makes you realize how recent it is since the new movement in the theater has brought to the actors any semblance of decent restraint.

Usually, at this time of year, the more important theaters are sternly boarded up and their interests are transferred to the roof gardens and the amusement parks. But, this season, every play that is in with any promise is holding on grimly in a state of breathless suspense. The reason, of course, is the gold mine which they hope to find in the visiting firemen, buyers, and delegates who will flock to the Democratic convention.

Their hopes are seriously complicated by the struggle between the Actor's Equity Association and the stand-pat managers who remain outside. Just at the moment there is much bitterness, a few injunctions and several threats to close the theaters of the outsiders in another strike. The stand-pat shows include some of the greatest hits of the season—including the phenomenally successful "Rain"—and I am Poliya enough to believe that they will all kiss and be friends rather than lose the huge receipts which the convention is sure to bring them. By the time this article is out, we hope to see sweetness and light restored to Broadway.
Manhattan's Bright Lights

Impressions and observations of a young man about town.

By Leland Hayward

NEW YORK has been full of kings and queens from Hollywood of late—Irene Rich and Pauline Garon were here for a few days before leaving for Europe.

Pauline blew into the Algonquin, threw her shoulders around a couple of times, and since then has been looking into the restaurant and dressmaking situation from a serious angle. Pauline Garon has gained just a few pounds and all this running around to shops will do her a lot of good.

Jack Mulhall and his wife are here, making a serial for Pathé in which Constance Bennett is also playing. When any one asks Jack his reaction to New York his answer invariably is: “Man, woman, child, never did I see such hilarity and high life.” Irvin Willat and his wife, Billie Dove, are here. Willat brought East with him a print of “Wanderer of the Wasteland,” Alice Joyce is back from England, where she was making “The Passionate Adventure.” Cinema’s siren, Barbara La Marr, is here making a story called “Sandra.” Quite a stir took place when a press agent announced that Miss La Marr had to live all the roles she played. Needless to say, she immediately denied the statement.

One of the favorite guessing games in the movies is trying to pick some one to rival Valentino for Latin parts, so I might just as well put in my bid.

A South American doctor, by name Manuel Granado, came to America a few months ago for some athletic events—he can run the one-hundred-yard dash in ten seconds flat—and some bright person thought of putting him in the movies. At present he is appearing in Tom Terriss’ “The Bandelier.” The company is in Spain to take a real bullfight. Manuel is going to go right in the ring and fight a no-fooling bull, so they say. Tom Terriss is all pepped up about Granado and thinks he has all the makings of a star. Jess Smith, who discovered Pauline Garon, Dorothy Mackaill, and Glenn Hunter, is also responsible for digging out Granado. The latter is taller than Valentino. To my mind he has much better features, and he has a tremendously strong personality. So watch for “The Bandelier.”

This will keep the floor space clear of empty sets, and save a lot of time, which is the curse of this industry, anyway.

Norman Kerry blew into New York for a few days. He was unusually quiet, for his mother recently died in Budapest, and Norman came East to bury her. Usually Norman breaks up the town when he’s here, but he was very subdued this trip. I happened to be with him when he went to the Cosmopolitan studio to pay a visit to Marion Davies and Mason Hopper, the

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Summer Fashion
The girls of Hollywood's most select younger social
Directed by Peggy Hamilton

to use in at least one outfit in their wardrobe, chiefly because it is always stylish, distinctive, and above all things, serviceable.

The dress of Miss Myers is saved from being severely simple by the skirt being made of four tiers of black satin set circular upon a straight foundation. The tiers lend a softness to the skirt line without detracting from its slendor contour. The waist is a sleeveless blouse of heavy white cotton and the coat, black and white motif is an excellent one for decided brunettes such as Carmel Myers.

HE bright colors, the soft, light fabrics, and the simplicity of summer modes make them especially suited for the young girl. This is the time of the year that seems to belong to her, and therefore, the time when she should look her best. So Picture-Play Magazine asked the members of Our Club, who are all between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-six, and whose clothes and general tastes are typical of well-bred young women everywhere, to pose for its readers in costumes from their personal wardrobes. Any young girl who is clever with her needle should be able to derive many valuable suggestions from the gowns shown on these pages, which are all easy to copy or to adapt to one's particular needs.

Carmel Myers, who appears above, is not only one of the most striking girls of Our Club, but one of the smartest gowned players in Hollywood, and she never looks more stunning than in a black and white costume. This color combination is just as effective for decided blondes as for vivid brunettes, and is an excellent idea for them.

Vola Vale's separate skirt and sweater make a splendid costume of the "daily bread" type.
Hints from Our Club

set display favorite costumes in their warm-weather wardrobes.

Photographs by Witzel

which ends about eight inches above the hem of the dress, has sleeves and back beautifully embroidered in white braid. Imitation ermine forms a soft and attractive standing collar.

This costume could easily be duplicated in any of the wood tones of cocoa brown or lanvin green, in silk or woolen materials, and would make an effective and sensible outfit, particularly as the coat could be used exclusively as a separate garment.

Two of the most practical and clever summer frocks are the light-weight flannels worn by Helen Ferguson and Lillian Rich. Flannel, despite its

Practically every girl will find a separate coat, such as this one of Carmelita Geraghty's, essential to her summer wardrobe.

This dress of Clara Horton's is the kind one can virtually live in.

warm-sounding name, is one of the most popular materials for straight, boyish dresses and jaunty sports suits, beside being perfectly stunning for five-eights-length, unlined coats or wraps.

Miss Ferguson's frock is developed in white flannel, piped in red, and trimmed in a single row of red and white buttons running down the right side. The success of this simple, yet dashing and becoming frock, depends entirely upon the length and roll of the collar, which is its distinguishing feature.

The tight-fitting, swagger costume which Lillian Rich wears had best be attempted only by the slender girl. It would be just as striking in navy blue poiret twill with satin collar and cuffs of contrasting color as it is in softest lemon-yellow flannel with the very individual collar and cuffs of white satin.

A conventional, but very comfortable and neat-looking outfit is the white baronet satin skirt and black silk sweater worn by Vola Vale. A black and white blocked silk scarf and white slippers with ornamental black tongues are smart touches to a costume of great utility.

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Priscilla—with the Muffler Off

Full of enthusiasm, she is back at work again, after several months absence from the screen.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WITH the return of Priscilla Dean, a personality whom I have always considered as having potentialities of genuine greatness comes up once again for survey. And, too, in fortuitous circumstances. For “The Siren of Seville” promises us the Priscilla of yesterday, the tempestuous hoyden who gave such life and vigor to “The Wildcat of Paris.”

Priscilla, how shall I analyze you and sum you up in cold print? It can’t be done. As easily could I catch the iridescent shades of a rainbow into a test tube, impinge the starry radiance of pyrotechnics upon a slide for microscopic study, as to capture the volatile, chameleon charm of you.

After a day with Priscilla you feel that a gentle tornado has winged its way past. You are wilted, yet strangely revitalized.

And yet even this Kansas wind calms at times. When her sarcasm or mimicry has been a bit too sharp, she will fling her arms around you and beg forgiveness, in a warm rush of tenderness. Her plea granted, she will tweak your nose and pull your ears and mock your seriousness. It isn’t so much what she says—though that often is edged with a cutting humor—as the way she says it, the expressions that twinkle across her mobile face.

The members of her company create an atmosphere I have found only in Harold Lloyd’s studio. They’re heart and soul in what they’re doing, having a whale of a good time. They’re all young.

They’re doing this thing because they enjoy it—a rare quality of enthusiasm in a studio to-day! The script wasn’t ready when they started, but they went ahead and had the picture a quarter finished before the continuity was completed. And then they were so busy they forgot to look at it! They’re making a movie there! It is, she insisted, much the same spirit that pervaded during the early Griffith days, when movies moved and nobody had any notions.

There’s such a youthful zest about that company that a day with them is better than a holiday. Foolish pranks—Priscilla grabbing the megaphone and mimicking her director in delicious burlesque—but, beneath all the jesting, they get a surprising amount of work done.

She is the most sincerely natural actress I have ever known—and every prop man and assistant will back me up in that. Maybe some of the directors won’t—the ones her lashing tongue took the starch out of when they tried to rubber stamp her flame into silly ingénue garments.

“I’ve a reputation for temperamental display,” she shrugs. “Surely, I’ve an awful temper. But I’ve tried to be a good sport. I don’t ‘show off’ just to make a fuss. When I cut loose it’s because I feel I have a just grievance.”

Lunch time on location. Prissy loaded down with box lunches and bottles of milk. A gay call—“C’mon, we’ll eat in Hunt’s car—don’t care how many crumbs we leave in his car.” Almost any other star would have motored the short distance to Beverly Hills and home or at least ordered a hamper sent out with a hot luncheon for herself. Not Prissy Dean. She eats with the bunch. We must all settle comforibly in the back seat—she sits cramped on a box on the floor of the car. Afterwards, when there aren’t chairs enough, the rest of us get the chairs and she sits on the dusty road. That’s why all the boys root so for her.

The most vital creature I have ever seen, she colors, with a certain rosy, gamgirl impudence, everything she says and does. She quarrels often—with whomever is handy—and she dramatizes each little incident. And yet, there is a repression about her in the fifty-ninth second, some inbred fineness that softens those harsh discords, tones down that dynamic, positive quality within the limits of taste. Priscilla is alive, fused with a network of nerves that blaze and fairly crinkle about her in a current demanding action.

“Am I in harness again? I should say so!” she greeted me blithely the second day of her new picture. “Fell out of a tree yesterday—going to have a scrumptious fight with another girl—snappy, hair-pulling, claw-scratching tea party. Then, for fear I’ll get bored, I kill a bull. Um-humph. I ask you, what could be a nicer way to spend a quiet day?”

While I weakly gasped, she tore through her scene like a whirlwind, vivid silk skirts and green embroidered shawl swirling about her. It seemed that a young Spanish don had infuriated the lady of the piece, and right smartly she slapped his face and told him a thing or two, a testudo of wrath whose spirit awakened the fire of the Spanish extras into clamor.

A girl of capital letters. No finesse, no beating about the bush. She’s very definitely for you or against you. Naturally, with such a temperament and volcanic energy, she is athletic. She goes through tennis, swimming, golf, horseback riding, dancing, without tiring, and

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This story of a whimsical French prince, who masquerades as a barber, gives Rudolph Valentino one of the most attractive roles he has had; for, besides being the best swordsman in France, Beaucaire is a gallant and graceful lover. In the pictures on this page, Doris Kenyon appears with him as the haughty English beauty, Lady Mary Carlisle.
Doris Kenyon, who appears below in one of the elaborate gowns of the period, is well known to every fan. She brings to this Dresden china role the grace and experience developed through long experience as a star on both stage and screen. The portrait of Rudolph, as the barber, at the right, indicates that his rôle will not be without comedy.
Actresses never used to be keen about growing old in films, but now it seems as though every young actress would like to have an aged characterization in her repertoire. In "Love and Glory," a Universal production, Madge Bellamy plays a girl who loses track of her sweetheart until she becomes the old lady you see on the left, when she finally is united with him.
Though Carmel Myers is a movie ingénue in age, and is all wrapped up in Our Club, her greatest success in pictures, curiously enough, has been due to her portrayals of mature roles. Her appearance seems better to fit the characters of glittering ladies with checkered pasts and problematical futures than parts nearer her age and real personality. Her latest naughty rôle is that of Iras in the Goldwyn production of "Ben-Hur."
A Modernized Classic

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been brought up-to-date by Marshall Neilan, with Blanche Sweet in the title rôle.

Screen lovers who have enjoyed the splendid work which Blanche Sweet has done in "Anna Christie" will look forward to seeing her in the forthcoming Goldwyn version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Conrad Nagel will play the rôle of Angel Claire in the modernized screen version.
When Nazimova made "Revelation" for Metro several years ago her tragic portrayal raised her instantly to success, and was, perhaps, her most successful screen rôle. Now Viola Dana, one of the fluffiest of the flapper stars, is doing it for the same company and with the same director. She has discarded all her cuteness, and will appear in the film as you see her here. Though it has an excellent cast and all the technical advantages, the picture will still depend for success on the interpretation of the central rôle, and it will be interesting to see what Viola does with it.
"Mary the Third," another story of youth of to-day and its problems, has been made by Goldwyn from an adaptation of Raehael Crothers' stage success, in which Louise Huff made her first big success on the New York stage. The film version was directed by King Vidor.

By way of contrasting the attitude of the two preceding generations with that of modern youth toward love and marriage, the play begins with the courtship of Mary the Third’s grandparents, whom you see at the left, played by Johnnie Walker and Eleanor Boardman.

Eleanor Boardman also takes the part of Mary the Third’s mother, appearing in the oval with Niles Welch. Below you see another Epper—Pauline Garon—and Buster Collier, and above, these two and William Haines, in a scene from the modern episode.
This Freakish Business of Acting

Conway Tearle has acted up to his best parts and lived down his poor ones, and he is not afraid to express some radical views on the so-called art of the motion-picture actor.

By Elza Schallert

Here are all sorts and conditions of prophets in Hollywood. Prophets cloaked not in robes of flowing white, but in golf pants and woolen stockings, who periodically burst into various obvious predictions about what is going to happen to pictures, to players, and to film audiences the country over.

Their favorite prediction each fall of the year is that "There sure is going to be a slump in pictures this winter." There always is. That is a normal economic condition. Another very popular prophesy of theirs runs something like this:

"Mark what I say! Just two more bad stories like 'Cinders of Romance' and Ima Star's screen career will be over."

There is, of course, no gainsaying that a succession of stupid, inane stories will not add to the popularity of any player. But after reviewing the careers of some of our biggest stars—biggest from the standpoint of box-office appeal—and noting that the parts they have portrayed have in the majority of instances been quite unsatisfactory, I just wonder if bad plays really aren't a survival test of a screen player's fitness to popular favoritism, or to recognition as a good screen actor or actress.

The "old-fashioned, long-suffering" starring contracts, for example, that flourished so promiscuously during the infant period of pictures, have often been regarded as a curse to the actor or actress, because their terms forced the actor or actress to play any and every kind of rôle, that oftener than not was utterly unsuited to his or her talents and type. But were those contracts, after all, a curse? Were they not, rather, a blessing? It would certainly seem so after looking over "Who's Who" in filmdom and finding that the players to-day whose services are in constant demand, at rich figures, are the old-timers, nearly all of whom were for a period of time under some sort of star or featured-part contract.

In other words, the real people of the films to-day are those who have served their apprenticeship, and the lean years, so far as good plays went, at least, were a sowing time for them, during which they planted seeds of personality and learned from the soil the technique of screen acting. Those seeds are now bearing fruit and to-day is the harvest for the actor and actress who has withstood the test of the years and indifferent plays.

Conway Tearle is one of these. So is Corinne Griffith, lately come into her own as a rare personality. There are others, but Conway Tearle is probably one of the most striking instances among the men.

Intermittently for the past seven years he has been leading man to some of the most celebrated actresses of the screen, including Mary Pickford and Clara Kimball Young, and Ethel Barrymore during her brief flight into the realms of the cinema, and for practically three years he was a star with Selznick.

Of late, he has been having a tremendous vogue as leading man to Norma Talmadge, Constance and Corinne Griffith, and long before Pola Negri was brought to this country, he was one of the first actors signed to play opposite her.

Tearle has always enjoyed popularity, and negligible parts in plays have apparently detracted little therefrom, but it is really only during the past year or more that his services have been at a very high premium. There is one obvious reason for this, the scarcity of good leading men. But there are several reasons much more personal. In the first place, he knows the business of screen acting, just as he knows the stage and its traditions, and there is a virility, dignity, charm and flexibility to his personality that makes him ideal for costume rôles and society dramas, two types of stories that have been in strong favor the past season. Then, too, there is the all-important reason from the producer's standpoint.

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The Experiences of an Interviewer

One of our writers tells about some of the interesting phases of her work.

By Myrtle Gebhart

QUITE a few of the fans have asked me how it feels to interview some of their beloved stars.

Well, now it doesn't "feel" any more—the thrill, of course, has pretty well worn off, after nearly three years of it. As I know most of the players now, it's more a get-together-again chat than an interview. I can even regard fair Gloria cooly, impersonally, and wonder how long it took her maid to marcel her hair that way. But at first I was as tongue-tied as the most rabid fan would be upon meeting one of her idolized stars.

My first victim was Tommy Meighan—rather, I was the victim up for slaughter. My persistence had been rewarded by a tentative assignment from PICTURE-PLAY to interview Tommy Meighan. I had never met a star or interviewed any celebrity before and I hadn't the faintest idea of what one was supposed to do. I was just past eighteen and didn't have any too much experience anyhow.

But it was an occasion that thrilled over for days in anticipation—and dreaded, too, in a way. For I was scared. On the momentous day I quite drenched myself with my birthday perfume—which made me keep my nose in the air to avoid myself the rest of the day—dressed all up in my new blue taffeta and "rattled" over to the Lasky studio—you know that kind of taffeta that you can hear a block away.

And my new shoes squeaked.

All in all, Tommy couldn't have missed me.

Though our interview was to take place in the publicity offices, Tommy came to meet me and opened the main door of the studio—and I've often wondered since if that taffeta did announce my arrival.

Anyway, the agony began. I was embarrassed and too ignorant to know I should poke questions at him. But Tommy's eyes all crinkled up at the corners the way they do when he smiles, and perceiving my difficulty, he proceeded to interview himself. I had gap sufficient to ask him one question: "Did he like being a star?" Yes, that was my maiden effort! And then I nearly passed out of the picture. He'd talk for a while, then go into a poignantly silent, while he waited patiently, but I didn't know what to ask him, so there I sat and every time I moved I would rattle some more.

Finally I managed to gasp it was nice of him to have seen me and rattled my way out.

Incidentally, PICTURE-PLAY did not buy that interview, but later proved a real fairy godfather to me by giving me another chance and bearing patiently until I eventually showed a glimmer of intelligence and wrote something they considered worth passing on to you.

Since then my days have been filled with interviewing and I've grown quite accustomed to it. I never formally interview any of the younger girls, in the strict meaning of the word, for most of the members of "Our Club"

HAVE YOU EVER wondered how an interviewer regards her work, her experiences in talking with the stars, her letters from her fan friends? If so, this article is an answer. In it she tells about her first interview, and about other experiences. Perhaps the most interesting part of the article is that which touches on what the fans have written to her. "My letters from fans," she writes, "have taught me more than I can ever express. I have never gotten over a little feeling of awe that some stranger cares enough about me and my work to sit down and write me a letter about it."

started in pictures about three years ago when I began trying to write and we've sort of grown up together and can't put on any airs with each other—and get away with it.

When Patsy Ruth Miller and I get together for a chin chat we proceed to eat everything that isn't nailed down, tell each other what we think of each other, in language that is not always complimentary—though it's just in fun—and then go to a movie. When I attempt to impress Pat that she must calmly, seriously, permit me to discreet her for her public, she asks me have I got a pain somewhere that I should so suddenly feel a desire to work; and continues raving about Nazimova, her pet crush. And I ask you, what can you do in a case like that?

Interviews have certainly changed. I've heard the old-timers out here tell of how they used to be "staged" for their benefit—the room artistically decorated with heathen idols and incense and such and the lady appropriately gotten up. She would pour into the victim's ears a beautifully memorized tale—no doubt prepared for her by her press-agent—and he would write reams about her intriguing eyes, her coral lips, etcetera, bringing in some of the soul-scraying comments she had sat up half the night to learn. The thing that makes me giggle is that people believed it—or some of it, anyway.

I've despaired of ever making connections with such a thrilling interview myself. I guess they went out of style before my time. Now they are quite prosaic. You call up the victim or make an appointment through the publicity offices or else drop around the studio where she's working. Knowing most everybody around here, seeing them everywhere you go, you know most all about your victim anyhow, but you may have another question or two to ask. So you meet and usually go somewhere. Nearly always you eat, which makes it very nice indeed, that being my favorite pastime. Most of the players are natural and sincere. They're nearly all very much wrapped up in their work, ambitious.

My hardest victim to corner was Lon Chaney. He frankly—and it isn't a pose—abhors publicity, because he wants people to remember the character he is portraying, not Lon Chaney. I wore out one set of tires—the gas-filly's—and one disposition—mine—before I cornered him and, bit by bit, dug his story out of him. I earned that check all right!

All in all, there isn't as much glamour about this interviewing business as there was at first—still it's lots of fun!

But beside the fun—and the pay—we writers often get something very precious out of our work. You fans give it to us, in the letters you write us. Besides your approval—when you like something we've written—and your criticism—when you don't—there's something else, hard to put into words. I guess it's the personal bond, the feeling that we're making so many
friends, people who take an interest in us personally. My letters from fans mean more to me, have taught me more, than I can ever express. I never have gotten over a little feeling of awe, to think that some stranger cares enough about me or my work to sit down and write me a letter about it—really that encouragement, that sympathy, does give one a glad feeling, makes the work seem doubly worth while.

The majority of my letters are from young girls, and are all about their high hopes and oh, such big, big dreams! Such busy persons they are, too! These letters, coming from little towns and big cities, impress me how the girls nowadays are doing such interesting things. It seems to me from my recollection of the time when I was a youngster going to school down South that we never did anything especially interesting—just studied our lessons, and dried the dishes and occasionally went to the movies, which weren’t so very good then, though that was but a few years back. Now even the school girls are studying art or dancing or having such thrilling times with their amateur dramatics. This ambition is perhaps a part of the new independence of flapperhood to-day and it explains the discrimination with which even the younger girls regard the movies and the stars. In a way, perhaps it is partly due to the movies, the amazing successes of the film’s girls and boys, the ambition that’s back of it all.

The girls’ attitude used to be all rhapsodies toward the stars, but now they view their favorites with much more calm; a great many express frank criticism—severe, too, as is the way with youth. And they notice little things. As Elizabeth C. writes me: “Norma doesn’t insist on all the close-ups as Negri does. Miss Tal madge always seems quite unselfish in her work—I’ve seen her countless times turn her back to the camera to let some one else have a scene. My late uncle, Frank Mills, played with her and thought she was ideal to work with. Mary Pickford, too.”

I shall never forget the thrill of my first fan letter. I wasn’t normal for a week. Incidentally, the writer of that first appreciation of my efforts, Dorothy D., has since become one of my “special best” friends. Dot the harum-scarum has a clever letter style—she says her real-estate boss is “so busy he doesn’t have time to do his hair right in the mornings”—her letters sizzle with pep and humor and contain some wise cracks that are perfect gems. She has made me laugh, and

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What's to Be Done

On the screen she has failed to keep

By Katherine

Ever since the first flicker of the first film, years and years ago, we have seen the mother of the screen dimly through a misty vale of tears. In the old days when a scene was shown with a little old lady sitting rocking in her chair, the girl at the piano automatically swallowed her gum and shifted from "Turkey and the Straw" to "Hearts and Flowers," while the audience reached for their handkerchiefs.

Why? Just because it was mother! Down through the ages the thought of mother and motherhood has gripped our sentiments and our emotions, for she is the greatest drawing power life has. But it would appear that this emotion, worthy though it is, hasn't been a good thing for mother as she is on the screen.

She has remained the same without even changing the style of her clothes since motion pictures first came into being. In fact, she seems to be the only relic of those days. The chewing gum expert at the piano has changed to the player piano, the automatic pipe organ and the Wurlitzer, and even "Hearts and Flowers" has jumped to "Mother Machree" and "Dear Old Mother of Mine."

We haven't noticed how different mother is from the rest of the family, for we aren't critical of her. We don't want to be. She is the center of existence itself, and all our love and sentiment rest in her. We'd be ashamed to criticize her even when she is an abstract person in a motion picture. But really, do you think it quite right to keep mother holding down the old homestead and the mortgage, waiting for her wandering children to head home again, with pathetic old clothes and gnarled and reddened fingers, while the rest of the family move merrily on? If she isn't downtrodden and forlorn, she jumps to the other extreme and becomes a frozen creature dominated by cold and calculating ambition. And the "in-between" mother, who is sensible and humorous and well poised, isn't given a chance in the realm of the screen.

Scenario writers and directors seem to have overlooked the fact that mother's vale of tears has dried up with the years and that to-day's ideal of motherhood is surrounded by the healthy sunshine rather than the damp shivery land of tears. If the screen is showing her purely as a type of bygone days, then the damp scenery is part of the act, but if it is mother as we see her in our own homes and in the homes of others, then the kitchen rocker should be put into the fire or the museum and the little apron with its finely stitched ruffle should be folded with moth balls and gently laid away.

Father has never sounded such emotional depths within us, and so directors have been able, it would seem, to look at his type calmly and reasonably. Consequently, the occasions are few and far between when we find father bent and old and trembly. We find instead Theodore Roberts and Claude Gillingwater and the rest, with their gruffness, their human quality and their loveliness.

No director has asked Theodore Roberts to give up cigars and take up rheumatism in the cause of fatherhood. That cigar and the humorous gruffness of Mr. Roberts bring to most of us a memory of some little scene with our own fathers in which we came off second best, and it makes the scene the more funny and enjoyable for it is a part of our own life. But the poor pathetic little mother of the screen, though she arouses our chivalry, seldom awakens within us the answering throb of everyday life.

One reason for this seems to be the age the screen mother is given. Claire MacDowell, who has appeared innumerable times in this rôle, says that she is given a grandmother make-up. Claire is forty-four herself with grown children, and claims she looks quite as old as any mother has a right to look, but directors rush in: white wigs, quaint, sedate clothes and all the other paraphernalia until she feels seventy. And this is to give the world an idea of mother!

Scout back yourself through the avenues of your movie mind, and see how many mothers of the screen you can remember who took life and their children in the calm, fine, well-poised way your own mother has done. If you can pull out more than one or two examples of human motherhood, not racked with emotion, not old and bent and downtrodden, then you have spoiled my story.

Of course, I can hear a whole throng of handkerchief users asking me to remember Mary Carr in "Over the
About Mother?

up with the rest of the family.

Lipke

Hill.” There was a mother who went right to the heart of each and every member of fandom. Little and old and frail she was. Oh, yes, I cried my full quota of tears too. But did you know that Mary Carr ached to shake the sort of person she was in that picture?

Mary Carr is a real mother of the screen. So her opinion takes on the voice of authority to me. She has six children of her own, and no matter where she is she makes a home for them. She had her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary the other day, and it was spent as was her wedding day, working, she told me. Somewhere I hear a sob and two sniffles from the fans as they say, “Poor little old lady.” Ah, but Mary Carr, like Claire MacDowell, is only forty-four years old.

She can truly say that her film experience has aged her. In her downtrodden outfit, consisting of a saggy skirt, a pathetic-looking sack with a lonely little button at the neck, a wisp of hair and a pair of out-in-the-open shoes, Mary Carr is about the oldest old lady imaginable.

But bustling around the house planning dinner she is the best sort of sport and is young and pretty — oh, dear me, yes! She told me that she was dreadfully tired of playing “Over the Hillish” mothers and longs to be herself. Hunched on a couch in her dressing room, waiting to be called to another old trembly part, with one decrepit shoe crossed over another, she verified my ideas of screen motherhood.

“Most of the mothers I have portrayed, I have wanted to shake, the poor spineless creatures,” she stated briefly. “Directors can’t seem to see mother without a downtrodden look, or a cold-blooded disposition. If in real life I were the sort of mother I am on the screen, I’d blush for shame.”

Mary Carr’s daughter, Luella, pretty and in the early twenties, was on the set, and so I asked her if she had ever seen her mother portray a role which could remotely compare with the type of mother she herself was. Luella’s nose was very brief but it made a valiant effort to turn up in scorn.

“Oh, mother on the screen makes me furious! Imagine any woman being as dragged out and spineless as she was in ‘Over the Hill!’ She herself is terribly good-natured, but people can’t walk all over her the way they do on the screen. Why, she is only forty-four, but every one calls her mother. She even had to play the grandmother of Lewis Stone, and he is as old as she is. It makes me furious. We children won’t call her mother, we call her Mamie.”

Mary Carr has been a screen mother for ten years, although “Over the Hill” was the high light for her. Of course we have all heard of, or have known women like that little mother, and she supplied a human thrill which gripped the collective hearts of fandom. For there is nothing like the subject of mother to grab hold of the feelings and stir the emotions. And the older she is and the more pathetic, the more we weep for her. That must be the director’s excuse.

But you know motherhood shouldn’t always signify tears. In “Humoresque,” Vera Gordon, like Mary Carr, carried every one with her from the sheer beauty of devotion and sacrifice, but what a tense, racking experience “Humoresque” was. It signified the wonderful power

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Kosloff Talks on Pantomime

A training in which, he believes, is unfortunately lacking in preparing young people for screen acting.

By Helen Ogden

The screen is sadly in need of pantomimic training. It is attempting to speak a borrowed language, when it should be formulating the alphabet of its own native tongue.

No stripling achieving success in a blaze of glorified personality was speaking, but a man whose distinction is based upon knowledge accrued from years of study. The speaker was Theodore Kosloff.

We were talking on the cluttered Lasky stage near the "tin-can factory," one of the scenes for Cecil B. De Mille's "Triumph." Kosloff was playing an inconspicuous role, as usual, because De Mille alone will give him now and then opportunities to express some of his ideas for the screen's advancement.

Small, lithe, every movement expressive, speaking slowly with a pronounced accent, Kosloff is in himself an interesting study. Personality alone, the thing so high lighted about other actors, is of no consequence to him. He is, instead, an expression of cumulative growth. In his train of thought, in his every word, is that feeling of solidity.

"Pantomime is the technique of each feeling's expression. You understand a Tchaikowsky concerto, yes? But without technical training can you translate that inward comprehension of it into music?" Pantomime has its exercises, its scales, as has the piano. The fingers of expression blunder when they seek, by skimming the surface of training, to translate that innate feeling into acting.

"America has no great screen actors because she thinks of the public's sensational approval, of transitory success. To genuine development one must be willing to give years of study. Besides pantomime, an actor should understand thoroughly all the arts. At our Imperial Russian Ballet School in Moscow we were well grounded in music, in painting; from history we learned manners and customs and costuming of all the ages, and the points of view of all the peoples. That general knowledge gave us sentence, nuance, subtlety; our pantomimic training was the tool which we used to express that feeling and knowledge in gradations of acting.

"A screen-training school?" Kosloff pursed doubtful lips. "A costly undertaking—and producers are not philanthropists. Mr. De Mille and I have many times discussed the idea. A man of keen perception, that one; quickly he grasps thoughts, sees practical evolution of those ideas. Long he has wanted such an academy of motion-picture pantomime training, as a foundation for the screen's future. If from hundreds only one great actor is the product, as there is in dancing but one Pavlova, the venture would be worth while.

"But not now," he sighed. "The screen is yet young, compared to the generations of groundwork upon which the pantomimic training of the European stage has been built. Acting there has its traditions, its inheritance. The screen is so the opposite of the stage that not merely a different technique is needed, which only skims the surface. It goes back to the fundamental of thought, transference, which has greater possibilities on the screen because of the close range and the dependence upon gestures without tonal inflection and the electric personal contact to get one's idea over.

"Indeed that is the sole purpose of the motion picture—to say without titles. When an actor is skilled in pantomime he can say what he will with the muscles of his face, with his eyes, and the words on the screen would be but a repetition."

Kosloff is the chancellor, the prime minister, of Cecil B. De Mille pictures. Every detail of background, of artistic investiture, of costuming, must meet with his approval. While De Mille, with whom he has worked for six years, has been receptive toward his ideas, he, too, realizes that the time for the purely pantomimic picture is not yet.

"Not that the audience would fail to understand," Kosloff pointed out. "Do not underestimate the perception of the mass mind. Real pantomime is so perfectly expressive in its infinite shading that its meaning is plain. When the Russian actors gave their pantomimic performances a year or so ago in New York, the American audience sat spellbound.

"In Russia years ago we presented—as they still do today—mammoth pantomimic productions, with thou-
sands of players besides the principals. ‘The Hunchback of Notre Dame’ we gave many times. Each gesture of each player in that mob was the outgrowth of arduous training. From the first until twelve each night the audience would sit, rapt in attention, so clear-cut was each expression in its simplicity, though the play was wordless.

“It is because we have no trained screen pantomimists that the pantomimic picture is impossible. Americans are taught to hide deep, genuine emotions, to sugar coat realities. Your girls: exquisite, of appealing personality; but they know not the real meanings of feelings, nor how to shade their expression of emotion. There is no place where they may go to learn. The stage? There they are taught a set of tricks, awkward and unavailable upon the screen. They are but the product of artificial teaching.”

Conducting a ballet school in Los Angeles, Kosloff has for his pupils in dancing many celebrated stars, whom he has helped in small measure in teaching them grace, carriage, flexibility of movement. Three hundred of his girls appeared in the Biblical sequences of “The Ten Commandments.”

“But pantomime? Ah, there is another thing. Me, I am but one man, seeking to pioneer, lacking save in a few instances encouragement. The stage cannot be done in a day—your actors err through impatience. I entered the Imperial Ballet School at six. I made my debut at sixteen. Ten long years I spent in gruelling practice, in study of the arts. Yet these lovely little American girls expect after a few small roles to become stars. Momentary sensations are made by public interest, but true stars are products of long training.

“Give me half a hundred girls and boys in whom I perceive the raw fundamentals of dramatic feeling; give me ten years, give me the proper artists to assist me; give me above all—and what I doubt that I can have at present—the unbounded ambition, the great desire to learn, of those novitiates who would contribute ten years to their education. And at the end of that time I would present to the film public some genuine actors.

“That will come. The screen must establish a fundamental pantomimic training of its own, to suit its individual needs, not by borrowing. But that cannot be done until it mellows into maturity and begins to build slowly its heritage of pantomime for future screen generations to draw upon. In three, four, generations will the screen produce many great artists, and not before.”

A strange, gifted heritage is Kosloff’s. He comes of an ancient Tatar family that in the ninth century ruled the vast steppes, the hidden fastnesses, of the valley of the Volga. Dispersed by invaders, his people wandered, forming part of the fighting nomadic Genghis Khan tribe. That vivid heritage of the Kazan Tatar chieftains gives him in Hollywood’s eyes a colorful glamour. That blood stirs in him with a certain rugged force. He is Mongol, Slav. But no, he is nothing and, contrarily, he is everything—rather, the embodiment of the knowledge that knows no native hearth, that grows by assimilation.

There is something vividly elemental about him. You want to brush aside the petty terms in which you characterize the screen players for public print; you feel that you must begin all over again on a clean slate to imprint some substance of that solid ground work of his mind. About him, too, is an aura of tragic fires in whose caldron his gravity, his temperament, were bred.

A heritage of barbaric warfare, something ruthless in his quiet insistence. A memory perhaps in those nar-
A LOVELY story is publicizing Norma Shearer as a Montreal society belle who has chosen to forsake the drawing rooms for a career in the movies. Bored with the grand social life and all that sort of thing. Actually, she comes of very good family and no doubt attended such subdebs affairs as matinees and bonbon soirées.

But the nice publicity story overlooks the fact that Norma has really worked for the success that is beginning to come her way. that she “tramped” for some time before she won any foothold at all. Several years ago she left home with the intention of capturing a stage career, fame, and wealth.

Her experiences with mediocre companies on tour did not prove happy or encouraging and, following an equally unsuccessful effort to get into pictures, she returned home. Her ambition reawakened after a rest, once again she sought film fame. Several bits were followed by leads in Fox films—Western, wild-action things, for which she was not at all suited but experiences of value to her in teaching her acting A B Cs, poise, ease of manner.

Though subscribing to no profoundly intellectual theories, she has wits, the tact of saying the proper thing, of making friends. In short, she knows the art of self-salesmanship, the gift of saying just enough and not too much. Unlike many of the girls who are beginning to win notice for their work in the movies, she seems equally balanced, shrewd at least in matters cinematic. That poise is welcome after one has met so many young girls who think it necessary either to gush or to adopt an unnatural hauteur.

In “Pleasure Mad” she achieved what bordered on a personal triumph, though her dramatic moments seemed a bit overdrawn—possibly a reflection of the exaggerated key in which the climax of the hackneyed plot was played by everybody in the cast. To the opening sequences, she gave a deft touch.

“Dramatic, emotional work, real girls to whose portrayal I can give whatever genuine feeling is in me,” she explains earnestly and yet without the theatrical touch with which these great ambitions are so often confided to the interviewer. Rather, she seems to be standing aside, regarding herself, her work, everything pertaining to her career, with a quite keen appraisal. “I would prefer not to talk of what I aim to do, though, if you don’t mind. I intend doing my best—but, after all, the future is problematical and the one who talks the most usually accomplishes the least.”

With her Louis B. Mayer contract, stardom has been conferred upon her. Her first picture will be “Broken Barriers.” Because, or so they say at the studio, “she represents the typical American girl”—despite the fact that she is Canadian, but, to be sure, more restive and vital, less reserved, than the average English girl is usually supposed, at least, to be.
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This trait made me doubt his sense of humor, but I am always reassured when I see him in action. His wit is delicious, if a trifle boisterous.

Miss Pickford has arrived and is closeted with her maid. Allan Forrest and Lottie Pickford Forrest come in, with Mrs. Pickford and Lottie's little daughter, Mary the second. She is a beautiful child, with big dark eyes, a lovely high color, and a perpetually solemn expression. Mr. Forrest is very handsome, especially in his dashing costume, and Mrs. Forrest is dark and attractive, and has an unfailingly pleasant disposition and manner. Every one in the studio is very fond of her.

Claire Eames, the famous New York actress who caused such a sensation on the legitimate stage as Mary Stuart, and who has been engaged for months ahead to do the Virgin Queen in "Dorothy," is sitting quietly with her husband. She is a great actress, in the truest sense of the word—powerful, understanding, emotional and with a flawless technique. She is slightly nervous, as this is her first picture and everything is new and rather terrifying. She has unusually lovely hands, very delicate and expressive, with nearly always a cigarette in her slender fingers.

Now, the door to the little dressing-room opens and out steps Mary, a vision of beauty in her billowing costume of black velvet with a tiny black hat and long filmy veil on her shining hair. At her entrance, even Mickey, the play boy, has to turn to work, for this fragile, alluring little figure is the true queen here, and a real ruler. Work begins!

One of the scenes to be shot is a tensely dramatic one—Dorothy's betrayal of her lover and Mary Stuart to Queen Elizabeth. I shall not spoil the story for you by describing it, but there was real fire and emotion in the acting of two great, and entirely different artists, Miss Pickford and Claire Eames. Miss Eames throws herself bodily into the spirit of her scenes, her voice is hoarse with anger, her hands shaking and every gesture eloquent of intense but royal rage. Miss Pickford is, by contrast, so delicate and appealing and wonderfully compelling in her haunting expressions. At the end, where she bursts into tears, real tears, some of her spectators cry too.

There is a long pause before the next shot, while Mary sits limply in a corner with sobs still shaking her poor little shoulders, and looking for all the world like some little child angel that is lost and bewildered.

Every one wanders tacitly away and Mickey sits down at a piano and plays melting, soothing little melodies—some his own, some not. He plays like a young Pan, putting all his Irish heart into the keys, and sometimes sings softly in a fine, mellow voice. And then, at some unknown signal, he is up with a shout, chasing a howling prop boy up the gorgeous silver "Thief of Bagdad" stairs that stand near our set. There is a terrible commotion and shouting, and suddenly Mickey comes down an unexpected ladder, barking and whooping like a sea lion—and the place goes crazy. Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin coming in then, join the fight at once with all their well-known zest, and the result looks more like a circus for one-and-all than a motion-picture company during working hours. You see, when these people work, they work like the well-known Trojans, and naturally I suppose they just must play with the same energy. Then, too, many of them, like Charles Chaplin, had no opportunity in childhood to indulge their natural instinct for play and are trying to make up for lost time now. It is, indeed, an inspiring sight—a director, a star producer, and a star director producer, three of the most powerful men in the business, playing tag up and down ladders and shrieking like wild things. But work must go on some time, so all at once Mickey decides to continue the picture. Mary and Douglas go off the set and find each other, with Charlie and Abdul the Turk—real name unknown—Mr. Fairbanks' trainer, bringing up in the rear.

The next scene is a close-up of Claire Eames and one of the men—a rather foppish, affected Englishman whom Mickey raps unmercifully. He gives him his directions in a horribly exaggerated English accent, and pulls ridiculous faces in imitation of him. But Mickey, bless him, can get away with most anything and his poor victim only laughs—a rather sickly laugh—with the rest of the company.

But undoubtedly one of the funniest, most intriguing features of the picture is to see Mickey directing Claire Eames. Miss Eames is tall, slender and almost regally aristocratic, with the greatest culture and refinement in every tone of her voice, every gesture and pose, and her general demeanor, although she is really charmingly gracious and friendly, is one of hauteur. Oh! the priceless-ness of seeing her taking, in the meekest, most self-effacing manner, never arguing and always following each suggestion, directions from that fresh young Irishman with his hat on one ear, given in terse commands—"Now you're feeling, pretty good—it's not such a bad party, then you see him giving those chickens the glad eye—snap right into it, you're mad, now plenty of cold turkey, you know." And Miss Eames recognizes beneath the surface differences, the kindred understanding spirit of the artist. She does the scenes perfectly, and Mickey turns from the camera laughing at the comedy the bit carries, but under his breath saying, "God, what an actress; what a woman!"

Miss Pickford returns to the set, accompanied by a large, striking woman with an unpleasant expression, a violent purple cape, who turns out to be Elmer Glyn. The girls are lined up for some sort of an inspection, with the rest of the company in solemn conclave a short distance off. It is most embarrassing, and more so when the orchestra starts an old popular song and Mickey dances brightly along the line of girls, hat in hand, and chucking each on the chin while facing the audience with the coy smile of the musical comedy juvenile. Blanche Sweet has come for lunch with her husband and is chatting with Mrs. Pickford and Lottie. Mrs. Neilan looks youthful and lovely in a simple brown suit and hat and is much brighter and gayer in manner than one would expect.

Mr. Neilan, at the sound of a whistle in the studio, speaks to Tommy Held, his faithful young assistant, Tommy calls "Lunch—back at one thirty," and in two minutes there is not an extra in the studio. Some of the unfortunates go across the street to the various cafés and drug stores. Two other girls and I dive, costumes and all, or rather squeeze, for one of our skirts is enough to make a dirigeable, into Barbara Kimber's new car—and go up along Sunset Boulevard to the quaint little Mary-Helen Tea Room. Agnes Ayres is sitting at the next table to ours—much prettier in real life than on the screen, in fact beautiful at some angles, but with a very languid manner. At another table is Ramon Novarro, looking devastatingly handsome. Julia Faye comes in and sits near us. She is not pretty but has snapping dark eyes and very good style when her clothes are not exaggerated. Gertrude Olmstead and Virginia Fox are chattering and giggling at a corner table like a couple of schoolgirls.

On discovering that it is already one thirty, we hurry out and drive back to the studio, meeting on the

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Hollywood High Lights

Olcott has made some of the most successful of recent films, including "The Green Goddess," "Little Old New York," and "The Humming Bird," in which starred Gloria Swanson. He was engaged at a salary of thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, according to report, to supervise Norma's destiny, this figure being almost unprecedented in the instance of directors.

Trading Stars.

Just to even up an old score, perhaps, foreign motion-picture companies have been creating a tremendous stir with their offers to the players in Hollywood. Several of these have been accepted, and among the absentees lately have been Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, Juleanne Johnston and Eddie Burns. The latter two have gone with German companies, from whom America took not long ago such people as Pola Negri, Ernst Lubitsch, and Dimitri Buchovetzki, who has been filming Miss Negri's most recent features. Irene Rich has been appearing with an English company, as has Mae Marsh.

Meanwhile the home-coming of Betty Blythe has been rather joyously celebrated. She has been wearing her new clothes, that she recently purchased in Paris, at various social functions and was quite a resplendent personality at the western premiere of D. W. Griffith's "America."

Betty Compson has also settled down in America, having signed again as a Paramount star. The picture that won her the contract was "The Enemy Sex," which James Cruze directed, and we personally feel that in this film Betty has given one of her best recent performances.

Old Reliable Scenery.

Old locations seem to be the best. At least, one of the most popular this season has been Catalina Island, one of southern California's chief pleasure resorts. Cecil De Mille turned this into a veritable Deauville while he was making scenes for "Feet of Clay," and in addition to the inevitable aquatic diversions that always adorn his productions, imbued the undertaking with quite a distinct social flavor by entertaining many members of the film colony between scenes. Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, Kathryn Williams, and Eileen Percy were among the visitors.

"The Last Man on Earth" was being made on the island practically simultaneously. Earle Foxe has the featured role in this, and the story is one of the few that has been filmed which is laid in the future. The action covers three different periods, 1924, 1940 and 1950.

In one of the final episodes the world is completely dominated by women, who have gone in for harems and trousers and other ultramodern sartorial effects. The "last man," a heavily bearded individual, who carries a club like that used in the stone age, hides out in a cave in the mountains, venturing forth at infrequent intervals in search of food. Eventually the women capture him, and a tremendous battle ensues over the possession of him.

When Wives Leave Home.

While Francis X. Bushman was abroad working in "Ben-Hur," Beverly Bayne decided that she could not afford to be idle either, and so she accepted a chance to play in "Her Marriage Vow," being made by Warner Brothers, with Monte Blue, Margaret Livingston, Allan Forrest and others prominently cast. Miss Bayne has appeared continuously with her husband in pictures so far as the recollections of most fans go. Consequently, this departure on her own has been watched with much interest.

Mabel Ballin also recently decided to go out in the cold, cold world alone. She is appearing in a Fox feature, while her husband, Hugo Ballin, has been directing at the Goldwyn studio.

It is several years since Mabel has played in any other productions than those directed by her husband, as filmgoers who have seen "Jane Eyre," "East Lynne," "Married People," and others that starred her will remember.

The Lloyd Heir.

Harold Lloyd's right hand is just recovering from the extensive hand-shaking he experienced following the birth of an eight-pound daughter to his wife, Mildred Davis, at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles on May twenty-first. Hospital attendants say that Harold was just as worried as any ordinary prospective father, and spent several hours pacing the corridors of the institution in the usual prenatal fashion.

Mrs. Lloyd recuperated rapidly, and she and the comedian are receiving hundreds of congratulatory calls and telegrams, and trying to find a name for the baby. If it had been a boy, of course he would have been named for his famous father, but the one thing that hadn't been prepared for the new arrival was a feminine name, so at present writing it is still without one.
A Letter from Location

To Myrtle Gebhart

Douglas, Arizona.

My Dear Myrtle:

Just a note to tell you I won't be back Tuesday for that long-postponed golf lesson, but I'm still on location for "Sundown" and have no idea when it will be finished. We are going to change the name to "All Day."

My dear, I'm learning more about cattle! We have a dairy way back in California, but that's so different. You wouldn't know it concerned the same animal. And I can tell you quite a bit about stampeding steers in and around any part of Texas you wish to name. Am just now completing my course in northern, southern, eastern and most of western Arizona.

We were unempteen weeks in tents, sixty-five miles out in the prairies from El Paso. It was an awfully hard trip, but when you go camping you expect to put up with some hardships.

I have never in my life been so cold. And the first night we arrived before the stoves. All of us looked like bears, we were so bundled up with clothes.

The first day, while Mr. Trimble was location hunting, I got the happy idea of organizing a ball team. It started by two of us playing catch and ended by having two full teams—actors, carpenters, electricians, cowboys with boots and spurs, and Charlie Murray for umpire—imagine! I brought a ball from home and we used an ax handle for bat. Then we played "duck on the rock."

We had a radio tent, sending and receiving apparatus, when the wind didn't blow it down. And we had a cook tent and mess tent. One day the wind blew down most of the stove pipes so we had a late supper, but it was sufficient to warm up everyone.

We had about one hundred people all the time, and more coming and going. Imagine the stampede when they beat on the old tin pans three times a day. Camp was laid out on three streets, Stewart Way—Roy Stewart—Static Corners—camera department—and Love Alley. Being true Hollywood people, we wanted to subdivide the ranch. It was forty miles by forty miles square. We had some cowboys whose fathers owned ranches near there. In fact, neighbors—a mere sixty miles or so away. We got up at five thirty, rode to and from location. That was from one to eight miles—as the cow happened to be.

We had night shots, so studio lights were shipped all the way from home with two generators and all kinds of wind machines, which handed us all a big laugh in that country. It was frightfully cold the two nights we had to work all night. And I would be working in a little calico dress and French-heeled slippers. Such is life in pictures.

We worked with horses—about seventy-five head. They got up to the lights and stampeded right to where the generator was going, so we couldn't hear anything else. The horses raised such a dust we couldn't see them and calmly stayed there. One of our boys ran in front of us and turned them. Then we all got to

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Irene’s Best Fans

A disclosure of an interesting side of Miss Rich’s personality, of which perhaps the great majority of her admirers know naught.

By Elza Schallert

There are many admirable things about Irene Rich, the actress, the woman, and the mother.

But the friends who know her intimately feel that the greatest of these personalities is Irene Rich, the mother.

Certainly, she has two splendid daughters to proudly distinguish her. Frances is fourteen, and Jane, aged seven.

Meeting the girls would never convince one that the mother is an actress, nor that their home life has many contacts with the famous people of the screen and stage. Girls reared in a similar atmosphere might so easily absorb the manners and mannerisms of their professional elders to such a degree that their individualities would be clouded by a conglomerate, artificial series of personality impressions. But not Frances and Jane. They are decidedly themselves.

Frances and Jane both attend the Hollywood School for Girls, a private institution, which Milton Sills’ daughter and Cecilia De Mille also attend. Frances finishes next June, and a year later, when she will be sixteen, she expects to enter Vassar. Her mother, however, thinks sixteen is too young for a girl to enter college, so she plans on deferring Vassar until Frances is nearly seventeen, and in the intervening period she plans on taking the two girls and their grandmother to Europe for a year and a half, to give them the cultural advantages of travel, and a couple of semesters at French boarding schools or perhaps in a private pension in some village in Switzerland.

“I want Frances and Jane brought up in a sane, sensible, wholesome manner,” their mother recently told me. “I have always worked to that end. It is such a privilege for me to have my own mother with me. She is a great influence for the girls.”

Miss Rich isn’t going to discourage her daughters from entering pictures in any capacity if they show the proper talent and interest. “If they feel, when they arrive at the age of discretion, the call of the stage or screen, I would be the first to aid them in their ambitions, because if they derived as much joy and inspiration from acting as I do, that is all I would ask.”

On account of their school work, Miss Rich doesn’t allow the girls to see many pictures, and they both have cried so bitterly over certain parts she has portrayed that it has made her reluctant to encourage the “movie-going” habit.

And when I asked both girls who their favorite star was, they didn’t say Mary Pickford, but, “Why, mother, of course!”
Two New Leading Men

Who are to appear in the next pictures starring Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri.

CASTING directors are often charged with being overcautious about giving new players a chance at important parts. But here are two instances in which a young man, untried in a featured rôle, is soon to appear opposite a star of the first magnitude.

Ian Keith, who will play opposite Gloria Swanson in "Her Love Story," has had but one small part in a screen production, that of a young sculptor in "Manhandled."

He is, however, well known on the New York stage, having had important parts in Doris Keane's "The Czarina," in a production of "As You Like It," featuring Marjorie Rambeau, and with Lionel Barrymore in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

"Her Love Story" is a screen adaptation of a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, laid in a mythical Balkan kingdom.

BEN LYON, who is to play opposite Pola Negri, has appeared in several screen productions, but never in so prominent a rôle. He will take the part of a young lieutenant in the picture called "Compromise," an adaptation of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," the story of which is laid in a provincial town in Germany.

Ben Lyon was born and educated in Atlanta, Georgia. He first attracted attention while playing in the stage version of "Mary the Third." He was then cast for a small part in the screen version of "Potash and Perlmutter," and has recently been playing on the coast.
A Turn in Pola’s Career

day dan ever in Europe,” Buchowetzki expressed his enthusiasm. “Dere, she was all emotion, all impulse. Crude talent, it flamed, it went out, not always sure. Now she has had heartache. She think herself treated not so kind here. Goot. Her feeling is more real.”

It is difficult to associate stability with Pola Negri. Comedlike, she flashed first to us—and dropped from favor here. I cannot think of her as occupying a fixed position where other less refulgent but more dependable stars shine steadily. She believes that in answering her own impulses lies her surest destiny—but haven’t women, since Eve first discovered the bitter truth, found their instincts not always reliable?

Her reaction to amatory influences at times colors her work but in the ultimate consideration adds to that feeling of impermanency. She does not personify some mass-need or unrest—as Valentino makes animate visions of romance, as Meighan stands for the solid rock of American respectability, as Gloria is glamour and sartorial splendor. The incoherences desires that are in all of us find public idols to sum up their measure, and about them we drape in our imagination the garments of our dreams’ expression.

Pola, though, because of her volatile character and the versatility of her art, cannot be thus easily rubber-stamped to answer some fancied need. Her heroines are rather primitive, all physical lure and strong feeling, unreceptive to the American woman cramped by inhibitions. To men, she no doubt has great but transient appeal and that very quality in her acting, as it is in men’s hearts, is not dependable.

Pola’s emotions and her art are inseparable. The technique of pantomime she has mastered leagues ahead of our own girls who may boast a love affair or two but never so colored with dominant passions as have been Pola’s heart conflicts. That technique, though, always is subservient to her feeling of the moment. Once, because an artist who loved her was dying, she flung aside her career and went and nursed him until he died in her arms. Her romance with Count Dombhska flamed, went out, left no ashes to mourn over.

Such, too, was the Chaplin affair. For a time she loved him intensely. During that brief romance, she was heart and soul in her work; when it ended, for days she could do nothing but cry and sulk. Too much, one feels, will she always be reactive to any influences which tend to create within herself strong feelings. They give, briefly, an added flame; but with their passing comes lethargy.

When she is interested, she is fused to restless, whole-souled activity. I have seen her work like mad, impatiently pacing the set, eager to plunge the dramatic fire of her into a scene that, with her deep, harsh voice exclaiming, her eyes flashing, pulsed with something far more real and brutal than I ever felt before on a movie set. And I have seen her, when her wishes had been crossed or when she wasn’t in the mood, sit hunched in a chair, smoking furiously, sulking.

Perhaps that is art, I don’t know. Certainly those flashes when she is in the proper key do add something momentarily vitalizing to our screen. I would pass up six dramas of our home-town heroines going through the daily dozen of their technique for one glimpse of Pola with the muzzle off.

In a way, though, perhaps the jog-trot of the middle path is preferable to the undependability of these occasional flares. The desire of Mary Pickford and of our other stars is to keep up an even balance, to retain public interest by uniformly good, conscientious work. Unless something should happen to settle that inward restlessness, I don’t look for Pola to give anything of lasting value to the screen. But moments of rare fire—of a vivid beauty—of brittle realism—these the spell of her genius, when inspired, will weave for us, to stud the monotony of little girls’ little plays.

Can Pola come back? A while ago I would have given a negative answer. Just now I am theoretically on the fence. Certainly she is, at the moment, en rapport with her work. She revels in having won her fight, in her plans. She is heart free. But confronting Pola always there is that question mark of how to-norrow will strike the flint of her emotion and thus influence her acting. When the fire of interest goes, there goes also Pola’s flame.

The present, though, is promising. If she can make good her battle cry: “There shall be no concessions to that drivel called box-office appeal!” she will unquestionably recapture, if but for a moment, the glory and fire that first won our attention. But she, and those who control the making of her pictures, are confronted by the limitations laid down by censorship and those elements of popular taste which protest against some of the qualities which should go into her best work.
In the Days of 1776

EVERY one whose memory goes back to the '90s will recall "Janice Meredith" as one of the most popular romantic novels of that decade, in which romantic novels had such a vogue.

That story, which is laid in the time of the American Revolution, has been filmed by Cosmopolitan, with Marion Davies in the title rôle.

One of the big thrills of the picture is the scene showing Washington—played by Joseph Kilgour—crossing the Delaware. Only toward the end of last winter was it possible to make these scenes. Griffith, you will recall, had to forgo that incident in "America" on account of the open winter and the absence of ice in the rivers.

Harrison Ford, who plays opposite Marion, takes the rôle of Charles Fownes, bound in service to the Merediths, at the beginning of the story, but later rising to the rank of captain in Washington's army.

The scene at the left shows the village of Trenton, which was built near West Point. The soldiers who appear in the battle scenes were members of the Twenty-sixth Infantry.

Like all the recent Cosmopolitan productions, "Janice Meredith" is an elaborate affair, and one made at a huge cost. It will be one of the biggest of the forthcoming productions.
What's to Be Done About Mother?

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of motherhood, and as a symbol it couldn't be surpassed, but though it ripped our emotions wide, I doubt if it quite spelled our own conception of motherhood.

Some of the more controlled of us at the picture could logically reason out that if mother hadn't been quite so self-sacrificing and quite so tearful, a lot of the selfishness of the children could have been eliminated. So few of us have had to grow up through the vale of mother's tears. Her common sense has done away with the tears, for the most part, and so it made me a little shivery and sneezy to see even on the screen all those quarts of tears falling around. But, like you, I thought it wonderful, for motherhood is always wonderful.

Like Mary Carr, the majority of the actresses who have played the part of mother are quite dissatisfied with her, and feel that they have never had a chance to be natural, as a mother in even one picture. Edythe Chapman, who played the prime little part of ‘The Ten Commandments,’ went into a slump for a whole afternoon at the mere thought of being like any of the mothers she has played. "Edie" as she is called, has no children of her own, but she has plenty of mother love, and she aches to be a normal sort of mother on the screen.

Both she and Kate Lester agreed that they are too tall for the screen idea of motherhood. They said that they found that the little plump cuddly mother was what the public wanted. Though at least, Edythe Chapman can break through and be sympathetic once in a picture or two, but Kate Lester, never.

A critic once said to me, "Kate Lester as a mother is a dowager instead." When an impression mother is needed to force her daughter into a loveless marriage or to roll stones in the way of a son's love for the poor but honest sweet young thing, then a hurry call is sent for Kate.

Screen motherhood for her has meant one cold look after another. Somewhere between Kate Lester and Mary Carr it would seem that real motherhood stands. Miss Lester says that in all her experience as a screen mother, she has never had a chance to overlook a single fault in her children while Mary Carr does nothing but overlook faults until she is completely overlooked herself.

"Lost—somewhere between the kitchen apron and the lorgnette—" sings the mother! That just about expresses it. However, there is one ray of light, one missing link, in Myrtle Stedman. Directors seem to recognize in her, mature womanhood and motherhood and they let her alone without hanging on her all the habiliments of the grave. Her acting in "Flaming Youth" was splendid, as was "The Famous Mrs. Fair." "To the Ladies" stopped just short of children, but there again like a breath of fresh air, was to be found maturity and common sense rather than age and tears.

But with only one example of natural motherhood on the screen, it seems that something should be done. The extreme type of mother is all right for an extreme type of picture, but surely there ought to be a place for mother "as is" once in a while. If she is a society mother, she is all society and if she is a home mother she is glued to the kitchen apron and rocking chair with occasional trips to turn up the wavy little lamp in the window by whose light she loves ones are to stagger home again.

If we could have more modern screen mothers portraying human, modern problems what a joy it would be. There is a perfect army of actresses in the pictures who are longing to shed the snow-white tresses of age in favor of the scattching grey hairs of maturity, just to show the public that modern motherhood with its problems and trials and joys can be dramatic and interesting without all the implements of torture, the kitchen rocker (obsolete object), the saggy skirt, and if society is called for, the lorgnette, the tiara and the haughty look.

The Screen in Review

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Louis has a comedy part. Mr. Louis is another person who is running away with some of the best notices of the year. Norma Shearer, after years of work, finally shines forth in a real part with a real director and makes the logical success. Anna Q. Nilsson and Carmel Meyers also do much to make the picture a treat.

So This Isn't Paris!

Pola Negri's newest venture, "Men," has been loudly praised; therefore, I wondered what was the matter with me when I saw it and found few of the merits that had been so highly advertised. But I stopped worrying about it when I heard a group of trustworthy fans laughing derisively about it.

It was made by Dimitri Buchowetzki, a Polish director, brought to this country to rekindle the fires of Pola's genius. Up to a certain point, Buchowetzki has succeeded. Miss Negri is gradually getting back to her old form and there are moments when she quite surpasses herself.

But there is no sense in putting a story like "Men" on the screen when, from the very outset, it is perfectly plain that it runs afoot of the censors at almost every point. When the heroine suddenly bursts forth as the queen of Paris night life, how can you explain it without admitting that the girl isn't all she should be? Whole developments in the plot of "Men" are left to your imagination and personally, I think it is worse to think things than to blurt out the truth.

In spite of Pola's acting and in spite of some entertaining moments of atmosphere, "Men" seemed to me pretty shoddy sort of entertainment. If this is sophistication, please pass me more boobyary.

A One-Man Show.

Lewis Stone is running Adolphe Menjou a close second as the favorite of the ladies. One close-up of Mr. Stone and the success of a picture called "Why Men Leave Home" is assured. The picture was adapted from the play by Avery Hopwood. It wasn't much of a play, so John Stahl, the director, kindly changed the plot. As it stands, the plot is no great shakes.

But there is a vein of humor running through the whole masterpiece and before you know it, you find yourself having a fine time. The picture is full of wise stuff about matrimony that goes great on the screen and gives you the happy feeling of learning the entire truth about the institution. Jokes about matrimony are the safest thing in the world. It may not be nice to laugh about marriage but almost any one can be tempted to do it. There were things in "Why Men Leave Home" that struck me as being vulgar and in bad taste. But who am I to kick when so many persons can laugh at such things?

Thanks to Mr. Stone, Helene Chadwick, Alma Bennett, and the delightful Mary Carr, the picture is building up a wide reputation being pleasant entertainment. Mr. Stone's work is so good that some one ought to present him with a bonus.

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Overcoming Difficulties on Location

Unexpected problems and difficulties arise when motion-picture companies seek foreign locations for local color. Some of these are overcome by foresight and some by resourcefulness.

Tom Terriss met and disposed of several such problems during the filming of "The Bandelero," which he has been making for Goldwyn. The first he solved by having a set constructed to take with him to Cuba, where several exteriors were to be made. Interior views are practically never made on location, but in this picture Terriss wanted some interior shots which would show the real lowlands and mountains through an open barred window, and he was unwilling to fake the view by means of a painted drop.

Finding himself in the open country without enough tents, he was obliged to hunt up a cave, which he and his assistant used as headquarters for planning each day's work, and the like.

A serious delay, which was threatened when the company ran out of film, was averted by the timely arrival of a visiting aviator, who was engaged to fly to Miami, Florida, where he procured a new supply, making the entire trip in five hours.

When the work in Cuba was completed, Terriss took his principals, among whom were Pedro de Cordoba, Emanuel Granado, Renee Adoree, and Gustav Seyffertitz, to Spain, to make the principal scenes of the picture, the story of which has to do principally with the bull ring.
This Freakish Business of Acting

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and that is that Tearle is a good box-office attraction throughout the country.

Often I have observed him at work or between scenes on Norma Tal- madge's and Corinne Griffith's sets. Those are very good times to catch an actor off guard—if ever he is. It has ever been apparent that Tearle is well liked as a man and respected as an actor, and if he weren't, I am sure, the atmosphere of the sets would have been literally surcharged with inharmonious vibrations, because whenever a leading man is out of gear with the star and the director and the electricians and the camera man, an outsider can sense it as soon as he sets foot on the stage.

Personally, Tearle is the living counterpart of many of the types he portrays. His manner is pleasant, affable, courteous, but just a trifle aloof. You would never take him for anything but an actor. He is not the type who never for a moment steps out of character, who if he happens to be playing a Victorian hero not even in private conversation forgets to think and talk Victorian.

Neither is he the type who tries to be so "regular, real and human" that he all but patronizes you trying to prove it. He is rather the kind of actor who has the ease, the surety and the poise that come after a long and varied professional career. He is a delightful and intelligent conversationalist and has a subtle wit that is thoroughly captivating.

His press agent, Pete Smith, a most enterprising inventor and purveyor of publicity yarns, often urged me to talk to Tearle. "Honestly, he's a real guy. You ought to get his ideas on acting. They're great."

So with that idea in mind I chatted with him one unusually cold California afternoon in front of cracking pine logs in his Hollywood home, an attractive feature of which is a combination of baronial hall and solarium with a fountain and luscoved pool in the center, and a broad fireplace at the farther end.

Mrs. Tearle, known in the musical comedy and vaudeville world as Adele Rowland, and the very double of Irene Castle, was present and the three of us indulged in the usual film chatter — Chaplin's picture, "A Woman of Paris" and De Mille's "Ten Commandments," particularly Rod La Rocque's work in the modern episode.

"That was an excellent perform-

ance La Rocque gave," said Tearle in his pronounced English accent with a Celtic strain. His tempo in conversation is very brisk and his phrases are often spoken staccato.

"It's really very interesting to see that most of the outstanding screen performances of the year have been given by actors who received their training on the stage. It's the only school of acting! Consider Holbrook Blinn's performance of the king in "Rosita." Wonderful, wasn't it? Richard Dix is another good actor brought to pictures from the stage. So is Lewis Stone, and the same for Milton Sills, whom I admire very much; Percy Marmont, Lew Cody, Lionel Belmore, Tully Marshall, Ernest Torrence, the Barrymores, and the rest of them. They're all of the stage, that is why they bring authority to their work. Name a really fine screen performance and invariably I'll show you that stage training is responsible for it."

I took him up on that and cited Valentino's work as Gallardo in "Blood and Sand." For Valentino had absolutely no stage training, outside of what he gained through dancing.

"Valentino is an exception, I might say the exception. He is an actor, A good one. But where he gets it from I don't know. I have watched him work and he really has remarkable conception, a sense of balance, repression—all the qualities that comprise fine acting.

"But getting down to what screen acting is, I don't know. How can there be such a thing when Baby Peggy is called a great actress and Strongheart, the dog, a marvelous, human actor? Personally, I don't think that any player has an understanding of the art of acting, which also means a deep knowledge of literature and a comprehensive knowledge of all art, until he is forty."

How different is Tearle's viewpoint of the qualifications of an actor as compared with George Jean Nathan, who asserts: "Intelligence is no more necessary to an actor than good looks are necessary to a veterinary surgeon. Intelligence is not an asset to the actor, but something of a handicap. Intelligence clouds the emotions and emotionalism is the actor's sine qua non. . . ."

Tearle continued, "The thing that really surprises me is that anything resembling real acting gets into the camera at all. The methods of stage and screen acting are so radically different that it is almost freakish that we do catch its illusion on the screen at all.

"Pictures to-day are a great director's game! Not an actor's. On the stage, the actor, if he is of any repute, and the director and the author intelligently discuss all the fine points of the play, so that everybody knows where he is at. On the screen there is rarely such coordination of minds. But I have no brief to offer with the screen. The condition I have described is typical of pictures to-day. Some time, perhaps, it will be changed."

Mentally, I gasped! Before me sat Conwy Tearle, a man who has built his screen reputation on his ability as an actor—who came from a family of Shakespearean actors—who himself played for one hundred and twelve nights important Shakespearean roles with Ellen Terry at the Drury Lane Theater, London—whose American reputation was made after playing Arnaud to Ethel Barrymore's Camille—who created in Australia the original Beau-Har, later touring the States in the same role for two years, not to mention his work as leading man to Viola Allen and Billie Burke at various times—there he sat before me stating that he had no idea what constituted screen acting.

Of course, it must be remembered that Tearle is a very candid man and an exceedingly temperamental one. He is steeped in the traditions of the stage and his long association with some of the greatest dramatic artists necessarily reflects in his opinions all the fine traditions of acting. I believe that he feels the limitations of the camera, in so far as they do not permit him to express the complete gamut of emotions that the speaking stage does, and that he also feels screen acting, or what passes for it, is as yet in a somewhat vague, undeveloped state, very difficult for a man like himself, with a rich background of stage experience, to define.

Nevertheless, Tearle brings to his screen portrayals, what we as an audience feel is the essence of screen acting—fine shading, restraint, just the right tempo to his physical movements to indicate moods, and a rare blending of intellect and feeling that approaches the highest expression of the spoken drama. He discounts heavily the results he achieves on the screen, but that, I believe, is simply his ambition and his reverence for the fine art of acting.
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FITTING THE LIFE STORY TO THE INTERVIEWER

Quite a few of you people who write to me seem to have been struck by the same idea lately—that there is something mysterious and puzzling about interviews. You tell me that from reading four or five different interviews with Gloria Swanson, you get conflicting pictures of her; that one presents her as a poised, aloof, and rather blasé woman of the world, while another portrays her as a gushing young mother with a keen interest in theories about bringing up children. You ask me to explain these seeming inconsistencies. Some of you think that these varying accounts of her personality show her up as a poseur. Some of you blame the differences on the interviewer, saying that they must just cling to their preconceived ideas of what she should be like rather than finding out what she really is like.

And don't think that Gloria is the only one who has thus puzzled people who read about the stars. Many other players have been pictured in almost as widely varying ways.

The reason for this, I have discovered, goes not only into the business of interviewing but into the vagaries of human psychology as well. And I am sure that when I tell you all I have learned about interviews and you think it over you will find them more interesting than you used to, even as I do.

It seems that players get so accustomed to calculating the effect of what they say and do on an audience, that even when they set out to talk about themselves they find their accounts influenced by the interest and enthusiasm of their listener.

"I can usually size a person up in a few minutes," one star admitted to me candidly, "and I know whether to talk about cabarets, common-sense heels, or the joys of raising a truck garden. Why just in the questions they ask, you can see what people are interested in and what their preconceived ideas of you are. Naturally, when one is talking to a representative of the press—particularly an interviewer from a fan magazine who represents the most critical as well as the most enthusiastic audience we reach—you try to make as good an impression as possible. And any one knows that if a person's one passion in life is woman's rights, or athletics, or literature, you are not likely to interest them much by talking about embroidery or the little theater movement or permanent waves. Not that I can hold anybody spellbound with my ideas on those or any other subjects, but at least I can express a little enthusiasm for the things that prove to be mutual interests."

It isn't a pose, you see, so much as it is mere politeness. The player tries to make the meeting as interesting as possible. It is to her advantage to do so, of course, but few players are good enough at acting to simulate an interest in a meeting that they do not really feel.

"Every time that I tell any one the story of my life," another player confided to me, "I find myself telling it a little differently. Not in the main facts, of course, but just in the little things that influenced my life. Try it yourself some time and see if you can talk about yourself and say exactly the same things every time. You keep remembering little incidents that had passed from your memory before. Sometimes it is a rainy day that sets you to thinking, perhaps, of a rainy day when you were a child that you spent reading some old newspapers in an attic. It seems to you as though the idea of becoming an actress really came to you then, though at other times you may have attributed it to the first show you saw, or a school entertainment or something else. We cannot look back through our lives and interpret every event and tell exactly how things happened to us and how events affected later decisions we made.

"Ask any psychoanalyst or a priest who has heard confessions or a welfare worker who hears the troubles of poor folk. They will tell you that nine out of ten people will tell their stories differently at different times—and each version may be equally true. The composite story is the very essence of that person's personality.

"We would be dull people indeed if we were always the same to all people, under all circumstances. And interviewers would be dull people if their reactions to new acquaintances didn't bring out new interests and new enthusiasms in them."

It seems to me that these two frank admissions throw a new light on interviews. Each new account of a chat with a star takes on a new interest because it shows not only the star whom we have admired from afar, but it also shows the high lights in that person's personality as mirrored through another's. In some cases where the publications that an interviewer

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row eyes, with a vague hint of an Oriental slant, of a childhood scene when before them his grandmother was massacred by the Cossacks.

His father was solo violinist of the Imperial Russian Ballet orchestra, his mother a proud Romanoff beauty. At six, for the small pittance that would help feed his sixteen older but less gifted brothers and sisters, he entered the ballet school. At sixteen he made his debut; at eighteen he was a solo dancer before the czar, afterward appearing in "Scheherazade" and "The Awakening." Bringing to America his dance creations of "Antar," "Scheherazade" and "The Legend of the Tatar"—this last, by the way, he recently presented in vaudeville—he saw possibilities in the movies and remained.

He has traveled. He knows the arts as few men to-day know them. He knows music, is skillful upon the violin; he is both sculptor and artist. His father was a friend of Count Tolstoy, and Kosloff himself numbered among his intimate compatriots such men as Anton Chekhov and Kerensky, brilliant minds that contributed to the malleable development of his own.

He speaks six languages and, still more, understands the psychologies of each people. Years of intensive training have given him control. And yet, with all of this background and fundamental worth, Kosloff is playing inconsequential parts—though contributing vastly in channels in which he does not personally appear—while some slick-haired young Romeo gets the gush notes and the fat salary. One might feel an irony in the situation if it were not that there is no such feeling in Kosloff himself. He is so wrapped up in his cause, the screen's betterment, that he has no time for self-pity.

There is about him no pose. Advanced in his theories, he assumes no swagger; he is naive in admitting himself to be one of the few genuine pantomimists in the world. And yet, in his very candor, the lack of that aggravating modest-violet manner that actors often wear to conceal their conceit, there is an appealing fascination. You feel always that it is of his art craft he speaks and thinks, not of himself. He is content to stand aside from the spotlight, to mold the clay of others' talents into form. He is all mind, though, irradiating despite his forty years the vitality of youthful idealism. Mentally, he is the most stimulating man I have ever met. And yet I feel as though Kosloff always recedes into

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The Experiences of an Interviewer

Continued from page 85

reflect her gay grin at life, on many a day when | I was so tired I was ready to drop in my tracks.

There's Elizabeth C.—only seventeen, but an actress, in stock in Detroit. Such interesting letters! They show poise, discrimination. Her ambition, and the humor of her work, too—about how she tries to "break up" some cocky actor in a scene, making a face at him when her back is to the audience.

But she has her serious side, too—rather surprising depth, considering her youth. "I've found the dearest, dustiest old bookshop here and I'm raiding it—got a beautiful edition of the poems of Oscar Wilde for a mere song. And some rare first editions that are beyond the grasp of a stock actress' pocketbook, but some day I'm going to buy all the books in this whole world!"

Imagine a seventeen-year-old ecstasy over first editions! It's startling, but indicative of the new spirit that is infusing the girls today.

There's Julia and her problems. Julia wants to write and, being but eighteen, can't understand why fame and success do not immediately reward her efforts. Though my opinion in all probability isn't worth much—as my comrade Patsy Ruth Miller often witheringly informs me—I do like to feel that perhaps by a little encouragement I am helping a wee bit some talent struggling to express itself.

Virginia F., though but a high-school girl, displays a critical attitude. She thinks Helen Ferguson "not beautiful, but a dear girl, so sincere and lovable;" Enid Bennett, "like a delicate frail bit of china—she brings to memory all the sweetest, most lovely things we have ever seen or heard of."

Virginia is busy with art and dancing—and wishes she were older so she could be "doing something worth while."

Then there's Margaret B., whose courage often shames me. She's still within speaking distance of twenty and has the highest aspirations, the most wonderful dreams. She teaches piano in a Florida conservatory of music. While drumming rhythm into young hopefuls, she dreams of weaving melodies out of her own music soul—and puts into her letters to me much of that young eagerness, that longing for beauty and music and culture. Once she wrote me, "Just give me a pipe organ and a rock-bound coast, with the waves beating against the boulders—and I know I could compose something good. Anyway I could play."

Margaret's salary is not large, making even movies "occasional treats" and new frocks "dreams to be planned, saved for and eventually realized, one by one." When I think I'm not getting ahead as fast as I should or get cross and cranky, I remember the struggles some of these young girls who write me are going through for their ideals, for their high hopes—and it sort of makes me ashamed.

And, best of all—I've kept her for the last because she's my very most special "fan friend" and I always save the biggest and nicest piece of candy for the last—Is Bunny. Though Bunny is sixteen, she has never seen a movie—for a nasty old germ or
something found a resting place in Bunny’s spine and paralyzed her so she can’t walk. But lying in bed for years, never getting out to see the many interesting things outside, particularly movies, hasn’t cramped Bunny’s style, not one single bit. Bunny knows all the stars, every tiny thing about them, from reading the fan magazines. It’s rather amazing, that childish idolatry of the players—really, she’s the most enthusiastic fan ever—from one who has never seen a movie.

Such a cheerful small one, Bunny! When I’ve been making so much of my own worries and then receive one of Bunny’s gay letters, I feel like crawling in a hole somewhere and burying my head, like an ostrich. She lives way up in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where it’s cold so much and dreary—but Bunny has that spirit which lives in its dreams, rises above its surroundings.

“I tell myself I’m just lazy and want to stay in bed all the time,” she writes. “Why, I think it’s fun lying in bed and getting mostly everything I want—if it doesn’t cost too much. I get the nicest letters from Ruth Roland and other stars and from fan friends, and oh, I do love them so—and Mary Pickford sent me a picture of herself dressed up as Rosita. Everybody is so nice.”

Doesn’t that bring a little light feeling to your heart? When Bunny wrote that her mother had my picture framed and that she prized it “most as much as if it were the queen”—well, I tell you it certainly made me realize there’s something in this writing business besides just the money and seeing your stories in print.

The other day I was irritated—working hard, crowds on the street elbowing the breath out of me, people late for appointments, you know how it is sometimes. But when I came home and found a bunch of mail from my fan friends, saying cheerio in every word almost—you’ve no idea how it shamed me to be making so much fuss over my own little worries and problems. I have so very much, in the work that now has lost its glamour for me, that has become so ordinary and commonplace, that these girls long to have—as one wrote, “I’d give a whole year of my life just to live your life for one day!”—that it makes me stop and think.

This may sound trite and bromidic—but I often think, if I am ever to be really worthy of such wonderful letters as are coming to me now from people I’ve never even met, I’ll certainly have to hustle!
Now I Only Weigh 130 Pounds

Latest French Way to Take Off Fat—It’s Safe and Lasting

Dear Fat Folks:

Let me tell you the truth about fat—do not be fooled by believing you can check a fairy condition in your system by going through weakening diets, strenuous exercises, rubbing your body with creams or lotions, or by using any of the old ways of reducing. If these were effective THERE WOULDN’T BE A FAT MAN OR WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY TODAY, as diets, exercises, creams and old remedies have been tried for years. Do not think that you can take off fat by wearing so-called reducing girdles—I tried it myself, the only result I got was the agony of mere puffing and sweating due to tight pressure on my skin. I personally know the horror of being fat—I went through it. Not only did I feel ashamed of my figure, but I never was well like the rest of the girls—they always could eat smart, ready-made clothes to fit them; I had to spend money to have them made to order and I never looked decent. I always had paint in my back or limbs, my feet ached, my head was dizzy—ALL THAT BECAUSE I WAS OVERTAKING MY FRAME WITH 50 POUNDS OF EXCESS FAT WHICH NATURE DID NOT INTEND FOR ME TO CARRY. I had spent a small fortune trying everything known to reduce, but never succeeded until one day I met a French Scientist who discovered how to change any fat man or woman into a normal slender person. Thanks to his advice, I finally and safely lost 50 pounds in eight weeks and I improved my looks and health 100%. Since I have explained my discovery to this country I have literally been swamped with letters of thanks from men and women who have taken off from 30 to 80 pounds of excess fat. What I did for them I can do for you. I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE personal and confidential directions on what to do to reduce. Simply mail me coupon below.

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Kindly send me full information on how to reduce.

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Here, then, was the modern American artiste in a fresh phase, treating her art not as art but as business, and knowing the ups and downs of that business in a manner that would do credit to Carl Laemmle or Jesse Lasky. Here was no pretense, no affectation, no effort to impress, divert, or entertain. Here, as a matter of fact, was no unforgettable personality: here was one of the most successful actresses currently engaged in cinematic endeavors going through the routine task of meeting an ambassador from the Best Magazine of the Screen in a gracious—and businesslike—manner.

Priscilla—with the Muffler Off

Continued from page 74

laughs as strong men drop, beaten. But she always does those things with a little feminine, saucy air utterly bewitching. What would be anathema, coarse, in another woman, in Priscilla is just the vital play of life in a minx.

Of theatrical parentage, at four she began acting.

"I was the squawker. I squalled and howled through numerous Charles K. Blaney melodramas, but oh, how I loved it!" Her brown eyes flashed, danced.

Ten years ago she migrated to the films, after a season dancing in "The Folies Bergere."

"I did a little bit of everything with the Griffith troupe. We had to play all kinds of characters in those Biograph melodramas and I loved the excitement, the thrill of something new every minute."

With her Universal contract came her first big picture, "The Wildcat of Paris," which immediately brought her into focus as a new and startling personality. The flame and spice of that characterization, the sheer bravado of it, made her a star overnight. And never since has she quite reached the heights of her work in that film. "The Virgin of Stamboul" and "Outside the Law," were about the best that followed. "Reputation" was not a great success but she avers that it helped her considerably in public estimation. "The Flame of Life," "Under Two Flags," "Conflict," and others whose titles I have forgotten, in no way enhanced her fame.

The big companies very often have a way of killing the geese that lay their own golden eggs, of blanketing personalities in a routine of hokum that cigar-chewing gentlemen in swivel chairs say the public wants.

The Porcelain Mask

A Detective Story

By JOHN JAY CHICHESTER

Only a note: "I want to talk with you on some business. If you don't want me to come there, you had better come to see me. Phone Joe's place, and he'll tell you where I am."

It was unsigned, but no signature was necessary to identify the writer. Helen Gilmore knew, all too well. Her hands clenched, crushing the paper between her fingers.

She was happily married, but—that "but" makes the best and most interesting detective story you have ever read.

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Looking on with an Extra Girl

Continued from page 91

way John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte, together as always, and that very pleasant fascinating Englishman—Percy Marmont.

As we go in the gate we are thoroughly bawled out for being late, which troubles us less than nothing—for in pictures, no matter how late you are, you’re always too early. We proceed to the outside set, where we are to spend the afternoon. It is a very realistic replica of a garden terrace and wall of Haddon Hall. Mary is almost unbelievably beautiful in a stiff gleaming costume of rose brocade embroidered in pearls. She is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women on the screen and the only reason I should like to see color photography used is that people might see her exquisite coloring, too.

The scenes to be taken are more or less incidental, always with the “atmosphere” moving in slow and stately manner in the background. In the distance hovers continually a large group of spectators, mostly tourists all, to judge by their expressions, quite appropriately thrilled and frantic with fear that they may miss a glimpse of Mary. This studio is the only one of importance to which it is an easy matter to gain entrance. As soon as a certain number has collected at the gate, a guide shows them all over the famous “Robin Hood.” “Thief of Bagdad,” “Rosita,” and “Dorothy” sets and permits them brief distant glimpses of the companies at work. Estelle Taylor, who plays Mary, Queen of Scots, passes among them to reach the set, causing a great sensation and flutter. Miss Taylor is a quiet, friendly girl and seems to try very sincerely to do her best. She is not strikingly pretty, completely losing off the screen the glamorous effect she gives when on. But she is democratic and very well liked by everyone who works with her.

Toward the end of the afternoon Miss Pickford starts some riding scenes and we are dismissed. However, I prefer to stay and watch an example of expert horsemanship. Miss Pickford has a beautiful little horse, pure white and about the build of a polo pony. Its robes are of fine rose velvet, embroidered in silver, and it looks a worthy mount of its sweet mistress. She understands it perfectly and some of the riding in this picture will pull you to the edge of your seat with a gasp. Mrs. Pick-
ford looks on anxiously and appears relieved when the strenuous bits are over.

The shadows are now too long to permit any more work, so we struggle back in the fading light past the towering "Robin Hood" wall and drawbridge, past the Fairbanks' pretty bungalow dressing room, set in its prim fenced-in lawn, and back to the long, white row of dressing rooms. By dark the studio is deserted, the big Rolls-Royce town car containing two of the nation's best beloveds passes out of the gate and the day's work is done.

I consider that it was a privilege to be even a very unimportant item in the production of such a picture, an education and priceless experience to be in contact with the personality of its star. Her magnetism, brilliance, and tender, gentle spirit dominated every animate or inanimate detail of her picture. It was a great satisfaction, a dream realized, to see with my own eyes that she really merits the public's adoration of her.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 67

to drape them more effectively on the edge of the mahogany table until a glance from Mother, Carr hailed the journey in mid-air.

"Fine way for an artist to act," May Beth eyed her brother in disgust. "You oughta be artistic. Well, I dunno just how, but be it, anyway. John's sketches aren't so bad, considering he's never had any lessons."

"Yeh, I might bring some fame to this family yet."

"You might? Were you, by any mistaken chance, referring to yourself?" A soft, beguiling tone from dark, bandolined, juvenile Thomas. "And I suppose"—sarcastically—"the rest of us—Huh! ever hear of an artist getting fan letters?"

"Thomas got two when 'Over the Hill' was shown," chuckled the irresistible May Beth. "He knows 'em by heart. Anyhow, Stephen's better looking—when he doesn't laugh all over his face. He played Marion Davies' brother in 'Little Old New York.' And I," May Beth paused for dramatic effect, prolonging the suspense by helping Chee-Chee, the diminutive Peke, look for whatever was troubling his fuzzy ruff. "I am going to be a star myself. Prob'lly I'll look like Mary Pickford, I wouldn't be surprised—"

Ensuing ten minutes of ribald jeering from youthful males.

"I'll have George Walsh for my leading man," the eleven-year-old continued imperturbably. "He's so—romantic!"

"We tee-totally disagree. He's got a wicked way with the winnin', but he's got bow-legs, too—"

"Thomas! One more remark like that and you march up to your room!"

A Mary Carr interview is very much a family affair, because there is such a lot of family. A quite frank family, sparing the feelings of none in its jolly, sharp kidding.

"We've sort of grown up in the theatrical atmosphere," she smiled at her turbulent brood. "John isn't so enthusiastic—he'd much prefer drawing—but the other children are crazy about acting. Four of them were with me in 'Over the Hill' and the others have all been on the screen at different times. It would be unnatural for me to try to make plumbers or grocers out of them. Acting just runs in certain families. The Barrymores, for instance—"

"Why mention them?" with admirable aplomb Stephen started a deep bass retort that ended in a squeak. His blush brought forth a chorus of howls from the others.

"But it was her work in 'Over the Hill' that focused attention upon gentle Mary Carr, she had long been portraying the same type of sad-faced motherhood—the direct antithesis to her own jolly self.

"I had been on the stage for many years before my marriage. Mr. Carr was a movie director, so I, too, joined the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia eleven years ago. When the kiddies were small, I'd bundle them all up and take them to the studio with me—"

"Sure, we cut our teeth on megaphones—"

"Be still. And John—my very nice sofa cushion! Will you kindly hang your feet out the window or up the chimney! My first really good role was in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' with Marguerite Clarke. Those were the good old days—we were all like a happy family, we picture folks then. My years have been full of work and my youngsters have kept me young—I needed this brood of scatterbrains!"

Mrs. Carr smiled, "as a relief from my many weeping dramas."

Her most recent work was with Colleen Moore in "Painted People," and in "The Woman on the Jury."

Truly, a family affair, those Carrs.
Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

at least they have them in mind and that is something.

"But I am forgetting to tell you about the ball—the big official welcome to the fleet. The Ambassador was all decorated with flags and every one was there from the Iowa tourists to the motion-picture stars and naval officers. Naturally, a big party like that means nothing in the lives of most of the motion-picture stars. They would rather stay home. But if they do people say they are getting upstage, so the whole film colony had to go in force. Never having been in high society, I don't know if this was the accepted way to run an affair, but it seemed to me rather like introducing the freaks outside a side show. I must ask Elinor Glyn about it. They cleared the center of the dance floor, pushing the guests to the side and almost out the windows, and then as an announcer bellowed the names of the dignitaries present they walked forward, one couple at a time, the whole length of the room to be stared at and applauded. Colleen Moore rated an admiral and he was so fussed at marching past the applauding mobs in the ballroom that she forgot to be. Carmel Myers was about the most striking looking person there in a décolleté gown of tomato color; Louise Fazenda got by far the greatest applause—to which I contributed to the extent of two blistered palms; Gertrude Osmstead was the quaintest and most naive in a sweet, stiff little dress of pink tulle; and the greatest acting performance on the ballroom floor was Madge Bellamy's. She wiggled and smirked and coquetted and played the ingénue. Estelle Taylor went on parade with Jack Dempsey, and was, according to the announcer, the most beautiful woman in the movies, but in the audience there seemed to be some disagreement about that. Virginia Valli looked very sweet and ridiculously young and Jacqueline Logan, in a close-fitting white ostrich feathers, was charming. She got there so late that the floor committee had doled out the very last naval officer so Jacqueline marched down the line with Raymond Griffith. On the whole I think she preferred him, and I am sure that I would. I wanted Ben Alexander to go in the grand march with me but the mere prospect sent him into gales of laughter and I had to give up in despair. 'But the hero of the occasion—has he ever been known to fail?' was Eugene O'Brien. When other matinée idols were announced, people applauded, but when his name was mentioned there was a mighty chorus of "Ahs!" that filled the hall. Isn't it wonderful that after all these years of adulation he still looks a little sheepish when something like that happens?

"Most of the celebrities left the ball early because of the terrible jam there and in that wild Hollywood way went down stairs to the soda fountain.

"You know, in many ways Hollywood is just as depressing as New York. You are always having to say good-by to some one you are awfully fond of and see them off for Paris or London or some wild location spot. Irene Rich is going to London to make a picture. Isn't that tragic when I wanted particularly to see a lot of her out here? But every one is rejoicing over her good luck. She has signed with Warner Brothers for another year after she gets back from London and that must mean that she is going to play Willa Cather's 'The Lost Lady' for them. Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan are going abroad for a vacation. Cecil De Mille's whole company is going over to Catalina—that's just around the block in real distance, but it seems far away. And now that summer is here people are going to all sorts of strange and remote spots to make location scenes.

"And speaking of going places—you really must excuse me. I've got to rush away to see George Hackathorne make some perfectly thrilling scenes. And I must tear out to Culver City and see Dale Fuller. She is playing her first gorgeously dressed part in Elinor Glyn's picture 'His Hour.'"

"But what about George?" I inquired anxiously.

"He is playing in 'Checkers' for Fox—a revival of the old play they filmed a few years ago and he is going to ride in a big race with a lot of real jockeys."

"No double?" I inquired skeptically.

"No double," Fanny said firmly. "They are going to let George do it himself."

I gathered up my belongings, so that she couldn't rush away without me.

"Then I am going too." And who wouldn't?
More Mixed Matrimony.

In the old days movie fans used to object to having their heroines married. But now, bless your old-fashioned heart, Constance Talmadge can get married several times in the same picture and no one even thinks twice about it. "The Goldfish" shows how a girl can get along in the world if she has no objections to matrimony in the wholesale. It is, of course, all in fun and just as harmless as the story of Bluebeard.

Constance has another rôle that calls for a great deal of flirting and that demands that every man in the cast shall fall completely for her charms. After some of the newer and better light comedies, "The Goldfish" seems a little creaky and much of its sparkle seems artificial. But it is the best picture that Constance has had for a long time, so there is no use being too hard on it.

And Still the Wedding Ring.

"Pal O' Mine" is not a dog story, nor a cat story, nor a horse story, nor a kid story; it is, yes, yes, a story of a husband and wife. The wife becomes an opera singer and, knowing what you know about musicians, need I tell you that the husband has several things to worry about? But Irene Rich is the wife so, naturally, everything comes out all right. Willard Louis is also in the picture but otherwise, it is nothing to brag about.

And, in Brief —

Emory Johnson's new melodrama is called "The Spirit of the U. S. A." It is guaranteed to raise your patriotism by several degrees. It contains the same old reliable combination of tears, smiles and thrills with Johnnie Walker and Mary Carr as the principal players.

"The Lone Wolf," made by S. E. V. Taylor, has Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt in the leading rôle. Why is it that crooked stuff seems to be losing its punch? Has the excitement of real life spoiled these hist, hist, stories? In "The Lone Wolf," the plot clutters up the picture to such an extent that you actually look forward to seeing a nice quiet scene in which nothing happens.

"The Woman on the Jury" presents that dirty dog, Lew Cody, in one of his meanest parts. And he is such a pleasant fellow, too, off the screen. But his goings-on before the camera are getting beyond all hope. The story is a mystery story without any suspense, if you get what I mean. After five minutes, you have a pretty fair idea of what is going to happen. Sylvia Bremer and Frank Mayo are also in the cast.

"Between Friends" was directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The story was written by Robert W. Chambers and proves that a fellow mustn't trust his best friend. Lou Tellegen plays the rôle of the trusting husband whose best friend steals his wife. The husband pines away until another girl comes along and then the fireworks start. Anna Q. Nilsson, who is the best thing in the picture, is killed off early in the struggle and the picture does the best it can without her. But it never gets really jolly.

"The Fighting American" is a prize story written by somebody whose name I can't remember. But, no matter, it's just as well. A foreword explains that the plot is meant as satire but ninety-nine out of a hundred would have a strong suspicion that the producer changed it to a comedy at the last minute to save his face. Pat O'Malley and Mary Astor are in it.

Summer Fashion Hints from Our Club

The kind of dress that women always like to have handy to slip into on short notice is the one which Clara Horton wears. Such a gown finds great usage at any season of the year, because in the summer the creamy allover lace waist looks cool and airy, and in the winter it has the semblance of elegance. Cocoa-brown plaited crape forms the skirt, which extends well into the blouse on either side.

And, of course, no girl who has a number of dresses, whether of linen, organdie, flannel or silk would feel completely outfitted without a separate coat. The one that Carmelita Geraghty wears is becoming to nearly every type of woman. It is perfectly simple, and depends for its effect upon the design of material used and its trimming of bands of plain material of the predominant color in the printed or embroidered cloth. Rodier flannel, thread embroidered in green and gold, is the material used in this model, although any of the new printed silks or blocked woolens would be suitable.
Valentino makes capital of his physical charms as any feminine vamp would do. He has a fine pair of legs, developed by dancing. From the bare, brown limbs of the dangerous Sheik to the silken calves displayed by the small clothes of the insouciant Monsieur Beauregarde is a far cry—but depend on it, Valentino will show his legs. The women, God bless them, want to see them!

But how different is the charm of young Barthelmess. Entirely divorced from the physical—as far from Valentino as Galahad from Launcelot.

Barthelmess is the boy lover whom every woman has in the back of her head. He is the wistful, tender dream of her youth. Her youth may be just in bud, it may be only the ghost of a memory, fleeting among the garbage heaps of disillusion. Wherever it is, whatever it has suffered, the vision endures.

The woman fan who watches Dick Barthelmess, vicariously enjoys a spiritual companionship. The physical cripple of "The Enchanted Cottage" steals into her heart divorced of the lame body, aflame with the flame of the spirit. A harp-bearing magician sings away her daily drudgeries and conjures from the ethereal the incohoate dreams of youth.

And so in him we find the idealistic type of romantic lover—the romantic lover entirely divorced from physical attraction.

There is no doubt of the fact that all four of these types of screen lover, vertically divided into classic and romantic, and again sliced horizontally into physical and aphysical heroes, are in demand among all varieties of women moviegoers. For different moods they all, in turn, may be in demand to stimulate the personlity of an individual woman.

Undoubtedly our most interesting discovery from a scientific inspection of screen heroes is that of the growing fashion for sophisticates, mental tyrants of the type of Adolphe Menjou.

Does this vogue argue a corresponding increase in the sophistication of the women? Or is it only a passing fancy, which, in turn, will be supplanted by another style in screen lover?

Perhaps we had best leave these dangerous questions to be answered by time, which if unmolesed will eventually put a period to every vexatious interrogative of the feminine temper.

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**Manhattan's Bright Lights**

Continued from page 71

The actors on the set, electricians and carpenters, saw Norman at the same time, and work was suspended for an hour while Kerry entertained. The most notable thing about Norman this trip was his haircut. It was way over his ears. He explained it by saying he was playing the part of a funny-looking violinist in his next picture.

Dick Barthelmess called me aside and asked me to explain that there was no longer any trouble between him and his company, the Inspiration Pictures Corporation. He's to start in right away to make "The Song and Dance Man," George M. Cohan's last stage success. If, after he makes that picture, the Inspiration company could only prevail upon the Famous Players to part with Scott Fitzgerald's story "This Side of Paradise," it would make an ideal vehicle for Dick. Scott Fitzgerald made a movie treatment of it for Glenn Hunter to do, but it has never been made as yet. There was an announcement made that it was to be done this summer with Richard Dix as the hero and Paul Sloane directing. Paul Sloane is a scenario writer who has graduated into being a director. Somehow or other I can't picture Richard Dix in "This Side of Paradise," but stranger things than that have happened.

Gloria Swanson has a new leading man, who looks as though he might develop into something rather good. His name is Ian Keith. Until recently he has confined his activities to the stage, where he has long been playing leads. It is whispered that he is the material of which stars are made. They have been trying for a long time to find the ideal leading man for Miss Swanson, but can't quite get the right one. In the past year H. B. Warner, Rod LaRoque, Ricardo Cortez have all graced her pictures. Maybe Keith will be the one they are looking for.
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Satisfaction Guaranteed

Continued from page 27

Later when Mr. Brenon decided to give the company a few minutes' rest, Mr. Torrence joined me near the camera stand. We watched the extras scrambling up over tables and chairs, to hang over the wall of the set and watch Valentino, who was attending the Duke of Marlborough's ball a few feet away.

"That shows whom they admire," Mr. Torrence observed as he folded up his six feet and lots more into a diminutive camp chair. His precise turn of phrase falls pleasantly on an ear accustomed to the vagaries of movie speech.

"Did some one look after you while you were waiting?" he asked with real anxiety. "I was frightened when I found that the time for our appointment was long past and the scenes weren't finished. It must have been very tiresome for you to wait here in all this. I am sincerely sorry."

Such gallant consideration was enough to make any interviewer burst into tears. Instead I told him, and truthfully, how much I had enjoyed watching him at work.

"I was so anxious about this picture—" I liked the way he ignored my compliments—"I was terribly afraid that some one else would buy it before I could persuade the Famous Players company to give me a chance to do it. It seemed like my one big chance."

There are just two men among all the motion-picture folk I have met who have the air of diplomats—who, might conceivably, be at home at the Court of St. James. One is Cecil De Mille; the other Ernest Torrence. And yet with all this dignity, his outstanding characteristic is humility. Humility toward the critics of the press whose every comment he takes to heart; a courteous deference toward bothersome people who hold forth at length on what is wrong with the movies, and a whole-souled respect for the people who have been in movies longer than he has. That last, curiously enough, in spite of the fact that he has contributed more worth-while characterizations in his short career than they have in their long ones.

"We rehearsed all morning just these few simple scenes because I had a hard time learning to handle those boxes and juggle things about," he said as though it were a lamentable oversight on his part that he had neglected to learn juggling before going into the movies. "On the stage you can fake much more. I never really knew how to dance when I was in musical comedy; I just faked it."

Even though I remember him in "The Night Boat," I cannot reconcile the Ernest Torrence I know to musical comedy. The idea is too grotesque. He is the courteous, ceremonious gentleman whom interviewers adore. He is the tall, gaunt, distinguished-looking personage who dominates the crowd at first nights. But he is too much a hero now for me to reconcile him to the comedian of other days.

"Ernest, we're going to do those other scenes now. You'll have to change," Mr. Brenon's voice called from somewhere in back of us. Mr. Torrence unfolded from the depths of the chair with alacrity and started to go.

But before he went he made a pretty speech of regret. No one could have been annoyed at him for making our meeting so brief. He handled that situation suavely and with delicacy, even as he handles his roles on the screen with magnetism and power.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 30

yelling and running, I landed on the well-known ukulele. One of our carpenters nailed and glued it together and you would never know the difference.

Our provisions had to be shipped from El Paso, our water came from twelve miles away until the truck backed into the tank and broke it and after that it came from town. At one time we had trucks stalled for three days, on account of terrible sand storms. They were carrying food, wood, coal and, worst of all, feed for the horses.

I have never seen such a homesick bunch in my life. A car went into town every few days with mail, and bringing out reams of letters and little bundles from home folk. I never before knew how much a letter could mean to some one away from his home town. If you have anybody away right now, go sit down and jot down just a "hello" before you finish reading this.

In a place like that you get to know people pretty well. And I want to say for that crowd that they were the best sports I ever saw.
They would talk about their homes, and kiddies, and I think each one had the best wife or mother in the world. It kind of made a lump come up in my throat when they would really get serious.

In our stampede shots, the dust was so thick that Roy Stewart and I couldn't see the cattle. I hope the cameras could. Our brunette cow-punchers, after being covered with alkali dust, looked like giddy blondes. You can guess our humor, coming back to camp. Then we would gather in somebody's tent. I played the ukulele, Charlie Murray and Charlie Sallon did buck dances on the ground floor of the tent, and Roy Stewart beat time on a wash pan. You ought to hear him imitate a Chinese opera, playing all parts. Hobart Bosworth played some improvised castanets—knives and forks, I've never heard so many funny stories, or played so many crazy games. It was just like a big family. I learned some cowboy songs.

One of the fellows received a radio message: "Start celebrating. It's a girl. Big blue eyes, tiny nose, looks just like you, darling." He answered: "Description baby O. K. Keep her."

Well, no sooner had we got back to Hollywood than we changed clothes and left for Douglas, Arizona. Here it is quite a bit different. In a hotel, get up at six, travel by auto to location thirty miles. The town is on the border and they say all the front-page revolutions are started right across the line in Agua Prieta.

The first day on location Hobart Bosworth came to mamma and said with a grin, "Bessie wanted to know if you found the doughnut flour." "Doughnut flour?" She didn't know he was joking. She borrowed the necessaries from the ranch house and made good old-fashioned doughnuts. And with coffee, oh, my! Since then she has been elected cook for lunch every day, with two carpenters to help. Not to cast any reflection on her cooking, understand, only on our appetites.

Cattle, cattle everywhere and no milk to drink! These are wild hill cattle. We have cattle in every scene in the last half of the picture.

I forgot to say I go through the picture on a chuck wagon. You know, it has no springs. You can just imagine what that is like.

My love to you, as usual. Hope to see you before next Christmas.

Bessie Love.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Let's Applaud the Deserving.

I should like to express my appreciation of the work of that genuinely fine and too-rarely seen artist, Miss Blanche Sweet. Always one a can only say that it is odd the fact that she has seen to come into her own. "Anna Christie" brought her back to us, revealing her real powers. Practically untrained as she was, her capabilities, it is a shame that we neglect her as we do. Unhesitatingly I consider her the finest we have. With the unforgettable Anna and Ladles, those of us who had the privilege to see both appear as though this is truly her year. If we could only see her do Sadie Thompson in Rain! They say it is to be filmed, but we cannot picture any other actress in the role except Miss Sweet. To this perfect cast would be, besides Miss Sweet as Sadie, House Peters as Reverend Davidson, Mary Allen as Mrs. Davidson, and Richard Dix as Handsome.

Your department has long interested us just as your magazine has. We've been so pleased, too, at the generous praise your staff have heaped on the efforts of our favorite. Because of that mutual admiration we have written this.

In those days of countless mediocre pictures it is a joy to see a truly worth-while production. Surely the moviest are indeed hard pressed for subject matter when such piffle as "The Song of Love," "Shadows of Home," "Not Man Put Asunder," and "Flaming Barriers" can find a way to the screen. The other night our dying faith was slightly revived by Universal's "The Format of the Highway." Mary Philbin has arrived to stay. Her Mamie Rose is beautifully drawn, and the whole production a credit to the screen. If we could see more like it!

Let us applaud the deserving and make a vigorous attempt to escape these meaningless, stupid pictures that the producers seem to think we'll love.

Don McSwen.

Whitehaven, Tenn.

Romance and Charm.

Oh, to be a poet!

To be able to write a lilting, limpid eulogy of at least a dozen verses! Nothing less could I do.

I would like to see a book of short, breeze-tossed, blond hair; of well-spaced, ingratiating blue eyes; of a radiant, though somewhat elfin smile that reveals a flash of white teeth before it dives into twin dimples! To be able to adequately praise a splendid, supple body, an intelligent and thoughtful mind and, above all, a kind and generous heart. His wholesome, vibrant personality suggests the breadth of spring, the waxen moonlight of summer evenings and the glowing, lingering glory of an autumnal mist.

He is the poet, the epitome of romance and charm.

The hero of the above spasm is Reginald Denny. I wonder if Mr. Denny agrees with my views.

Madeline Glass.

720 So. Coronado Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

A College Girl's Views.

Do the stars really read these contributions of criticism—complimentary and otherwise! If they do, I have noticed much criticism which, if taken in the right spirit, would prove very beneficial and constructive to many of our current pictures.

While vacationing in California last summer I was bitten by the movie bug, and even went so far as to play a few minor parts in several pictures—we college girls these days must have a bit of diversion, you know. However, my idea of movie acting being mere diversion was most instantaneously reversed. Since then I have been quite a fan—and a very appreciative one—of sincere and intelligent efforts.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A Second Bernhardt!

I protest! And protest vigorously against Miss Polly Gilliam's letter in the June issue of Picture-Play.

There never was a greater actress in the history of pictures than the uncommonly tall, exquisite, supernatural Lillian Gish! A second Bernhardt, is my cry! Then— the ridiculously austere statement "that vague, dopey way, principally she, Miss Marsh, and Carol Dempster have of acting!" Furthermore, Miss Gilliam is never moved by any of Mr. Griffith's pictures. Then—she's no soul! I, too, disagreed with Miss Reiss that movie folk are an overly silly lot. I know that she wanted to stir up a little excitement in this excellent magazine, but I am confident that most any night you might see Miss Reiss viewing the latest popular release at her favorite theater.

Mr. Griffith's pictures are always beautifully full of the philosophy of life. His players, I am sure, have met and dealt with this crude oddly called life, or never could they have shown such performances of crystalline perfection!

Z. GLORY LEIGH.
No. 2 Keystone Avenue, Upper Darby, Delaware County, Pa.

Give Credit Where Credit is Due!

As a woman who professes to know talent and artistry when he sees it, I hereby voice my disapproval of some of the unkind and unfair criticisms of Pola Negri's work in American productions, published in the magazines. Since Paramount has shown such bad judgment in making two pictures with the same star along the same lines, and released at the same time, there is bound to be comparison between the two.

Contrary to the critic's views, I found "The Humming Bird" to be very dull and uninteresting. If Gloria Swanson has any new mannerisms I failed to notice them. I was so taken with Pola Negri's good looks that I did not notice her hands. The two stars were just plain gorgeous. But I am sure she made her hands deep into her pockets and walk around looking "tough." Edward Burns, her leading man, made no effort at all; he just appeared in certain scenes.

The atmosphere and acting was far more real in "Shadows of Paris." Pola Negri's performance was splendid, as was that of Charles de Rochecolombe.

"Bella Donna," "The Cheat," "The Spanish Dancer," and "Shadows of Paris" have been some of the best pictures that Paramount has produced in years.

Pola has beauty, magnetism, and fire, while there is a distinct note of artificiality in Gloria's make-up and acting.

Critics be fair! Give credit where credit is due! J. LESLIE GREEN.
42 Weybosset Street, Fall River, Mass.

How to Approach the Stars.

When fans disguise themselves and use other dishonest means in order to gain an audience with their screen favorite and, as a result, get a complete understanding, they are getting just exactly what they deserve.

Fans must wake up to the fact that
the picture people are real human beings and not imaginary creatures. If you analyze for too much attention, you are all over Miss Young snubbing the author as well as the author's daughter. That I think the girl who directed herself and the one who wrote the letter is in trouble with the church. But I wonder if you don't worry more over Miss Young snubbing the author than the author or his daughter are worrying. It would have been very nice if she had made an acknowledgment, but I cannot condemn her for not doing so, as the manner in which the book was presented to her thoughts and desires — what is called, I'm sure, If the girl had gone back there as herself and handed Miss Young the book, as she was leaving the theater, I feel that she would have been kindly received, and I would have had a chance to convince Miss Young of the sincerity of her errand.

I had not seen my screen favorite in person, and having followed his work all the years that he was on the screen I was very anxious to meet him. A year ago Mr. Baggot was playing at one of the theaters and I was determined to meet him. I sent my card back — during the years I had written him many fan letters and received a number of very flattering ones. He was honored, and Mr. Baggot received me and entertained me in a very cordial, friendly manner. So I must say emphatically to all that if you meet your favorite, seek their audience as you would any other human being's, but don't be dishonest with them or yourself.

Mrs. Lorenza Stevens.

711 Superba Street, Venice, Calif.

Concerning the Radio.

In a recent article your Observer quotes, "Is the radio hurting the movies?"

I believe I am answering the question for a good many when I say it certainly is no, and I do not believe it ever will. I am crazy about the radio, but does it give me any indication that a movie does? I should say it doesn't. And the crowds at the theaters I attend are as large or even larger than ever, and believe me, I get into my '30s. We watch the same movies we've have to stand in the lobby for an hour, and I go to the Alhambra, Garden, Merril, Strand, Wisconsin, as well as many of the smaller theaters. Daddy gave me dollars every week for spending money, and it's spent on movies, not on radio parts. To me the motion picture is not merely entertainment, it's education, and many people would like to burst out and scold my little sister for doing things she shouldn't do. I tell her in a nice way it is wrong to go to certain things. I've taught her to cultivate patience. The radio will never do that — not me.

I have arrived at the conclusion that the radio is merely a novelty at this date, and good pastime for me when I've spent my allotted dollars; but I do not believe it will ever replace the movie.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Foremost Dramatic Actress.

A fan recently wrote that she hoped Norma Talmadge would show us she can be the foremost dramatic actress of the screen, the position once held by Pauline Frederick.

I hold that Miss Frederick still retains, and will continue to retain, that position. Miss Frederick has more acting ability than almost any actress on the screen. The radiance of her soulful eyes and the beauty of her smile to me seems like a benediction. How I love her.

Not only my love I share with her, but also my prayers.

AGNES THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Boost for Conrad Nagel.

I have been amazed when reading the "What the Baos Think" columns not to see more people who, in my estimation, is a splendid and capable actor and gives to the screen most sincere and natural characterizations. I refer to Conrad Nagel. I am glad to see that he is at last coming into his own, and is now having important roles allotted to him.

IRENE C. HOREY.


New York's Opinion? Pooh! I do resent your criticism of "Thy Name is Woman" in your June number. It seemed to me worthy to be classed with "Anna Christie," "The Green Goddess," and "A Woman of Paris." And please don't try to convince us as to its unworthiness by giving as criterion the opinion of a New York audience. New Yorkers are, as a class, the most unsophisticated and uncultured of Americans. In fact, New York proper isn't America. It's New York, and that's all you can say. We should hardly allow New York to pick our movie entertainments.

DOROTHY GROUT.

2470 Summit Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Some Suggestions for the Directors.

Variety is the spice of life. That, I believe, is the great secret movie directors should pay more attention to than they have paid. I can think of no star who has survived lengthy repetition in his — or her — pictures. Norma Talmadge almost went under because of the heavy burden thrown upon her by a director who was saved by such pictures as "Smiling Through." Mary Pickford, though bringing many maledictions down upon her curly head by fame-diminished devotion at her beaten track, and has, in the long run, profited thereby. For though the fans may wail and the critics rage over her, they are only the gladder when she returns to her usual type.

And another word be permitted, I would speak thus: Do not ask any more stars upon the poor public. If a person really desires to be a star, and the public wants him, he will be whether he is said to be just a "featured" player or not.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, and Pola Negri are to me the real stars, because they are such distinct personalities, though they are not my favorite players. They are bigger than the parts they play. Miss Pickford is "Our Little Mary." Miss Negri is "The Daring Columbus." Miss Talmadge is "Woman." Miss Fairbanks is "The Tragic Beauty." Even when she donned a Spanish shawl. Douglas Fairbanks was Doug himself, who wore the clothes of Robin Hood in his picture that this is not an adverse criticism of them, nor am I insulting others in the profession by leaving them from this list. Their appeal is simply of a different nature and they enjoy all kinds. Variety again, you see.

But back to stars. I am living in constant fear that Ernest Torrence is going to be snubbed. My theory is that actor has been ruined by this same process, to my way of thinking. Couldn't the directors choose an interesting star — who is only a director — and then pick players to portray the bigger roles in it regardless of their former rank? It seems to have been done in a few cases. Holbrook Blinn was fine in "The Bad Man.

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but personally I don't want always to see him just play leads. Why should a man always be a villain or a hero? Though he may play first an English, then a French hero, now a medieval, next a modern hero, he has not necessarily proved himself versatile. The audience knows him too well. I know when I go to a movie that, no matter what the odds, I can always count on Scaramouche as a pretty villian, or New York as a villain, or I go home in a half, pondering whether I shall ever go again.

If I cannot see a thing in its entirety, as it was made, just as though the people lived before me, I am done with pictures. The censors must think we are children. They don't know what to do for any one else. If we should see more of the reality, there would not be so much mystery about it.

Of course, I do not mean that I like vulgarity, but one does not need to be vulgar to be truthful to the laws and ways of life!

I have had my say and hope that it will not be censored, either.

MARY G. COCHRAN.

4 Woessner Avenue, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Rap at the Fan Critics.

Sometimes I wonder, when I read the comments that fans from all corners of the globe contribute, if they are not the ones that should be picked to pieces body and soul, instead of the players who are striving so hard to please a somewhat upstage public. I wonder if these would-be fan critics stop to consider that most of the players have got their place in the cinema heavens by sheer pluck and ability? How funny it would if only one star or another could say to his public that he got his way because certain fans would have it. So, is it not true that “it takes all kinds of people to make a world?” I feel concerned that this can be applied to the movie world also, meaning both players and pictures. And there are thousands who are entertained by some star nightly, maybe not so famed, but still well liked by many persons.

I really think that the stars should be complimented on their pluck and determination, after the ridicule and small-town stories that are forever being spread about them. I wonder what I or my fellow fans would do in the same position if we were out in the cinema heavens. I would rather that they entertain a tired soul who is seeking just the kind of recreation they offer. And regardless of what I or any other could say to the picture, the player and producer can feel well paid for their efforts. It could hardly be otherwise, for they get so little encouragement, and so many kind.

R. M. MATSON.

143 North Sixth West, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Note from Texas.

Do you know—

That in “Little Old New York” Miss Martin and Miss Davies is the very image of Richard Barthelmess?

That Eugene O’Brien and Jack Mulhall could pass for twins?

That Colleen Moore can sometimes look like our own Lillian Gish?

That Rod LaRocque and Monte Blue
are enough alike to make you believe they are brothers with different names? That without fear of discovery, Edmund Love could double for John Barrymore? That Ruth Clifford and Gladys Walton must be first cousins? That Ramon Novarro and Rex Ingram do face each other? That Constance Talmadge should be ashamed of herself for filming "Duley"? That Ruth Clifford does look wonderful in a bathing suit, and should wear one forever?

Information Please
Continued from page 102

That costume plays are going out of style? That "Her Reputation" was one of the most entertaining plays of the year? That I am just about to meet Carmel Myers and Ruth Clifford, and am just dying to tell them about it? That we haven't seen Cecil B. De Mille's society pupils for six months? But—

They are all good fellows.

Beamont, Texas.

LUTHER MILLER

represent a frankly sensation seeking, such interviews seize upon some slight admission and distort it so as to make it seem the very basis of a bizarre person's philosophy. Other publications of a frankly sensational nature that refuses to look at public idols through anything but the rosseted of colored glasses, often disregard well-known facts in order to make a star's history seem much more glamorous than it actually was. PICTURE-PLAY has a definite policy in regard to interviews. Every effort is made to make ours frank, balanced, truthful. Of them all the story is written by people who have known the subjects well over a considerable period of time. Frequently they have been associated with them in work, have gone to school with them, or known the people who guided their destinies in pictures. Where they are written by a person meeting the subject for the first time, they are done by people of keen analytical powers, wide knowledge of motion—picture affairs, and rare discernment.

When you read interviews in the future, give a thought not only to the changing moods of players, but to the differences in interviewers whose minds are mirroring them as well.

FIGURES.—The number of pictures made by a star in a year varies according to conditions. In the early days they used to make one or two a week, and during the growth of the program pictures such stars as Brian Washburn were obliged to make as many as eighteen or twenty pictures in a year. Now, however, pictures like Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson make four productions a year; Valentino will make two this year, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks make only one production each a year. Sometimes, they can arrange their schedule quite as much as they please, and they seem now to have definitely settled on the one-a-year policy as the most desirable for them. Charles Chaplin, of course, makes pictures whenever the mood is upon him, and as he, also, is his own producer, he is sometimes the agent responsible for the releasing company bent on getting his pictures at a certain date. With the big producing companies having stars under contracts, the pictures are systematized, and the number of films made by each star in a year is regulated according to the standard of production, the type of the star, his place in the affections of the public, and other economic considerations.

FOR TOMMY ONLY.—You believe in concentrating, don't you? I'm sure Thomas Meighan would be pleased to know how you regard the most prominent actor personally? As for his "complete life history," here is an outline of it, anyhow. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, April 9, 1884, and was one of seven children. His father, John Meighan, died sev-

eral months ago at the age of seventy-four, but his four brothers and two sisters are still living. After finishing his education in Pittsburgh, Tommy played a season with Grace George, then spent two years in the Pittsburgh Stock Company. After that, he appeared as leading man in the London company of "The College Widow." He joined David Warkfield's company then, playing with him for three years, and appearing, among other productions, in "The Return of Peter Grimm" and "On Trial." His first screen work was his role as Mary Pickford's leading man, in "The New Republic," which was produced in 1918. Then followed "Out of a Clear Sky," also for Paramount. And many fans do not seem to know that at this period of his career, Thomas Meighan appeared as leading man for Norma Talmadge in several pictures, among them being "The Heart of Wetsima," "The Forbidden," "The New Republic," "The Prohibition Wife," Then he played in "The Thunderbolt," followed by the famous production of "The Miracle Man," which was released in August. He has appeared in some of these pictures, a lot of persons have never heard of Thomas Meighan, but his work in that film did so much for him that he was signed by Famous Players-Lasky as a star, appearing at first in a couple of those Cecil De Mille domestic dramas with Gloria Swanson—"Why Change Your Wife," and "A Change of Heart." The older generation, as his career as a personal photographer, has been very successful. His numerous work has given him a name in every country of the world. He is now working on his next picture, "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," which has already been released, and is now playing in the pictures in the United States. He is a fine actor, and is one of the most popular stars of the world. His picture, "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," has already been released, and is now playing in the pictures in the United States. He is a fine actor, and is one of the most popular stars of the world. His picture, "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," has already been released, and is now playing in the pictures in the United States.

ASTROLOGER.—Yes, I get a great many questions about the birthdays of the players. I have to ask them because they want to know if they are lucky enough to have the same birthday as any of their favorites, others are interested in the question from a financial viewpoint, as you are, and still others merely wish the
information to add to their film histories. Here are the birthdays you wanted: George Arliss, April tenth; John Barrymore, February fifteenth; Betty Compson, March eighteenth; Bebe Daniels, January fourteenth; Mae Murray, May fifth; Nazimova, May twenty-second; Rudolph Valentino, May sixth; Milton Sills, January tenth; Charles Ray, March fourteenth; Pauline Frederick, August twelfth; Marion Davies, January third; Helene Chadwick, November twenty-fifth; Thomas Meighan, April thirteenth; Gloria Swanson, March twenty-seventh; Norma Talmadge, May second; Constance Talmadge, April nineteenth; Mary Pickford, April eighth; Conrad Nagel, March sixteenth; Douglas Fairbanks, May twenty-third; Charles Chaplin, April sixteenth; Richard Barthelmess, May ninth; Anna Q. Nilsson, March thirteenth; Clive Brook, April fourteenth; Pearl White, March fourth; Jacqueline Logan, November thirtieth; Ramon Novarro, February sixth; and Malcolm MacGregor, October thirteenth.

J. O'D.—That article saying that motion pictures are made in "jerk" meant that the scenes are not photographed in smooth succession and the players do not get an opportunity to remain in character for any appreciable time, as in a stage play. You see, every motion picture contains hundreds of scenes, more or less, and each scene is photographed by itself, whether it be long or short. Thus, the players go through a scene that may last perhaps a few minutes, and wait around for possibly half an hour before appearing in the next one, which might be a scene belonging to an entirely different portion of the story. That is one great difference between stage and screen acting. On the stage, an actor steps into character at the beginning of a concise and blue-printed play, goes through the action continuously, knowing exactly what he is going to do, and how it sinks deeper and deeper into the character as he goes along. Such a method is not possible in the studios. There are so many things to be taken into consideration: sets, location trips, the availability of certain actors at only certain times, etc.—that, in order to make a production with the greatest speed and the smallest overhead possible, it is very often necessary to photograph the end of a story first and the middle last, and rarely do the players know how they will cut into the picture. Thus a screen production is made in rather crazy-quilt fashion, and becomes a fluent, progressive story only after it has been trimmed and assembled by the film editor or cutter. If you spent any time at a studio and saw the way films were made, I am sure you would marvel that the material taken could ever be patched into an intelligent whole, and that the spasmodic acting of the players could ever appear as the smooth, balanced characterization that it does in the finished picture.

DISAPPOINTER.—So you were in New York and you didn't see any movie actresses? Well, that must have been heart-breaking. Now, to save you all that sorrow, some one should have told you that you'd have no chance of just running into them casually around the streets. Even if you passed them that way, you probably wouldn't recognize them anyhow. Your friends should have taken you to the Algonquin at lunch time, or the Ritz, or the Plaza for tea. Then, if you've been reading Leland Hayward's "Manhattan Lights," you'll know the places favored by the cinema crowd at night. Now the next time you visit New York you'd know where to go with the certainty of seeing some screen players, at least.

1. D. K.—Well, if it's true, you do not have to tell us that there is not the only fan that has been arguing about the cast of "Smilin' Through." I suppose it's the fact of the double roles that is confusing. Here are the parts: Kay Herron and Moonse, Norma Talmadge; John Carteret, Wyndham Standing; Kenneth Wayne and Jeremiah Wayne, Harrison Ford; Doctor Owen, Alec Francis; Willie, Anzley, Glenn Hunter; Ellen, Grace Griswold; Little Mary, Miriam Battista; Village Rector, Eugene Lockhart.

CHANEY ADMIRER.—All of Lon Chaney's characters since The Miracle Man have been crippled; he has played a number of able-bodied characters and a few straight roles in between. Starting with The Miracle Man, some pictures in which he has been deformed in one way or another have been The Penalty, which many consider his best picture, and which was so realistic that a lot of people thought he had lost both legs; "A Blind Bargain," that creepy Goldwyn production in which he played the part of the doctor and of the ape, too; "The Mask," an underworld story in which he played a crippled gangster who, during the San Francisco earthquake, was shocked into using his legs again; "Flesh and Blood," another legless role; and Blod, of course, his latest and greatest horror, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

EDNA.—Charles Hutchison is not without Pathé any more, but is making a series of features now for the William Steiner Productions. "Singin' the Sea" is first of them, and your other old serial friend, Earle Metcalfe, is in it, too. Ralph Graves has gone into new fields, too, for he may be seen favoring in two re-released comedies. They won't be the usual slapstick variety, though, but will be a new series built around the character of Graves as a modern American young man "of great personal charm, sincerity, and wholesomeness," as the press agent says.

INQUISTIVE.—Some players in movie scenes speak their lines in a normal voice and others whisper them or just make the necessary mouth movements without anything to speak. It is all a matter of choice, of course, though many players think it adds more realism to the scene, and has a more stimulating effect on other actors who then break their lines as they would in a stage play. Conway Tearle, who has a little of that same life in his speech, is asked what he thinks of the best effects in screen acting were achieved by the stars with the best dramatic voices. By using their vocal skill and acting, instead of just speaking their lines in front of an audience, those players always secured the best results from their supporting casts, and consequently the whole picture benefited.

DOOD.—No, John Gilbert is not a "new discovery." He has been in pictures all of seven years, and has been starring in Fox productions for about two years. Now he is free-lancing. It is possible that he had a ear with his wife, Leatrice Joy, some time, though she is tied up now on a starring contract with Paramount. I'm sorry I can't tell you exactly what has happened that "loving human" with the cameo in the top that John used in "Cameo Kirby." It either went back to the Fox prop room or was kept by Mr. Gilbert. It depends upon where it came from in the first place. Sometimes props are furnished by the studio and sometimes the stars secure them themselves.
E. J.—Yes, Dorothy Dalton recently married Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer, and son of the late Oscar Hammerstein. This is Miss Dalton's second marriage. She was married to Mr. Hammerstein's fifth wife, Dorothy, you may recall, was married to Lew Cody, from whom she was divorced some years ago. After two months in Europe, she returned to New York, but whether or not Miss Dalton will go back to pictures or give her attention to the stage again hasn't been announced as yet.

Y. D.—The movies have no central research bureau. Every producing company has had to do its own research work for its particular needs, and this, of course, has been an expensive business, especially since the companies have had to build up extensive research bureaus of their own. This condition, coupled with the fact that the usual historical records are so vague as to details, has prompted film producers to start an independent research bureau of their own to be under the direction of Will H. Hays, which will render the screen industry more moral. Directors who have been making costume films of the various periods in history have time and again run against black walls, and have been forced to find out the definitely important details of atmosphere, trappings, et cetera. For instance, D. W. Griffith for his production of America spent several dollars and lost valuable time trying to find out from all available sources the color of the horse on which Paul Revere made his famous ride. Also there seems to be no record of the sort of wagons that were used by the Southern armies during the Revolutionary War. Cecil de Mille, in making "The Ten Commandments," had similar difficulty. In many cases, directors have had to fill in the gaps with their imaginations. But it looks now as though the pictures of the future will have no excuse for not being accurate in every small detail.

Muriel K.—Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Bobby Harron, Elmer Clifton, Mae Marsh, and Constance Talmadge were the names of the last. Nor Talmadge was never directed personally by D. W. Griffith, though she was a member of the Fine Arts company, for which Griffith supervised the productions of various directors.

Mystified.—Here are some more movie definitions. I'm glad to hear you are finding them so helpful. Cinematographer means a camera man, and is a term that is practically never used, except by the camera men themselves, who seem very fond of it. An exterior is an outdoor scene, even though it is filmed inside the studio. Everything that is photographed away from the studio is called a location scene, regardless of whether it is ever filmed inside. "Screen" is the term applied to any little bit of patootime that helps to bring out the meaning of a scene. Camera hog is the expressive way of referring to those actors who have a penchant for trying to keep in the most prominent position in regard to the camera, at the expense of the other players in less favorable positions. This is the way scenes are stolen. A prop is any article used in a scene, such as a book, a blackboard, or even a cigarette which takes care of these things is usually called "Props." Soft-focus is that fuzzy, cloudy effect so often used in the close-ups of the heroine, in which everything is kind of blurry instead of being sharp, as in straight photography. This effect is achieved with a special soft-focus lens. Diffuser is a screen that is placed over the source of light to diffuse it, and hence obtain a softer effect. A continuity writer is a trained screen writer who turns plays, stories, or short synopses into regular screen form, with scenes and titles enumerated. Exploitation is the term covering everything in the way of advertising or publicity that is used to display and sell a screen production. Static is the electricity caused by cold or dampness which affects the emulsion of film when it is run through the camera. When shown on the screen, it appears usually as black, shooting marks that look like forked lightning, but the public doesn't see it often, unless the scene is a valuable one that cannot possibly be retaken, as static in a scene usually renders it worthless. This is the same static that gives you so much trouble on your radio sometimes, only, on the screen form, still is a photograph of a scene from a picture, usually showing high lights of the action. These are the pictures that send out to magazines, newspapers, and theaters, and are very helpful in giving the public an idea of what to expect from the production in the way of players, costumes, scenery, positions, story line, et cetera. A reel is the standard unit used in measuring the length of a film. A reel contains slightly less than a thousand feet.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Glenn Hunter, Doris Kenyon, Dobie Daniels, and Richard H. Lee, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 457 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John and Lionel Barrymore at the Lamb's Club, 139 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Conrad Nael, Blanche Sweet, Stuart Holmes, Mae Busch, Alice Pringle, William Hartman, Eleanor Boardman, Claire Windsor, and Elmer von Strombeh at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Frank Mayo at 1708 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Walsh, Francis X. Bushman, Gertrude Olmstead, Carmel Myers, and Kath-leen Keer, care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 498 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also Mabel Ballin.

Wyland Standing at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Marlow Davies and Allen Rubens, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Albertha Vaughn, Ruth Roland, Johnnie Walker, George Lewis, Novak, and Douglas MacLean at F. B. O. Studios, 750 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Milton Sills, Clayton Talmadge, and Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Marie Prevost, and Ben Lyon at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mead Kennedy, care of Kenna Corporation, Capitol Theatre Building, 1250 Broadway, New York City.

Phyllis Haver at 6221ERMETTE, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Orlando, Florida.


Harrington Ford, care of Menzle I. Johnson, 204 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Malcolm McGregor, Alice Terry, Romain Shaw at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.


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