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SEPT. 1925 MAGAZINE

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"My Night of Triumph!"

—as Told by Betty Brown

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I Cried Myself to Sleep That Night"

My heart sank.

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

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

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

"And Then— How I Surprised Her"

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

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

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

It costs you nothing to find out how the Sergei Marinoff School will make your dreams come true. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it right away. You will receive, absolutely without obligation, full information about how this great school has made the joy, the grace, the health of classic dancing possible to thousands of girls and women.

Complete equipment for creating a dancing studio in your own home including a dainty practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and a dancing bar come with the course free of charge. Send the coupon today.

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

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Age _____

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1925, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1925, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.86. Foreign, \$3.22.

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Personalities of Paramount



BETTY BRONSON

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

Her new season Paramount Pictures will be *A Kiss for Cinderella*, *Not So Long Ago* and *The Golden Princess*.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

Congratulations if you were one of those who picked Raymond Griffith last season as the biggest rising star in comedy!

And he's even more than that! Watch the gymnast, too! A regular jumping cracker for agility, giving us all more unexpected laughs than a gold-fish takes turns in a bowl.

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



Paramount Pictures

Make more of your life with Paramount

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

Take care you don't wait in vain!

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

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

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

All of us, rich or poor, with smooth hands or rough, have a right to a certain amount of healthy

excitement every day that dawns—to entertainment—to adventure—to the thrill of swift happenings that show the life of men and women in its most vivid and stimulating phases.

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

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

You have lived!

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

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LET'S LOOK OVER THE COMEDIANS



THE coming season will feature comedians and comedies more than ever before. So we're going to make our next issue a comedy number. In it you will find stories about two newcomers, one on Leon Errol, who, in the screen version of "Sally," repeated his successful stage characterization of the nobleman-waiter, and another on W. C. Fields, the famous vaudevillian who, after his hit on the musical-comedy stage, has made just as big a sensation on the screen, in D. W. Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust." Johnny Hines, who will also be represented, is not so new to the screen, but as he has never before been exploited by



any of the larger distributing organizations, he no doubt will be new to many fans.

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

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

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

There will be numerous other interviews and articles by Don Ryan, Dorothy Manners, Margaret Reid, and our other writers. We believe that it is to be one of the most varied and interesting numbers we have ever made up. And we hope that no reader will miss getting it.

Famous Marcelling Cap Wins U. S. Patent

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

If you read the newspapers or magazines, you've heard of the McGowan Marcelling Cap. It's one of the outstanding successes of all time, being used by nearly 40,000 girls and women with gratifying results. Further recognition now comes in the form of a Patent from the United States Patent Office.

Of course we are proud of this honor, but of even more significance to us are the enthusiastic recommendations of the thousands of satisfied users—the many letters we receive every day thanking us for this great beauty invention.

For every style of hair

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

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

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

Shortly after you discard the harsh, artificial heat method of marcelling and adopt this safe, natural way, you'll begin to see the difference in your hair. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish. You can put the waves in the same place each time and soon you will find that the Marcelling Cap is training your hair and making it much easier to keep your marcelles.



Now you can swim all day without worrying about your curls. With this remarkable hair waving device you can marcel your hair in 15 minutes—at a cost of about one cent!

The curling fluid that goes with the McGowan Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl,



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, stretch the elastic headband of the Marcelling Cap with the hands and pull it down over the hair. Then with the fingers or an orange stick puff out the hair in little "waves" between the ribs of the cap and let them dry.



After you have adjusted the Marcelling Cap you can read or finish dressing while the curling liquid is drying.



After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the Cap is removed—and your mirror reflects as beautiful a marcel as you ever had in your life!

but also acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

Summer is when you need it most

You know how hard it is to keep your hair waved in summer. Hot, sultry weather takes the curl out. Summer sports—swimming, golf, tennis, motoring—all take their toll and make it doubly hard to keep your hair looking as it should. But with this amazing hair waving outfit you can laugh at all your troubles, for you know you can always have a fresh marcel without expense every time you need one. Wherever you go this summer, you can take your Curling Cap along in your handbag. It takes little more room than a handkerchief and is easily washable when soiled. On your vacation—on camping parties—on Fifth Avenue—wherever you happen to go, you can have your own "beauty parlor" right with you to keep your hair beautifully marcelled all the time.

Fashion decrees wavy hair

No matter what style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, innu, chignon,

cross-wave, center or side-part bob—you must keep it curly and wavy if you want to keep "in the mode." Girls and women with long hair will find this curling device

just as big a help as those with bobbed hair. Fashion demands wavy hair of them as well as for the "bobbed heads" and long hair is even harder to marcel. But with McGowan's Marcelling Cap and Curling Fluid it is as simple as combing the hair. It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your head or from front to back. The Marcelling

Cap is adjustable to either position.

Liberal trial offer

In spite of the fact that the United States Patent Office has issued a patent for this new hair waving outfit, in spite of the fact that nearly 40,000 girls and women throughout the country are now using it with gratifying results, we don't ask you to take our word for the remarkable results the Marcelling Cap gives. We want you to try it

and see for yourself. That's why we make this amazing trial offer and take all the risk ourselves: The McGowan Marcelling Cap by itself has always sold for \$1.87 and the McGowan Curling Fluid for the same amount, or a total of \$3.74. In order to take advantage of this trial offer simply sign and mail the application in the lower right hand corner and when the postman brings your outfit deposit with him \$2.87 (plus a few cents postage). After trying the outfit for seven days, if you are not delighted with results just return the unused portion and we will refund the purchase price in full.

Send no money

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

The McGowan Laboratories
710 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago

Coupon

The McGowan Laboratories,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 99,
Chicago

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

Name

Address

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3.00 with your order and the McGowan Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

What the Fans Think



What a Fan Would Like to See

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

A DEVOTED PICTURE-PLAY FAN.

New Castle, Indiana.

A Daydream

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

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

All good things must end.

MARIE COLT.

Providence, R. I.

Frank Opinions—Frankly Expressed

At last I am going to speak my mind. I am tired of the ravings about Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman. I for one actually *hate* these two actors and don't care who knows it. I think a man's character can readily be told by his eyes and face. After seeing both of these and studying their eyes and facial expressions, I can say emphatically that these men impress me very unfavorably, and I hope both are hissed off the screen. They are both homely and give me the willies to look at them. Any one with any sense at all can see that they are horrid. I don't see why, instead of praising such men, people don't boost some handsome, decent-looking chap, like Ramon Novarro, for instance. He certainly shows some character in his face.

5107 Troost Avenue,
 Kansas City, Missouri.

MARY EDWARDS.

The Rubaiyat of Ramon the Roman.

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

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

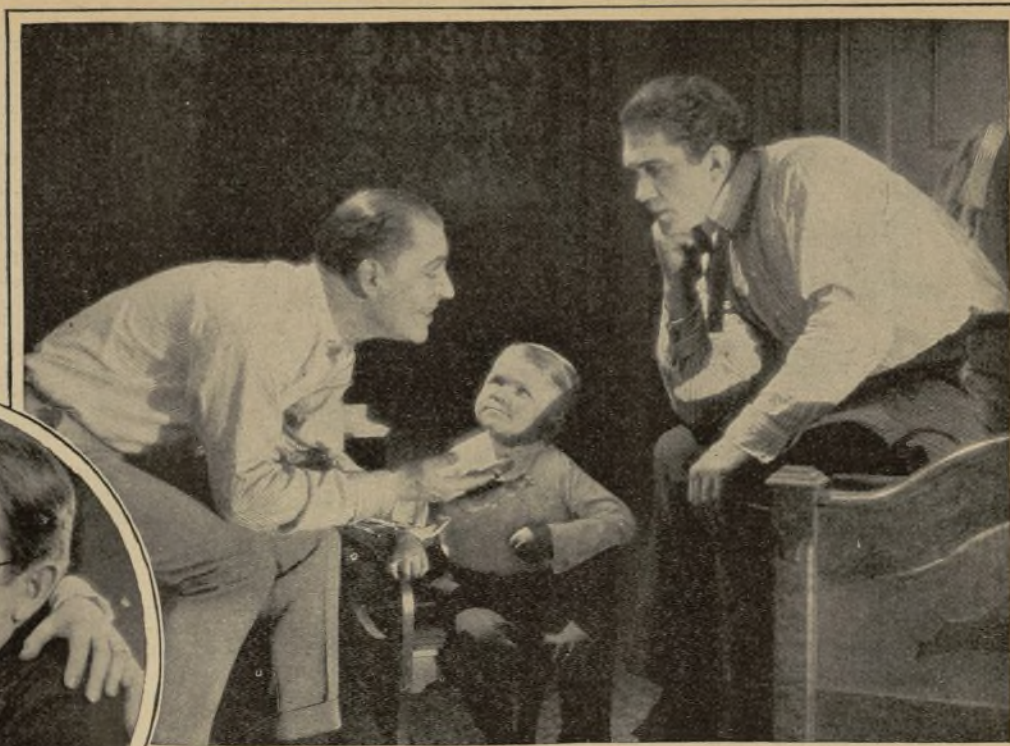
For Metro-Goldwyn did with Fred conspire
 To change production of "Ben-Hur" entire,
 So now the galleys, props, and reels galore
 Incontinent are thrust upon the fire.

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

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

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

Continued on page 10



A Ventriloquist, a Giant and a Dwarf

*More Stars than
there are in Heaven*

Lillian Gish
Marion Davies
Norma Shearer
Ramon Novarro
Lon Chaney
Buster Keaton
John Gilbert
Jackie Coogan
Mae Murray
Eleanor Boardman
Lew Cody
Aileen Pringle
Pauline Stark
Mae Busch
Conway Tearle
Claire Windsor
Conrad Nagel
William Haines
Renee Adoree
Zasu Pitts
Bert Roach

And many more

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Pictures are made in the vast
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Studios in Culver City, Cal.*

DON'T miss "THE UNHOLY THREE", featuring Lon Chaney, with Mae Busch and Matt Moore. Directed by Tod Browning.

Lon Chaney rings the bell again—this time as a ventriloquist in a dime museum, who recruits the Giant and Midget for an amazing career of intrigue and adventure. A swift-action story that holds you breathless from the first flash to the final fade-out—packed with suspense, thrills, violence, jealousy and *love*.

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

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Pictures with Personality"

To be shown starting this month:

A SLAVE OF FASHION—Norma Shearer's big starring vehicle, with Lew Cody. Hobart Henley, the director. Samuel Shipman, the author. ROMOLA—Lillian Gish stars. Dorothy Gish featured. Henry King, the director. George Eliot's classic novel. An Inspiration Picture (Chas. H. Duell, Pres.). NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—A Cosmopolitan Production from Peter B. Kyne's best-seller, with a distinguished cast.

Following these productions will be many other outstanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photoplays, including "The Merry Widow" (directed by Von Stroheim), "Mare Nostrum" (Rex Ingram's successor to "The Four Horsemen"), "The Big Parade" (The "What Price Glory" of the screen), "Lights of Old New York" (A Cosmopolitan production, starring Marion Davies). Fifty-two productions in all will be presented under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.

Continued from page 8

If that first film that ended in distress
Turned out in sooth, to be a sorry mess,
Are we not *surer* now Novarro's there
'Twill be with certainty a great success?

His raven hair is willy-nilly flowing,
His legs and his now perfect arms are
showing
(*Motauri's* arms left something, to de-
sire.)

We shout with glee, "Rex Ingram's baby's
growing!"

I sometimes think that never was a face
Filled with such manliness yet with such
grace.

I sometimes think that ne'er will be a
thrill
To equal quite the Roman chariot race!

Outside the cinema within a queue
Cheerfully many weary hours I'll stew
Waiting to see my idol's outsize eyes
And thousand charms, et cetera. Wouldn't
you?

Then come with me to meet erstwhile
Motauri

Some little space to revel in his glory!
But don't forget Fred Niblo, and the
cast

The scenic effects and the mighty story!

Come! Fill the cup with brightly bubbling
wine

To toast their enterprise and efforts fine,
And if the wine should bring forgetful-
ness

Oh, pray, forget this awful verse of mine.

MARY LYTTON.

Wyndham's Theater, Leicester Square,
London, England.

Concerning our Attitude Toward the Stars

Unfortunately for me, I neglected to read *PICTURE-PLAY'S* What the Fans Think column in the May issue, but judging by some of the letters in the June number it has caused quite a furore in fandom, particularly Miss Delahey's letter. By these answers I can pretty well tell what the letter was about, and I don't think Miss Delahey has the right viewpoint.

In the first place, I don't believe fans worship the players. They may have a very great admiration for a certain one, but it seldom goes farther than that. What they do, I believe, is to look to them as ideals, and that is one of the great blessings of the screen, especially to youngsters. What on earth could be wrong in any one looking up to some one who, in the person's imagination, is endowed with greater assets than any of their acquaintances? *We are what we will ourselves to be*, and if one has a guiding influence, it is an added incentive to become what one wants. Mind, I say "in the person's imagination." The ideal in the eyes of some one else may not be so perfect, but if the creator of the ideal believes in it, there is no evil to come, but instead it is an advantage.

Every one should have an ideal. In years past, before the films, these ideals were figures in the public eye who had made a name for themselves. When a person, presumably young, sees a player surmount all difficulties on the screen, there is no earthly harm in his trying to do the same thing. For instance: Douglas Fairbanks, in "The Thief of Bagdad," clearly illustrated the fact that everything worth while must be earned, and why should not the fan look up to him as one who had earned it?

The private lives of the stars are interesting because most of them had to overcome great adversities to be where they

are; that is, worthy ones. And the players who are really famous have had a hard fight to get where they are. Almost all except a few come from obscurity. I suppose Miss Delahey would call the idealization of Abraham Lincoln foolish, when there is no greater story in the world's history than his fight uphill from that little backwoods clearing to the highest honor his nation could pay him. Again, I suppose she would have nothing but his achievements in office to stand for him.

In the July issue Miss Kinkead says that she knows lots of people who could take the place of Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson. All I can say is: let them try to do it. Both have attained their place by dint of their own persistence and hard work, Gloria especially. For years she was called a clothes horse, but she showed that she could act, too, in "The Humming Bird." Again Miss Kinkead says that she thought that the magazine writers "overdo the boosting business," and adds that she had been reading *PICTURE-PLAY* for three years. I have been reading it much longer than that, and I have yet to read an interview where the star is overestimated. Indeed the tendency, especially of Don Ryan, seems to be to underestimate them.

JOHN J. ALLEN.

230 Pine Avenue, McKeesport, Pa.

A Word About Doug.

There was one fan's letter in your last issue that I couldn't let pass without comment. She asked why Douglas Fairbanks wasn't mentioned oftener in What the Fans Think. I also wanted to know this, so I asked my friend, who writes letter after letter to the magazines in praise of this or that favorite of the moment.

Douglas Fairbanks happens to be her favorite and idol, and she sees each of his pictures at least three times. She saw "Robin Hood" five times. I know, because I accompanied her each time, and if we see it advertised at any of the other smaller theaters, we'll see it again.

However, when she writes her opinions, and they are usually blatantly admiring ones, they are of Ronald, Ricardo, Ben, or other heroes of the moment, with never a word about her supreme favorite. When I asked her about this, here is the answer she gave me.

"Whenever I see an actor that I like trying to gain a foothold in the public's esteem, I like to help him in the only way a fan can, by writing my appreciation of his efforts to the magazines. I think all the rising young actors need encouragement and praise. As for Doug—why, he's established! He is at the very pinnacle of success. He occupies the top rung of the fame ladder, that the rest are only trying to climb. Doug isn't merely an actor, he's an American institution, Doug is!"

I guess this is the way most fans regard Doug, don't you think so? He is without the shadow of a doubt the most popular actor and engaging personality on the screen. You don't have to take my word for it, fans. Just try to get a pair of seats for the premiere of Doug's latest picture. Sounds easy, doesn't it, but—try and do it!

MISS B. CLEMENTS.

1134 Geneva Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

Sherman Should Play Mephistopheles.

What is the casting director of the future production of "Faust" thinking of? I have just read that the part of *Mephistopheles* has been allotted to Emil Jennings!!!—when in the city of New York lives, breathes, exists Lowell Sherman! Of course, Mr. Sherman may not be free at

the moment to accept such a part, but if that is the case the producers absolutely should wait for him.

Emil Jennings is excellent in certain types—*Henry VIII.*—a fat commissioner—a leering *Nero*—but oh! who has ever imagined his Satanic Majesty as anything but imposingly tall, dark, flashing-eyed—and of course fascinating—or who on earth would "go to the devil?"

My apologies to Mr. Sherman, whom I admire enormously, but he is the finest type of *Mephistopheles* imaginable. One can so easily imagine him whispering into the ear of the lovely *Marguerite*—persuasive, magnetic, attractive—also the delight he would have in enticing *Faust* into wrong.

We all know how wicked Lowell Sherman can be, on the screen of course, but we also know how fascinating and attractive he is; so with wickedness and fascination allied to dark, flashing eyes, tall stature, sarcastic and sometimes cruel smile—well, there you have your man.

MARGUERITE SANDS.

Suggestions for Pola.

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

If Famous Players-Lasky insist upon giving Pola tame pictures why do they not purchase "The Miracle" for her? I believe she would be supreme as the wandering nun. Even in that she would have a chance to show her fiery acting. Pola would also be great in "Madame X," the picture which Pauline Frederick made several years ago. She would make a gorgeous *Camille* and *Manon Lescaut*. And if she desires to follow the type of her success "East of Suez," she should revive "The Red Lantern" and "Madame Butterfly."

ALEX. R. THORN.

5259 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Canada.

"There's Now't so Queer as Folk."

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

What a tremendous stir poor Rudy has made by showing his beautiful shoulders and magnificent arms in the dressing-room scene in "Monsieur Beaucaire!"

It may be my memory is short, but I don't seem to remember any such stir over the bathroom scene in "Merry-Go-Round." What of Ramon Novarro in "Where the Pavement Ends," Paul Richter in "The Nibelungs," Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk," and again, Novarro in "Ben-Hur," and a host of others too numerous to mention?

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

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

So God created man in His own image, in the image of God

Created He him; male and female created He them. And God

Saw everything He had made, and behold it was very good.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

C. M. JENKINS.

5 St. Chads Terrace, S. S., Blackpool, England.

A Fan to be Envied.

Within two blocks of my home is a "preview theater." Many fans will not

understand this term, so I'll say that it is a theater where new pictures are shown before they are released to the general public. These previews are attended by the producers, exhibitors, and members of the cast who wish to observe the audience's reactions to the film. Of course, the previewed picture may be good or it may be bad, ditto the stars who appear in the audience, but it always gives me a little thrill to go down the aisle and see rows of seats marked "reserved." There is always a hush of expectancy just before the preview is thrown on the screen, for it is not advertised in advance, and we never know what the picture will be. If it happens to be the work of a famous star, director, or author, the audience applauds. Also, each known member of the cast gets a "hand."

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

A few months ago "My Son," with Nazimova, was previewed. The audience liked it, and, when it was over, we sauntered out and lingered in the lobby pretending to talk, but in reality waiting for the star to appear. Finally she hurried out, talking and laughing with her friends. But alas! her hat was pulled down to the bridge of her nose, and all I saw was the very white lower half of her face and her crimsoned mobile mouth.

Some of the men stars are annoyed by bald spots which are carefully concealed in their pictures, and one famous "villain" actor wears a toupee. No, not Menjou. But no fan could be disappointed with Lloyd Hughes. I've seen him several times. Tall, perfectly groomed, with gray eyes, fair complexion, and black hair. Once he sat in front of me in a theater, and without seeing his face I recognized him by his strikingly beautiful hair. Mrs. Hughes is dainty and pretty.

Mary Philbin is one of the real beauties. Slightly darker than I had expected, with lovely eyes, good complexion and a gorgeous mass of dark-brown curls.

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

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

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

While watching "Forbidden Paradise," a number of people came in and took seats beside me. Growing a little bored with the picture, I glanced around and found myself rubbing elbows with Ernst Lubitsch, who directed the film. Secretly thrilled, I kept stealing sidelong glances at him. Every little while he would turn his piercing black eyes on me, and then I'd look intently at the screen, pretending great absorption. It was lots of fun.

MADLINE GLASS.

2975 Leeward Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

From Two High-School Girls.

We are going to tell you what the average high-school student who, it is said, attends the movies at least five times a week,

thinks about the stars. The only star we don't argue about among ourselves is Gloria Swanson. We all agree that she is the actress. We think Ben Lyon is the berries. Ramon Novarro and Ricardo Cortez and Rudolph Valentino are some wonderful sheiks. Of the American type we like Conrad Nagel, Rod La Rocque, and Richard Dix. We adore all these in spite of the trouble they get us into with our skipping school, missing exams, and knocking down money to see them.

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

We detest the censors! They chop up our pictures until we can't tell the hero from the villain. We've never forgiven them for what they did to "Three Weeks," "Wine of Youth," and "The Ten Commandments." Poor Nita Naldi. They crabbed her act in our State.

TWO HIGH-SCHOOL FANS.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This Fan Wants to Know.

I wonder if the majority of people agree with Dora Rondeau when she says that she thinks the stars should keep their lives as mysterious as possible.

I do not!

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

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

E. S. M.

1116 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

A Scotch Fan Admires Valentino.

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

I saw Novarro in "The Red Lily." Well, well, such a picture! Pure muck. We don't want those pictures here. I saw Novarro in "Thy Name is Woman." Never again—he won't do—he's wooden and his smile is forced. No, I can't see how he could ever please me. I can't put into words what I think of Rudy, for "he is the dream whereby gray things golden seem."

JEAN BINNING-LINDSAY.

The Plantation, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland.



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A Fan Who Speaks Severely.

I want to start a movement—since nearly every one is doing it—to have what might be termed an "institution week," and in this week elect those players who really are institutions in the hearts of the picture public. Really, I can name just a few whom I feel could really qualify; they are as follows: First, Thomas Meighan. As long as he is able to move himself across the screen we shall demand him. Norma Talmadge is so firmly entrenched in our affections that nothing short of a derrick could remove her. Richard Barthelmess is certainly in this class. I rather like the idea of Pola Negri, for few have the dash and fire that she effervesces. I never saw such a dynamo. I would almost put Gloria Swanson in this class, but yet some unnameable thing keeps her out of it, to my mind. We all concede that Lillian Gish belongs to this elite group. No one can dispute John Barrymore. Richard Dix, while not such a wonderful actor, has the charm that is individual, and he, if he continues right, will have a place all his own. Adolphe Menjou certainly belongs, and I am praying that people have the sense to recognize the talent and charm of Raymond Griffith. He sends me into fits of laughter and makes me feel as though the movies are really worth while.

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

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

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

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

and cultured stars could make their way into many places, but the rest could not.

I have seen several of the leading lights of the screen, and they did not look any different from any one else. I did not find myself gasping, "Oh, there is Colleen Moore!" and yet on the screen I think she is entertainment plus.

Let us be thinking people and take all the glitter and bunk away from these stars. We pay them money, and that is enough. Exceptions prove every rule. Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan are not included in any of this. Nor is Richard Dix.

JACK WESTERBELT,

Box 462, Greenville, S. C.

The Little Marquise.

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

How the newspapers have headlined it and pictured it, and now our own PICTURE-PLAY comes along with the last but the wisest caption of all.

But in all this furore—this overnight publicity, one little unimportant incident of the gorgeous one's career, which has now turned out to be a prophecy fulfilled, has been overlooked by every one.

It was way back in the days when Madam Tiger-Lady herself tenaciously guided the supervising destinies of "Beyond the Rocks," and almost succeeded in Glyning the then impressionable and embryonic actress known as Gloria Swanson. None other than the time-clock-novelist Elinor conceived the idea of a Versailles Garden sequence, along about the center of the picture—and none other than the already sheiked but not yet starred Valentino was to begin the little tale that began the historical flashback. And how did our handsome signor start his narrative? Why quite simply—just this—"Once there was a little marquise!"

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

Beside the white fountain they bowed to one another with a slow, utterly perfect grace, and with a flirt of her tiny fan and a glance of her shyly veiled eyes, the little marquise lured her lover over to the marble bench where Rudy "did his stuff" with all his inimitable, subtle and graceful fire. Gloria smiled her mysterious smile and her enigmatic eyes seemed to say—"You never can tell. I'm just playing a marquise now, but I like it, and some day maybe I'll be a real off-screen one!" And silently her fans answered back, saying, "Why, Gloria, you're a queen—our movie queen! Why waste time on a marquise? You could have a king or a prince—just for the asking!"

But since the prophecy has been fulfilled and I've come to know Henri de la Falaise, at least pictorially and literally speaking, I'm sure Gloria's most loyal admirers could not have picked any one any nicer or handsomer or more thoroughly likable, even had they chosen one of the aforementioned royalties.

Therefore, I'm glad the little marquise in "Beyond the Rocks" has come to life—that the fairy tale has come true—that my favorite of favorites is so happy. And she'll still be to the fanatical Swansonites queen and princess and lady and duchess

Continued on page 118

JOHN BARRYMORE

*America's
greatest
Actor*



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



Fox Film Corporation

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Photo by Albin

A striking study of John Barrymore and Mary Astor as *Paola* and *Francesca*, a screen version of whose tragic love story they expect to make as soon as their other plans permit.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

The New

With her return to pictures, at last, she will bring

By Myrtle

AFTER many futile efforts, it seems certain now that Theda Bara will return to the screen. During the past five and a half years, numerous plans for her reappearance fell through. Financial reverses, disagreement about phases of production, and the lack of suitable stories caused the delays. One concern, timorous at hazarding money upon pictures starring her, held her idle for months.

The Chadwick Productions, who have her now on contract, appear to be quite solid and, barring the unforeseen, the film upon which she is now at work in Hollywood will soon be sent out to the world with the blessing of a retailored Bara.

Her belated return is scheduled in "The Unchastened Woman," a play in which Emily Stevens starred on the stage. It concerns the activity of the modern wife whose clever schemes obtain her desires.

"I am reversing," she spoke with a high degree of anticipation of her new undertaking, when I found her recently in her Beverly Hills home. "I am going to get even with myself, take a whack at the luring lady.

"I wondered, when I vamped, why the wife sat so dumbly and without a struggle of the wits let her husband go. 'If I were you,' I thought, 'I would get a hustle on, and do something.' The modern woman fights tenaciously—but subtly—for anything that belongs to her or that she wants. I have studied her psychology and I am trying to evolve a new character combining wifely virtues with the siren's clever guile.

"I disagree with the statement that the vamp is dead; she is too sturdy and resilient and wily to be killed off.

"What are Naldi and La Marr, if not vampire types? Their appeal is mostly physical. True, the technique has changed somewhat. But the motif is the same—the imaginative romance of a grand passion that is a release from the commonplaceness of life.

"And during my personal appearance tour I discovered that the vampire's flame by no means has been snuffed out. I asked each audience, 'Do you want me as a sweet, good heroine?' A few polite little claps from those most conventionally inclined. When I suggested my return as a vamp, I was rewarded with cheers and even foot stamping.

"Consideration of the present situation, however, dictates the diplomatic policy of a middle course between purity and sin."

The piece will be threaded with a light, sophisticated humor which promises novelty in a Theda Bara offering, and to which she looks forward with a keen relish.

Theda Bara is a clever show woman. Will she be able to sell herself in a new rôle as she so successfully did as a vamp?

"High comedy is the most difficult acting," she insisted. "Some ability and technique are necessary to be an emo-

Theda Bara

a different personality and a new type of characterization.

Gebhart

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

"But in conveying the points of subtle situation comedy, there is little feeling. Every device of technique must be resorted to.

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

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

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

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

However, the Bara of yesterday is buried, save for the value of her name. "She did her job well," is

engraved upon her tombstone by the very smart woman who brought her into being; and over her grave this woman plans a different campaign to a new victory.

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

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

"Those legends designed to make me mysterious in the public eye were inventions—and my own," she confessed.

"I wish they would stop giving the press agents credit for their fabrication. Realizing that I represented a public symbol of exotic and mystic wickedness, I worried myself into headaches concocting stories to perpetuate that illusion.

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

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

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

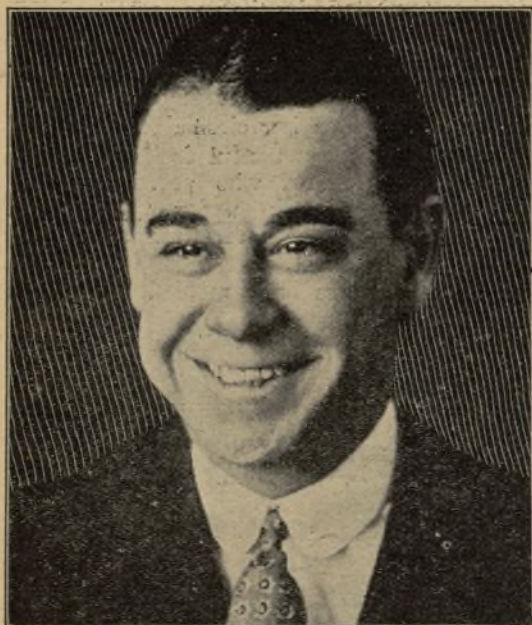
The failure of her hopes time and again, the merely mediocre success of her stage play, "The Blue Flame," her marriage to Charles Brabin, which brought with its general contentment those adjustments that accompany the union of two individual temperaments, the contacts encountered in her travels, the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

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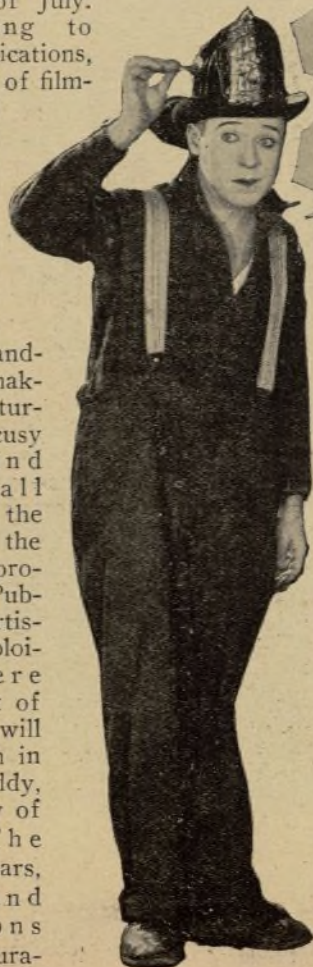
Photo by Melbourne Spurr

The years have made little change in Theda Bara's appearance, but she insists that they have molded her into a new character.



THE month of August, this year, will see a novel phase in the nation-wide recognition of motion pictures. With Will H. Hays as master of ceremonies, and *pro tem* czar over all, arrangements are being made à la carnival for the celebration of the Greater Movie Season, and there should be more excitement than during a protocol, a duma, a revolution, or a Fourth of July.

According to present indications, the interest of filmgoers throughout the land will be drawn to a sequence of festivities, ranging from Coney Island-like merrymaking to a Saturnalia of circusy ballyhoo and parades—all betokening the arrival of the new fall productions. Publicity, advertising, and exploitation, mere words most of the time, will dazzle forth in all their giddy, gaudy glory of deeds. The names of stars, directors, and productions will be figuratively blazed



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



The Greater

What the picturegoer may expect from the festive

By Edwin

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

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

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

August is also officially the commencement of the film year in the studios. The eyes of stars and directors turn eagerly—for a brief glance, at least—toward the screen to behold the fate of various prominent pictures before taking up new activities. The patterns for future plays are oftentimes set according to the audiences' reception of the enter-

tainment that then reaches the bright lights. It is the breathing space before everybody sets out again on another spell, spasm, or campaign, as the case may be, of film making.

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



carnival presents a very auspicious aspect. The scheme was tried out on the Coast last year with somewhat gratifying results. In that locality, of course, it was possible to have the players themselves take part in the program of electrical processions, and personal appearances in the theater, as well as before various and social gatherings, to aid in building up prestige for the movies.



Movie Season

plans for ushering in the fall program of entertainment.

Schallert

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

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

The studios have been busier than ever before, and work has been so highly systematized that the actual number of films will far surpass any previous year. Proof of this is that it would be absolutely impossible for anybody to see every picture nowadays unless he went to the theater two or three times a day every day in the year.

Frankly, I know of no one in my own acquaintance who is that strenuous in his devotion to the cinema, were the requisite quantity of theaters available.

Before outlining the new program, it may be well to retrospect



for a moment on the features that have been viewed during the past twelve months. While it has not been a spectacular period, there have, nevertheless, been some very amazing popular successes—

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



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

A select list of box-office knock-outs covers a wide and in some respects a very weird artistic territory. In the race for popularity, we find an uproarious "Charley's Aunt" edging a glowing and exquisite "He Who Gets Slapped," and frothy, frivolous "Chickie" running neck

and neck with a glittering "Thief of Bagdad" and a colorful "Sea Hawk." An outstanding triumph all over has, of course, been "The Iron Horse," not generally released until last fall.

Other winners comprise "Manhandled," "North of Thirty-six," "Sally," and "Hot Water."

The ten that I have listed are to be reckoned among the foremost big money-makers, and close to the top are also such features as "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Peter Pan," Norma Talmadge's "The Lady," "The Lost World," "Classmates," "A Thief in Paradise," "The Navigator," "The Thundering Herd," "Captain Blood," "The Snob," "Her Night of Romance," which reinstated Constance Talmadge, "Rex, the King of Wild Horses," "Feet



The Greater Movie Season



of Clay," "Phantom of the Opera," "Barbara Frietchie," "In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter," "Introduce Me," as well as the aggregate, needless to say, of that fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-week star, Tom Mix's pictures. Westerns and features, with a strong comedy element have perhaps, all in all, been the most universally favored. My own preference in pictures



released during the past twelve months, based on the more artistic qualities, runs as follows:

"He Who Gets Slapped."
 "Beggars on Horseback."
 Released rather late generally to be included, possibly.
 "Peter Pan."
 "The Thief of Bagdad."
 "Isn't Life Wonderful."
 "The Last Laugh."
 "The Iron Horse."
 "The Sea Hawk."
 "The Lost World."
 "Monsieur Beaucaire."

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

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

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

Too, all of these pictures avoid the conventional, with the possible exception of "The Iron Horse" and "The Sea Hawk." "Beggars on Horseback," "Peter Pan," and "The Thief of Bagdad" were notable for their imagination and fantasy. So, too, was the "The

Lost World," the most freakish perhaps of our current entertainments, but a revelation of the power of the camera to do extraordinary and unbelievable things. "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Sea Hawk" deserve high praise for their lavishness. The photographic beauty of "Beaucaire" was something to conjure with. "He Who Gets Slapped" and "Isn't Life Wonderful" were alluring in their dramatic effect, and "The Last Laugh" is by far the biggest satire that the screen has ever had.

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

The surpassing vogue of "Charley's Aunt" is perhaps not difficult to explain. It took like the wildest sort of wildfire. It is, to be sure, a very ebullient comedy, even though in some respects antiquated. Syd Chaplin's performance is what really

won the audience—that and the fact that few if any laugh films have disclosed a successful female impersonation. I cannot feel, though, that it was truly a remarkable film.

"Sally," I thought very splendid as a comedy—one of Colleen Moore's most



The strongest interest of the new season will be the renewed activity of the established directors and stars who have been responsible for the more real and lasting achievements of the past, namely: Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Rex Ingram and Lillian Gish.



amusing productions, and definitely proving her superior ability as a comedienne. "Chickie," on the other hand, can never for me be anything but the cheapest and trashiest sort of stuff, not even redeemed by the talent of Dorothy Mackaill.

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

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

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

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

The war play will be tried out this season. Below, John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade."

Charles Ray and Mary Pickford have gone back to the sort of vehicles demanded by their followers.



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

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





This picture, taken after Thomas Meighan's real estate transaction, suggests that his successful financial operation has not turned him into a "hard business man."

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

Picture fans all know that there are a few players who have made fortunes by shrewd or fortunate investments of their large earnings, but I know of no single transaction as sensational as this one. For this was no cautiously planned operation in a section where real-

He Made a Fortune While on Location

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

By Blake McVeigh

estate buying and selling is everybody's side line, as it is around Los Angeles. It was a sudden bold financial adventure on a big scale, by a man heretofore unknown as a real-estate investor, in a region previously unknown and undeveloped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Presently, production of "Old Home Week" began. As may be imagined, the arrival of Tom Meighan, Lila Lee, and other members of the company electrified the small community as had no other local happening in its history. Immense crowds collected not only from Ocala,

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

The Farmers' Choice

We who live in the big cities see the names of our film favorites perennially blooming in electric lights along our Broadways and never stop to consider that perhaps the rest of the country—the backbone of the country, as the congressmen would have it—does not second our judgments. It is arresting, therefore, to glance over the results of a questionnaire sent out by *The Nebraska Farmer* which asked about the farmers' preferences in pictures and in stars.

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

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

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

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

The Long, Long Road

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

heralded everywhere as an accomplished trouser, and Laska Winter, still a player of small parts, is another who has received lavish praise.

Opportunity Knocks Once

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

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

A Fan Slams the Highbrows

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

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

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

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

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

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



Photo by Hoover

A Unique Figure in Pictures

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

By Myrtle Gebhart

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

A girl at a corner table in the Montmartre attracted me. Her simple brown frock faded into the background beside the fashion parade of Hollywood beauty. Her obvious eagerness contrasted with the boredom which is *de rigueur* in a familiar crowd. Not a tourist—neither voluble nor important enough. The daughter of some Los Angeles business man, I decided. Her face seemed vaguely trying to recall itself to my memory.

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

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

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

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

Her career has followed a road about halfway between these two extremes. It has been a fairly even

sort of path, with a few knolls and an occasional valley. But it's a very lonely path because it isn't well traveled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

faction, and it became infinitely more than that when a short time later she was promoted to stardom.

At that time Vitagraph had stars far more beautiful and glamorous, of tried and proven public appeal—Corinne Griffith, Alice Joyce, and others. The star system then was on the ascendency. And jealousy over the new twinkler was made manifest in numerous ways.

The youngster of fourteen, who lived away uptown and took the subway to the studio each morning, was snubbed and ignored as being of no consequence. But she must have had something beside the earnestness with which she worked. For envy often is a tacit admission of a possible rivalry.

Once the queen of the lot sailed into the manager's office, and delivered an oratorical flow to the effect that Alice wasn't exceptionally pretty, couldn't act, had no personality or any other attributes which would make her worthy of the spotlight.

"So?" The manager chewed his cigar, and chuckled, "I was a little uncertain before, but now I'm darned sure. If she's got enough to worry you, she's star material."

"At that time I was unhappy over the attitude that I encountered at the studio," Alice speaks of those days with the tolerance that the years since, bringing a different but equally hard struggle, have developed in her. "I did so

want to make good, and to have people like me. It hurt, that I didn't have the qualities to make friends. But now I can see that their jealousy really did me a lot of good. It not only boosted my stock with the officials, but it helped me in other ways.

"I couldn't afford to run with the crowd that spent money, and besides, I wasn't invited to parties. I felt awfully left out of things. And that condition continued after I came to Hollywood. But it saved my youth and kept me from possibly getting into bad company and making a mess of my life, as so many other girls of the movies have done."

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

Since my first meeting with her, I have dropped in a number of times unexpectedly, when I thought that Alice would be at home. I was rather curious to test out my impression of her genuineness, for Hollywood, with its many artificialities, does breed skepticism. Invariably I found her either writing letters or reading a new novel or helping her mother. That is her life, aside from her work, with an occasional movie or theater party. She has a few boy friends whom her mother approves—not of the picture crowd—but has never had a "beau."

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

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

[Continued on page 105]

Alice Calhoun is Unique in Pictures Because—

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

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

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

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

What Will Griffith Do Now?

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

By Gerrit Lloyd

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Though I do not speak with the sensitive accuracy of one who has supplied him with money, I do believe in the presence of more proof than any other person

Much Has Been Written

about D. W. Griffith, but nothing we have ever read about "the big bull elephant" approaches in brilliance or interest this remarkable study of the characteristics of the master of all motion-picture directors.

The author of this article has been closely associated with Mr. Griffith for several years, and this close association has made it possible for him to write with a knowledge and authority that could never be attained by the casual interviewer.

ever has had the opportunity of observing, that D. W. Griffith is the most frugal of all directors; that he gets more into the film for every dollar used than any other director.

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

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

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

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

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

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

What will he do now?

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

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



A characteristic sketch of D. W. Griffith in action, drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

With imagination, he has courage. He dared to recognize the blood soldiers ever under arms in the veins of the people white and the people black in watchful feud at a time when every one was saying "Good little black man, good little white man, be nice together, for you are brothers;" but he showed it as a stitch

in a nation's heartache and not as box-office bait. Again he showed a white soldier kissing a black one, in his film, "The Greatest Thing in Life."

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

Several directors have made one tragedy, and then have gone forever galloping after the black figures in the bank book. Griffith began years ago—even before his film, "Sands o' Dee"—making them again and again; even unto these recent days of his pernicious financial anæmia, when he told of the flat bellies and



"Broken Blossoms" raised Richard Barthelmess from the ranks of conventional leading men to a real stardom.

full hearts of some Germans in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" with the beauty and pride of an artist who was speaking his impressions rather than the dividend-bitten formula: "Bust and leg and silken gown; palatial sets, somewhere a clown; a naughty scheme, a lover's cheat; a knock-out scene, an ending sweet." The big bull elephant was far from the log rolling that time; and he certainly skewered his kosher with the exhibitors.

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

What will he do with them now?

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

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

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

A man of mystery, they call him!

Yet where is there another man, in boots or under

tomb, about whom it is so easy to be informed accurately?

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

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

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

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

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

Griffith has told his opinions, his understandings and

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

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

All of Griffith is in his pictures. And the

films that are of Griffith, are directed by a barefooted boy of LaGrange, Kentucky.

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

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



For several years Carol Dempster has represented the Griffith heroine.

*Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust," reviewed elsewhere in this issue, though made at the Famous Players' studio, is not to be counted as beginning the new phase of his career. Since he had given up his own studio it was made at the Famous Players' studio by special arrangement, in order to facilitate Mr. Griffith in concluding his contractual arrangements with United Artists, who will release this production, the last of his independent series.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then would the classics be read aloud.

Here was the ideal mo-



No matter who the actress may be, the Griffith heroine is much the same type of girl, sister to all those heroines of youthful dreams. She has been portrayed, at different times, by the three players shown here—Carol Dempster, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish.



tion-picture school in session—the imaginative, dreamy boy lying in the dark comfortably on his back, listening to all the great deeds and emotions of man told with the splendor and force of the greatest masters. And the boy pictured them in his dreams, never reducing these immortals in their flights of love, adventure, and strife, to the pinched and squinty confines of inked type.

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

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

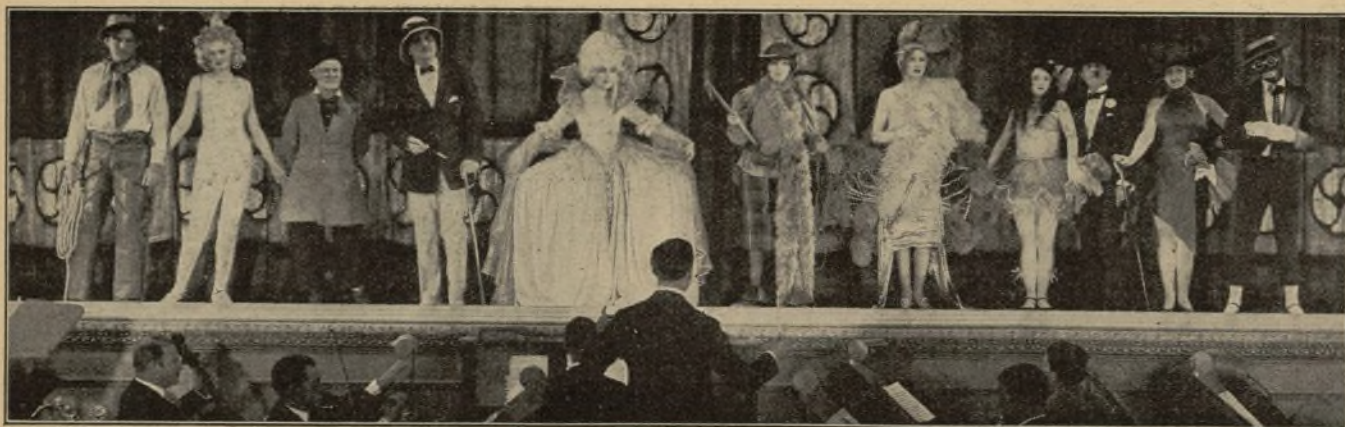
He saw the battles, heard the thunder, and struggled in the hot strife. The belch of cannon were the footlights for his vast stage of dreams. The tale of a troop of weary cavalry on-warding under command grew in his vital dreams to a sky sewn with horsemen thundering with golden banners on to victory.

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

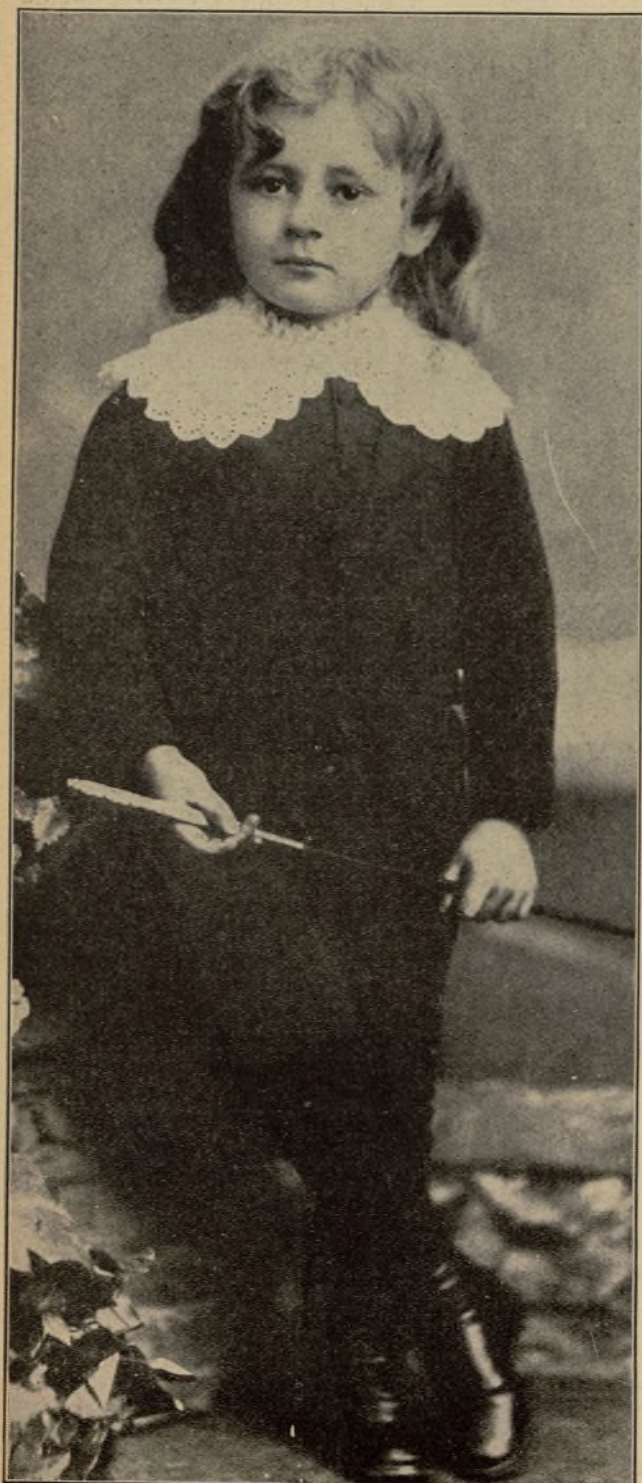
Then were first given wing the visions that later were caught again in dramatic permanence as part of the film, "The Birth of a Nation." They lived again in "Intolerance," and were revised in "Hearts of the World." The greatest battle scenes ever made have been done by Griffith, and they were created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

[Continued on page 116]





In and Out of the



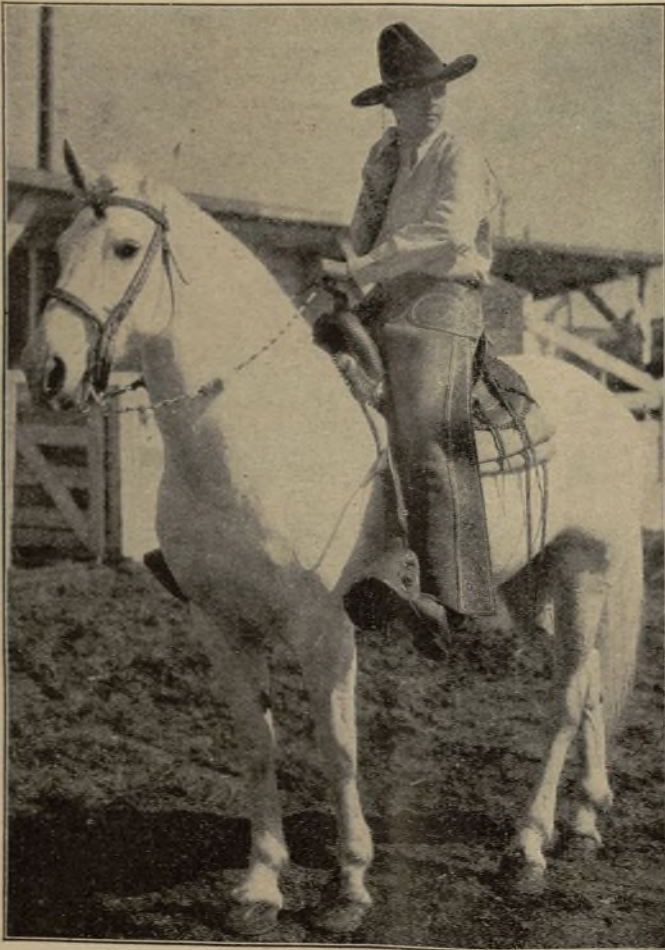
Metro-Goldwyn's "Pretty Ladies" will show you, among other things, what the Ziegfeld "Follies" looks like. Each player shown in the picture at the top of the page represents some well-known "Follies" celebrity, some of whom—such as Will Rogers and Gallagher and Shean—every fan will recognize.

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

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



Studios Film celebrities caught by the camera while at work and at play.

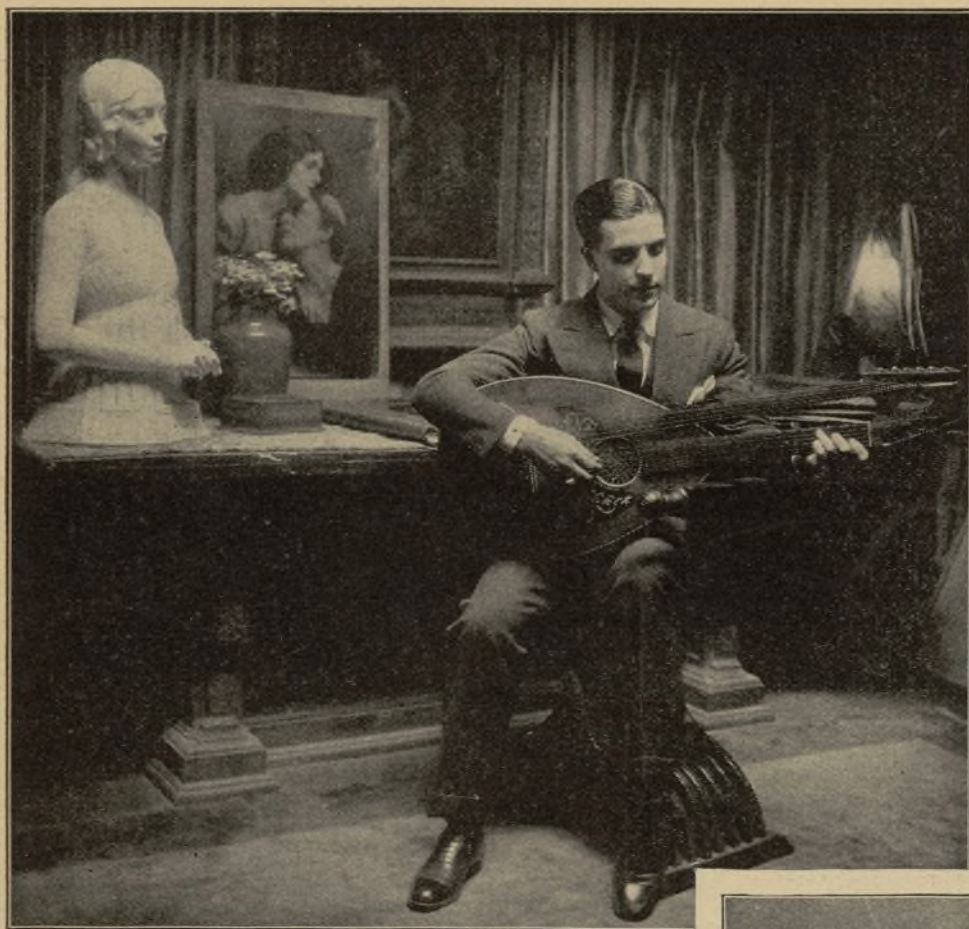


One of the best all-around athletes in pictures is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He is going to demonstrate his skill as a rider in "Wild Horse Mesa," in which he has a prominent rôle.

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

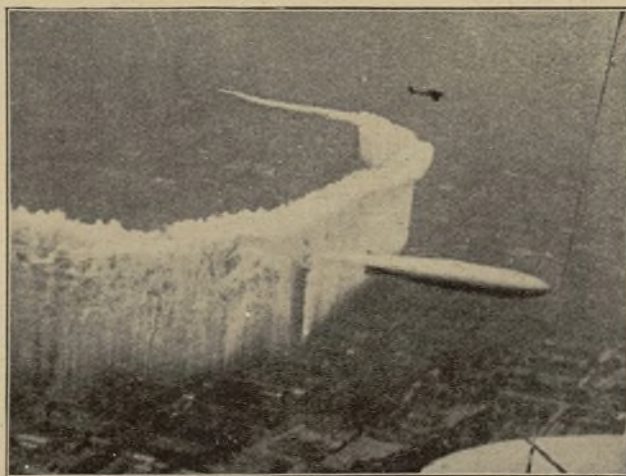


Ramon Novarro will, in his next picture, depart from foreign rôles, and will represent a young American in "The Midshipman." Novarro will appear as an Annapolis cadet throughout the picture.



Here is another picture of Novarro, taken in his everyday attire, in the studio of Charles Albin, a New York photographer. The bust on the table is one of Lillian Gish, made by an Italian sculptor, and owned by Mr. Albin. In the background is one of Albin's photographic studies of John Barrymore and Mary Astor, in a "Paola and Francesca" pose. Another of Mr. Albin's studies of Barrymore and Miss Astor is reproduced on page fifteen of this magazine.

Did you see this interesting picture in the news reel a few weeks ago? It is one of the most unusual ones ever made by International, and shows how, in war time, a dirigible may be protected from attack by airplanes by a smoke screen. The dirigible is the *Los Angeles*, and the screen was laid by a United States Martin bomber. The picture was photographed by a camera man in another Martin plane. It was made at Washington, D. C., on June third.



One of the biggest events in Los Angeles this year was the pageant which took place during the Shriners convention in June. Of the scores of floats entered in the long parade, the prize was won by this one, entered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sally O'Neil is shown here, putting the finishing touches on the familiar Goldwyn lion.

Here are the Three Musketeers of the United Artists organization. None of the three has appeared in the last few years often enough to suit their loyal followers, and the fact that they will all be seen this fall is an indication that this is to be a Greater Movie Season in reality as well as in name.



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

The perfect back controversy is likely to start in again with the release of "Pretty Ladies." The Metro-Goldwyn company say that no less a person than Florenz Ziegfeld, that clever connoisseur of modern feminine loveliness, selected these girls for the picture, and that their backs all measure fourteen inches from shoulder to shoulder.



Breaking Through the Mist

Eleanor Boardman, whose early experiences had made her somewhat puzzled and taciturn, speaks up with some crystal-like views on careers and things.

By Mona Gardner

JUST an ordinary day and just an ordinary lunch of prosaic ham sandwiches and milk. And then: "When I'm thirty-five years old I'm going to commit suicide," Eleanor Boardman calmly remarked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I have to get up at seven in order to get here at the studio and make up and be on the set by nine. Then in

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Continued on page 112



Photo by Nathaniel Frank

ALWAYS there seems a veil about Eleanora Boardman's inner self," says Mona Gardner. But in the story on the opposite page you are given some revealing glimpses of this girl and her character.



MAE BUSCH had a chance to see more than the fleeting glimpses visiting Hollywood players usually get of New York when she stayed in the East long enough to make a picture.

Photo by Strauss-Perton



Photo by Witzel

ATTRACTIVE little Marian Nixon is now "sitting pretty," as we say in Americanese, for she recently signed a five-year contract with Universal to play leads, and, later on, star.



Photo by Melbourne Sport

THOUGH she came into prominence so suddenly, there seems to be nothing cometlike about Norma Shearer's career, for each new picture sees her more solidly entrenched with the fans.



IN "Bobbed Hair," Marie Prevost will have her new husband, Kenneth Harlan, as a supplicating sweetheart, which probably will afford both of them a lot of fun.



JUNE MARLOWE is a promising youngster who can play pert young flappers with round-eyed innocence. Warner Brothers feel sure they have a future star in her.

Photo by C. Heighon Monroe



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

LILYAN TASHMAN, whose sophisticated presence has added an extra dash of spirit to several light comedies recently, plays a similar rôle in the Julian Eltinge picture for Christie.



KATHLEEN KEY and Dorothy Manners worked together before hardly any one had heard of either of them, and in the story on the opposite page Miss Manners tells you about her friend Kathleen.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

The Girl Friend Makes Good

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

By Dorothy Manners

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

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

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

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

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

That was a year ago.

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

"You know, I was sort of the charter member of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Virginia Valli's real name is "Lady Luck;" she came to New York to work and arrived for the opening of her best picture.

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan relates the comings and goings of New York's film colony and hangs a laudatory wreath on Mr. Ziegfeld's brow.

By The Bystander

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

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

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

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

"But here even a silken vampire like Peggy Kelly"—and Peggy, who had just sat down next to Fanny, almost pushed her in the pool for that—

"looks just dubby like the rest of us," she finished triumphantly, jumping out of her reach. Of course, Peggy didn't, but why tell the truth? She might get conceited.

"Last week Malcolm MacGregor got up a swimming party," Fanny rambled on.

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

and yet she jumped right in, trusting to Providence or Malcolm MacGregor to save her.

"Virginia looks more like a child than ever. But even though she is a sub-sub-deb at home, pictures give her a chance to step out and see what New York's night life is like. Scenes for 'Headlines' were made in the Rue de la Paix and several other night clubs.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Helen Lee Worthing has gone West to make a picture for Universal.

"Speaking of night clubs"—one subject leads to another with Fanny; she's a self-winding conversation-alist—"Texas Guinan has opened a club of her own up on Forty-eighth Street and simply every one goes there," she went on. "Simply every one, that is, but Barbara La Marr. Barbara was there the other night and when Texas got to throwing those little wooden clappers around for people to applaud the show with, she hit Barbara right on the nose. That being one of the best features she has, she didn't want to endanger it, so she left. And she told the door man she would never be back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Virginia's real name is 'Lady Luck,'" Fanny went on. "Whenever a picture of hers that isn't particularly good opens she is visiting her mother in Chicago or



Photo by Eugene R. Richee

Just as New Yorkers looked forward to having Pola Negri in their midst for several months, she took a sudden notion to go West, and went.

working out on location. But let a great one like 'Siege' come along and here is Virginia in New York basking in the applause. She gets a bigger thrill out of seeing her name in electric lights than any other girl I know.

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

"Leaving you without any playmates," I added, but Fanny being in an affable mood refused to be down-cast.

Over the Teacups



Gaze on Bebe Daniels in gorgeous clothes while you can; she is going to look funny in "Lovers in Quarantine."

"Bebe and Diana Kane won't forsake us," she insisted. "Now if I could only play bridge everything would be all right. Those girls are sharks. Bebe really doesn't need a picture star's salary. She could make a good living playing or teaching bridge."

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

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

"Perhaps the title put her in a senti-

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

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

"Fiancés usually are."

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

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

"So did a lot of people."

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

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

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

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

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

"A lot of companies——"

"About three, I suppose."

"Have been making scenes right out on Fifth

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

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



Photo by Apeda

Virginia Lee Corbin may be just a sub-deb daughter at home, but making scenes for "Headlines" took her on a grand tour of New York's night clubs.

told her he was engaged and instead of coming back with the old wise crack, 'And I hope you will be very happy,' she bawled him out for not taking her. 'You think I look like a cheap skate who wouldn't give you a big tip, don't you?' she raved at him. 'You taxi drivers in New York make me tired!' All the time she was raving at him the camera was grinding. I hope they leave her in the picture and that she sees it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Disheartened because her last picture disappointed her as well as the critics, Barbara La Marr has gone away on an extended motor trip and won't come back until she has a scenario that suits her.



Mary Astor was the only member of the cast of "Don Q" who was in New York for its opening.



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

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

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

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

"You can go if you want to," I retorted haughtily. "Lois Wilson and I

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Even the Theater Guild has gone in for variety in "The Garrick Gaieties."

On the New York Stage

A review of the season which has just closed.

By Alison Smith

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frank Morgan's bit of silken, diabolical satire in "The Firebrand."

The last act of "The Dark Angel," with the blind man's gallant fight to conceal his blindness.

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

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

June Walker, dancing out her jazz tragedy in "Processional."

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were other high lights, of course, but these seem the most vivid. And, looking them over, they seem to give more than the usual share of worth-while moments in a past season. But if the year had some of the brightest spots for many seasons, it also reached the lowest depths for impossible productions. There was one week when the chronic theatergoer went about with the hunted look of one who was being slowly

driven mad by the horrors of the things he saw at night. That was the week when a long-suffering audience could stand it no longer, and broke into frank hisses and boos for the atrocities unfolded before them on the stage. "Thrills," and "Flesh," and "The Loves of Lulu" certainly raised the casualty list among the first-nighters. But after the reception these experiments received, we have every reason to believe that nothing of the kind will be repeated in the season that is soon to begin.

There was also the fight against risqué plays which started the play jury and chased at least one ambitious drama off the boards. This was "A Good Bad Woman"

—a stupid piece of filth which wasn't worth considering at all except as a test case. It belonged to a long list of worthless productions whose only box-office value was their appeal to unclean minds. It is too early yet to be sure of the results of this battle, but there is every reason to believe that it may teach the producers of such trash to watch their step through the new season.

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

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

Miss Lee did her best with the rôle under the circumstances. She looked even more beautiful than she does on the screen, and she has proved that she has a

stage presence which may result in a creditable piece of acting before the footlights. But the screen stars who went to the play expecting to see one of her characteristic sympathetic rôles probably had the shock of their young lives. It seemed an extremely shortsighted move on the part of her producers to bring her out in a play which was too feeble to please the average Broadway audience and too cynical to get a hand from her film fans.

Among the other stage appearances identified with the screen was the début of Flora Le Breton in a Cinderella play which did little more than establish the

fact that the English actress was extremely pretty and amiable. Since then she has appeared in several screen rôles, the most successful being the part of the cockney model in "The White Monkey." For me, at least, she was almost the only redeeming feature in that most unfortunate and inexcusable insult to Galsworthy.

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

The musical year was divided between the revivals of operettas done in the old-

time manner and the very latest elaborations in the typical Broadway revues.

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

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



A striking tableau in the new Ziegfeld "Follies."

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

"Rose-Marie," the phenomenal musical hit of the year, shows every sign of running straight through another season. It has Mary Ellis—a former Metropolitan singer—a lively cast, and the sort of music that the audience can hum on the way home—if there is nobody to stop them.

Of the two George Gershwin shows, "Lady Be Good" leads its rival, "Tell Me More," by several thousand box-office votes. They seemed equally amusing to me, with extremely pointed and sophisticated books and the sort of music that only Gershwin is writing these days.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

By C. L. EDSON

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

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

Oh, the show! Oh, the show!
Oh, the motion-picture show!
When you're seeking satisfaction it's the only place to go.

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

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

But the screen! Oh, the screen!
Oh, the motion-picture screen!
In the wonderland of pictures
I can always cop a queen;
I can trust 'em, I can love them, I can know that they
are fair;
They won't unstrap a wooden leg nor lay aside their
hair;
They cannot pick my pockets nor my pay check rashly
spend.

The darling in the fillums is a darling to the end.
She'll give me smiles and laughter,
And she'll never black my eye;
So I'll put my trust, hereafter,
In the fillums till I die.
Oh, the show! Oh, the show!
Oh, the motion-picture show!
When you're seeking satisfaction it's the only place
to go.



Elinor Glyn's pictures always attract the socially prominent. This scene, representing a court garden, numbers several extras of noble blood among its atmosphere.

Looking on with an Extra Girl

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

By Margaret Reid

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

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

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

Not for nothing has Madame Glyn been dubbed "the female De Mille." Her aristocratic finger on the in-

sistent, uncertain pulse of the public and her heart and head on the fashioning of the most palatable delicacies for their pleasure of the moment, her name rivals Cecil's at the box office. But, in one way at least, she begins where De Mille leaves off. The latter's ladies and gentlemen and "life in high society" are portrayed as seen by the romantic housemaid. Mrs. Glyn's gentry are portrayed "as is" and—as often as not—by bona-fide members. There are no amusing discrepancies of procedure and no inferior taste in the Glyn society dramas, and, oddly enough, the public seems willing to forsake the erotic amplitude of the one for the suave dignity of the other.

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

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

Looking on with an Extra Girl

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

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

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

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

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

"You have never seen anything like yourselves on any other set, have you?"

Madame exclaimed. "You are entirely distinctive. No, no—do not pull the hair over your ears! And it must be up off the forehead—for that is the sign of a lady."

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

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

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

At seven thirty of the starting day we trudged through the gates—and we were destined not to take them in the other direction until a weary eight o'clock that night—over to the wardrobe for our gowns, gloves, and jewels. Up the stairs of the dressing-room building to little dressing rooms, each housing four. Out again—very regal and courtly from the neck down—from thence up various of the newest bobs in morning disarray. Along

the balcony fronting the dressing rooms and looking out over the lawns to the stage—to the sanctum of the hairdressers. Here—with false hair of perfect match—our heads, too, attain a patrician dignity. In the midst of these rites shouts drift up from below: "All the Conway-Glyn people on the set!" Clamor, despair, and inconceivable chaos follow upon this. No one seems to be ready, and in frantic fever the hairdressers' hands race nobly. Then the rush down the stairs.

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

The first shot was the arrival of the king's betrothed—a princess played by Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor Boardman looking the way all princesses should look—

and so seldom do. No one could be better suited to the embellishments of royalty, for Eleanor has an inherent dignity of mood and demeanor and unconscious poise. She is quietly sure in every word and move and she undoubtedly has a great advantage in looking—to coin a phrase—like a lady.

Her own soft brown hair was covered by a wig—exceedingly fine and shining and golden. Her figure, to which the term willowy is, for once, applicable, was robed in cling-

ing metal cloth the exact shade of the wig. As she walked to the throne with a light, floating tread, and later glided through a quaint dance, she looked like nothing more human than a fragile, scented water lily. When you see the picture, watch for her curtsy. It is one of the most satisfactory things I have ever seen. A sort of breathless subsiding, as silkenly exquisite as the soft descent of petals. If you are an epicure of classic perfection don't miss it.

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

Mr. Nagel was a stunning object in his red-and-white



Elinor Glyn, Director Jack Conway, and Margaret Reid snapped on the set of "Four Flaming Days."

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

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

Mrs. Glyn had decreed, for story purposes, that all royalty in this mythical country be distinguished by large, flapping ears, and powerful, protruding—in fact, buck teeth. Even putty and false as they were, the effect was ludicrously appalling. Young Jack and Ethel, who had been chosen from all available children as having the least apparent beauty, had moments of sheer ecstasy popping the teeth out in front of unsuspecting onlookers. After a few trials this was done with gruesome ease, and added considerable to their charm. Dale Fuller, an odd, arresting personality with much magnetism, played their governess. She fussed over them humorously between shots, as well as when the camera was grinding. Especially over Jack, whose demoniac humor was exciting, to say the least. In softer moods he had a penchant for ballads, and was constantly in the throes of trying to learn "Tea for Two"—which he didn't, despite Miss Fuller's aid—on the ukulele.

Then there was the remainder of the troupe—probably as illustrious a company as ever gathered beneath one glass roof. As Von Stroheim attracts the military élite to his productions, so Glyn attracts the socially prominent. That stately, sloe-eyed girl with the proud little head is the seventeen-year-old Countess Marianni of Italy. That warmly Spanish-looking brunette at her side is the attractive Mrs. Wiley of London, Paris, and New York. That dashing, handsome gentleman is Mario Carrillo—really Count Caracillo of Italy. David Mir—the clever young Russian who played the crown prince, and, as well, designed the handsome and intricate uniforms—is endeavoring to forget his own noble birth in this strange, enticing work. That gentle, drooping lady—like a Grecian frieze in her classic silver gown—is Dagmar Desmond, Mrs. Glyn's latest discovery from the drawing-room. That tall, tired-looking man is General Ikonikoff—formerly of the Imperial Guard to the Czar of Russia. Every tragedy and sorrow in the world is written on his face. Later, in his halting English, he told us how his mother and father, his grandmother and two sisters were killed before his eyes by Bolsheviks, how he was put to work in the mines, with heavy chains on his feet, and the lash on his back. Surprisingly simple and child-like he is, naively happy in this new peace and sunlight, singing strange, wild Russian songs—but sometimes with

tears in his eyes. And then there is a gentle English baronet—Gerald Grove, Lord Claude Hamilton, equerry to the Prince of Wales, and Harry Crocker, handsome young scion of the famous banking family of San Francisco. Near the camera Mrs. Glyn was entertaining the Duchess of Sutherland. It really must be admitted that Madame has done much to elevate Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—socially, anyway.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Continued on page 108



The biggest thing about "Four Flaming Days" is Cal Plimpton, seven feet, three inches tall, who is Madame Glyn's newest discovery.

On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

A Sleepy-time Story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What's in a Name?

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

What we object to is the fact that only women can put across such descriptive names with the public. Con-



sider what guffaws of merriment and scorn would go up if the men tried the same stunt. Suppose Novarro should herald himself as "Ramon Romantic." Suppose Menjou should call himself "Adolphe Suave." Suppose Meighan became "Thomas Noble;" Lloyd, "Harold Blushing;" and Lyon, "Ben Boyish." The fans would hand their idols what is technically known as the razzberry. And yet the women's names are taken quite seriously. It doesn't seem quite fair to the men.

A Tribute.

Our hat is off to two extremists in picture appearances.

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

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

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

WHO'S WHO IN VERSE

To Rudolph.

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

To-morrow you'll be left behind.

Ave Gloria.

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

Telegram to Pickfair.

Mary had a winning way
Upon the silver screen,



And, oh, the years that Mary spent
As an unchallenged queen.

The Gold Rush.

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

Harry Langdon.

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

Jack's Jack.

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

Have You Heard——

That there's nothing so rare as a day in June, unless
it is a news reel without battleships or babies?

That Harry Langdon has such a cherubic countenance
that sooner or later he will be cast as *Cupid* in a ro-
mantic screen drama?

That Cecil B. De Mille's
idea of Hades is to be com-
pelled to produce pictures on
the cost scale of "The Salva-
tion Hunters?"

That brevity is the soul of
wit, yet the funniest comedies
are in multiple reels?

That the difference between
the ordinary actor or director
and the genius seems to be
that the genius disdains put-
ting out a new picture more
often than once in three
years?

That you might become as
cross-eyed as Ben Turpin if
you tried to keep your eyes on
all the bathing beauties at
once?

That the Latin quarter of a
city is the section where the
Novarro, Valentino, Moreno, and Cortez pictures are
showing?

That D. W. Griffith is one of the most promising of
our younger directors?

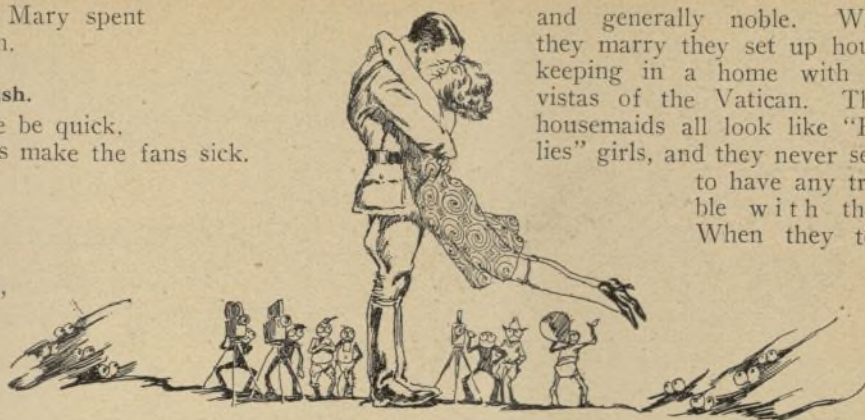
That now that Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, and
others have been seen in old-mother rôles, Mary Carr
is considering a *Peter Pan* rôle just to show the younger
actresses they haven't all the versatility?

Isn't Life Wonderful—On the Screen?

The lovers in a screen ro-
mance are always handsome,



and generally noble. When
they marry they set up house-
keeping in a home with the
vistas of the Vatican. Their
housemaids all look like "Fol-
lies" girls, and they never seem
to have any trou-
ble with them.
When they tele-



phone, they always get the right number, and get it
promptly. When they want to go somewhere, James
always has the machine ready at the curb. If the hero
has to break all records getting there, there is not a
speed cop in sight. You'd think he was related to the
chief of police.

The children of this lucky couple, if any, are always
the cutest things you ever saw. If they have a dog,
he is sure to be clever enough for a vaudeville contract.

They seem to live a charmed life. Even if they lose
all their money and have to
live in a cottage, it always
has curtains in the windows
and roses at the door, and
it is never by any chance
near a glue factory or the
stockyards—not unless it is
a Von Stroheim picture.

Isn't life wonderful—on
the screen?

Observation.

The number of people
who are looking for a good
five-cent cigar is only ex-
ceeded by the number who
are looking for a good fif-
teen-cent movie.

What a Difference!

Reel I.

On the set. The lights
flare up, the camera begins
to click, and Romeo Dale, the handsome hero, takes
Louise Beautiful, the alluring heroine, into his arms.
He kisses her; he tells her that he loves her. It is noth-
ing to him that every eye in the studio is focused upon
him—that he is being watched by director, camera man,
assistants, electricians, carpenters, property men, and
visitors.

Reel II.

The same set, but later. Romeo Dale looks about
and sees that he is all alone with Louise Beautiful—
and he has just got his divorce from his wife. He takes
Louise into his arms. He kisses her and tells her he
loves her. There is a slight sound behind them, and he
springs back with a guilty start.

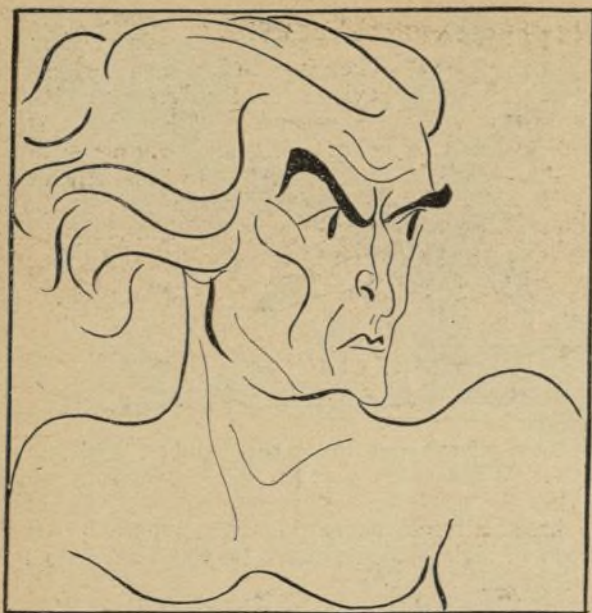
"Somebody is spying on us!" he snarls.

What Could Be Simpler?

Reader: I don't see how you make each
of your books so different from the pre-
ceding one.

Novelist: That's easy. I merely copy
the movie adaptation.

Continued on page 94



Paul Richter plays SIEGFRIED in the beautiful, heroic screen legend made in Germany.

The Screen

Searching comment on important new

By Sally

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

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

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

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

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

This scene is where Miss Dempster made good, as the home papers have it. She is pathetic and dramatic by

In "Don Q" Douglas Fairbanks is at his most engaging as the thrilling and romantic Spanish hero.

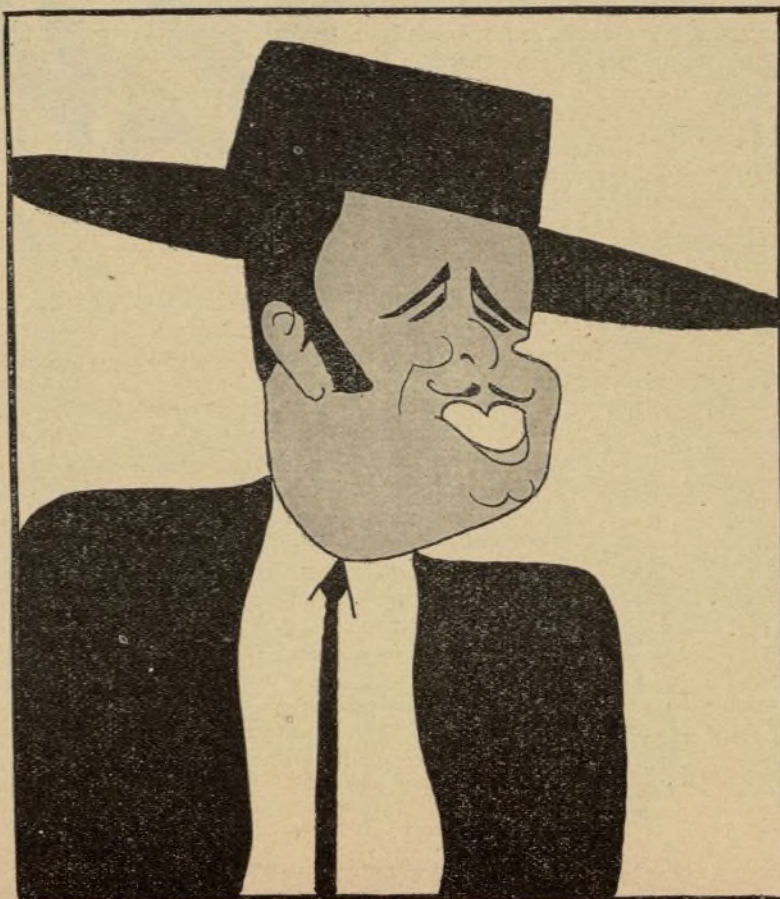
turns, interrupted by shots of Mr. Fields in the funniest chase seen in or out of any comedy in the world.

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

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

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

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



in Review

film productions of the month.

Benson

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

Made in Germany.

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the Tired Business Girl.

I must confess that I went to see Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q" in a mean, suspicious frame of mind. I

still remembered him in "The Thief of Bagdad," and the thought of a none-too-magic Fairbanks making believe he was just a raggle-taggle gypsy, oh!—or ugh!—was fresh in my mind. And this from one who followed him from theater to theater when he used to play on the stage in such things as "The Show Shop," and who spent her allowance on cut-rate tickets for Saturday matinées. To be sure, this was before he got to practicing with dumb-bells, if you know what I mean.

I am sorry now that I doubted him. I went to see "Don Q" on a hot, summer night. The theater was packed with tired, cross people; people tired of subways, their jobs, and familiar faces. I felt the same way. If I had seen one dear old, well-known face in the crowd, I would have smashed it with the first usher I could lay hands on.

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

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

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

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

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

To be Treated with Respect.

The best picture I saw last month, aside from the special releases, was "Siege," a Universal-Jewel picture. The story is by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and it has been directed by Sven Gade. It came as a complete surprise to me, because I had heard nothing much in its favor, and no fireworks were being sent up to call any one's attention to it.



Carol Dempster again proves her cleverness in "Sally of the Sawdust," while W. C. Fields is a delight as her disreputable old circus guardian.

Aunt Augusta, the head of the Ruyland family, is a bitter, narrow old despot. She rules her family and an iron foundry in much the same manner, until a favorite nephew marries. The girl he marries is perfectly all right, according to modern standards, but she is not New England, and she is not what *Aunt Augusta* thinks a wife should be.

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

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

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

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

Hearts and Flowers.

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

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

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

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

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

More Modern Stuff.

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

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

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

Bad Pictures from Good Books.

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

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

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

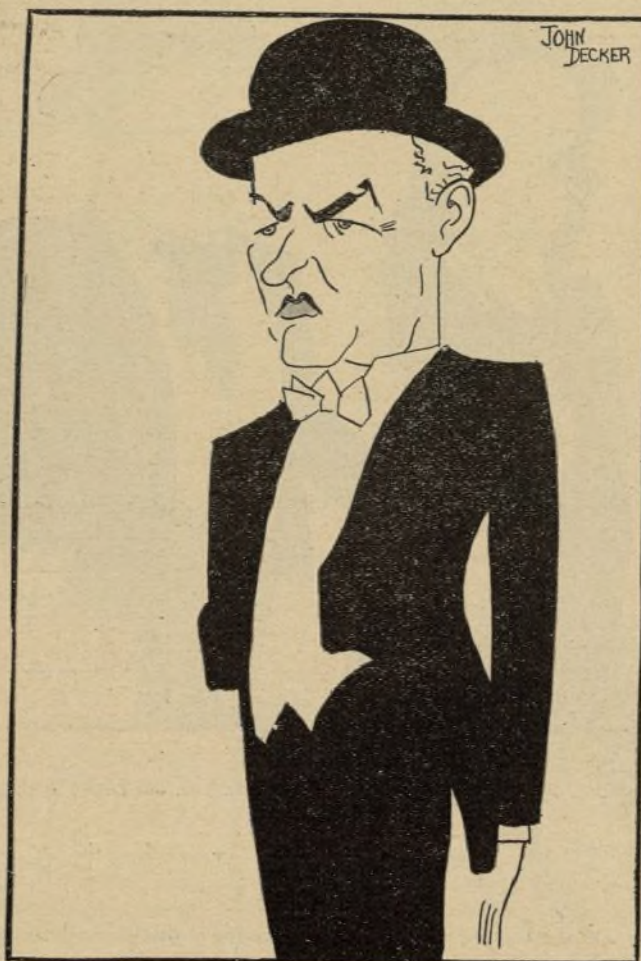
Another terrible picture is "The White Monkey," with Barbara La Marr—"in the title rôle," should be added. This time I wasn't so angry, partly because I thought the book pretty cheap stuff for Galsworthy to turn out, in the first place, and partly because I think Miss La Marr one of the cleverest little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

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

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

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

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



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

Fun with Reginald Denny.

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

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

It seems too bad that as engaging a young man as Reginald Denny has so few chances to prove that he is no mean actor.

Harry A. Pollard, who knows what humor is, directed it.

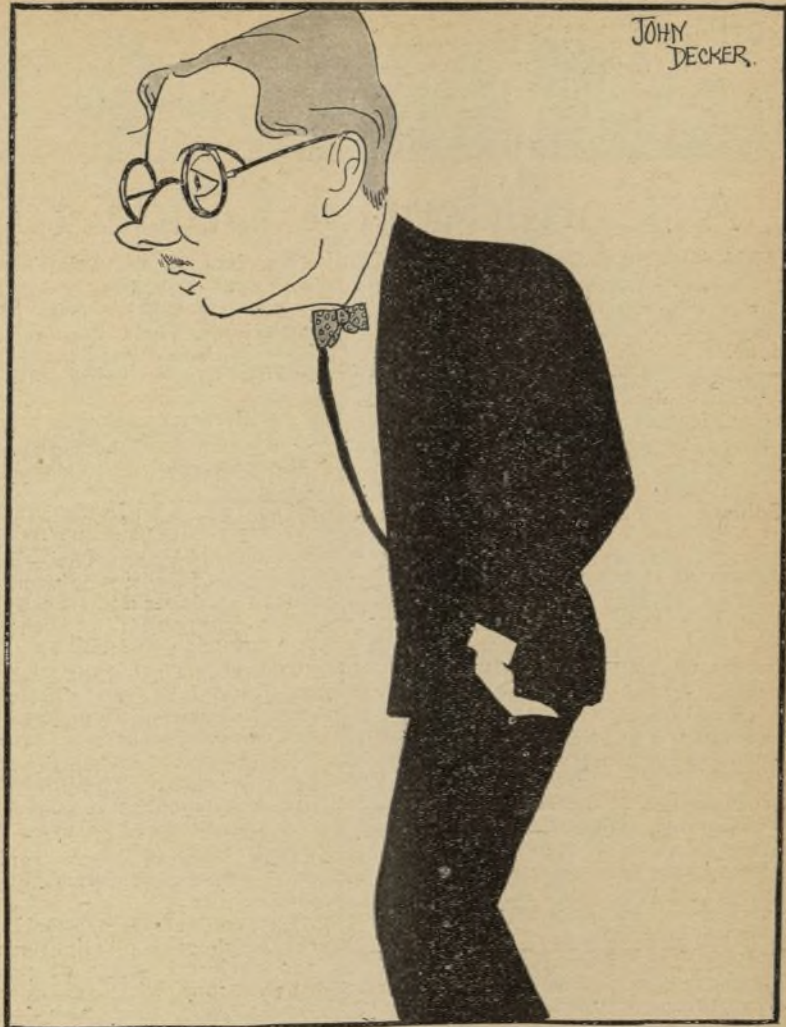
Something Else to Count on.

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

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

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

Here's the plot: *Tom Clark* has left the



Matt Moore plays the title rôle in "How Baxter Butted In" with a genuine comic flair.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beggar on Horseback"—Paramount. James Cruze let loose on the fantastic stage play. Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

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

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

"Iron Horse, The"—Fox. Stirring historical drama, showing the building of the transcontinental railroad. George O'Brien is the hero.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?"—United Artists. D. W. Griffith's simple but powerful story of after-war conditions in Germany, centered around a Polish refugee family. Carol Dempster is surprisingly fine in the leading rôle.

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

"Lady, The"—First National. Norma Talmadge as a chorus girl who marries a worthless aristocrat, with the subsequent disillusionment. Old-fashioned English melodrama, made poignant by Norma's performance.

"Last Laugh, The"—Universal. A German film of revolutionary technique. Simple character study, without subtitles, made understandable and appealing by Emil Jannings.

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

"So Big"—First National. Colleen Moore gives a remarkable performance as the *Selina Peake* of Edna Ferber's novel.

"Ten Commandments, The"—Paramount. A thrilling Biblical prologue, followed by a typical De Mille modern drama. The large cast includes Rod La Rocque, Richard Dix, Leatrice Joy, and Nita Naldi.

"Thief of Bagdad, The"—United Artists. A beautiful "Arabian Nights" fantasy, in which Douglas Fairbanks plays a roguish adventurer.

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

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"As No Man Has Loved"—Fox. A sincere and touching production of the Edward Everett Hale masterpiece, "The Man Without a Country," with Edward Hearn and Pauline Starke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dick Turpin"—Fox. Tom Mix as the beruffled highwayman of old England.

"Excuse Me"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rupert Hughes in his lighter moments. Fast-moving comedy of premarriage complications.

"Fool, The"—Fox. A sincere presentation of Channing Pollock's stage play, with Edmund Lowe as the handsome young minister who sets out to lead a really Christian life.

"Forty Winks"—Paramount. More comedy, featuring Raymond Griffith as an eccentric English lord.

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

"Great Divide, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Antique movie plot made enjoyable through expert treatment and the acting of Wallace Beery, Alice Terry, and Conway Tearle.

"Greed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Von Stroheim realism, marvelously done, but a little strong for those who prefer light entertainment.

"His Supreme Moment"—First National. Romantic love scenes between Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman, and some attractive color photography make this worth seeing.

"Introduce Me"—Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean in a sometimes slow, but mostly amusing comedy about an Alpine guide.

"Learning to Love"—First National. A rollicking farce on how to get a husband. Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno are the principals.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Madame Sans Gene"—Paramount. Not Gloria Swanson's best, but well

worth seeing. The genuine French backgrounds and settings are strikingly lovely.

"Manhattan"—Paramount. Richard Dix adventuring among New York gangsters.

"Miracle of the Wolves"—Paramount. A French production showing up Louis XI. in a new light. Costumes and settings are interesting and authentic, but the plot is rather silly.

"Monster, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An ingenious melodrama, in which Lon Chaney plays a lunatic doctor.

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

"New Lives For Old"—Paramount. Betty Compson as a beautiful French dancer involved in intrigue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Romola"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in a fifteenth-century Italian story, beautifully produced, but giving her little to do. William Powell runs away with the acting.

"Sainted Devil, A"—Paramount. Valentino in South America again, but with not-so-wonderful results.

"Sally"—First National. From the popular stage play, with Colleen Moore as the dancing heroine.

"Seven Chances"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton is not quite so funny in this, but still has some uproarious moments.

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

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The Happy Ending

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

By Dorothy Manners

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

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

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

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

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

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

Across the mirrored floors of that set she came

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

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

Three years have passed since then and among other things I have learned that preconceived impressions and illusions are stupid. About any one. About celebrities in particular. On thinking back on that situation I don't know exactly what I expected Norma to do — throw bouquets at us, I suppose. Or patronize us with effusive bows and smiles that are as inane as they are insincere. Perhaps, too, it is something of an ordeal for even one as poised and assured as

Miss Talmadge to be subjected to the review of fifteen hundred pairs of critical eyes. I am beginning to think that. For I have met a new Norma. Not the illusionary creature I had thought she would be nor the aloof lady of that ballroom impression, but Norma as she is without any preconceived notions or prejudices of mine.

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

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

Continued on page 98.





Fall Frocks and Frills

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

By Betty Brown

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

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

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

their day.

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

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

The two-piece frock at the top of the page is worn by Marion Davies and would be an adorable little dress for the schoolgirl, although it need by no means be confined to her.

It is of copen-blue silk faille, with a novel throw scarf which encircles the neck and is drawn through slits in the

belt of the blouse. The border on the scarf matches the striped-flannel banding at the bottom of the blouse. A front view of this frock appears.



on the smaller figure.

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

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

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

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

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



silver cloth, the hosiery is silver metal, and the slippers silver brocade.

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

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



Photo by Hartsook

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS

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

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

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

At present her most overwhelming desire is "to go the round of all the studios and make faces at every doorman."

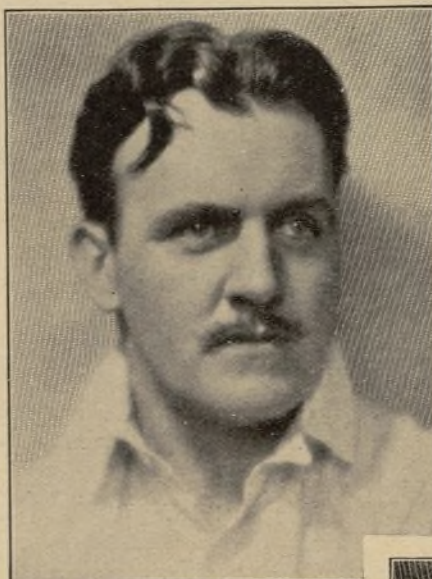


Photo by Freulich



Photo by Witzel

Among Those

Brief sketches of some of the most

A VILLAIN GONE WRONG

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

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

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

A KISS WON A CONTRACT

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

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

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

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

Present

interesting people in pictures.

NOT CLASSIFIED

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

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

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

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

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

A REAL PRINCE AT LAST

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

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

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

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



Photo by Freulich



Photo by William Davis Pearsall

WILLIAM BOYD JOINS DE MILLE

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

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

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

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

He got raised—to a big truck.

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





Photo by Hoover

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

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

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

She has been associated with practically every star, and every producer.

FARINA'S SISTER

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

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

BEBE DANIELS TOLD HIM TO BECOME AN ACTOR

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

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

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



Photo by Leo Graves



Photo by W. D. Pearsall

ANOTHER ARRIVAL FROM TEXAS

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

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

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

A NINE-YEAR QUARREL

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

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

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



Photo by Lee Graves



Photo by Riches



THEY ALMOST CALLED HIM "DOC" ARLEN

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

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

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

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

in "The Triumph of Their Love."

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

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

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

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

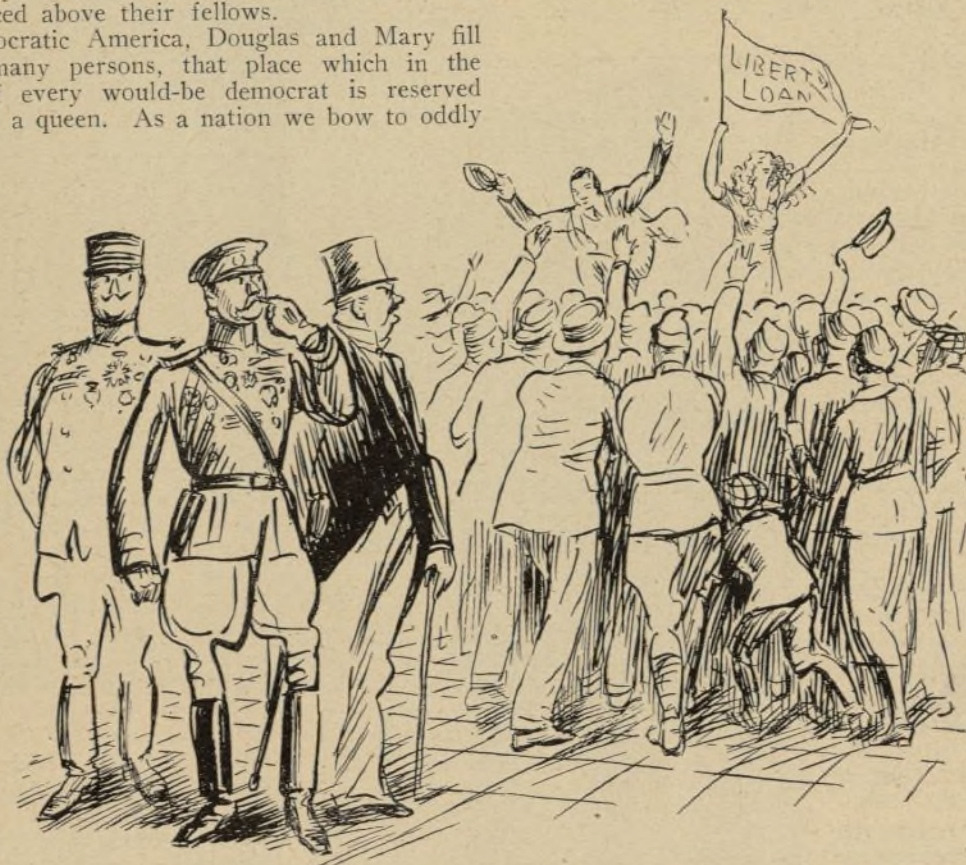
In a society where custom prescribes the sacrifice of every human joy to the maw of ambition, Douglas and Mary renounced ambition for the sake of joy. That their worshipful subjects refused to accept the sacrifice makes of their love a greater triumph. It represents the triumph of beauty, the triumph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

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

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

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

Mary Pickford was a quick-witted, pretty child, with Irish-blue eyes and curls that made her just the type for repertoire. The humble beginnings of motion-picture production found her an in-



While Douglas and Mary were raising money for the Liberty Loans, the public testified to the greatness of the American movie.

genuine working for five dollars a day for the Biograph company. This was in 1909.

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

The Fairbanks boy did not go to work in the movies at five dollars a day. His entry was delayed until the year 1916. College had been abandoned after the first year. Douglas Fairbanks had become a matinée idol. As a matinée idol he wooed and won Beth Sully, daughter of Dan Sully, who had cornered the cotton market. But like many another matinée idol, at the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was little in common now between the popular Douglas Fairbanks, deliberately maintaining himself at the top of this new profession of movie acting, and the daughter of the cotton king, who had borne him a

son and then resigned herself to home making. There was a vast affinity between the two star performers of opposite sex, both at the meridian of movie greatness.

What promise — what dazzling illumination—the future held in dreams. As when King Louis

of France designed to unite two great dominions by wedding his son to the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. With the vast difference that here would be no distaste upon the part of the principal parties to the union. Indeed no. The movie favorites would have been glad to wed.

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

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

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

"If you go to Fairbanks you are lost!"

Thus in her ears friends and retainers constantly dinned the chorus.

"The public won't stand it!"

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

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

Foreign ambassadors, foreign delegates, foreign officers, swarmed the



It is possible that Doug, while a freshman at Harvard, may have seen Mary on the stage.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

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

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

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

"I love you—nothing else matters."

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

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

Mary took train for Baltimore. Doug's tour led him to New York. In Philadelphia they met. Charlie

Chaplin, the third outstanding figure of the films, who had been about the nation's business in the same fashion, and who was also a close friend of the couple, joined them there. It was the triumvirate of moviedom assembled in the cradle of American liberty—as the newspapers of that date respectfully noted. Patriotism boiled over at the big meeting in which the movie stars spoke for the Liberty Loan. Thousands of dollars

poured into the government coffers at their urging.

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

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

"They're through," said moviedom and sat back, resigned to



Even in the seclusion of their quiet home life they do not forget their fans.

watch from shelter the storm that was to sweep Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks from the face of the earth.

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

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

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

Continued on page 110

Hollywood High Lights

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

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

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

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

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

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

The Languishing Queens.

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

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

Mary Pickford may achieve a surprise sortie with "Little Annie Rooney," and, in any case, she is to appear oftener. Pola Negri has suffered the most consistently

from ill-fated stories, but she is still a potential empress. Much depends, also, on what Lillian Gish may accomplish with her production of "La Boheme," and as *Marguerite* in "Faust," this being listed among her subsequent features.

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

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

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

Comedian and Fashion Model.

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

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

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

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

Cody has also been selected to demonstrate the fashions originated by Erte. He has been cast for "Paris," in which the French designer is to supervise both mascu-



Photo by Freulich
Reginald Denny, shown here with his pet bird and dog, is very happy because Universal adjusted his contract and all is smooth again.

line and feminine styles. Little Pauline Starke is the envy of the studios, since she has been chosen for the leading feminine rôle. Pauline, you know, has never been what might be termed a sartorial high priestess before. Perhaps her selection is due to a newly detected resemblance to Gloria Swanson.

Tearle Graves Tragedy.

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

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

Mix Wakes Up the Town.

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

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

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

Lucky "Pretty Ladies."

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

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

Little Ann Pennington, the "Follies" dancer, evidently took a tip from this, because she signed up for his very first film after he arrived from abroad. It is the

first, too, that she has played in out on the Coast, with the exception of a bit in the "Follies" sequences of "Pretty Ladies." Later on she will be seen in a big comedy part with Julian Eltinge in "Madame Lucy."

Inspiration for Movie Fiction.

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

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

That Eternal Question.

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

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

Meighan Shifts.

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

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

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

Another Conflict.

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

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



Betty Bronson plays a sweet, old-fashioned girl in "Not So Long Ago," her latest picture.

The Usual Chimes.

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

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

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

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

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

More Stage Talent.

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

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

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

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

Theda Confesses.

All the secrets of Theda Bara's past life are to be told at last. Theda is going to have her say by means of a book of confessions, and it will be published about

the same time that "The Unchastened Woman," in which she is now playing, is released. So, if you have any belated curiosity to know the facts about the once-mysterious siren, you may purchase the volume. Nor are we paid for thus advertising her literary efforts. Our advice is quite gratis.

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

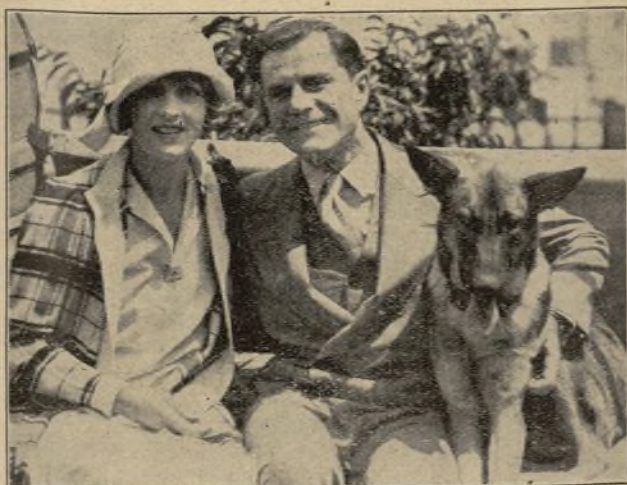
Mary Has the Wanderlust.

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

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

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

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



From being one of the most faithful of engaged couples in Hollywood, Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell now appear to be among the happiest of married folk.

Eleanor Waves Her Wand Again.

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

Barrymore a Whaler.

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

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

[Continued on page 100]



The Making of "The Wanderer"

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

By William H. McKegg

BEHOLD a peoples' mirrored past!

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

There is an incessant rush and roar of human voices.

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

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

A whistle blows.

The entire crowd changes. From being children of the Old Testament they become children of Hollywood.

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

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

As the camera begins to grind once more, long-horned oxen yoked to an ancient-looking plow are being driven by their master across a field, turning up the rough ground; another worker follows and scatters seed. One man works a balancing apparatus—a long pole with a rock on one end and a pail on the other—with which

water is carried from the irrigating canal. Another toiler manipulates a water wheel by which he lifts the water to higher levels for pouring on the earth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Continued on page 98

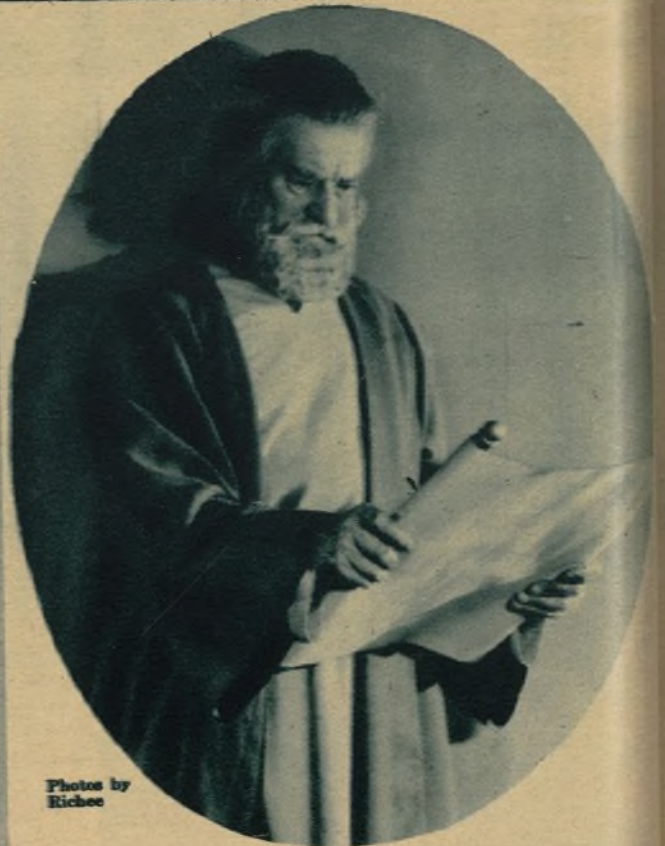


Photographs by Richee

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



Long, rough wooden tables were used by all middle-class families of biblical times and homes had numerous open archways.



Photos by
Richee

Buster Collier, shown at the left, who plays the title rôle in "The Wanderer," is dressed in the short tunic worn by farmer boys of his day. Tyrone Power, playing his father, affects the plain severity in keeping with his austere character as a man of God.



This scene showing the *Wanderer's* return was filmed in a section near Hollywood remarkable in its resemblance to scenes in the Holy Land.



Photos by
Richee

A black wig and the simple, plain robes worn by the middle-class Israelites transform Kathlyn Williams into the patient, sorely tried Jewish mother you see above. Kathryn Hill, at the right, is robed in the simple, modest costume worn by young middle-class Israelite girls of the time.





What De Mille Offers

Photographs by
William Davis Pearsall



Since Cecil De Mille became his own producer, much wonder and excitement have attended the signing of players for his permanent stock company. Each new player handed a contract was given envious glances by less fortunate candidates.



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



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



An Amazing Marquise



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



Photo by Richer

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



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





"The Tower of Lies"

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





Another Notch

The many and elaborate episodes of "Ben-Hur" are being completed by degrees. The scenes represented on this page have just been finished, and there remains to be filmed only the great chariot race sequence. Carmel Myers and Francis X. Bushman appear in the picture at the top of the page; Betty Bronson, playing the *Maddona*, is shown in the oval, while below is one of the striking scenes among the galley slaves during the sinking of a Roman ship.





Within the next year or two Dorothy Mackaill will be among the first three ladies of the screen, thinks Emma-Lindsay Squier. You will find further interesting impressions of her in the story on the opposite page.

Dinner with Dorothy

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

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

PICTURE if you will the lobby of the Hotel Netherland in New York. Fifty gorgeously gowned young women sitting attentively waiting for a director, who, it is rumored, is going to choose one of the applicants for the part of the young blind girl in "Mighty Like a Rose." The long room is heavy with the fragrance of many perfumes. There is a glitter of jewelry—false and real—and a tumult of eager colors. Each applicant is dressed in her "Sunday best." Then picture in the midst of all this obvious finery a frail young girl in black with a shabby little round hat pressed down over pale-gold hair, big, gray eyes and a crimson mouth set in a white oval face. Not a jewel, not even the delicate shimmer of a silk stocking.

The director enters and his eye sweeps appraisingly around that circle of eager, overdressed beauties. To choose from among them would be like trying to select the most enchanting single flower in a garden of a thousand roses. Inevitably his eye falls upon the one girl who is in such startling contrast to the others. The director approaches her, speaks rather hesitatingly, "Are you applying for the part in this picture? What's your name?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The hardest thing was the cold, fruitless period of waiting. The director never once called her up or gave her any intimation that he was considering her

for the little blind girl. She called him up twice; once to tell him, "I have learned to play the violin," and once to say, "I have been spending my afternoons at a school for the blind. I know how a blind girl acts and feels."

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

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

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

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

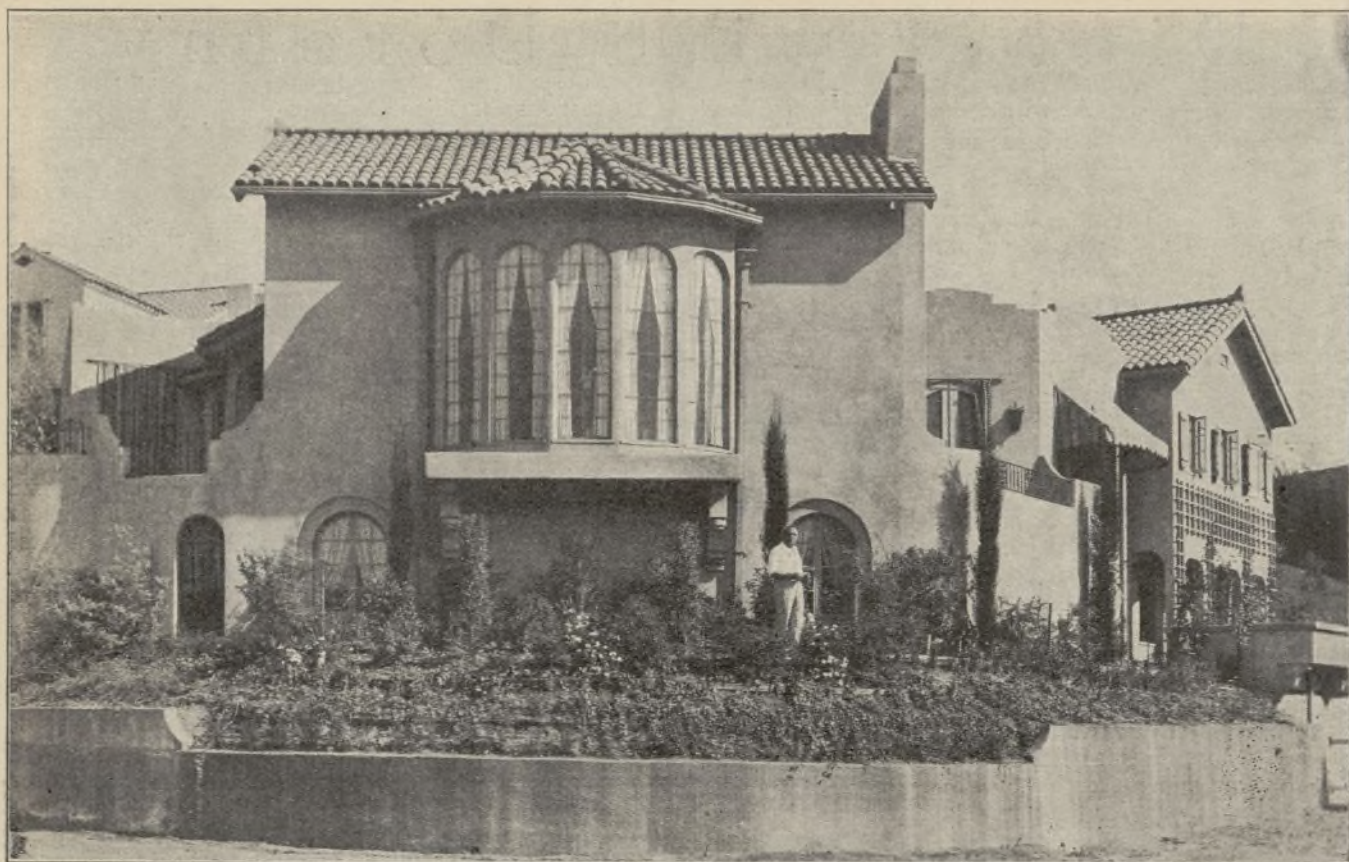
When I first saw Dorothy Mackaill on the screen, in "The Man Who Came Back," she had long, yellow hair that was unique and distinctive. Now the long, yellow tresses are gone; laid as a sacrifice on the altar of "Chickie," film version of a serialized story that had been running in the daily newspapers.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

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

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

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

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At Home,

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

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

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

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

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



Informal

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

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

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

Some day soon, as befits a star of her importance, Colleen Moore intends to have a swimming pool in her back yard, but just now she is content with a little lily pond where glittering goldfish disport themselves. There "Dinty," "The Wall Flower," "So Big," "Sally," and others named for her starring rôles flit about unconcerned with their importance as monuments to her success.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Pauline Garon has bought a home in Beverly Hills, and though a few decorative shrubs at present constitute her garden she has planted seeds and has hopes. As most things turn out well for little Pauline, by the time this appears she will probably have a flourishing garden.



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

When Marion Davies left New York to make a picture in California, she declared that she would soon return, but the comforts of outdoor life won her over. She bought a home in Beverly Hills, and now she disdains returning to the walled-in life of the big city.





Writing letters is always a bore to Helene Chadwick, but it is not nearly so wearisome when she takes her desk out on the side porch and glances over the domain her picture profits have brought her.

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



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





The Second Generation Again

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

By Peggy Handley

THERE will be no Hollywood heartaches for Helene and Dolores Costello!

For these two girls, daughters of Maurice Costello, the first matinée idol of the screen, arrived in Hollywood recently, each with a long-term contract in her shapely hand. All the credit should not go to their father. They have worked hard and did not attempt to slide in on his name and reputation.

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

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

A Warner Brothers representative saw them one evening and noticed the individual beauty of these two girls. He thought they would screen well and that a few months under the supervision of capable direc-

tors would teach them the rudiments of camera work. Their name meant nothing to him.

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

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

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

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

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Old Friends Talk of Alice Terry

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

By Dorothy Manners

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

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

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

In the first place, extras are not all boon companions. It is not a sorority order. Among the extras, as among the stars, there are circles within circles. When I first started in on the Lasky lot no one around the place ritzed me with the same degree of frigidity as a red-headed girl who was then the "queen" of the extras. She worked in all the pictures. She had a speaking acquaintance with most of the stars. She often lunched with them and went on their parties. The only thing she had in common with the rest of us was her salary check. She was blue blooded and we were riffraff, and she never let us forget it. You stood more of a chance of making a chum of Gloria Swanson than of this young lady. Also there were about twelve other girls who were a little coterie to themselves. Not that they were intentionally aloof, but they had worked in many pictures together. They knew each other well. They reminisced over mutual experiences. They were congenial and sufficient unto themselves. Another group consisted of four or five elderly women who were

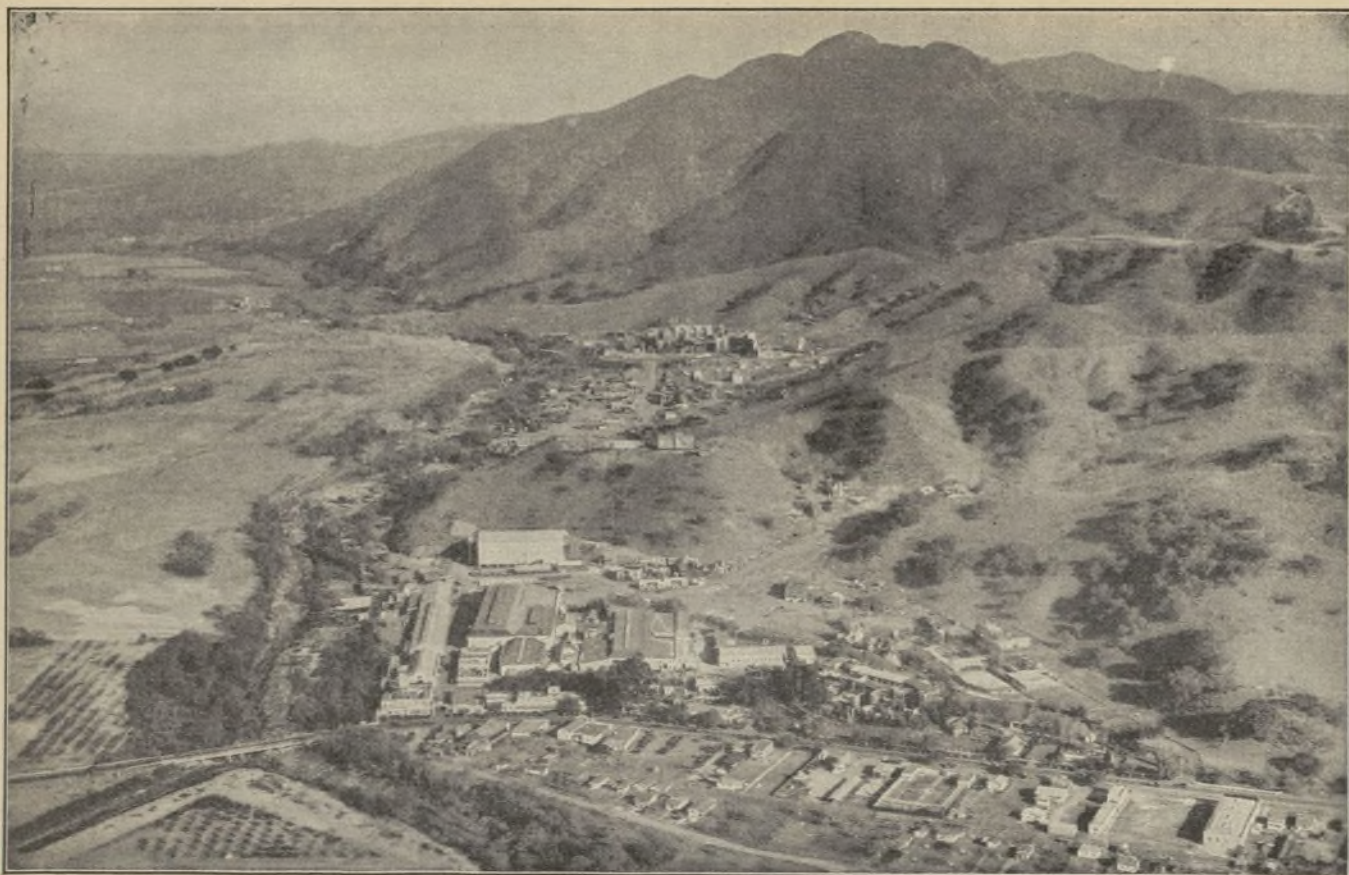


grande dames by day and housewives by night. These were usually matrons who worked in pictures for the extra money to be picked up and they brought sewing to while away the time while they gossiped over recipes and style books. It was seldom that these groups intermingled except for a casual "Hello" or "Good-by." However, let any one of them advance herself professionally or artistically, and immediately the others become her best friends and severest critics.

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

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

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The Romance of Universal City

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

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

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

In the rear of the picture, just below the farthest hill, may be seen the arched structure of the cathedral constructed for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with surrounding French settings. Just to the right of it, in the same group, are the Monte Carlo Casino and the Café de Paris, which Von Stroheim built for

"Foolish Wives." Under the little hill in the center of the picture the ground is tunneled into catacombs, which were used in "Phantom of the Opera."

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

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

Continued on page 104





Betty Blythe and Malcolm Tod, an English actor playing her leading man, before the Garden of Gethsemane. The trees in the background are part of the Mount of Olives.

A Letter from Location

Betty Blythe writes of her experiences in Palestine and Cairo while making scenes for "Jacob's Well," produced by a European company.

MY DEAR—*

Haifa, Palestine.

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

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

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

After Cairo we went to Jerusalem. My chief impression of that place is of a city of walls. We worked in narrow little streets which to us in America would seem the tiniest alleys. And such a time we had with the curious Arabs! They had never seen or scarcely heard of a motion-picture camera, and would keep run-

ning up to stare into the lens or just to stand and look us over. Just as we had got our cameras set up, the scene rehearsed, the reflectors placed, and the shadows just right for lighting the scene, a caravan of donkeys laden with merchandise would ramble through the stone alley, and we would have to string ourselves up along the wall to give the donkeys room to get through.

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

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

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



The Real Thing

Evelyn Brent impresses one with her honesty and genuineness.

By Constance
Palmer Littlefield

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

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

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

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

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

Her charming British accent led me to believe she was English-born.

However, Florida was her birthplace and the British cast of speech comes from several years spent in England during the formative period of her life.

"I started to work when I was fourteen in the old World Studios in New York. I was put in stock doing all kinds of things—good experience, probably, but terribly tiresome and disheartening for such an ambitious young person. Of course, there wasn't much money in it, and an awful lot of work.

"Then the World Film Company broke up, as a result of the film-patent war, and I played around in other studios, not getting much chance. Life seemed to be mostly getting up in the morning and traveling from Brooklyn to Fort Lee and then back again at night!

"But I was doing a little better—getting bits and small parts—maids and what-not—and I managed to save some money.

"The war was just over then and I had a great desire to go abroad. I was thoroughly tired of everything here and longed to see new things.

"But getting passports was next to impossible and it was months before I could manage it—and that only by pulling every wire I knew. Finally, the all-important matter of a chaperon was arranged and over we went.

"I spent some time in London—got an engagement on the stage, and then went to Paris for a glorious holiday. I spent all my money—but it was worth it!

"Then I came back to London and got a job in pictures almost immediately and from then on everything was wonderful.

"When I returned to New York, I married Bernie—and that was a very important step in my life!

"As you know, Douglas Fairbanks brought me from New York to the Coast to play his leading woman in 'The Thief of Bagdad,' but it took such a long time for the production to get started that I asked him to release me from my contract so that I could get back on the screen. It is very dangerous for an actor or actress to stay in seclusion too long! It takes a lot of fame to live that down.

"You see, I have a very good adviser in my husband. We always talk things over very fully and I abide by his decisions."

"Bernie" is B. P. Fineman, general manager of F. B. O. He is a very astute young man, and it is not to be wondered at that his wife listens carefully to his very good advice!

The combination is ideal, for Miss Brent is now under contract to F. B. O., where she is doing six pictures during this, her first year, and eight during her next. If you figure it out, you will see that she works very, very hard.

About two months ago she had a very serious accident which would have resulted in death had it not been for the presence of mind of her maid Helen. The handle of the hot-water faucet in her shower broke as she was turning it and the jagged edge cut the main artery in her wrist.

The maid rushed in at her shriek and by grasping Miss Brent's arm tightly, she pinched the artery shut. Then there were frantic efforts to reach Bernie and a doctor by telephone, with the poor victim more dead than alive from loss of blood.

She is not an overly strong girl and a quart of blood is more precious to her than it would be to a great, strapping creature radiating vim and vigor. Now she is resting, and reveling in a diet of juicy beefsteaks, cream and eggs, and is gradually getting back the strength she lost.

"What is the most important thing in your life?" I shot at her suddenly, in a low, despicable hope that

her weakened state would allow her to confess her innermost heart to me.

She looked at me quickly with startled eyes, then slowly, firmly, she closed the door between us that she had held open so candidly before.

"Well—that's rather a hard question."

She arose from her chair and moved over to a table and fingered the books there. I could see the struggle in her mind. I hoped deeply that she would not answer my question untruthfully—or truthfully. I hoped fervently that she wouldn't let me see into her own heart and so permit me to put into print a revelation which, after all, should not be made.

She turned around and looked me in the eye and I felt like a worm.

"I don't know," she said flatly.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief. When all is said and done, it's nobody's particular business what the greatest thing in a woman's life is, and Evelyn had not fallen short of my belief in her. And I may add that I am very proud to say that I know her well enough to call her by her first name and she calls me by mine and that she didn't know I wrote for the public prints up until the moment I have in sight to do this story with her. And I have a very real and very deep liking for her—and that's that.

"It wouldn't be honest of me to put either my husband or my career first in my life. I couldn't give up either one and be happy. I don't believe that a woman—if she has creative talent—should give up her career when she marries. Before she and her husband are married, they should decide this question and so avoid any arguments on the subject afterwards.

"But a career such a woman *should* and *must* have. It keeps her alive—awake—*vital*. As I told you, I have worked since I was fourteen and if that work were taken away from me now I would be miserable.

"Of course, I could adjust myself, as thousands of women have done before me, but I simply could not be happy. When one has worked very hard and has attained a certain public position, through what was often great hardship and difficulty, it is too much to ask that she be satisfied and happy in the narrow confines of home life.

"I suppose men will want to wring my neck for saying that, but women are becoming more and more free to develop their minds—and so their careers—than they ever have been before. Men *don't* like it and fight it continually, but more and more we are overcoming the age-old prejudice that makes them want to sit us on a fine cushion to sew a fine seam, while they do the hustling to buy the strawberries and cream which they ordain, generously enough, shall be our diet.

"This is my belief, and I'm tired now. I've worked hard—*hard*—for months, and I feel weak and not very well from my accident. One would naturally think that—feeling as I do to-day—I would want to crawl into a corner and pull the corner in after me, meanwhile vigorously bemoaning the fact that work was ever invented for women! But the fact is that I'm ready to go back to the studio Monday and begin another picture. So it isn't just excess physical vitality that makes me want to work—it's something entirely different from that. It's a sort of mental triumph and an expanding and developing of the soul."

Do you wonder that I like Evelyn Brent? She is so genuine, so real, she looks facts so squarely in the face, that it is a pleasure and a revelation to talk with her.

She will go far, that girl—how I love to prophesy!—

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The Greater Movie Season

Continued from page 21

Doug's "Don Q" has already opened in New York, and several other large cities, and seems destined to be one of the hits of his career. It is less ambitious and spectacular than its predecessors, "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad," but it is built for entertainment.

Mary Pickford is playing very safe with one of her Pollyanna-Cinderella heroines in "Little Annie Rooney." Charley Ray has also joined the conservatives, going back to the "old stuff," if you wish to put it that way.

Lillian Gish's future is by far the most interesting just at present, because she has entered on a new development of her career. She is working on "La Bohème" as her first feature in California in some years and also her first under contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Other high spots in the forthcoming season include the following:

First and foremost, the return of the elegant and magnetic John Barrymore in a whaling romance.

The costarring of Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer in a deeply psychological film, "The Tower of Lies," recently finished by Victor Seastrom—the same combination as in "He Who Gets Slapped."

Cecil De Mille's venture into the field as an independent producer.

Griffith's forsaking of similar freedom for a good contract.

The increase in the number of releases starring players who have only recently really "come into their own." These include Harry Langdon, Raymond Griffith, Syd Chaplin, Leon Errol, who played in "Sally," Johnny Hines, and others. This group, together with those comedy stars who have been longer established, insures an abundance of the laughs that are in such great demand at present.

The progress of the comedienne, Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, and Constance Talmadge have proven themselves in recent pictures.

Eleanor Boardman also appears to be evidencing a flair.

Add to these the following salient developments:

The probable continued advent of many newcomers in feature pictures. No fences up, it would seem, to real talent these days, because there is still a shortage of players.

The revival of the star system, with certain variations.

The increasing use of color photography.

The custom of featuring and starring players who have not as yet established their screen reputation. This is a very healthy sign in the industry, and is to be noted in productions like "The Goose Woman," with Louise Dresser, and "Stella Dallas," with Belle Bennett, and the brand-new recruit, Lois Moran, as well as "Lightnin'," with Jay Hunt, an unknown character actor.

And that's not forgetting the apparent determination of producers to make Zane Grey more and more popular, nor the fact that there are now at least six or seven big active concerns in the business—it's not the game any more—of picture making that are going to be slicing at each other's throats in all probability in their fever of competition.

Here is a selection of films that may be recommended to the attention of picturegoers during the ensuing season:

"Graustark," starring Norma Talmadge.

"Ben-Hur," if it is ever completed.

"The Merry Widow"—almost—an Erich von Stroheim film.

Harold Lloyd's football comedy, titled "The Freshman."

"The Wanderer," a biblical narrative with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery, and others in exceptionally pictorial surroundings.

"Lightnin'."

"Atlantis," another novelty of "The Lost World" type.

"The Circle," a daring and fateful piece of realism in the triangle vein.

"Havoc" and "The Big Parade"—pretentious Great War pictures.

Ernst Lubitsch's "Kiss Me Again," a very adroit comedy that is already showing, and in addition his version of Oscar Wilde's stage play, "Lady Windermere's Fan."

"Quality Street" and "A Kiss for Cinderella," two adaptations from Sir James Matthew Barrie.

"The Sorrows of Satan," a planned magnum opus of D. W. Griffith.

Others are "Viennese Medley," "Winds of Chance," "Are Parents People?" with Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, and Florence Vidor; "The Unchastened Woman," bringing the return of Theda Bara; Rex Ingram's "Mare Nostrum;" "The Pony Express," a James Cruze feature dealing with early Western history; "The Vanishing American," "The Last Frontier," "The Exquisite Sinner," Rafael Sabatini's novel "Bardelys, the Magnificent," to be filmed in color with Jack Gilbert starred; "The Mysterious Island," "Seventh Heaven," "The Fool," "Stella Maris," revival with Mary Philbin—a curiosity at least; "Silver Treasure," from Joseph Conrad's novel, "Nostromo;" "East Lynne," "The Crossroads of the World," by Michael Arlen, starring Pola Negri; "The Dark Angel," "Irene," another "Sally," perhaps, and "We Moderns"—both starring Colleen Moore; "Not So Long Ago," with Betty Bronson among the featured; "Satan in Sables," featuring Lowell Sherman.

I do not imagine that there will be as much of a rush of the bigger features to the screen during the period of celebrating the Greater Movie Season itself as a little later on. And all the possible excitement and jubilation should not therefore deter the fan from doing the customary amount of shopping before making his actual investment in tickets.

On Sober Reflection

Continued from page 55

Travel Notes.

It is rumored that Jackie Coogan, who is nearly eleven years old, is planning a trip to Florida. Perhaps he intends to search for Ponce de Leon's fountain of perpetual youth.

Europe gave Rudolph Valentino a beard. Let's keep Baby Peggy at home.

Reason Enough.

"Why don't you show some of

those short features that all the fans are clamoring for?" inquired a fan of a small picture-palace manager who prided himself on the splendor of his entertainment.

"Quite impossible," replied the manager. "My singers and ballet dancers object to short subjects because they don't give them enough of a rest between performances."

Kleig Kracks.

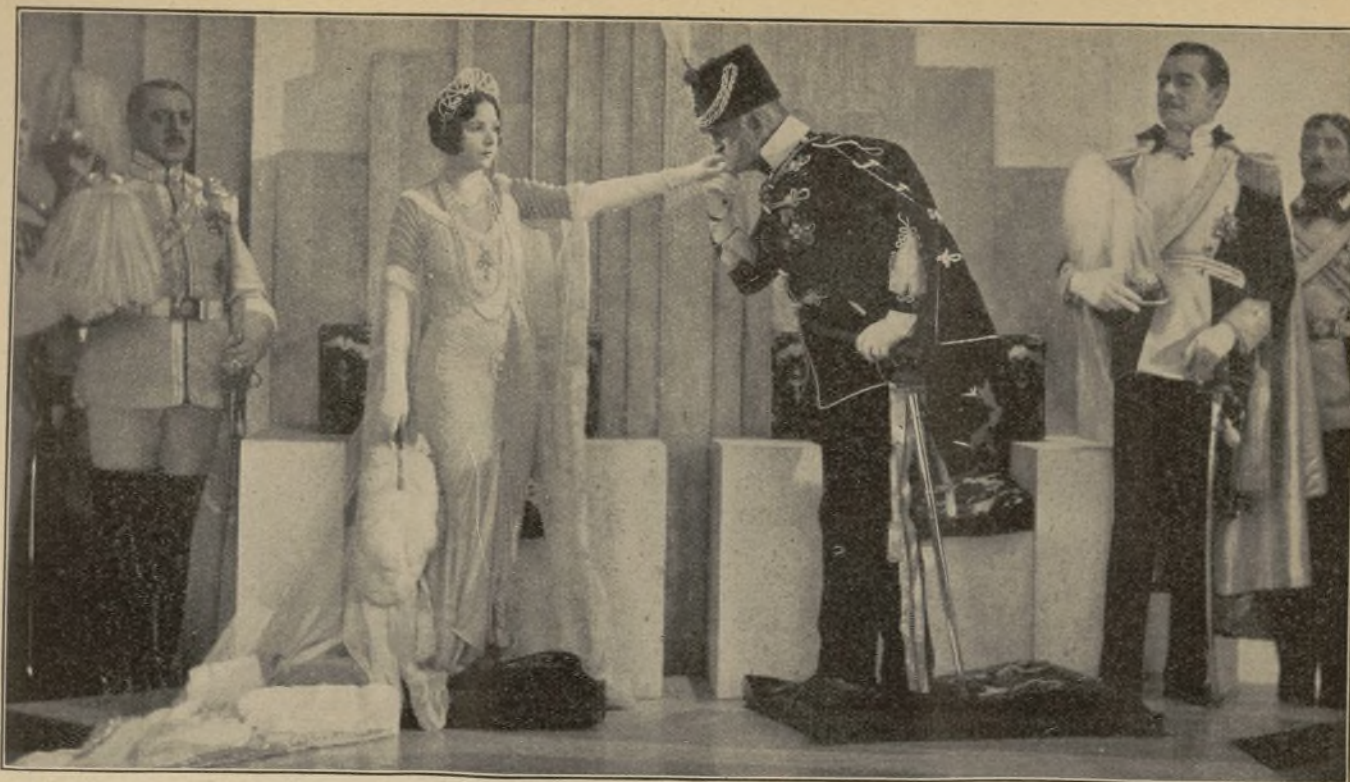
Moral for the producers of super-

spectacles—the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Silent drama—a term invented by those who go to the movies to gossip all evening.

Scenario—something that often makes the original writer make a scene.

Speaking of Hollywood romances: Love is the exhilarating swoop from the top of the skyscraper; matrimony is the dull thud at the bottom.



Norma and Romance

The dark-eyed Talmadge has an ideal rôle in the tender and popular "Graustark."



NORMA TALMADGE goes in for the romantic-costume story all too seldom to please some of her admirers, and it does seem a shame for any one who fits into them so beautifully to be so neglectful. But in "Graustark" there will be plenty of lovely sentiment, complicated, of course, by the usual intrigue. Eugene O'Brien is again Norma's hero, while Marc McDermott, shown in the oval, plays the unwelcome suitor.





The Odd-job Man

How he is rushed in at the last minute to act his bit and save the studio from hysterics and overhead.

By Graham Longridge

Illustration by Lui Trugo

THE odd-job man who works in motion-picture studios is not the man who tends the furnace and sweeps out the yard. No, the odd-job man of the studios is one who can be relied upon to jump in at a moment's notice and play some minor rôle.

Sometimes a director will suddenly realize that his picture should have an extra character who was not in the original scenario. This discovery usually is made after work has been started on the production. The question arises, "Whom shall we get?" It is essential that some one capable shall be engaged, as the part has a certain amount of acting to it, and the work will be with the star, or in one of the important scenes of the picture. It is at such times as this that the assistant director is likely to become gray-haired, cross-eyed, and skew-necked. There is a five-thousand-dollar star, a famous director, a twenty-thousand-dollar set, and a score of high-priced camera men, technicians, and principals all awaiting the arrival of the extra member of the company. Telephones buzz and then some!

The odd-job man at the end of the wire takes down the receiver; maybe his heart misses a beat or two. A job has come out of a clear sky. He listens intently while he gets his instructions, then turns to his wardrobe. His wardrobe is one element in his life that he must never neglect. His garments are to him as tools are to a workman; he is useless without them. This also applies to the girls, of course, but girls as a rule take a pride and a pleasure in keeping their things nice, and it therefore does not have to become so much of a duty. But the odd-job man has to see that all of his seven business suits are well pressed, his evening clothes, sport togs, linen, et cetera, are all in good order, and when the hurry call comes he has to make up his mind in a flash just which suit, collar, tie, shoes, hat, out of the varied collection he possesses, are the most appropriate for the present occasion. To paraphrase Lord Tennyson's beautiful lines, one might say:

Ring, phone, ring, set the wild echoes sighing,
Answer, actor, answer, flying, flying, flying!

Arrived at the studio, he is hurried to a dressing room, where he puts the finishing touches to his attire, dons the essential make-up, and finally entering the wilderness of the stage, walks on the set.

It is then that his nerves must be kept in order. He is "opening cold," as they say on the stage. He is walk-

ing into a picture that he knows nothing about, perhaps is unacquainted with any member of the company. A double score of eyes are immediately focused in his direction. Eyes, perhaps the most critical in the whole world. Eyes that have looked upon the best and the worst. Well, if he is an old-timer he will not betray any embarrassment, but it is certainly likely to be disconcerting to be suddenly precipitated out of a world of cold reality into some gorgeous and brilliantly lighted scene where dukes and duchesses, even though they be in modern dress, strut about in haughty and nonchalant manner, and where a scintillating star is being obsequiously attended by a maid, and the leading man is having the last deft touches put to his tie by his valet. Strangers all to the poor new arrival. Strangers, except that here and there a face will leap out as though from the pages of a magazine, some face that has at some time or other appeared upon the screen of every motion-picture theater in the habitable globe.

Does he need his nerve with him?

A battery of cameras are squinting with odalesque eyes. A group of exquisitely gowned visitors are grouped around the tripods, quizzically watching the performers as they move about the set. Then the director comes forward. Happily he recognizes the new arrival. "Why, sure, you worked for me! Yes, it must be two years ago. How you been? Well, now listen, it's this way——" And he proceeds to describe the action of the scene. It is now up to the odd-job man to put it across.

Perhaps it is thrills such as the unexpected call, with an opportunity to "put over some business" with a celebrated star that makes the many disappointments and discouragement, incidental to a screen career, worth living through.

It may seem strange that in an efficiently run organization such as a modern studio, a slip of the memory could occur, but as the old saying has it, "accidents will happen in the best-regulated families." But I recall one occasion, when a director who was filming a cabaret scene, with no less than three stars and a hundred or so extras on the set, and everything all set to shoot, suddenly realized that the cabaret manager, an important, though minor rôle, had been omitted. Immediately the wits of the organization were set to work. The only automobile available was that of the corporation's presi-

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How They Pick Those Beautiful Locations

THIS picture shows Fred Harris, manager of the Lasky location department, looking over photographs of some stately mansions which are available for use in screen productions. You probably will recognize some of them, as they are used in pictures regularly. The film company pays the owners a rental for the use of the property, and the money is turned over to charity.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Happy Ending

Continued from page 61

found. Two and one-half hours came and went. A frantic young man attached to the Talmadge unit in some capacity or other kept trying to pacify me. "She'll be here in a minute," he assured me, every half hour. When the minute extended into a hundred and fifty of them I tied on my bonnet and picked up my umbrella and started for the exit, an indignant figure. On my trail came the footpats of the frantic young man. "Hey, lady," he called, "she'll see you right now." I hesitated a moment. I wasn't in the mood. "Listen," went on the attaché, "she's a great fellow. Honest, she's regular." I looked the young man coolly in the eye. He looked honest. But what is more important, he wasn't in league with the publicity department. So I stayed. I'm glad I did.

I followed him across the set which represented a dock, with swarms of tourists milling about who were gay travelers while the cameras clicked, and weary extras hunting for a place to sit down, when they stopped. Norma, in a wisteria ensemble, very smart, very chic, was herself in the act of embarking for "Graustark." However, she stopped operations and holding out a frank, friendly hand told me she was sorry we had such bad luck in our appointments. I weakened under her gay smile that is as mischievous on her lips as it is on the screen. Her clasp was boyish and amiable. I thought to myself, "She is a lovely creature—all is forgiven," and so two chairs were brought for us and right in the midst of suit cases, trunks, milling tourists, et al., we sat down to talk.

From an interview angle it wasn't so much—our talk. We didn't solve any world problems. But it was interesting because it was revealing of the many things that interest Norma; her pictures, clothes, Europe, her sister Constance, her sister Natalie,

Buchowetzki, who was directing the picture. Of this latter she told me an amusing story. The little Russian is very superstitious. He hates the date of the thirteenth, like the plague. He won't begin a picture on Saturday. At the beginning of "Graustark" he brought a little pig to the studio and wanted every one to kiss it. It seems this quaint little custom is a forerunner of phenomenal good fortune. Some of them kissed the pig and some of them didn't.

I spoke of "The Lady." I was moved to enthuse upon it.

Norma said: "Oh, yes. But I am not going to do any more like it for a time, anyway. Not that I don't like to do characterization—I love it. For myself, if I had to choose, it would be characterizations and costume pictures, always. But what can we do? We must play to the box office. Pictures that I have wanted to do and have chosen for myself, for one, 'The Passion Flower,' have not been successful. When I first saw that as a stage play I said, 'I want to do that. It is marvelous in its story psychology.' But what is the answer? One critic wrote, 'If you must go in for art don't fall in love with your mother's husband. It isn't good taste.' You see, the whole point of the thing was lost. As for 'Secrets,' in several places in Europe where we saw it they didn't seem to know what it was all about. 'The Lady' is fast on the heels of 'Secrets.' Too fast, I believe. In contrast to those, take the fate of 'The Only Woman.' That awful thing was a huge box-office hit. When Eugene O'Brien and I saw it we said, 'Oh, heavens! did we really make such a thing as this?' So for a while I am going to do modern things. I think they want to see me in gowns, in style." She indicated the chic wisteria ensemble.

She speaks sanely of her career as she speaks of everything else. Careers other than her own are

analyzed in oracular wisdom. For other personalities she has the kindest words. And while we are on the subject, they have the kindest words for her.

Norma Talmadge has never isolated herself from the people of her profession. She has friends from every walk of life, from the social and artistic worlds, but none more sincere in their praise and admiration than the women of Hollywood.

Ethel Grey Terry once told me, "Norma is the most charming and delightful woman I know. To know her is to love her. I don't know of any one I had rather sit down and talk with. She understands so perfectly."

"In my next picture," Norma went on after they had shot the scene and she returned to her chair, "I am going to play a Spanish girl. But it won't be in costume. The story is too vague to outline but it will have the Spanish motif. Fred Niblo will direct it. I have several more pictures to make on my First National contract and then I take up the banner with United Artists. The contract with them is for six pictures to be made leisurely. About two a year, I think. That will cover about four years of time. After that a long vacation for me. I am going to retire and roam over the world."

I silently doubted that. At the end of four years Norma Talmadge will be at the zenith of a ripe career. She will command new phases, new moods, too potent to be dismissed even for the luxurious pleasure of roaming the world.

Besides our talk was just transient thoughts of many things—whims, prejudices, enthusiasms. Just surface chatter. But as Norma, gay in her chic wisteria ensemble, talked on I was glad that I stayed. The Michael Arlen lady fades—the two-hour wait dwindles into insignificance. I am glad to have met her—as she is. It makes for a happy ending.

The Making of "The Wanderer"

Continued from page 74

small villages; mud huts; squalid byways. Nude Ethiopians, working at *shādûfs* in the fields. Beggars imploring alms.

Then the city.

From bucolic simplicity he now revels in pagan luxury.

His rustic clothes give place to the richly jeweled robes of the patrician; his money—so carefully guarded at home—he now flings about like rose petals at the feet of *Tisha*, the dancer.

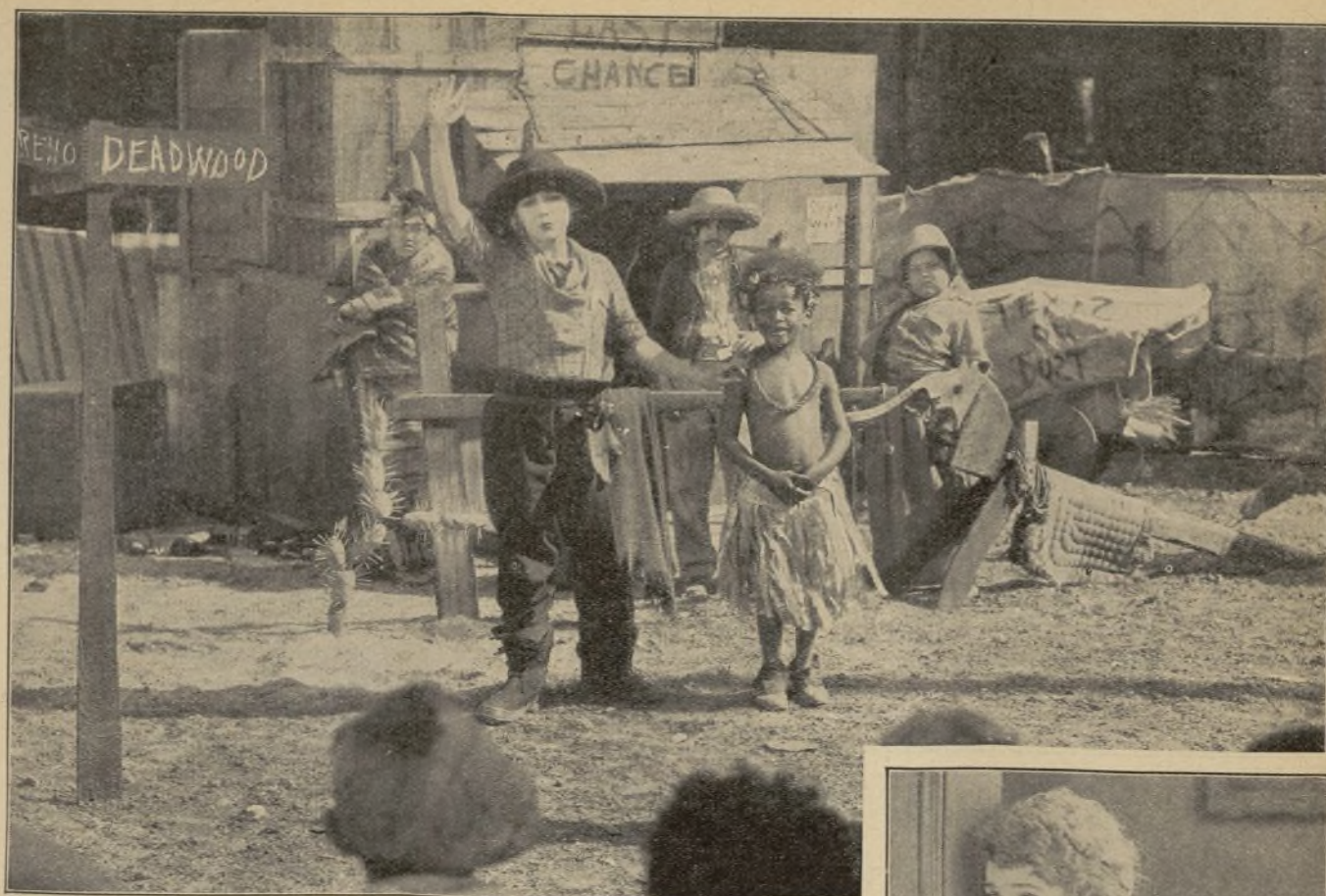
Her palace radiates the voluptuous

allure of a courtesan's establishment. Silken draperies, hanging veils of black and gold, billowy cushions and scented fountains sprinkling saffron water down marble steps into basins of jasper and onyx. Olive-skinned slave girls, moving with languorous gestures, massage their young mistress as she indolently reclines on her perfumed bed. A eunuch listlessly waves a peacock fan over the dancer's head. A blue spiral of incense soars to the malachite ceiling. All the sensuous appeal of old Greek pagan

ism put to most telling effects to arouse the sensual.

Simple meals give way to feasts. Animals and fowls, cooked whole, are served with the choicest dressings. Every dish is worthy of the most exacting epicurean. The oldest wines are drunk. The repast ends in a drunken orgy.

The Boy's fascination for the dancer burns up with his money in one consuming flame. He returns home and wallows in the filth of the pigsty, seeking self-atonement before begging forgiveness of his family.



Back to Childhood

No matter what the critics may say, the children—of all ages—who love Mary Pickford in her "little girl" rôles, are going to like "Little Annie Rooney." Perhaps it will not be as artistic as "Rosita" or "Dorothy Vernon," but, as these pictures indicate, it is going to reach the hearts of the youngsters.



Continued from page 89

rather leery of going down her street alone—so I'd take her to her door and see her in. I was a great escort. Did everything but tip my hat."

I asked Clara if Alice had changed since then. If they still saw one another. In a nutshell, if Alice had acquired a high-hat and a white-glove approach?

"Of course not," Clara scoffed. "Alice is just the same to her old friends. Right after she got back from Europe the last time, she hadn't been in town but a few days when she called me up and invited me to lunch with her at the studio. I spent the day out there watching them make scenes and talking over old times with Alice. Of course, I don't see as much of Alice as I used to. In the first place I'm still—well, a working girl. I still have to look for the old job. Alice will call up and say, 'Come on over and let's go somewhere,' but I often have to re-

fuse. Each day I frivol away is just so much money lost and of course Alice doesn't have to think of those things now. Just the other day when Alice was finishing that picture she made over at United I passed her dressing room on the way to the set and she insisted that I come in. I told her we had been called and I couldn't stay but Alice said, 'Oh, let them wait—they'll never miss you—don't go back for a while.' When I told her I just had to she cried, 'For heaven's sake—well, wait until I get dressed and I'll walk over with you.' That's Alice," Clara summed her up. "You can't call that upstage and forgetful, can you?" I couldn't say that I could.

Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor is another who is strong in Alice's support. "I think a great many people misunderstand Alice," she told me. "They think that quiet, calm manner of hers is meant as aloofness when really it is nothing of the sort. Alice

is naturally of a calm disposition. Often when I have been with her I've been rattled about something and I would look at Alice and she would be as calm as the summer sea. It isn't indifference, either—it's just Alice. When Malcolm was just getting started out here Alice was well on the road to fame but she was never too busy to do some little kindness for us. Before we had our car she used to take Joan and me for long drives to the beaches. I'll never forget it."

And so while Hollywood reviews her past, discusses her present and prophesies her future—the beautifully drowsy Alice goes her calm way to fresh laurels—the freshest being "Mare Nostrum" under her husband's direction. Behind her in Hollywood, she leaves those who "knew her when" to the chatter of their opinions. I wonder if Alice feels the same way as George Cohan, who said, "Say what you like—just mention my name!"

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 73

A historic importance, à la "Covered Wagon," is to be given this Barrymore film. The period of the story is 1840. The film will appear on the screen as an epical tale of adventure, and a very emphatic departure from anything that the star has previously done. You may be sure, however, that with his presence it will have a high romantic interest.

And lest we should overlook a very important item—the heroine of "The Sea Beast" is to be played by wistful little Priscilla Bonner, who recently appeared so successfully in "Drusilla with a Million." We need hardly mention that all the girls look at her with that "Oh-you-lucky-person" gaze as she passes them with sparkling and thrilled eyes these days on the boulevard.

Our Biennial Riddle.

When Gloria comes West, Pola goes East.

When Pola comes West, Gloria goes East.

What's the answer?

Who but John Gilbert?

It might have been predicted from the very first moment that "La Bohème" was thought of as a story for Lillian Gish that Jack Gilbert would play the part of *Rudolpho*.

In recalling the popular opera, you may remember that not only was *Rudolpho* a very romantic lover, but also that he exhibited a high degree of spunk in the sundry battles and

squabbles that he had with the heroine. Which seems to fit Jack quite to a T, as somebody in our acquaintance remarked.

Gilbert's presence in the picture is also just another good reason for heralding the very probable popularity of Miss Gish's new feature.

Evening the Score.

We haven't always been so elated over the pictures in which Ronald Colman has played, in spite of the fact that every one of his performances has possessed a fascination quite independent of such mundane and moviesque matters as plots, situations, motivations, et cetera. We now feel, though, that he has two exceptionally fine chances to display his personal magnetism and his talent.

The names of the pictures will be worth jotting down in your memo book. One is, of course, "Stella Dallas," and the other, "The Dark Angel."

Meanwhile, you will probably have an excellent opportunity to refresh yourself with the clever and light side of his ability as an actor in Constance Talmadge's "Her Sister from Paris."

The Circus Maximus.

Not since Betty Blythe was seen in "The Queen of Sheba" has there been such a rumble of chariots, thumping of hoofs, and jangling of beads, as there will be with the filming of the final scenes for "Ben-Hur." The great Circus Maximus, the second that has been built, by the way,

for the spectacle, will shortly be under construction, and it promises to be one of the most prodigious settings ever seen in Hollywood. In this, the chariot races will, of course, be staged.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company abandoned all intentions of returning to Europe to make this elaborate episode. Probably one half the ultimate version will disclose shots taken abroad.

"Ben-Hur" has, by several millions, been the most costly undertaking yet indulged in by the movies, but if it lives up to expectations even in a very general way, it will likely bring in a tremendous amount of money—possibly even sufficient to pay out.

More Honeymooners.

Hollywood is just about to welcome home another pair of honeymooners, and everybody is saying "I told you so," now that Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson have finally got married. They have been among the most devoted of film-land's couples over a long period of years, and have been reported engaged at regular intervals, although Helen would never quite make a full admission of her intention to marry. Evidently, though, Bill's faithfulness has finally won out.

Bill paid a pretty tribute to Helen just before their marriage by naming his brand-new yacht after her. *The Helena* it is called. For their honeymoon trip they went on about a three or four weeks' cruise.

True Western Stories

Issued Monthly A New Street & Smith Publication



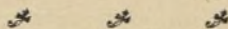
Peace of the wilderness; lure of desert gold; rollicking life of the cowboy; sound of thundering hoofs; joy of action; spirit of the West, in TRUE WESTERN STORIES.



They are reticent folk, the heroes of the West, a little shy—a little more anxious to tell about the other fellow's exploits than their own. But we have obtained from them authentic accounts of their adventures.



In TRUE WESTERN STORIES, each month, will be printed a group of genuine tales, personal experiences of the men who wrote them, that promise to be unequaled as stories of high daring and honest revelation of human motives.



Informative articles will tell of many phases of Western life, including the activities of the cowboy, the forest ranger, the miner. There will be a department telling how to reach the real West.



Each story and article will be illustrated by photographs. The recording eye of the camera gives vivid reality to these true Western stories.

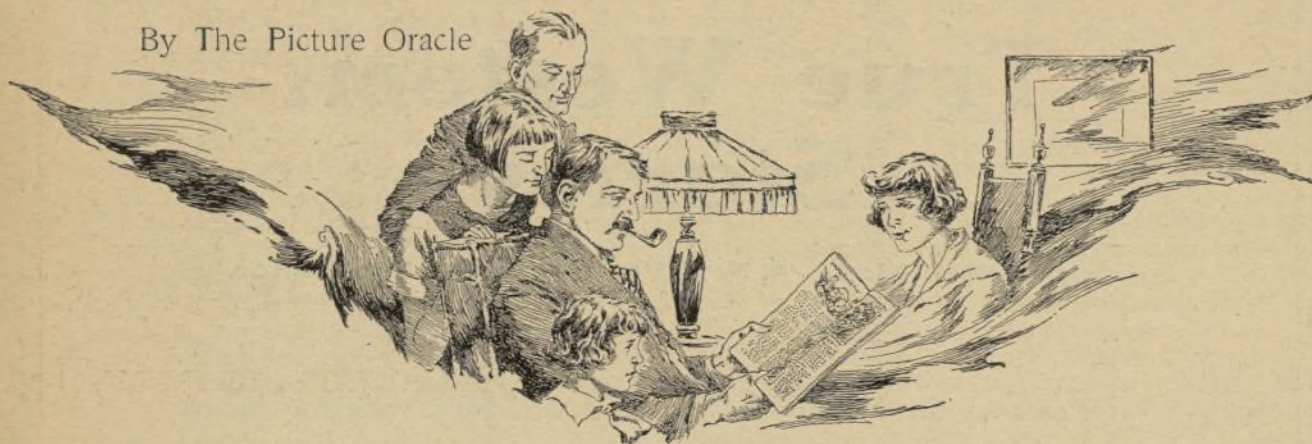


This new Street & Smith publication is wholesome, informative and thrilling—a thoroughly engrossing true magazine for all lovers of Western tales.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



ALYTELL LOVER.—Of course you may call me by my first name—only I'll tell you a secret. My first name isn't really Oracle. You see my parents didn't know, when they christened me, that I was going to turn out like this. The reason Bert Lytell's address hasn't been found of late at the bottom of The Oracle is that he doesn't give his home address and he moves about so from one studio to another. Malcolm MacGregor has played recently in "Smouldering Fires," "The Happy Warrior," "Alias Mary Flynn," and "Headlines." Wilfred Lytell plays on the stage more than in films. Even if you do not know the manager of your local theater, you might leave a note for him at the box office, addressed to "The Manager," asking him to book the picture you wish to see. Since the theater is a First National house, and the picture was made by that company, your request would be quite apropos. Most theater managers are glad to have their customers express their wishes in regard to films they wish to see.

WORRIED.—As to why Ernest Torrence must always be the villain—I suppose it's because he didn't stop growing in time. You see, the villain, otherwise known as the "heavy," must answer that description, and you couldn't cast—say—George Hackathorne in a rôle like that, now, could you? I don't really know what has become of E. K. Lincoln, nor why he no longer plays in pictures. Perhaps he just got tired of working, or maybe he went into the real-estate business—which is the favorite occupation for the retired business man of the screen. Even screen stars sometimes like to stop working.

A SANDLAPPER.—So you wish John Roche would shave off his mustache? Why don't you get up a petition among his fans asking him to do so; or send him a safety razor by way of a gentle hint? John was born in Penn Yan, New York, and grew up in Rochester. He was on the stage for ten years in stock companies and musical comedies before playing in pictures. He has been in movies three or four years. He has brown hair and hazel eyes; he doesn't give his age, and I have never heard whether he is married or not.

LEON MORRIS, JR.—I can see you're a good business man by the kind of letter you write, straight to the point. Carol Holloway was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts; she hasn't played in any pictures for quite a while, nor has Hedda Nova. Yes, Hedda is Mrs. Paul C. Hurst. A number

of "Follies" girls appeared in "Enemies of Women," probably including Jessie Reed. I don't think Jessie was ever married to Luther Reed, the scenario writer. As you may know, he has been the husband of Naomi Childers for four or five years. Victor Varconi was born in Hungary.

DOODLES.—I had a dog once named Doodles, but he got hydrophobia. I'm glad to know that isn't your real name. I'm sorry, but I have no idea what Lenora Brazil does for the motion-picture industry, as she does not seem to be listed among the scenario or subtitle writers.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM.—If you can tell whether a screen star is really engaged or not, you're smarter than I am. Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan have us all guessing; they say they are not engaged. Ricardo Cortez says he was born in Alsace-Lorraine. He was formerly a shipping broker before beginning his screen career.

I WANT A FIGHT.—You probably would have to if you came out publicly with all the libelous comments on the screen stars that you made in your letter to me. However, it's all right; I can keep a secret. I see that there are several stars that you do like, after all. Betty Compson is five feet two inches, and so is Dorothy Devore. Florence Vidor is five feet four inches. So you're not as vulgar as some of the screen actresses, because you wear clothes? It's a great relief to know that, though it may have been a little trying these past few months of hot weather.

ARISTARCHUS THE SECOND.—I should think one Aristarchus in a family would be enough, without having a second! That doesn't sound very Spanish to me—at least, not like either of the two Spanish words I know. Helene Chadwick is divorced from Billy Wellman. Johnnie Walker is the husband of Renee Parker. Madeline Hurlock is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is in her early twenties.

R. S. V. P.—So you're just brimming over with questions? Well, I'm glad you let them fall on me. I must have something to write about, filling up these pages! I think you're wrong to blame either the husband or the wife when a couple decide to separate. It frequently means that they're just incompatible, though they're both very nice persons. Madge Evans is sixteen; I don't think she has played in anything since "Classmates." Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Brenner. I

don't know just how long Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope have been married—probably about four or five years.

PRETTY POLLY.—So you think my name is too long? Well, we're good friends, aren't we? So why not, instead of calling me Oracle, just call me Or? Besides, in French, that means "pure gold"—or gold, anyhow. The reason you do not hear more of Pearl White these days is that she has been living in Paris for three or four years, playing occasionally in revues or pictures over there. She seems definitely to have retired from films in America. Yes, Nazimova still has her husband, Charles Bryant, although they are not living together. Nazimova went abroad at the end of April to remain in Paris for several years. Charles Bryant plays on the stage now and then, but his chief occupation is that of play broker. I'm sorry, I have no way of obtaining a list of magazines in which interviews with Pauline Frederick appeared. In order to find this out, you would have to write each picture magazine individually and ask if they have any back numbers with interviews of Miss Frederick. PICTURE-PLAY had a story on her in the November, 1924, issue. You might possibly get a copy of that number by writing to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Yes, indeed, I remember "The Girl from the Windy City," and I'm glad to see you've blown in again. I don't think your questions are "dumb" at all. Besides, "questions is questions," and with all this space to fill, I'm not particular. Claire Windsor recently married Bert Lytell. She was divorced a few years ago from Billy Boweson. Eileen Percy is appearing regularly in pictures; her current one is "Fine Clothes," the film version of "Fashions for Men." Dorothy Sebastian is working hard these days. After finishing her rôle in "Winds of Chance," she was immediately cast for a part in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter"—both First National pictures.

B. L. L., A SAILOR.—And what do you sail on, the briny deep, or only the bathtub? Betty Blythe is making pictures abroad at present, but you can doubtless reach her in care of her agent—address at foot of The Oracle. Betty was born in Los Angeles in 1893. If you have tried to obtain this information before and always failed, let this be a lesson to you—always write to The Oracle.

Continued on page 121

Dinner with Dorothy

Continued from page 83

"Yes, it is the bunk," she admitted, "but then, so are most stories—and so is life," she added with a humorous quirk of her flexible red lips. "Do you know why *Chickie* appeals to so many people? It is because she represents a type of girl to be seen every day, everywhere. She is the pretty daughter of commonplace people, without money, without advantages. She works for a living and makes just enough to get by. The real *Chickies* in life don't get much romance or many thrills. That is why they follow the daily adventures of the fiction *Chickie* with such keen delight. They see themselves in her, they live her love affairs, they thrill with her madcap escapades. The story is pretty trashy, yes. But I like *Chickie*. I like her because she is real."

Have I described Dorothy Mackaill to you? I am afraid not. It is an easy, yet a difficult task. It sounds very trite to say that she has naturally yellow, softly waving bobbed hair; big, gray eyes and a transparent skin that makes her mouth startlingly red in contrast. She is slight of build, with that fragility in which there is no hint of thinness. But the remarkable thing about her is her ability to make you see and live the scene she is describing. She can become another person—another personality—in the twinkling of an eye. She is that rarest of all things thespian, a natural, perfect, actress.

I told her how I admired her difficult work in "The Man Who Came Back."

"Do you know why it seemed so real?" she asked. "It was because so much of the picture depicted my own life. I have been a cabaret girl. I have known hunger and thirst, unhappiness in love. I know the sorrow of having my own brother pass me on the street without speaking to me. I have never been in an opium den. But I knew a girl intimately who was an opium addict. I only had to remember her gaunt, pallid face, and that dull, far-away look in her eyes."

I spoke of the scene where the young husband lashes her with a cruel whip.

"And maybe you think he didn't beat me!" she shrugged. "He was supposed to hit a bench behind me. But he got excited, and the whip slipped every other time. That was all right, I hardly felt it. It was only afterward that I realized I was all welts."

Dorothy Mackaill is an English



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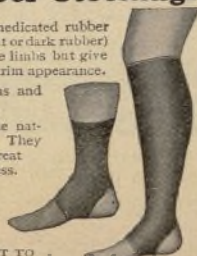
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girl, but she is now on the way to becoming an American citizen. I marveled at her lack of accent.

"Oh, shoot," she laughed, "I got over that. When I first came over here, I got my job in the 'Follies' because of my English way of putting over a little song. But when I decided I was going to be an American, I canned that accent. Any one who still has it after being over here a year, is putting it on. I find that most Britishers get worse the longer they live in America. They seem to think it's some sort of a badge of merit to keep the 'yas, old chap-pie' stuff."

I venture the prediction that if her health does not break down under the gruelling insistence of her own genius, Dorothy Mackaill will be one of the three outstanding figures of the silver screen in two, or at the most, three years. She is not afraid of life. Not afraid to admit that she has lived, and learned, and suffered. She has persistence, boundless patience, and above all, that intangible protean spirit which can merge itself at will with any personality or any situation, and become part and parcel of it.

She did not know what she was going to do after making *Chickie*. Two big companies are bidding for her services, and she is rather divided in her opinion as to what will be best to do.

"I am not so concerned with contracts as I am with good pictures," she said in that firm, quiet way of hers. "Contracts don't mean a thing unless they give you real parts to play. I have my eye on a picture now that I want, badly. There is a part in it that I feel I just must have."

What the picture was, or the part, she would not say. The probabilities were all against her getting it, she explained.

But improbable, or not, I am betting on Dorothy. If she wants that picture—and that part—it might as well spare itself a chase. If she wants it—badly enough—she will get it.

The Romance of Universal City

Continued from page 90

which goes down to Hollywood, about four miles away. At the left of the picture, bordered by trees and shrubbery, may be seen the river which cuts through Universal City, and on the banks of which all sorts of sets are built. The menagerie is at the foot of the small center hill. The chicken ranch, and the ranches where the serials and Westerns are made, are spread out in the rear, toward the distant hills.

The Second Generation Again

Continued from page 88

Helene was little and cuddly and had blond, curly hair.

Dolores was the more serious of the two, with her straight blond hair framing her piquant little face. They both resembled their famous father.

They have not changed, except to mature. Helene's hair has grown darker—she looks rather Spanish now—but Dolores is still the serious-faced little girl. Dolores, by the way, was chosen by James Montgomery Flagg to pose for the illustrations for "The Skyrocket," which Peggy Joyce is now making in films.

Genuine affection exists between the sisters. There is apparently no striving to outdo one another.

As I was leaving, Dolores spoke up, "Oh, and don't forget. Helene writes poetry."

"And what do you do?" I asked.

Dolores thought a moment but could not find an answer.

"Why," interrupted Helene, "she makes everybody happy!"

A real scarlet blush covered the face of Dolores. She was embarrassed.

This incident tells more of the natures of these two sisters than reams of adjectives could ever convey. It seems quite probable that they may go far in their chosen profession, for they have youth, beauty, and ability.

A Unique Figure in Pictures

Continued from page 25

Her chum is her secretary. And, by the way, Mildred was an Alice fan. When she came to Los Angeles, Alice took her into her own home. Mildred works as stenographer in an insurance office in the daytime and evenings helps Alice with her mail. Alice and her mother wouldn't think of going to the theater without taking Mildred along.

"And I would never have had her if I hadn't answered my fan mail myself," Alice reminds.

For a while after her arrival in California, things went rather well. Though the Vitagraph pictures have seldom showed in the big theaters of the largest cities, they had better representation throughout the country in general and in the small towns and in the neighborhood theaters Alice was regularly seen on the screen and loved.

A couple of years ago Vitagraph entered a period during which several stars under their banner were kept inactive for long stretches and, in theatrical parlance, almost "killed" before they succeeded in getting out of their contracts and into more lucrative and ambitious fields.

De Mille wanted Alice in his pictures, had big plans for her; but she could not obtain her release.

"I thought that very unfair, as they weren't doing all they had agreed to with me. When the star system flopped, I willingly accepted rôles in all-star casts. I tried to cooperate in every way. But they had poor stories that gave me few opportunities, and very little exploitation. My salary was small. So, naturally, I was hurt that they wouldn't let me get out when I had a good chance. Think what De Mille might have done for me!

"But they had been loyal to me. At one time, when funds were low, they had let off everybody on the lot except the cashier—Heaven only knows what they kept him for—the bookkeeper, who was trying to straighten out the tangled affairs, the night watchman and—me. They carried me at a time when it was actually a strain on them. So I felt it only right to show my appreciation, later, by sticking to them."

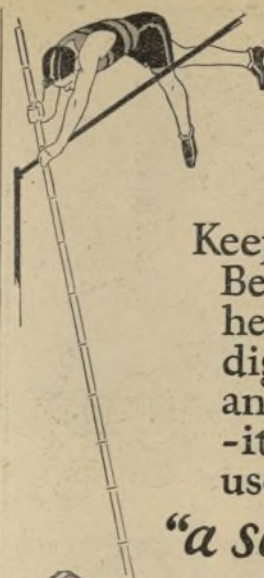
Recently she was loaned to Fox for a lead. Then, when Warner Brothers took over the Vitagraph interests, they signed Alice Calhoun on a year's contract. She is playing opposite Sydney Chaplin in "The Man On the Box," and after that will be featured in other Warner productions.

I expect the coming year will do a great deal for Alice. Of her ability, I admit I cannot hazard an opinion, for like most Angelenos I have seen too little of her work to judge her merits. I have heard her criticized as lacking versatility and variety in her emotional range. But the fans are the final judges. And a great many of the fans love Alice.

She believes that she now has a splendid opportunity.

"I would love to play under Lubitsch's direction. I have no silly notions of stardom any longer. All I want," she says with an undeniable sincerity, "is a fighting chance in a featured cast. My name should be worth something to them. I haven't any particular ideas about rôles—anything that isn't hopelessly impossible."

I am rather optimistic about her future now. She has had seven years



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of training—surely she must know a good deal about screen acting. And six years of varied experiences which should be of much value to her. She is twenty—a sweet and lovely twenty, fresh, girlish, likable.

Perhaps her mother has been a trifle too zealous in keeping her life so sheltered; perhaps she has missed something of joyous youth. But I don't know. It is rather a relief to turn one's eyes from the tired, made-up, discontented faces of so many young Hollywood girls, sophisticated beyond their years by a short time of glamour and jazz, to Alice Calhoun.

She is restful. And that's quite odd, in movie town. It just occurs to me how hard our girls try to be something else, each different—athletic, or jazzy, or sophisticated, or witty, or merely beautiful—but each seeking a motif by which to etch an attractive personality.

There is sweetness, a great deal of sweetness, in Alice Calhoun's face. It isn't silly, hypocritical ingénue innocence or ignorance of life. The serenity in her level, frank eyes is that of a girl who hasn't always found it easy going, but whose friends even it all up nicely.

"Yes, I've been lonely at times," she confesses, "and envied other girls having beautiful clothes and jewels and good times. But mother reminded me that money in the bank was better than diamonds not paid for, and how those others so often disappeared or got into trouble after a little while of excitement. I have always had what I needed, any little pleasures or nice things that I wanted. Mother has worked and fought for

me. I couldn't have done anything alone, for I started in as a school child absolutely untrained.

"I'm very grateful to her for having kept me a little secluded. My 'début' now may be all the more interesting. I go out more and I am old enough to get the best, and not the worst, from these contacts."

She is mildly, not strenuously, athletic. Though she plays and sings, she cannot be called musical to the degree of possessing a talent. She knows how to do housework, not because she just dotes on that womanly labor, but because her mother has brought her up that way; it's a habit, to help around the house, that she takes for granted.

In other words, there is nothing extraordinary about her, any way you look at her. She is a girl such as you would meet in homes in any town, an average sort of girl.

Perhaps, though, it is that very quality of naturalness that has won Alice such a firm place in the hearts of her fans. Because she has led an orderly life and hasn't tried a pace likely to tarnish youth's charms and injure its health, she is in prime condition to embark upon the next stage of her career. She has the eagerness of a beginner intrusted with opportunities, but seasoned with the training of years.

And she has a freshness that hasn't been the least bit soiled. I believe we are a little tired of young sophistication. It is so smarty and—vapid. Surely we don't anticipate a return of the ga-ga ingénue. But isn't there still a market, a demand, for the genuine loveliness which is Alice Calhoun's outstanding trait?

The Real Thing

Continued from page 92

and I believe that at some not-far-distant day she will be one of the greatest emotional actresses in pictures. She will give her whole sincere self to the characters she portrays—and they shall all be women who use their brains to accomplish the final dénouement. Strength and power are hers and the perfect poise and relaxation and potent force of a lovely Persian cat.

The ancients, wise in many ways beyond our poor wisdom, recognized the great worth of cats in the general scheme of things and worshiped them for their sagacity. I am almost afraid to add this simile to my impression of Evelyn Brent, for fear I will be misunderstood. The cheap, silly likening of a malicious woman to a cat always did make my blood

boil. It's as bad as calling a disreputable man a "dog!"

There is about Evelyn Brent a silken, sleek quality and a capacity for intense emotional reaction that can only make one recognize her power as one of our future great dramatic actresses.

She wants to go back on the stage, she says, and here, too, she would have opportunity to do as fine—if not finer work—than she has done or perhaps will do on the screen. She would have the added opportunity of the use of her lovely voice—deep, compelling, vibrant. It would draw as much response from any audience as would her warm, dark beauty.

Surely the gods have been good to Evelyn Brent—and we can only say to her, "Here's success to the real thing!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

started over there the other day with the same idea. And when we got there such a mob was waiting in line that we never got near Lila. But if you like crowds just go right on."

"Crowds can do nothing to me that wasn't done at the opening of 'Don Q' the other night." Fanny sighed at the memory. "How Mary Astor ever survived the pushing, stampeding mob, I don't know. Being the only member of the cast who was in town, she was naturally the center of attraction. And she looked particularly lovely, so she couldn't possibly slip by unnoticed.

"And speaking of Mary Astor," Fanny was suddenly seized with a bright idea, "she and Ben Lyon are making scenes for 'The Pace that Thrills' out at some race track. Why not go out and watch them work? It is such a pleasant occupation for a warm day."

And since I could think of no valid objection, we started for there. But who should we meet at the door but George Hackathorne, just returned to New York. And so, why should we go further?

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 91

It is so intensely hot in this part of the world at present that it is necessary for us to be called at four o'clock in the morning, put on the grease paint, leave the hotel at five thirty, work until eleven o'clock, then come home and retire until four o'clock, starting out again and working until seven in the evening. The noonday heat is too terrible, and the light so strong that our eyes cannot open for the close-ups.

Motoring from Jerusalem to Haifa, we passed through Samaria, Nazareth, and the Lake of Galilee. We photographed all these places, and I have been wandering round so many old ruins that I almost feel like one myself.

In Haifa we were working in regions both old and new, the new being the great Jewish movement of settlements in Palestine. Such fertile country and such glorious beauty I have never seen. We do a lot of motoring between villages, and sometimes we go so far across country that it is impossible to take an auto. So we load the cameras, luggage, and players onto a caravan of camels and start forth on a two or three-day camping trip.

Our hotel, the Carmel House, is on a very high point overlooking the

Your Beauty In the Morning

Is your complexion parched, aged and dead appearing? Do you see signs of wrinkles and flabbiness slowly creeping into the smooth, firm skin you once knew?

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Mediterranean and is a glorious spot set in a forest. The section is so high and so wild that we have been forbidden to go out at night except in an automobile because the hills around and the very gardens of the hotel are so full of hyenas and jack-

als. I have seen many of them, and silver and brown fox, too.

We shall take the boat here shortly for Constantinople, and I shall write you further news from there.

Sincerely,

BETTY.

Looking on with an Extra Girl

Continued from page 53

All in all, we were as vile a looking crew as might be found—Eleanor Boardman, as the heroine, being the only one to become untidy prettily. Through all the rough work—and it really was violent—Eleanor had been an awfully good sport, never grumbling and always interested in every one in her quiet way. And always so lovely that it was a relief to turn from contemplation of our ragged, bloodied selves to her cool beauty.

The days began to pass swiftly—up with the birds, to the studio, work, home, bed. With personal pride we watched the picture growing—through the tribunal where the peasantry tried us, our last moments—shot on cold, black nights—as we were dragged down to the barge that was to sink with us, and back to life again in lacy afternoon gowns and hats for the garden party.

Despite the fact that the less-

amiable assistant took time to explain to us in detail how lazy and ungrateful we had been, the last day of our work was spent in regret—regret that it was the last. The prospect of work in a less-titled company quite offended us; and as for working by the day instead of "on salary"—It was, in fact, a melancholy afternoon.

When we were finally dismissed, instead of charging off with our customary fervor, we went individually to Madame Glyn to bid her good-by and dilate upon the pleasure of the engagement. It seemed the thing to do, somehow, and Madame was every inch the perfect hostess as she paused by the camera to receive our adieus. The charming Madame whose name we revere after two weeks of her fiery, driving direction—which means that most undeniably she has real magnetism and charm.

He Made a Fortune While on Location

Continued from page 22

but from surrounding towns, to watch the making of the film. The *Ocala Banner* printed an extra Meighan edition. A local minister preached a sermon eulogizing the movies as a great factor for good, and urged his flock to patronize and encourage good pictures. Soon, everybody in Florida was aware, through the publicity on "Old Home Week," that there was such a town as Ocala.

Thomas Meighan was still the film idol.

The metamorphosis into Thomas Meighan, business man extraordinary, really began one evening when, after removing his make-up, Meighan motored to a beautiful spot called Silver Springs on the outskirts of Ocala.

"I no sooner saw it than I was captivated by its natural beauty," he explained to me. "I found a big pool—almost a lake, in fact—of clear, transparent water. I am told that it is the largest natural spring in the world. It has a flow of twenty-two million gallons of water an hour—more than enough to supply the entire city of New York with crystal-

clear water. Why, the water was so clear that through the glass bottom of a boat in which we rowed about we could see turtles, alligators, and fishes sixty feet below us!

"The lovely setting surrounding Silver Springs impressed me as one of the most beautiful locations I had ever seen and my thought was: Why haven't they told the world about this, instead of about Miami, Palm Beach, Orlando, and those other places?"

Tom paused for a moment, looked reflective, and then smiled a shrewd smile.

"Was that how you became a real-estate man?" I asked.

"Well, that was what sold Ocala to me," he said. "But how it really happened was like this. George R. Sims, a neighbor of mine in Great Neck, Long Island, who has a palatial winter residence at Newport Ritchie, Florida, motored up to Ocala to pay us a visit. Incidentally, Mr. Sims is a big real-estate operator.

"After dinner I went for a drive about Ocala with Mr. Sims, and showed him Silver Springs. I told him that he and the other real-estate

men in Florida were missing a large bet. He agreed.

"Then we discussed the matter further along these lines. And Mr. Sims returned to Newport Ritchie and I went right ahead making the picture. However, the beauties of Ocala appeared to have impressed Mr. Sims strongly, too, because every week Mr. Sims ran into town, stayed a day or two, and then returned to Newport Ritchie."

Here Tom stopped and said to one of his associates, Emmett Crozier: "You'd better tell the rest of the story."

"He's modest about it," said Crozier, who is a scenario writer by trade.

"Well," said Crozier, taking up the narrative of big business, "Tom was invited up to Jacksonville to have dinner with Governor Martin of Florida. It developed during the conversation that the governor was a native of Ocala. Tom expressed astonishment to him that Ocala was not better known. He began to sell Ocala to the governor, who knew every corner in it from his boyhood days. He intimated to the governor that he was contemplating making some investments in land there. He also confided this purpose to Charles Greiner, a close friend, who is manager of the Seminole Hotel, in Jacksonville. Both Governor Martin and Mr. Greiner asked Tom to tip them off if he bought any property. He agreed to do so.

"He was still Tom Meighan, movie star, however, until the day we had packed all the film equipment and were leaving Ocala. Then he told me quietly that he had bought fourteen large parcels of property in Ocala, that he was convinced of its wonderful possibilities as an investment, and added the further information that he stood committed to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

"It seems that the casual visits of his friend, Sims, had not been without result!"

Of course, public announcement of Mr. Meighan's investment spread through Florida like wildfire. Anybody who has visited Florida recently will understand. All roads leading to the little town were black with motors bearing hustling real estate. The boom was on. Several big syndicates were organized, and they began to buy up all the available land.

The Ocala Banner began to print column after column of real-estate transfers.

Mr. Meighan now occupied what the military tacticians would call a strategic position, inasmuch as he held title to fourteen of the choicest bits of ground in the town. All that he had to do was to entertain offers. They were soon forthcoming, but Mr. Meighan was not able to be in Florida to receive them. So his brother Jim, who is a New York real-estate man, spent a few weeks in the tropical State, and when he returned to New York it became known that Tommy had reaped his fortune.

No doubt it will be a big surprise to the Meighan fans to read of how this "big brother" of the screen, who seems like anything but a shrewd money-making type of person, turned so bold and clever a land deal. But, after all, it is, in a way, characteristic of him. That sudden initiative was the same that he showed three years ago when, while on a vacation, he conceived the idea of having his company put on a five-thousand-dollar picture show before the convention of governors of the different States to show them what kind of clean motion pictures were being made, and carried it out with only twenty-four hours in which to make the arrangements. It was the same splendid judgment he showed when he procured the picture rights to "The Miracle Man," and fought to have it produced as it should be, with the result that it established not only his own reputation, but also that of several other persons.

But Meighan is not given to doing such things solely for the sake of his own gain, and never for sensation, and his sudden successful plunge as the booster of Ocala isn't likely to turn him into a land speculator, eager to pile up money for its own sake.

What he will do with his profits I don't know. No one does except Tommy Meighan. But I have heard—not from him—but from others who know, that a good many persons, especially orphan children, have been the happier because Tommy Meighan has been able to make money in the past, and I can't help thinking that when he first saw the vision of the money that might be made in that little Florida town, he had at the same time a vision of some sad children's faces that might be made to smile through his efforts, while on location.



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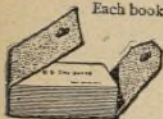
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Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

Continued from page 70

Why did the public refuse to turn thumbs down on them?

Various circumstances no doubt contributed. The couple were engaged in war work and at that date patriotism was powerful shibboleth. Again there was nothing to outrage our Victorian ideals in the reports of the Pickford-Fairbanks scandal. Their quiet retirement into a secluded and peaceful home life after their marriage was another factor.

But the most likely reason for their swift restoration to popular favor is that given by an old retainer of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, one who had been with Mary through the storm period.

"How did they get away with it?" he echoed. "Why, because they just kept on making darn good pictures."

And so they reign to-day, this celluloid king and queen, who defied their subjects and were not required to pay with their heads. The two most magnificent realms of the cinema are united in reality as in the dreams of the two who said to each other:

"I love you—nothing else matters."

Both Douglas and Mary have a craving amounting to a passion for cultural improvement. Both have made remarkable progress in self-education. Time that other successful movie stars have devoted to jejune dissipations has been utilized for reading, study of languages, and contact with every lettered person whom they could cultivate—a genus somewhat rare in Hollywood and environs. They could mingle in the best society in Los Angeles, which means the society of successful bankers and their wives, successful manufacturers and their wives, successful real estate speculators and their wives, but they never go.

Douglas, who, it will be remembered, had at least one year of Harvard has succeeded in taking on a cultured finish that shows no surface cracks. Fairbanks can best be described as a man who thinks he thinks. Always alert for information on general topics, he has acquired a store far larger than that of the average professional American.

He is a sensible fellow, in no way deceived about himself. He passed through the period when he believed that all Doug Fairbanks had to do was to walk into a picture in order to score with his following. He tried this careless attitude and failed. Instantly recovering, he set himself to

work, assiduously repairing the damage. He successfully staged his come-back and he has never made the same mistake again.

The amazing liberties taken with historical facts in Fairbanks pictures are not due to ignorance or carelessness. The lapses are intentional. Fairbanks takes liberties as Shakespeare took liberties.

Mary Pickford will probably retire soon. Deliberately she will take her place in limbo, having made one gesture of revolt against an inevitable situation and failed with it.

To-day she is in this position—torn between a desire to show the world that she is an actress capable of a great dramatic rôle and the necessity for performing the juvenile stunts that have made her what she is—"America's Sweetheart."

But a complication is added. She cannot continue much longer to perform the cute kid tricks. Because—*horribile dictu!*—she has done them all! More "Poor Little Rich Girls" or "Rebecca of Sunnbrook Farm" or "Little Annie Rooney's" would only be repetitions.

"Madame Butterfly" is her favorite story, and in 1916 she played the rôle in a picture with a hint of the mature actress which she longs to be. She hopes to do it again. If she does it probably will be Mary Pickford's last picture.

Once she was keyed to the great adventure. It was in the winter of 1922. Ernst Lubitsch, the German director who had performed so well abroad, had been invited by American dollars to perform less well in our strangely limited field of artistic motion-picture production. He had been retained by the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. He had been engaged to make "Faust."

Mary vowed to make "Faust" with absolute fidelity to Goethe, and no exaggeration of the part of *Marguerite*. She was going to back her gesture of revolt with half a million dollars. Win or lose!

But did she? Alas, no. Like the princess who announced her intention of going wading in the brook, like the poor little rich girl who ingenuously told her mother she was faring forth with Sallie Lutz to collect mementoes from the garbage pails—America's Sweetheart was turned back from the great purpose of her career.

A covey of expediency experts descended upon her. They wept. They wailed. Figuratively they fingered each separate curl and declaimed its value at the box office in absolute

Arabic numerals. No one personality could breast that tide of righteous indignation—not Mary at any rate. She capitulated. She recanted. She consented to do "Rosita" with curls and another ideal was shattered against the Gibraltar of our national taste in screen art.

In a Hollywood adaptation of an English country house, surrounded by sixteen acres of shrubbery and lawns, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have isolated themselves from their world. "Pickfair," they call the estate in Beverly Hills. In the drawing room of the mansion they stood upon a recent day regarding with rueful eyes a great canvas which had just been uncrated, gift of some admiring student of art.

It was a "hand-painted picture," representing a pastoral scene: shepherd and sheep disposed about a landscape mottled with oleraceous trees and threaded by a nacreous brook flowing with vinegar. The sheep resembled great grubs and the shepherd, in tartan clad, was a dead ringer for the ferocious Australian aborigine pictured on side-show banners. It was a picture that would strike awe to any beholder.

"What in the world shall we do with it?" asked Mary, awefully.

"Well," pronounced Doug, slipping an arm playfully around her, "we'll have to hang it somewhere. It's from one of our fans."

It was only said in jest, but it was a reminder that even at home this royal pair are not free from the difficult job of constantly trying to please the public.

Douglas is now forty-two and still coming strong. Mary is ten years younger but past her peak. They are rich. They are happy in each other. Their careers have been a revelation of this strange land, America, where fame and fortune wait upon the most whimsical causes. A king whose leap to royalty has been as spectacular as the rope-climbing tricks of the mischievous *Thief of Bagdad*; a queen risen from the ashes of *Cinderella* herself.

Whatever the future has for them, however they have failed in the quest of their own secret desires in the past, they have given to themselves and to posterity one great achievement—one supreme defiance—one sweet emollient: the triumph of their love.

The Odd-job Man

Continued from page 96

dent. This luxurious miniature Pullman was dispatched to the home of a certain small-part actor, where fortunately he was found. Hurriedly dashing his evening clothes into a suit case and, jumping into the auto, he pulled down the blinds, and by the time that the car drove up to the entrance of the studio he was ready to step out, fully attired in his evening clothes. Quick work! But there were waiting three temperamental stars, to say nothing of extras, assistants, officials, et cetera, all of whom were getting fidgety and irritable and all unconsciously blaming the late arrival for the long delay.

It must not be assumed that the odd-job man gets all his engagements on the jump. No, indeed. He takes

a regular engagement when he can get one. But between whiles, known as he is to be a reliable, all-round actor, without having climbed to the starry heights of popular fame, he is available for important if minor rôles. And it may be taken for granted by fans who see pictures that every part, however trivial, is being played by an experienced actor or actress whose life is entirely absorbed by their hopes, aims, and ambitions, and whose art means as much to them as that of the greatest screen star. Once the glamour has faded and the interest waned, it would be far better for the screen actor to go out and buy a peanut stand and become a merchant prince—at five cents the bag.

Fall Frocks and Frills

Continued from page 63

Skirts will continue short, which, I feel sure, most of us will regard as a blessing, as it is by now a well-established fact that nothing so contributes to the youthful silhouette as the moderately short skirt. Those worn this fall will continue to have fullness added by tucks, plaits, or godets; we notice, however, that this fullness is now entirely in the back

rather than in the front as heretofore.

The normal waistline is still making its fight for supremacy, and is in many cases succeeding with the most gratifying results, for it really is more becoming to all but young, slim figures, and the graceful long, tight sleeve, frequently with lace frills which almost hide the hand, will reign supreme.

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Breaking Through the Mist

Continued from page 34

midst of it one of the heads of a Los Angeles fur store walked up to her.

"Miss Boardman, as a favor to us will you wear an ermine-and-fox wrap to the opening this evening?" he asked. "It has just been received and we would consider it a great favor if you would wear it; and it wouldn't put you under any obligation."

The request was casual enough; it has been put to film people a countless number of times by enterprising merchants, because of the advertising value involved. And at first Eleanor nodded acquiescence; her wide eyes danced in anticipation. At the call of her director she scurried to the set and went through the ensuing unimportant scene with new vivacity. But at its conclusion she came running to the group again.

"Where's that fur man?" she asked. She couldn't find him. And, in a moment, she dispatched a prop boy with a message that she had made other arrangements and wouldn't be able to wear the cape that evening.

"I'm not making money enough to afford one of those capes and there's a lot of people who know it," she explained. "Consequently, they would either think I was very extravagant or they'd question the source of my money. No, sir; I'll get along with my old Spanish shawl—at least I know that's paid for!"

Delightfully volatile, a moment later she had switched to an entirely new subject:

"Do you think I could write? I've tried it several times, but when I read my things over the next day the stuff seems so silly that I throw it all away.

"Age doesn't count in writing, does it? If I could only do something like that, or if I only had a voice, I could branch out when I get too old to play girl parts. I'm afraid to send anything to an editor, though, for he'd think I was simply trying to capitalize on my name, or else they'd say my press agent was writing them for me.

"But I've got to do something! I'm just stagnating this way; giving all my energy and not developing myself at all!"

Eleanor's trail in the film world has had its high spots of interest, for she was one of those mushrooms fostered by the publicity department of a large studio. Several years ago, in casting about for a stunt which would bring into prominence the name of Goldwyn, there was launched a campaign which was dubbed "The Aunt Names and Faces Machine."

After considerable flurry and more talk an unknown boy and girl were chosen as "screen types"—and were each given a year's contract with the studio. They were William Haines and Eleanor Boardman. And for six months or so afterward that was all that was heard of them.

"They told me I was too tall," she said. "I thought so, too, but while I was out here and they had to keep me for the term of the contract I wasn't going to lose any opportunity to make good on that one chance, because I knew I'd never get it again."

So, around the studio, day after day, she haunted the sets. For hours at a time she would watch the filmed action; one could see a studious gleam in her pretty eyes. She was learning a lot.

And when the sets went into executive session, mayhap she would be found behind a friendly peephole in a canvas wall, or sitting on top of an adjoining platform.

The matron of the dressing rooms could also have told of hours upon hours spent before a mirror by this seemingly friendless girl, in which grease paints learned to mix themselves into strange variegations.

And after each attempt at make-up or a new hairdress she'd run to the still photographers and have a plate made. They called her a pest; and didn't print half the plates. But, even so, they flooded the publicity department with her pictures, with the result that when magazines or newspapers wanted a picture in a hurry it was invariably Eleanor's which was sent.

No one seemed to know exactly what she was doing; yet all the while the girl was bolstering up her dwindling hopes with the thought that some one of the officials had meant what they said when they agreed to use her in pictures for a year.

One day there came an abandonment of hesitancy; she had a hot and stormy interview with those higher up. The result? Almost immediately she was cast in one of Marshall Neilan's productions—a small part only. Yet she made good. And, in "Vanity Fair," which went into production immediately afterward, she was scheduled as a second lead. Then it was that company officials learned they had been overlooking something; her success since then is common comment.

And even to her last sentence she was typically Eleanor:

"If I write something will you help me pick out a *nom de plume* so I can send it in?"

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The New Theda Bara

Continued from page 17

things which before had been, she says, dimly in the background of her illusion and which inactivity forced her to meet upon a closer acquaintanceship—all of these influences must have made some changes, as she claims, in her character.

Her wedding was a quiet one, in a Connecticut orchard under a peach tree; and, because it was quite casually and suddenly decided upon, she had no bouquet; wherefore the dignified, solemn Mr. Brabin had to pluck daisies from a field near by for "the worst woman of the screen" to hold daintily in her hand while the minister read the service. She tells the story of that wedding with such droll humor—and the grave Mr. Brabin finds some pressing duty in another room while she relates it.

Though there may have been times of friction, their marriage seems to be upon the ground of intellectual companionship and fine friendship which endures. Their tastes are identical, covering a rather catholic range of music, art and literature.

They attend the theater and social affairs in a pleasant, unhurried way. They belong to the intimate circle which surrounds Norma Talmadge. Miss Bara's sister, Lola, is Norma's almost constant companion. They are, in short, a cultured, well-bred couple.

Her gorgeous sense of humor most interests me, probably because it is so unexpected according to my preconceived notions of her.

She comes into the long, tastefully furnished drawing-room, a striking figure of medium height whose dignified carriage gives an illusion of stature. A definite impression of color. A gown of rose hue. Dark hair loosely coiled, framing a pale face not beautiful but arresting, with its high cheek bones, its deeply set eyes, its odd-shaped, sensuous mouth. She pauses. It is a very effective entrance. She graciously greets you. There is a distinct vibration about her, of an unusual personality.

She talks, quite casually, of music, of the books that answer one's transient moods, of psychology. Her voice is well modulated, the tone of a cultured woman. You wonder how much of her manner is pose; you prefer to believe, because it charms you, that it has its basis in sincerity.

And then of a sudden, when the conversation turns upon her siren career, a veil is torn away. The bubbling of that infectious humor, I believe, does the trick.

You have been conscious, beneath her surface and ambiguous pleasant-

ness, of a shrewd appraisal. Apparently deciding that she likes you, or perhaps that this will be the best method of attack, she becomes in a twinkling instant very human.

Do I unjustly accuse her of a deliberate effort to impinge your interest by a means which she calculates will kindle the flint of your liking? I have seen her shut up like a clam and be courteous but quite coldly indefinite, even when with those whose admiration might be of value.

So the new manner may be genuine. And yet, I have in the back of my brain those tales she told me herself, with such engaging candor, of those cleverly arranged interviews in which she spoke a language of psychology, of Hindu philosophy, of reincarnations and queer religions, designed to convey a certain atmospheric effect. . . . Could this, too, be an effort, along another line, in keeping with a new personality which she hopes to define?

Frankly, I don't know what to think about it. I want to believe the woman sincere, and if she hadn't had the audacity to admit her previous subterfuges, I would . . . but . . . well, there it is, and here am I, on the fence.

At any rate, the humor that crops out enlivens her conversation, and is doubly diverting in Theda Bara.

She related amusing incidents concerning famous personages whom she has known intimately, those little human interest bits that have no place in a motion-picture star's interview.

She admitted relishing the annoyance which her return will give to those critics who never wasted an opportunity to take a crack at her.

To the editors of the newspapers that published rumors of her death two years ago she wrote, in her flourishing, unique hand, "Theda Bara's face may be duplicated by a double's but I challenge anybody to write a hand like this." The letters were proof that the original and only Theda was still alive and kicking.

Not without apprehension does she consider her return. She believes that she has popular appeal, and is eager, in her energetic, fearless way, to test it; but there is the memory of some rather awful pictures which she must live down.

"My final pictures for Fox were frightful," she admits. "But, remember, please, that I made forty pictures in four years and a half. Quality and quantity are seldom twins on the best of relations. I want to make but a very few films

each year, if I succeed in defining the modern woman who, as I see her, is a combination of wife and vamp."

Theda Bara is a clever show woman. She sold herself to the public as a vamp, when she saw that the flame of that symbol had been kindled by a fortuitous and unexpected success in one picture.

Now, equally as shrewdly, she is starting a campaign to sell herself in a new metier.

Will she succeed? Her name might still be made a box-office magnet, for public curiosity is not dead. And she has, besides a forceful personality, an undoubted mental capability. I rather think that a few months from now will see Theda Bara reestablished.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 59

pretty good dog and several bad shots. Rin-tin-tin is the dog and David Butler and Mitchell Lewis are the bad shots. Annie Oakley isn't in the cast. There's gold in the hills and a brutal killing. Rin-tin-tin is suspected of murder in the first degree, and during the next five reels is shot at unsuccessfully. Joan Hardy is the little gal in furs, and there is an Indian in it named Wah Wah who is the plot spelled backward.

Tom Mix and "Tony" are in a picture called "The Rainbow Trail." I call him "Tony" but the quotation marks are not my own. After seeing this picture, I want to say "Tom Mix" and Tony.

It is just another Western picture with dancing gals and such names as *Nas Ta Bega* in the cast. Zane Grey wrote the novel and this is the photodramatic version of it, whatever that may mean. Anyway, it's what the program says.

It is a long, dull, photodramatic whatnot, anyway.

And speaking of animals, there were a couple of horses named "Black Cyclone" and "Lady," but perhaps you have heard that one. Rex is the other name for "Black Cyclone," and if you can believe all you hear, he has killed one man, and kicked up a few others.

This is the story of the home life of a horse, and I was disappointed in it. The children will like it, however, and the horses in it are better actors than the humans.

Zoologically speaking, this has been a big month. But after all, it is vacation time for children, and any number of Black Cyclones, Rin-tin-tins, and Tonys are far better for them than one White Monkey.



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What Will Griffith Do Now?

Continued from page 29

One night he shuddered to the local story of a drunken negro who had pursued a white girl; and the chilling terror of that night later throbbed in scenes in "The Birth of a Nation" that shook Mae Marsh from freckled girlhood into screen immortality, if such there be.

His sister, Mattie, read and re-read for him his favorites, the great love stories of the ages. The dreamy boy in denim, with a conqueror's imagination, feasted upon these treasures of faithful hearts. He pictured these heroines apart from the neighbor girls he knew, something distant, shadowy, sublime, something less than angels, something beyond the flesh.

And when he looked the first time upon the motion-picture screen in later years, he saw there the shadowland in which his dream heroines might live again. Always you find something of this dream girl in every Griffith heroine, the gentle, faithful, ideal of the little boy in Kentucky, who spoke poetry to her as he went through the woods in the twilight bringing home the cows from the pasture.

When an ill-wind comes hissing from the box offices, scolding against sentiment in his heroines, the Scotch that is in Griffith will roll down her silk stockings, wave her hair, indeed style her to the rising ripple of the moment's fad, but she is the same girl—sister to all those heroines of youthful dreams, *Little Nell*, *Virginia*, *Marguerite*, *Ophelia*, *Ruth*, and all those sweethearts of the masters old. Sometimes she is blonde, and the long-age dreams open like a fan into the screen personality that is Lillian Gish. Again she is dark, and the world knows her as Carol Dempster, vital, buoyant, and fascinating. A strange girl, this Griffith heroine! She is the sweetheart's sig-

nal song at twilight, the lover's moon, the evening star, all spun into young womanhood, virgin shy, yet passionate as a puckered mouth, and practical in the progress of mating as a schatchen's guide.

These Griffith heroines have fruited the greatest moments in all screen literature; have made the smug and the callous tremble with sympathy and glow with tears.

And this Griffith heroine is one definite and undeniable influence that changed the standard of womanly beauty in this country from the Oriental preference of opulent bust and matronly hips to the slender stature that is universally a favorite to-day. The exact date of the change in public taste is the time when the Griffith heroine made her first appearance in the films.

The little Kentucky dreamer has done more to erase sensuality from the appearance of the American woman than a hundred years of preaching or a thousand edicts from the fashion makers.

So the things that are Griffith include the imaginative genius of the boy who has never grown up; the deft, perfected skill of a patient and ever-working craftsman, so expert in technique that for sheer deviltry in fingering his magic, he distilled suspense from potatoes; these, and the showmanship of a successful and experienced ruler of audiences, who understands their wayward traits and frank simplicities.

These make up the institution that is Griffith: the force that has become the big bull elephant of the films, now back with the herd again.

What will he do?

Once he wrote a subtitle. It was in "Hearts of the World." It said: "If you can't get what you want, then want what you can get."

The Girl Friend Makes Good

Continued from page 43

York for only the second time? My deepest memory is that of wilting in photographers' studios for hours at a time. It was during that awful heat wave, you'll remember.

"Yes," said Kathleen lugubriously, "I'm afraid my last 'location trip' was rather a bust. But I'm still hoping to be able to get to New York and stay there long enough to see some of it."

Kathleen came into films by way of the oft-trod path of small bits and parts. Then came a big chance in the

ill-fated "Rubaiyat," wherein she was cofeatured with Ramon Navarro. After that came featured rôles with Fox, principally in support of the virile Tom Mix—then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and "Ben-Hur." She is related in some way or other to Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner"—or was it "America?" On thinking it over, so is F. Scott Fitzgerald. Wonder what relation that makes Kathleen to the papa of flappers? Anyway, the girl friend is making good.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"Smoldering Fires"—Universal. The old plot of the sacrificing older sister gets excellent treatment, and Pauline Frederick, Laura La Plante, and Malcolm MacGregor do fine work.

"Soul Fire"—Inspiration. A poor stage play, "Great Music," turned into a good movie. Richard Barthelmess plays the suffering musician, and Besie Love is good as a South Sea island native.

"Thief in Paradise, A"—First National. A lavish spectacle, that also has a good plot. Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, and Doris Kenyon are other reasons why you should see it.

"Thundering Herd, The"—Paramount. A thrilling Western, with some wonderful scenes of buffalo stampedes. Noah Beery, Lois Wilson, and Jack Holt support the buffalo.

"Too Many Kisses"—Paramount. Richard Dix in an amusing comedy-melodrama of a young American in Spain.

"Way of a Girl, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Eleanor Boardman in another pert performance of a headstrong girl. An old plot, novelly treated.

"Wife of the Centaur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A sex story handled with good taste by King Vidor. John Gilbert, Aileen Pringle, and Eleanor Boardman are in it.

"Wizard of Oz, The"—Chadwick. Not very much like Frank Baum's whimsical story, but funny at times. Larry Semon plays the Scarecrow.

"Worldly Goods"—Paramount. A satire on American go-getters, in which Pat O'Malley plays the ingratiating four flusher.

"Zander the Great"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in some delightful comedy as a freckled orphan in pigtailed.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"As a Man Desires"—First National. An improbable South Seas tale, in which Milton Sills and Viola Dana do their best.

"Burning Trail, The"—Universal. A wild tale of action, with William Desmond playing the hero who goes West.

"Café in Cairo, A"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean as an English girl brought up among the sheiks.

"Capital Punishment"—Preferred. An unrelenting picture made interesting through sincere treatment and the performance of George Hackathorne.

"Cheaper to Marry"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rather poor stuff, built on the theory that it's cheaper to have a saving wife than an expensive girl friend.

"Chickie"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill's performance seems too good for this cheap story of a poor but beautiful working girl and her romantic experiences.

"Cloud Rider, The"—F. B. O. Not much on plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

"Crackerjack"—First National. If you like Johnny Hines, you'll find this one of his best comedies.

"Deadwood Coach, The"—Fox. Typi-

cal Tom Mix Western, with the usual amount of fast action.

"Denial, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A Spanish-American War story, not much except for the atmosphere.

"Dixie Handicap, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Frank Keenan as the impoverished Southern gentleman whose horse wins the race in the nick of time.

"Dressmaker from Paris, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous fashion show, but that's about all. Leatrice Joy and Ernest Torrence do what they can.

"East of Suez"—Paramount. Pola Negri in a misguided excursion into Oriental melodrama.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl who thought all men were noble.

"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading rôles.

"Fifth Avenue Models"—Universal. Mary Philbin is splendid as a girl who is saved from jail and later marries her rescuer. Norman Kerry is the man.

"Flaming Passion"—Metro-Goldwyn. All about *Frivolous Sal*, an Alaskan queen who reforms a drunken actor. Mae Busch plays *Sal* with vivid feeling.

"Golden Bed, The"—Paramount. Cecil De Mille on another rampage. Society in a candy house.

"Headwinds"—Universal. House Peters and Patsy Ruth Miller in a rather slushy story of a cave man and an heiress. A sea storm supplies more interest than the plot does.

"Heart of a Siren"—First National. Barbara La Marr tempting a couple of dozen more men.

"Hunted Woman, The"—Fox. A story of a wife pursuing her wandering husband in order to save her brother from jail. Pretty dull.

"Husband's Secret, Her"—First National. Antonio Moreno starts out as a bad boy, but reforms when he marries Patsy Ruth Miller.

"If I Marry Again"—First National. Doris Kenyon is the most convincing thing about this maudlin story of marital intrigue.

"Inez from Hollywood"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the reputed wicked siren who sacrifices everything for her sister.

"I Want My Man"—First National. Doris Kenyon as the positive heroine, with Milton Sills playing the man who almost escaped her.

"Kiss in the Dark, A"—Paramount. Hardly enough to make a picture out of. Adolphe Menjou in his usual man-about-town characterization.

"Lady of the Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer slips a little as a Bowery girl.

"Lilies of the Streets"—F. B. O. A story of how girls go wrong, written by a New York policewoman. Typical melodrama, poorly done.

"Man and Maid"—Metro-Goldwyn. More Elinor Glyn stuff, but not up to her usual box-office standard. Harriet Hammond returns to the screen as the heroine, and Lew Cody is converted to

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"Necessary Evil, The"—First National. Ben Lyon torn between his good and bad hereditary influences. Pretty dull stuff.

"One-way Street, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty with her customary skill, but the picture on the whole is dull.

"On Thin Ice"—Warner. Another crook melodrama, but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, and William Russell play the leading rôles.

"Open Trail, The"—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

"Raffles"—Universal. House Peters is not dashing enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.

"Recompense"—Warner. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost, in a sequel to "Simon Called Peter," do not do their best work. The story is as sexy as you'd expect.

"Redeeming Sin, The"—Vitagraph. Nazimova and Lou Tellegen in one of those apache things.

"Roaring Adventure"—Universal. Over the Western plains with Jack Hoxie.

"Roughneck, The"—Fox. Continuing the adventures of attractive George O'Brien.

"Sackcloth and Scarlet"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another sacrificing big-sister plot, with a slightly new twist. Alice Terry is decorative, as usual, and Dorothy Sebastian plays the sister who causes all the trouble.

"She Wolves"—Fox. Alma Rubens as a romantic wife who gets her fingers burned when she looks for adventure outside marriage. Jack Mulhall plays her husband.

"So This is Marriage"—Metro-Goldwyn. The Biblical flashback again, by which Lew Cody points out to Eleanor Boardman the error of her mad ways.

"Sporting Venus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save this hackneyed plot based on misunderstandings from being unbearable. Lew Cody is in it, too.

"Swan, The"—Paramount. The Molnar stage play cruelly mangled. You might bear it if you haven't seen the original play.

"Talker, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker's misguided words seriously.

"Tongues of Flame"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan winning through those terrible barriers he always knocks over so easily.

"Top of the World"—Paramount. Ethel M. Dell's story offers nothing except a good flood scene and lots of varied acting by James Kirkwood.

"Up the Ladder"—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few flops.

"Wings of Youth"—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Clayton is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

and marquise and princess and all the wonderful titles in the world combined—making, in short, the greatest of them all—"Gloria Swanson—American Movie Star!"

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Orange Villa, Daytona, Fla.

Louise Williams Writes from Paris.

Just like the movie stars, I'm writing you a letter from location.

Coming to Paris in pursuit of fashion material is all very well, but I never could stand it for very long if it weren't for American movies. "Home is where the movies are" for me from now on.

Imagine what it means to feel as if you'd left the world behind—as I always do when I arrive here—and to feel just a bit homesick for it, and then have this sort of thing happen to you: I was walking in the Bois on Sunday morning, along with all the rest of Paris, looking at the manikins from the smart modistes' shops, and watching the people, when just ahead, outside a charming restaurant called "Le Porte du Dauphine," a crowd suddenly gathered. It was the kind of crowd that means just one thing—that a famous movie star is present.

I made record speed crossing the boulevard. So did every one else. I couldn't see over the surrounding heads for a few moments, but I heard a Frenchman murmur: "Quel chapeau!" It didn't need another exclamation, "C'est Tom Meex!" to tell me who was the cause of the commotion.

It was Tom indeed—white sombrero, white riding togs scalloped in brown like

a little girl's flannel petticoat, and all. Tony was with him, of course, and they were posing for the news reel camera.

And, oh! what a nice face Tom has. I felt like crowding past the gendarmes, with the French girls, and imploring him to autograph the back of my white glove or my handkerchief, as they were doing.

Paris went mad over Tom. He appeared at one of the big music halls, and the place was jammed. Wherever he went, crowds pursued him. They simply adore him over here, think he's the perfect American, and I'm glad they do!

They're crazy about Buster Keaton's pictures, too. When I arrived two of the big theaters were showing fairly recent ones, and where "Hospitality" was billed Natalie Talmadge was as much featured in the posters as he was.

Way up in Montmartre I saw Chaplin in "The Pilgrim"—and it seemed so funny to have him called by their name for him, "Charlot," in the subtitles. The name he has in pictures never means anything.

Haven't seen many foreign-made pictures. "The Death of Siegfried," in eight reels, is hardly tempting.

My Tom Mix experience was paralleled by one with Mae Murray. I was dining at a hotel in Nice, and a young prince who was traveling incog had just remarked that he'd give anything in the world to see a movie star in the flesh. I glanced up toward the door at that moment, and then remarked, as casually as I could:

"All right—there's Mae Murray."

Mae it was, looking about sixteen. She wore a little white hat of soft straw, one of those they make in Fiesole, that were

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

so smart in Florida last winter, and a white coat, trimmed with fur. She dined with Rex Ingram, who had been working hard and showed it, and Howard Strickling.

She told me she'd been rushing about so in Paris that she got none of the rest she had come over for, and had thought she'd get some in Nice. But everybody recognized her everywhere, and she simply couldn't escape the public.

I had rather a sad little echo of the past while in a tiny little town in Italy. I had been dining with some friends who have a villa there, and arrived at the station in time to see my train for Florence just pulling out. They have a charming way of giving you merely approximate train times over here.

So we all went to the movies, and saw an old, old picture featuring Olive Thomas. I'd have walked out unhappily if it hadn't been that Ray Griffith was also in it—the same Ray Griffith, only a trifle stouter, it seemed to me. I thought I detected traces of the delightful, satirical humor that marks his performances nowadays, but it was rather a jolt to see the difference in him then and now.

In Florence I stayed at the hotel Lillian Gish liked so much, a beautiful old palace. She is a great favorite in Florence, of course. The first thing I saw on arriving was a huge poster announcing "The White Sister—Lillian Gish in the lavas of Vesuvius." Not even our best exploitation men at home ever thought of that angle!

Dorothy was present on other posters near by, advertising "Fury" under a different title, and featuring her equally with Dick Barthelmess.

There's one other thing about movies that has come to me very vividly lately. I went out to Versailles soon after I reached Paris, and seeing it peopled as it was in its glory was the easiest thing in the world, because of the movies. The right costumes, the right life and color, were there. History's never been revived more successfully than in such pictures as Pola Negri's "Passion" and Gloria Swanson's "Madame Sans Gene."

Here's hoping we have more pictures like them!

LOUISE WILLIAMS.

Paris, France.

Let Ralph Graves Do Serious Work.

Oh! doesn't anybody realize that Ralph Graves is not a comedian? His acting in "Dream Street" was wonderful. He seemed to put his whole heart and soul into it. All Ralph needs is self-confidence—if some fans would only encourage him to do something serious of the Griffith type, for he has real talent as well as looks.

M. C.

California.

A Fan Makes a Discovery.

About five years ago I saw a little one or two-reel picture that told the story of the making of a great painting. "The Bashful Suitor," it was called. It was adorable—a little Dutch story—and I've never forgotten it. Soon after I saw another—something about a protégé of Rembrandt's. Mary Astor was the leading lady. But the thing that I remember particularly was that the boy was the "Bashful Suitor" himself. It was not until a year or so afterward that I learned that he was Leon Pierre Gendron, a Frenchman. By that time he had disappeared from the screen, and I couldn't find a trace of him anywhere. The great hungry mob called The Public doesn't like those artistic little two reelers and never did—they'd rather see a slapstick comedy any day. But I never gave up hoping that I would see him again.

Then, at last—but let me quote just a

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few lines from my diary last summer after I had seen "Three Women:" "He's wonderful! I'm crazy about him! I'm so proud of him—he's my discovery, you know. . . . He didn't have much to do, but he did it well and looked perfectly adorable besides. He's awfully good looking, and has the most beautiful mouth I ever saw on a boy. It curls up even when he talks, let alone when he laughs. The girls will go crazy over him soon, I predict. I'm fairly bursting with pride for him. Adorable!"

He's so young and boyish and clean cut and fine, he deserves the best. And that's not counting that he's a good actor and as handsome as any matinee idol. And dance! Girls, did you notice how he danced in "Three Women?" None of your two-feet-apart, hand-on-your-shoulder hopping around that most all leading men do. And don't mistake me. It wasn't rough stuff, either. He led his partner with his arm around her waist, and didn't look as if the poor girl danced better with half the floor between them. It was dandy—new, good looking, graceful, peppy—like Valentino and John Patrick mixed up. Girls, did you notice?

I can't praise him too much. He's one of the finest going. Pierre Gendron will get there. Watch him!

BETTY PEARSON.

209 North Fiftieth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Betty Ruth is Right.

Where do people get this stuff about the public making picture stars, as if it were something disgraceful? I rather reckon the public also made President Coolidge and Henry Ford. If people didn't buy flivvers where would Ford's millions be? But do we expect Ford to hold open house for every curiosity seeker that comes to Detroit? Scarcely. Then why expect it from a picture star who sells entertainment—and probably gives more than value received?

And where does the writer whose letter appeared in a recent issue of What the Fans Think get the idea that Doug and Mary kotow to foreign titles? Certainly they entertain visiting foreigners—but aren't they likewise entertained in Europe? Sounds like a man I knew who used to make fun of nobility, and then got up at daybreak to catch a glimpse of Lord Mountbatten's private car as it went through town on the Limited.

What does this writer want Mary to do, anyway? Throw the gates of Pickfair open and invite the public to use it for a municipal camping ground? Mary practically supports a Los Angeles orphanage; isn't that paying the public back with a vengeance? Why should Mary employ the professional cordiality of a politician to a lot of sensation-seeking dumb-bells when she's worked for her money, and given value received? What makes the writer think she's as good as Mary? Did she ever meet her, talk to her personally? People who are really superior don't find it necessary to worry over other people's "superiority."

I think Betty Ruth Somebody-or-other has the right of it. Very few of us will ever know the screen stars personally. As long as they fill our ideals on the screen what else matters? If I choose to idealize Doug, whose business is it but mine? If I choose to hero worship Tom Mix because at forty-five he has a physique that I wish I could equal at twenty-five—well, why not? By all means, Betty Ruth, idealize the screen stars—for you'll find darn few people worth idealizing anywhere else!

C. C. SANDISON.

2336 Franklin Street, Denver, Colo.

Continued from page 102

CURIOUS FAN.—So satisfaction brought back to life the cat that curiosity killed? I didn't know that; it seems to me that after all nine lives of a cat have been killed, it should be gracious enough to stay dead. Yes, I'll satisfy your curiosity—though I do hope you're not a cat. Bebe Daniels has so far refused all proposals of marriage. Ronald Colman and his wife Thelma recently decided to get a divorce; I don't believe the decree is yet final.

TAIL TIMBER.—If you really want me to mention Jobyna Ralston on this page, you found the right method—asking about her. She was born in South Pittsburgh, Kentucky, about eighteen years ago. She is about five feet four inches tall, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She isn't married.

COSETTE.—So you always had a cool head, through all the Valentino pictures, until you saw Charles Mack in "America?" Perhaps it wasn't Charles Mack, but patriotism. Charles is about twenty-five and is unmarried. I have no detailed description of him.

DOUG'S DIGGER.—I didn't know Doug had a digger; now that he has one, what does he do with it? Doug was born in Denver, May 23, 1883; he was educated at a military academy, Colorado School of Mines, and at Harvard. He used to play on the stage. Now that "Don Q, Son of Zorro," is finished, he is making "The Black Pirate." I think he will send you his autographed photo if you write him at the address at the end of The Oracle.

A MOVIE MANIAC.—They blame so many things on the movies—even maniacs! Charles Emmett Mack played the brother in "America." D. W. Griffith discovered him a few years ago, when Charles was a prop boy at the studio. See Cosette. Ivor Novello is the son of Clara Novello Davies, the well-known concert singer. He isn't married. He is English and lives in London, so he is a little difficult to reach, as he doesn't keep American movie circles informed of his address. He appeared this past season at the Prince of Wales Theater over there in "The Rat," a play which he wrote himself. Perhaps if you write him in care of that theater, the letter will be forwarded to him. He is now making a screen version of the play, in England, with Mae Marsh playing opposite him.

MARY JO.—You want Ramon Novarro to get married so some of "this raving about him will cease." I'm afraid you'd have to give Ramon a better reason than that for getting married! Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs—the town, not the springs—but she doesn't say just when. She is Mrs. Eddie Sutherland. Bessie Love was born in Midland, Texas; I don't know her exact age, but she isn't much over twenty, and she is not married. Mary Brian is sixteen, is five feet tall and has brown hair and eyes.

STEVE KONIECZNY.—You're quite right, it is too long a hike from Amsterdam, New York, to the Gay White Way, particularly just to talk to me. Just think! after all that walking, you might get here after I'd had a late night or something and couldn't talk. Yes, there is another new screen "find," whom Samuel Goldwyn brought from abroad. Her name is Vilma Banky, and she comes from Hungary. Pola Negri completed "The Charmer" before she left for Europe, and is back again working on a new picture. Tom Mix and Gloria Swanson are said to be the highest-salaried stars in pictures now.

IL PENSEROSO.—I believe that means "the thinker" or something of the sort, but you didn't think quite hard enough to realize that, writing me from London when you did, you couldn't expect an answer in the issue then due on the news stands. I can see you are a thinker, though, from your comments about the screen stars. I agree with you that Pola Negri is a great actress. She couldn't possibly answer all her fan mail herself but her secretary would undoubtedly call her attention to fan letters of particular interest to the star. Why don't you suggest to her that she play *Lady Macbeth*—though I fancy "Macbeth" is too tragic for the film producers to want to make it.

QUIZZY.—So you have sixty-one photos of screen stars and want to know if any other reader has more? Speak up, readers—I have a reader, I hope? Where do you keep all those pictures—did you have a special room built onto the house, or do you just put them under the bed? Myrtle Stedman doesn't reveal the secret of her age. She has been married; in fact, she has a grown son, Lincoln. Yes, Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor were married a few months ago. I don't think Orville Caldwell has made any pictures since "Sackcloth and Scarlet," in which he played opposite Alice Terry. Marie Walcamp retired from the screen some years ago. Pauline Frederick still makes pictures; her latest is "Smoldering Fires;" she also played recently in "Three Women" and "Married Flirts." Ethel Clayton doesn't give a home address; as she is free lancing and moves about from one studio to another, I don't know where you could reach her just now. The other addresses you ask for are given at the end of The Oracle. For one who had a hundred questions to ask, you did very well to cut them down to six. However, I don't mind if you ask a lot—I have to fill these pages or I don't get any salary. Oh, I almost overlooked your inquiry about Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa. Film circles haven't heard of them in several years.

G. G.—I can see that you don't like to watch the current flappers flap. They do seem to be much in vogue at present. Edna Purviance hasn't made anything since "A Woman of Paris," more than a year ago. That is why you do not see her pictures in any of the current screen magazines. She used to be the leading woman in all of Charlie Chaplin's pictures. Edna was born in Reno, Nevada, and has never been married. Norma Talmadge returned from Europe some months ago, and since then she has made "Graustark." It must take some time for American pictures to reach you, living in Shanghai. Dorothy Gish is playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Beautiful City." Yes, Florence Vidor is Mrs. King Vidor. Mae Busch is divorced from Francis McDonald.

INFORMATION, PLEASE.—But you weren't quite in time for the July issue. Lowell Sherman played the part of *Louis XV.* in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Rupert Hughes is married to Elizabeth Patterson Dial, known on the screen by her last two names. Yes, there is a screen actor named Leon Bary; he has been playing for years. Dorothy in "The Snob" was played by Phyllis Haver. The hero in "The Folly of Vanity" was Jack Mulhall. Ethel Wales is the actress to whom you refer. Corinne Griffith's leading man in "Single Wives" was Milton Sills.

K. F. VON L.—I can promise you not to get heart failure upon seeing your handwriting. My heart has had to stand for many things worse than that. Ben Lyon answers his own fan mail; Richard Dix's

sister, Josephine, answers all of his. I think George Hackathorne answers his own. Babe London first got into pictures in comedy rôles with Charlie Chaplin.

TISH.—All right, I shall try to do better than the other Answer Man you wrote to. I always do my best, anyhow, but I might as well try to do better. Kenneth McKenna is a stage actor, so I have no detailed description of him—"Little Miss Bluebeard" and one or two other pictures were his only screen work. However, I have seen him frequently and can give you an approximate description of his appearance. He is about six feet tall and a brunette with brown hair and eyes. Ricardo Cortez is six feet one inch and about twenty-six.

BUDDY.—Yes, you do print beautifully; the next time the printers go on strike, perhaps we can engage you to print the magazine, though it might be somewhat of a job to do all that by hand. It's too bad you're "coo-coo" about Ricardo Cortez; I don't think he likes coo-coo girls. Ricardo doesn't give his exact birth date, but gives his birthplace as Alsace-Lorraine. His pictures include "Children of Jazz," "Sixty Cents an Hour"—one of his first small rôles—"Hollywood," "The Gentleman from America," "A Society Scandal," "The Swan," "Argentine Love," "The Spaniard," and his two new ones, "The Pony Express" and "Not So Long Ago," in which he plays with Betty Bronson. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago and is in her late twenties.

LUCILE T.—I can't decide whether you want your entire name published in this column or not. So you think Ben Lyon is a saint? It's all right to like him, and all that, but really, I don't think he'd even want you to think of him as a saint; his sense of humor is much too good. That, by the way, since you want to know his characteristics, is one of Ben's most delightful qualities. He laughs at everything, including himself, and he is very witty, so that you have to watch your step to keep up with him conversationally.

EDNA BOOTHWAY.—I'm glad to see that you're such a booster for PICTURE-PLAY. We like to please. The girl sitting opposite Anna May Wong on page 33 of the May issue looks very much like Vera Reynolds to me. Allene Ray's life is just one serial after another. At present, she is making one called "Play Ball." Ah! ha! you guessed right the first time; it's a baseball picture. Her home address is given at the bottom of The Oracle. Vera Reynolds is a brunette; she doesn't give her age. She began her screen career playing in Gayety Comedies; since then she has appeared in "Hearts of Oak," "Prodigal Daughters," "The Golden Bed," and "The Night Club." She has been in pictures two or three years—I'm sorry I have not a complete list of her films. William A. Sullivan was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and educated in New York City. He was formerly a song writer and was in vaudeville for twelve years before playing in pictures. He is five feet seven and a half inches tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His later films include: "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Cigarette Girl," "For Sale," and "Midnight Madness." I don't recall seeing his name in any very recent casts. He still lives at the same address you mention, so far as I know, though I hear very little about him. George Hackathorne has been living in New York recently; his address is at the bottom of The Oracle, as well as the other players you ask about. Estelle Taylor, as this goes to press, is still in Europe with Jack Dempsey on their honeymoon.

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RAMON NOVARRO'S ADMIRER.—That applies to half the fans who read these pages. Ramon took time off from "Ben-Hur" to play in a picture glorifying the American navy, with many of the scenes taken at Annapolis. It is called "Midshipman Sterling," and Harriet Hammond plays opposite him.

KNOW IT ALL.—There still seem to be a few things left for you to ask. Jetta Goudal is no longer with Famous Players, as there was some dispute about her contract. She has joined Cecil De Mille's stock company, and is playing opposite Rod La Rocque in "The Coming of Amos." She also plays opposite Joseph Schildkraut in "The Road to Yesterday."

Addresses of Players

John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, Aileen Pringle, Renee Adoree, Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman, Sally O'Neil, Helene D'Algy, Lillian Gish, Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Starke, Claire Windsor, Paulette Goddard, Claire McDowell, and Mae Murray, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Neil Hamilton, Carol Dempster, and Diana Kane, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City, New York.

Gloria Swanson, at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Leatrice Joy, Vera Reynolds, Edward Burns, Jetta Goudal, Rod La Rocque, Jocelyn Lee, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California.

Alma Rubens, George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Tom Mix, Earle Foxe, Charles Jones, and Mabel Ballin, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, May Allison, Corinne Griffith, Jack Mulhall, Eugene O'Brien, Constance Talmadge, Lloyd Hughes, Norma Talmadge, and Anna Q. Nilsson, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Charles Mack, care of D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Ruth Roland, at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Hoot Gibson, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Art Acord, Jack Hoxie, Virginia Valli, Pat O'Malley, Olive Hasbrouck, Lola Todd, Mary McAllister, and Louise Lorraine, at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Wilton Place, Hollywood, California.

Walter Hiers, Bobby Vernon, and Vera Stedman, at the Christie Studios, 6101 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Betty Compson, Pola Negri, Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Richard Dix, Raymond Griffith, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Wallace Beery, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, William Collier, Jr., Esther Ralston, Jack Holt, Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, Kathryn Hill, Kathryn Williams, Adolphe Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward Everett Horton, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Marjorie Daw, at 6737 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne and Betty Blythe, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, care of Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

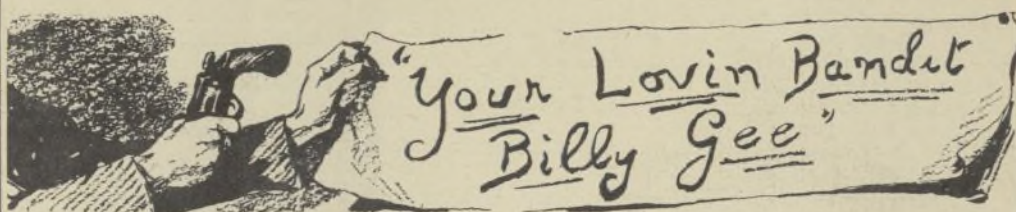
Bert Lytell, Irene Rich, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, John Roche, Helene and Dolores Costello, Willard Louis, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, John Barrymore, June Marlowe, Alice Calhoun, Sydney Chaplin, Dorothy Devore, Matt Moore, and Huntley Gordon, at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Milton Sills, Ben Lyon, Mary Astor, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Steadman, Doris Kenyon, and John Bowers, at the Biograph Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Evelyn Brent, George O'Hara, Fred Thomson, Maurice Flynn, and Alberta Vaughn, at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

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