

PICTURE-PLAY

OCT. 1925

MAGAZINE

25 cents



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"You're fired," said his father,
 "I'll go to work," said the boy—

and that's the start of as good a book as you have read in many moons.

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By A. M. CHISHOLM

Price, \$2.00

is a rattling Western story by one of the leading fiction writers of this country.

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An ingenious inventor heard of their troubles and it set him to thinking. If these film stars, who were fabulously rich, found it a burden to keep their "bobs" marcelled, what about the millions of girls and women in moderate circumstances who were just as anxious to keep in style? Couldn't something be done to relieve them of the burden?

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Eliminates Expense of Marcelling

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can be independent of the beauty parlor and save all the money that would ordinarily go towards keeping your hair marcelled. Instead of spending \$1 to \$1.50, plus the usual tip, every week or two you can marcel wave your hair at home practically without any cost and in a few minutes' time!

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

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It makes no difference what style of "bob" you prefer—Wavy Shingle, Ina Claire, Lee, Natural Curling Shingle—it makes no difference what kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new waving device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of marcel you want—and do it in 15 minutes' time!



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, you stretch the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair. Then you puff out the hair in little waves and let them dry in this position.



In 15 minutes your hair is dry—and you have the loveliest marcel you ever saw.

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Liberal Trial Offer

If you are familiar with the price of other marcelling devices you would expect this one to cost at least \$5 or \$10. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price, because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his ingenious invention, so he has put the price within reach of all—\$2.87 for the entire outfit. This includes a large sized bottle of his Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Waving Cap.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful waving outfit in advance; nor do you have to risk a cent. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days your postman will bring your Waving Cap and Curling Liquid and then you pay him \$2.87, plus a few cents postage. You'll be delighted the first time you try your new-found beauty aid, but your greatest joy will come after you have used it a few times and begin to see your hair getting trained the way you find it most becoming.

After you have tried this magic Waving Cap and Curling Fluid for five days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully.

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COUPON

The McGowan Laboratories,
710 West Jackson Blvd., Dept 109,
Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Waving Cap, and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return outfit to you within five days and you are to refund the purchase price.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Personalities of Paramount



JACK HOLT

Some stars are neither stunning blondes, nor gorgeous vamps, but simply—themselves! and they attract millions. Lois Wilson, heroine of *The Covered Wagon*, and star in *The Thundering Herd*, *North of 36* and other Paramount Pictures creates affection everywhere. Her latest pictures are James Cruze's *Welcome Home* and Zane Grey's *The Vanishing American*.



LOIS WILSON

When Jack Holt swings on to the screen with tightened belt swift action seems ready on sea, in forest or desert. His outstanding Paramount successes are *Call of the North*, *While Satan Sleeps*, *North of 36* and *The Light of Western Stars*. Jack Holt's first new season Paramount Picture is "Wild Horse Mesa."



ERNEST TORRENCE

Fans had a wonderful time picking out the bits they liked best in *The Covered Wagon*, and oh, how they joyed in Ernest Torrence! What expressiveness! Don't miss him in *Peter Pan* (as Hook the Pirate), *The Fighting Coward*, *North of 36* and *Heritage of the Desert*. He will be seen in *Night Life of New York* and *The Wanderer*.



NOAH BEERY

Perfectly equipped by nature is Noah Beery to play the rough-diamond types of unquenchable courage. Paramount fans easily remember him in *Wanderer of the Waste-land*, *The Fighting Coward*, and *Heritage of the Desert*. He may be seen this season in *The Light of Western Stars*.



TRADE MARK
Paramount
Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

How Paramount Improves the Screen Art

In all forms of art there is a method of approach, a scheme of attack, that is sufficiently sagacious to be recognized as basic technique.

Not a rule of thumb, but a method of enriching any meaning or value.

This is a high-brow subject, but when an industry's business is art the subject must be mastered and expanded season by season.

Paramount's production standard is based on a hard-won technique that makes every Paramount Picture a delight to millions.

Nothing less than this would have made world-leadership with trade-marked photoplays possible.

The tradition that Commerce and Art cannot pull together has dissolved in the strong potion of Paramount.

There are deep emotions with men and women that complete the electric circuit of Paramount's popularity, and it is this warm affinity of the art of Paramount with the real life of people that is the foundation of Paramount's technique and success.

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

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THE MOTION PICTURE OF THE FUTURE



TWENTY-FIVE years ago any one who would have hazarded a forecast describing the marvels of our modern movie palaces would have been set down as a visionary fool. But what will picture shows be twenty-five years from now? Are we any more ready to accept a prophesy to-day that may appear quite as visionary and improbable?

You will have an opportunity to decide that question when you read the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. In that issue will appear an article by a French writer and scientist, Eugene Clement D'Art, who has been conferring with the men who are working in the laboratories of the East along lines

which he believes will eventually lead to motion-picture exhibitions as far advanced from those of to-day as those of to-day have advanced from the first movies ever shown.

He paints a fascinating picture of the wonders of the future which cannot help but grip your imagination, whether or not you believe it will all come true.

Another article, in the same issue, which is of equal interest—of particular interest to any one who has ever given much thought to the problems of marriage, is Dorothy Manners' account of a talk she had with Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor. It is a story of how Mrs. MacGregor and Malcolm weathered together the long hard period when he was struggling for recognition

—not an easy experience for a girl used to a life of gayety, but one common to most young married couples.



Rudolph Valentino, who has been somewhat aloof from the public for a time, has been induced to tell our readers something about his attitude toward the success he has attained, and to try to show wherein the real Rudolph Valentino differs from the one that appears on the screen. You will have a better understanding of the point of view—not only of Valentino, but of every other very successful star—after reading it.



These three stories alone should induce you to get the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY without fail. But beside these there will be nearly thirty other interviews and articles. We hope that none of our readers will fail to procure a copy.



Natalie Mae Gregory, Wilmington, Delaware.

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food and milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants".

Mellin's Food Company, 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

What the Fans Think



What a Hollywood Fan Knows.

I HAVE lived in Hollywood since my childhood. Hollywood is just a fairyland of little bungalows—doll houses—and big mansions—castles—all in their adorable settings of shady trees, pretty gardens, and beautiful surroundings.

The dolls that live in this fairyland? Just plain families of flapper sisters, scrapping boys, loving mothers, and indulgent fathers. The stars? Just lovely, fascinating people. Extras are usually good-natured, easy-going girls and boys who would give you their last cent if you needed it. There are a few would-be movie players—usually from some hick town—who think they must "paint the town," and they are generally ignored. But it really thrills your heart to see the little kindnesses of some of them that are so often overlooked by hard-boiled critics.

Mabel Normand, for instance, who on hot days sent the unimportant members of the office force cases of ice-cold ginger ale. Marie Prevost slyly laid a pair of silk stockings on the desks of the same sort of workers about two days before Christmas. Ben Turpin's crossed eyes peering over a large pile of boxes of candy for each member of the office. I know of these cases and many more that I have seen myself, and that is why it just tears my very heart to hear some rube or hick tear them to pieces with vulgar slander that decent minds wouldn't even think of.

Hollywood, California.

BABETTE VANDER.

A Suggestion for John Gilbert

Every day I am falling more in love with John Gilbert. I can't keep him out of my mind. He is perfectly marvelous with that wonderful hair and eyes. I hope he never gets married again because marriage would kill him; he is too full of life.

651 Greenup Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANNE CURTIS.

The Movies in a College Town.

A little over nine months ago I entered Indiana University—fresh and green. And I was homesick.

Quite terrified by the hugeness and strangeness of the place, I turned to my only means of solace—the movies. Completely immersed in gloomy thoughts, and accompanied by another homesick friend, I went to see "The Sea Hawk." That vivid, pulsating, dashing drama made us forget how lonesome we were. I shall always be a little grateful to that picture and every one connected with it, because of that. Later, I had occasion to notice something else—the reason for this letter—the attitude of college students toward the movies.

There is a different atmosphere in an audience made

up of college students from that of the average crowd. I have noticed that, by comparison, there is something flat, settled, middle-aged about the average audience, whereas one composed almost entirely of students is young, fun loving, gay, and far from "the ties that bind." The air is vibrant with a feeling of youth and freedom, and unconsciously one responds to it. The spirit of informality is irresistible.

The theaters in Bloomington are good, the shows are the best, the managers cater to the students, and the students pack the theaters every night. They aren't rowdy, but they carry their enthusiasm in with them, and it is quick to overflow. They love to laugh, and they do frequently, for their laughter is easily provoked. They are quick to sense the intelligent, the fine, and the poor, the overdrawn, and the mediocre. Their mirth at the latter is proof of that even though it is sometimes a little cruel.

Constance Talmadge's "Her Night of Romance" was a huge success. The audience was in a constant state of chuckles. Rudolph Valentino's torrid love scenes in "The Sainted Devil" were received with enthusiasm. The "ha-haing" of the males in the audience was something shameful. But the scenes were overdrawn, so I presume they got what they deserved.

I didn't see "Charley's Aunt" at night, but the side-shaking must have been something terrible. But at plays of a more serious nature, such as "Secrets," the manner of the students is respectful; their conduct leaves nothing to be desired.

However, there is the other side of the picture. My brother is a student in a college where the town is small and the theaters poor. The pictures, he says, at one of the theaters, are mostly of the Western variety. The fellows have a great time. They sit down in the front row, cheer the hero, hiss the villain, and howl with glee at the thrilling adventures and narrow escapes of the players. At the other theater the shows are better, and I venture to say their actions aren't quite so demonstrative. Of course, there was the night at Indiana when the freshmen, freed from the rule of the upper classmen, stormed the theaters and generally wreaked havoc. But it was all in such good fun, and the obliging organist, ignoring the picture, told the Freshies to sing everything he played, and when he started the University song every one stood up and sang. Goodness knows what happened to the picture! But on the whole, given a good theater and a fine play, I am sure the attitude of the college audience would pass muster anywhere.

Peru, Indiana.

ALICE CLIFTON.

Continued on page 10



MAE MURRAY
plays the Widow



JOHN GILBERT
plays the Prince



ERICH VON STROHEIM'S *Production*

THE MERRY WIDOW

*Revealing the spice of Viennese life and love,
a subject at which he alone is master*

A SENSATIONAL production from the world-famous stage success. Ravishing Mae Murray and John Gilbert, the Screen's Great Lover, bring a new dash and magic to the gayety, the pathos, the tense, gripping drama of this superb masterpiece. And only a Von Stroheim could re-create, in so masterly a fashion, the swirl and glamor of Vienna's mad night life.

Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer made the adaptation and scenario from the famous dramatic operetta by Franz Lehar, Victor Leon and Leo Stein, as produced upon the stage by Henry W. Savage.

"The Merry Widow" is a

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Picture

*More
stars
than
there
are
in
Heaven*



Continued from page 8

Concerning Animal Stars.

There have been so many pictures lately featuring animals that it looks as though some fans have been crying for them. Can it possibly be true? Well, I can sit through animal comedies and try to be amused, but—deliver me from horse dramas!

This does not mean that I do not like animals. On the contrary, I love them. But I do not care to see them as movie stars. Of course they may be used in pictures, but directors shouldn't star them and go so far as to have an all-animal cast—which is simply foolish. To me that's only wasting film. I suppose that soon we may expect some elephant or crocodile operas!

ESPERANZA ESCURDIA.

823 Rizal Avenue, Manila, P. I.

Milton Sills—Missionary.

Recently Milton Sills appeared in Ottawa for the first time. What a remarkable personality the man has! During a banquet tendered him in the Château Laurier Hotel by Mr. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Sills was called upon to speak. It was a compliment indeed to Mr. Sills to be received so wonderfully by "the first gentleman of the Dominion." We were surprised in one respect—we were waiting for the annual reference by a motion-picture star to "this wonderful Hollywood of ours, its cleanliness, its holiness," but no, he talked on the motion-picture industry as a whole, its tremendous powers for propaganda, for educational purposes.

The influence for good of a man like Mr. Sills is tremendous. If, among us, there were some who still believed ill of Hollywood, by the time they had said farewell to Mr. Sills, they had a much brighter opinion of the movie colony.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD, JR.

179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Don't Believe Everything in the Papers.

For the benefit of "A Disillusioned Fan," who wrote an article in "What the Fans Think" in the August issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, I should like to advise her or him—whichever Mairaine may mean—not to believe everything that is printed in the newspapers.

As for Lillian Gish not being able to name a member of the cabinet, is that such a crime? Even though we read such a thing, how do we know it is true?

And who could believe such a tale of Gloria Swanson? I am sure I cannot. Gloria so selfish as to disapprove of a farewell party given to Pola Negri? Never! That was probably only a bit of sensational journalism.

L. A. McCABE.

Dayton, Ohio.

Friendship Across the Sea.

I wonder if many other fans feel as grateful as I do to dear PICTURE-PLAY for bringing about these friendships across the sea? I feel more than grateful to it, as it has made me some very stanch friends—and new friends seem to widen one's outlook of the world.

May PICTURE-PLAY be successful for many years to come. It is the best movie magazine one can buy. Doesn't every one agree with me?

VERA PARSONS.

"Newry," Hale, Cheshire, England.

A New Attitude Toward the Stars.

There's good in every actor—that I've found out by humiliating experience.

Not so long ago, I wouldn't have walked across the street to see George Hack-

thorne. I just didn't like him—he, so I thought at the time, was a rotten actor—that is, until a few days ago.

On this memorable day, I saw him in "Capital Punishment," and I will admit that I came out of the theater thoroughly ashamed of myself for thinking such horrid things about him and his acting. Such splendid, soul-stirring acting as he did in that picture deserves reward of the highest kind, and believe me he will get it, because he's got that never-say-die spirit.

Hereafter, I shall try seeing the stars that I don't like as well as those that I do like. It's more than likely that I shall have to give up a lot of my pet ideas.

A FUNNY FAN.

Gardner, Mass.

St. Louis and "The Last Laugh."

Concerning "The Last Laugh," it seems very uncertain to me who is really going to have the last laugh about it.

It is reported that New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago have admired this picture during prolonged runs. Connoisseurs of two continents have pronounced it a masterpiece of the cinema. They call it a paragon of fastidious direction, marvelous in its simplicity, its economy of effect, its expressiveness, and its dramatic power. The central actor is Emil Jannings, famous for his splendid characterizations of Henry VIII, in "Passion" and Nero in "Quo Vadis." The new gyroscopic camera has been put to novel use with a view toward perfect acting continuity. All who were lucky enough to see "The Last Laugh" confirm enthusiastically the forecast reputation of a fine, thoroughly enjoyable photodrama. One well-known critic mentions it as the only picture he would like to see over and over again.

Exceptional photoplays do not come our way every day. A true picture fan always expects them in a frenzy of apprehension and considers it a rare treat to attend the premiere show. Imagine his or her disappointment and wrath upon being informed that exhibition in local showhouses remains problematical for reasons all but plausible.

Such a thing just happened to "The Last Laugh" here in St. Louis. This picture has only found favor enough to be shown privately and in all silence in some local projection studio! It was denied premiere showing for the time being with the astonishing explanation that "movie addicts" here would find it lacking in amusement value. It looks as if the fate of a worthy screen production is going to be decided willfully over the head of general audiences just because there are no bathing beauties in it.

Such an attitude is preposterous.

What is the matter with motion-picture exhibitors in St. Louis? Can't they make up their minds to show us "The Last Laugh?" I think it is a disgrace to withhold a great character play from the public because there may be a few who prefer light entertainment with plenty of sex interest. It is high time that exhibitors take a broader view and especially think more flatteringly of their audiences than the quotation "movie addicts" would indicate. Otherwise, even exceptional photoplays cannot maintain the big place among the arts which they rightfully deserve.

I conclude with the faint hope that sufficient local recognition has been given the elements of merit and celebrity of "The Last Laugh" by the time this protest appears.

EMIL H. HAURIN.

476 North Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo.

A Party for Pauline.

S-s-s-sh! Come closer, all you fans, and let me whisper in your ears. There's

to be a party in PICTURE-PLAY for—who do you think? Can't guess? Well, I'll tell you. Pauline Garon! Yessir!

All you fellows don your "tuxes" and bring your best girl along. You are going to meet the sweetest little girl in pictures!

Ready? Let's all go together. We will take the "Pen and Paper" Limited to Hollywood. Say, I can see her now all pink and golden awaiting our arrival! She seems to be wondering what we will think of her! Well, coming down to brass tacks, what do you think of Pauline Garon? I think she is just the greatest ever!

See how she is welcoming us? I knew she would be like that! So cordial and sincere. Just as she is on the screen.

Here's a toast to you, Pauline Garon, dear one of the screen. We all wish you success, happiness, and all the sugar plums on the Christmas tree.

Look at the time. Twelve o'clock! I'm afraid we have stayed too long, for Pauline has to rise early, you know. She is so charming it is hard to tear ourselves away. But we must go. Ah, lovely Pauline, good night!

Well, anyway, fans, I hope you had a nice time at the party, and you are all invited back again! By the way, some of her friends here in "ye olde-tyme village" have organized a Pauline Garon correspondence club, which we hope to make the biggest ever.

ROMA HALLINGSWORTH.

79 South Grove Street, Greenport, Long Island, N. Y.

A Plea for More Serious Pictures.

I feel I must write and tell you what a deep impression the article entitled "The Captain of His Soul," appearing in your May issue, made upon me. I have discussed it with my friends, and we are united in the opinion that every word uttered by Von Stroheim is true. He says, "The public is not given a chance to see what it wants. The exhibitors and producers decide for them." Those words sum up perfectly the situation as far as the intelligent moviegoers are concerned. The intelligent group has the same feeling for Von as have his colleagues in picture work.

I would like Von Stroheim to know that by a large number of persons he is understood and his efforts are highly valued. They know his handicaps and his struggles and feel how right he is in so much he says and does. I hoped that "Greed" would be shown in the two nights' length—at least the experiment could have been tried—if the arrangement had kept some away it would have doubled the attendance of others.

I'm perfectly sure that the exhibitors and producers do not really know what the public wants. They only know that the public is long suffering and stands for an awful lot before it cries out. For instance, I can't find any adult of intelligence who adores slapstick comedies or who is enthusiastic about their weekly showing. Sometimes we get a laugh out of them and, of course, good comedies are invaluable, but I, and my friends, yet await such short features of worth as Tolhurst's "Secrets of Life" series, and would gladly miss the comedy of the week for the pleasure of seeing the wonder result of Tolhurst's brains and patience.

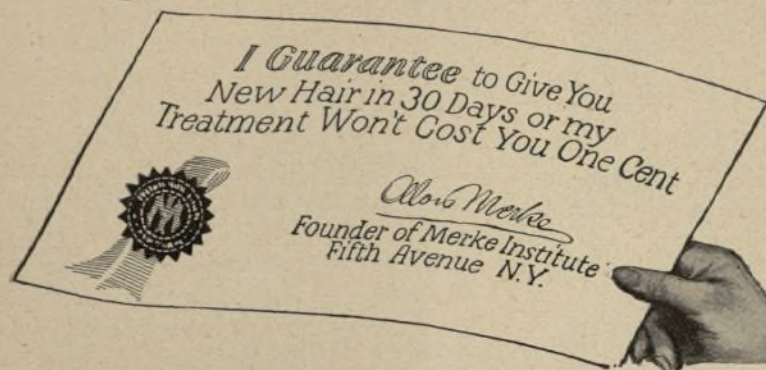
There has been a lot of film shown in New Zealand recently which no one wanted, judging by the expressions of disapproval one heard in the vestibules after the screening.

CLEO WEALE.

215 Adelaide Road, Wellington, New Zealand.

Continued on page 114

Men! Here's a Contract



NEW HAIR in 30 Days Or Absolutely No Cost

Save Yourself From Baldness. Stop Falling Hair. Here is Your Contract—Grow New Hair in 30 Days Or This Trial Won't Cost You One Cent.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

THAT'S clear, isn't it? I make no conditions. No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this offer stands. I don't care what treatments you've tried without results. Scalp foods, massages, tonics—here is a new scientific system that will give you a new head of hair—or I pay the whole cost of the treatment myself.

How am I able to make this amazing offer? The answer is simple. The Merke System of hair growth is founded upon a very recent scientific discovery. I have found during many years of research and experience in the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are NOT dead. They are merely dormant—asleep!

It is an absolute waste of time—a shameful waste of money—to try

to penetrate to these dormant roots with oils, massages and tonics, which merely treat the surface skin. You wouldn't expect to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark—you'd get at the roots.

And that is just what my scientific system does. It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp.

It stimulates the dormant roots. It awakens them. The tiny capillaries begin to pump nature's own nourishment into them. Hair begins to grow again. It takes on body and color. No artificial hairfoods—no rubbing. And here's the wonderful thing about this system. It is *simple*. You can use it at home—in any home that has electricity—easily—without the slightest discomfort.

Here's Proof!

"The condition of my hair was very bad. After six weeks treatment with the Thermocap my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as any one could wish."

Clarence Terpening, 158 South Cedar St., Galesburg, Ill.

"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming and now my hair is very near as good as it was when it first started to come out."

J. C. Regan, 176 West Street, Englewood, N. J.

"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair after using the Thermocap for about two months and new hair seems to be coming in all the time."

Harry A. Brown, 21 Hampton Place, Utica, N. Y.

This Is Your Bona-Fide Contract

Thousands of men and women have been treated successfully at the Merke Institute. Hundreds daily are getting amazing results with this easier, less expensive "at home" system of hair growth. Now, I do not say that all cases of baldness are curable. There are some that nothing in the world can help. Yet

so many men and women write in daily about the wonderful results that I gladly make this offer. Here is your contract—try this remarkable treatment for 30 days. Then if you're not simply delighted with the new growth of hair—write me at once. Say that my system hasn't done all I claimed for it—and I'll see that the 30 day trial doesn't cost you one cent.

Free Booklet Tells All

There's no room here to tell you all about your hair—and about the amazing contract I offer you. But I will be glad to tell you all if you are interested. It's free—absolutely without any obligations. Just mail the coupon and I will send you, without cost, a wonderfully interesting booklet that describes in detail the system that is proving a boon to thousands in this and other countries. Mail this coupon and the booklet will reach you by return mail. **Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 3510, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.**

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,

Dept. 3510, 512 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair", describing the Merke System.

Name

Address

City State



Above: "Bilge" Smith (Barthelmess) finds a safe port with Connie Martin (Dorothy Mackaill). At right—the dance on shipboard.



Richard Barthelmess in "Shore Leave"

IF you liked "Classmates" you'll surely enjoy "Shore Leave." The swank of the parade ground is replaced by the swirl of the sea. The Sam Brown belt becomes a sailor's bow. You see Dick as a roving gob—a happy-go-lucky sort of salt, happiest when he's broke. With Uncle Sam's Navy as a background and a story of infinite charm and humor you'll roll with laughter at this picture. And you'll find heart interest even as Dorothy Mackaill, the little New England dress-maker, finds her wandering lover. John S. Robertson directed this production for Inspiration Pictures, Inc., from Hubert Osborne's stage play produced by David Belasco.

First National

"The Half Way Girl"

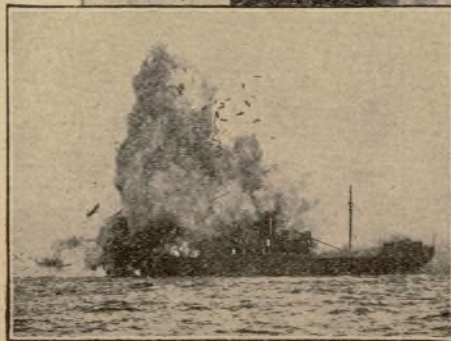
From the captain's log:

July 15, 19—.

A terrific explosion sent the S. S. Mandalay to the bottom. No list of casualties is available.

BEHIND the spectacular climax is a story of electric emotions. You get the lure of the Far East, of which Kipling wrote so realistically. The story is the ever poignant one of the girl who fights to retain her soul in a land where women aren't supposed to have any.

You get the splendor of action in the names of the cast: Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes and Hobart Bosworth are featured. John Francis Dillon directed under Earl Hudson's supervision. The story is an original by E. Lloyd Sheldon.



Phillip (Lloyd Hughes) and Poppy (Doris Kenyon). At left, the last of the Mandalay from "The Half Way Girl."



Princess Yevie (Norma Talmadge) and the lover (Eugene O'Brien). At right, another scene from "Graustark."



Norma Talmadge in a modernized "Graustark"

IF proof were needed, here it is. The fact that so superb an artist as Norma Talmadge has selected a modernized "Graustark" for her latest picture, is evidence of the perpetual popularity of George Barr McCutcheon's novel.

Romance—action—thrills abound in the love quest of the adventurous American who follows the mystery girl of his choice back to her homeland where she stands revealed as a princess. With Eugene O'Brien as the lover and under the hand of the skilled foreign director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, "Graustark," the picture, will be as unforgettable as the book. Produced by Joseph M. Schenck.

Pictures



Milton Sills in "The Knockout"

IN the ring or out, the world cheers a fighter. In Milton Sills' starring picture, "The Knockout," you'll live the life of a champion. First in the north woods, where brawn meets brawn. Then in the classic city arena of a championship bout. And one person only can floor the champ for a count—a tiny, wistful girl who has his number.

Gorgeous atmospheric scenes of the north, secured through the co-operation of the Canadian government, enhance the story. Little Lorna Duveen, a screen newcomer, plays opposite the star. Lambert Hillyer directed under Earl Hudson's supervision. The film is from M. D. Crawford's story, "The Comeback."

The light heavyweight champion (Sills) and Jeannie (Lorna Duveen). Below, the champion's wallop, from "The Knockout."



IN THE BEST THEATRES YOU WILL FIND FOX PICTURES

George O'Brien

in

THE FIGHTING HEART

JOHN FORD, who made "The Iron Horse," directed this picture from Larry Evans' "Once to Every Man" ~ the story of a young country boy's resolution in conflict with the Gay White Way. Clean-cut George O'Brien has the star role, supported by Billie Dove, J. Farrell MacDonald and other skilled players.



Youth and the charm of young love — Billie Dove and George O'Brien.



LAZYBONES

HERE, hard on the heels of its long successful run on the New York stage, comes Owen Davis' play, picturized by Frances Marion, and directed by Frank Borzage [director of "Humoresque."] *Lazybones*, the lovable idling villager, is delightfully portrayed by Charles [Buck] Jones, and the waif who grows up to be Kit is charming Madge Bellamy. Leslie Fenton, Zasu Pitts and Jane Novak are in the big cast.

The art of Charles (Buck) Jones against the homely background of village life.

The great international stage success of New York, London, Paris.

HAVOC

A Drama of War-dazed Women

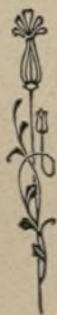
SCENES laid in a London nerve-racked and fun-mad, and on the French front, bring us a faithful picture of the havoc wrought by the world war on the souls of women, and in turn by them on men! A tremendous production ~ with an exceptional cast, including George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy, Margaret Livingston, Leslie Fenton, Walter McGrail, Eulalie Jensen ~ directed by Rowland V. Lee, who staged "As No Man Has Loved."



Fox Film Corporation
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Picture- Play Magazine

Vol. XXIII
OCTOBER, 1925
Number 2



POLA NEGRI is at present working on "Flower of the Night," a story written especially for her by Joseph Hergesheimer. It is a romantic tale, laid in a California setting. Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy is her leading man.



Photo by Strauss-Peyton



Pat O'Malley, who used to be a circus tight-rope walker, shows that he hasn't lost the trick. He is holding his youngest daughter, Mary Kathleen.

From the Sawdust

The early circus training of a number of present-day screen

By Dorothy

Then some of the purchasers pulled the corks and began drinking. Suddenly a greaser let out a wild, demoniacal yell, threw his hat in the air, and went "loco," or "cuckoo," or whatever it is you do when you drink doped liquor. Another followed. And another. Pretty soon a half dozen were throwing fits and the mob went wild. The doctor and his assistant started running down the street followed by a maddened throng which hurled stones, bottles, and sticks.

"You see," Harry Langdon said, as he came over to my side, after the scene was finished, "I was out with a medicine show once and while the Doctor and I weren't chased away, it was because we always left before something broke among the 'towners.'"

He tossed one of the handsomely labeled bottles over on the wagon and sat down.

"These awkward predicaments seem like tragedies when they are happening," the comedian continued. "But they are funny to the onlooker. You know, I was a circus clown a number of years ago. And from my experiences I drew a lot of things which went over big as gags in pictures. There isn't a heap of difference between being a circus clown and a picture comedian. Along in the early 1900s, I read an ad in *The Clipper* saying the Great Hamburger Shows wanted a clown and I wired for the job. Got it, too. Told me to report at Springfield, Missouri, and wired me transportation. I had a goose I called Bob, which would follow me about like a dog. Bob and I started clowning with the Hamburger Shows. I played a trombone.

"Quack! quack!" would go Bob and 'rack-rack!' would go my horn as we circled the ring in the tent.

"Then they gave me a pig that would follow along. And Bob and the pig and I would give a sort of wandering concert, the pig grunting, Bob quacking, and I tooting the trombone. It was a scream, too.

"Do you know, that very act right now, even though the duck and pig could not be heard, would bring a laugh if shown in pictures?

"My salary was one dollar a day. But they might just as well have added the clause—'Try and get it!' I sold songs at the 'grand concert'

THEY were shooting a scene in a medicine show on the lot at Universal. Vernon Dent as the "Doctor" stood between two flaring gasoline torches with stovepipe hat, Prince Albert coat, and a phony diamond in his cravat, extolling the merits of his medicine. Harry Langdon, the droll Mack Sennett comedian who would soon "pass through the crowd giving every one opportunity to buy," stood wearily on the wagon steps.

"Now, l-a-d-i-e-s and g-e-n-t-l-e-m-e-n," orated the doctor, "for one dollar you can get this marvelous remedy which restores youth and manhood, cures chilblains, itch, eczema, coughs, colds, warts, lumbago, crick in the back, gout, rheumatism, infantile paralysis, and locomotor ataxia! For only one dollar you may be assured of health and happiness the balance of your lives. Here is your opportunity! It never fails. It can't fail. My assistant will pass through the crowd to see that no one is overlooked. Don't push! Don't crowd! He will serve you as rapidly as he can. All right, let's go! Who's first? Stand back, there, you boys! Here you are. Thank you! Who's next?"

Typical scene from an old medicine show! "My assistant" was deluged with a rain of one-dollar bills. Men and women of all types pushed and shoved to get where they could hand over their money. It was a harvest, a knock-out, a "wow."

THE CIRCUS IS COMING! Remember the date!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWS

The Most Wonderful Aggregation of Talent Ever Gathered Beneath a Canopied Top. Absolutely the Most Stupendous Production Heretofore Attempted in All the U. S. A.

SEE **Renee Adoree**, the most sensational bareback rider of the sawdust ring.

SEE **Pat O'Malley**, marvelous tight-rope walker. He traverses a slack wire on his knees.

SEE **Bonomo**, "The World's Strongest Human," the modern Apollo Belvedere. He picks up horses with his hands.

SEE **Richard Talmadge**, acrobat supreme in daredevil feats, with his brothers.

SEE **Tom Mix** in his spectacular bronco-busting and steer bulldogging act. Absolutely the most thrilling thing ever shown.

SEE **Buck Jones**, Jack Hoxie, Hoot Gibson, Ray Thompson, and Odille Osborne in the Wild West Rodeo.

SEE **Harry Langdon** and **Clarence Burton**, the most underpaid clowns on earth.

TWO PERFORMANCES ONLY, 2 o'clock and 7:15.
DON'T MISS IT!

Ring to the Studios

favorites had a great deal to do with their success in pictures.

Wooldridge

following the show, knew the pickpockets by sight and was invited to join the gang.

"I guess I wasn't much good as a clown, though. They fired me and I ate my act. I mean I ate 'Bob.' I only clowning two seasons. They 'promoted' me to the job of wardrobe boy before I left."

We began running over the list of circus people who have gained eminence in motion-picture work and before we quit, had made up an afternoon's entertainment which might be given entirely by nationally known characters of the screen. On the opposite page is the copy for the flaming, flamboyant posters we proposed putting up.

Wouldn't that draw a packed house anywhere in the States?

In motion pictures there are a lot of men who are old troupers of the circus. Clowns, acrobats, bareback riders, strong men, tight-wire walkers, and the like. Pat O'Malley jumped directly from a tight-wire act into pictures through the aid of a hypnotist and a discerning director. O'Malley sat in an audience while one of the old-time hokum disseminators was exhibiting his wares.

"Now," he said, "I want some one to come forward and let me demonstrate my wonderful power of hypnotism. You will not be hurt. Any one! Step forward, please!"

"Here, boy," he said, pointing to Pat, "you come up here!"

"Please, mister," the youth protested, "don't hypnotize me!"

But the lad got it, right in the eye or the head or wherever it is that hypnosis strikes.

"Now," continued the professor, "I am going to have this young man walk a tight wire. We must have absolute quiet in the house, as this is a dangerous feat."

Pat walked the wire. The audience did not know he was a professional. The hokum got by.

When Pat O'Malley was a kid he became circus struck and on a rope, the ends of which were fastened to door knobs at his home in Forest City, Pennsylvania, he learned to do his stuff. When he was eight years old he got a job walking a wire with a local stock company, playing kid parts, carrying the drum in the street parade and distributing bills. All up and down the Lackawanna Valley the company went—Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, and so on. Then followed years of trouping with carnival and circus companies all over the country—rough, hard years of which he is reluctant to speak. When he was twenty years old he worked in "The Alien" for the Kalem Company. Robert Vignola, widely known director, and Alice Hollister played leads in this one-reeler.

O'Malley went to work for the old Edison company in 1914 and was the featured player in "The King of the Wire." Marshall Neilan saw him in that picture and sent for him to play the lead in "Go and Get It!" a story necessitating stunt

Thus the circus lost its tight-wire walker and the screen got an

His training as a circus clown is responsible for much of Harry Langdon's skill in pantomime.



This photograph of Joe Bonomo was taken while he was playing a strong man at Coney Island a few years ago.

actor. O'Malley is now much in demand and has played leading rôles in many pictures. He married Lillian Wilkes, a vaudeville actress, and their two little girls, Eileen and Sheila, are being taught many of the stunts their dad used to do in the circus.

Down in Bliss, Oklahoma, the foreman of the 101 Ranch listened to its owners, the Miller brothers, talk of starting a show. The famous Buffalo Bill company had passed into other hands, its popularity had departed, and the world seemed to be waiting for another.

"I'd like to be the arena manager of such an outfit," Tom Mix, the foreman, surmised.

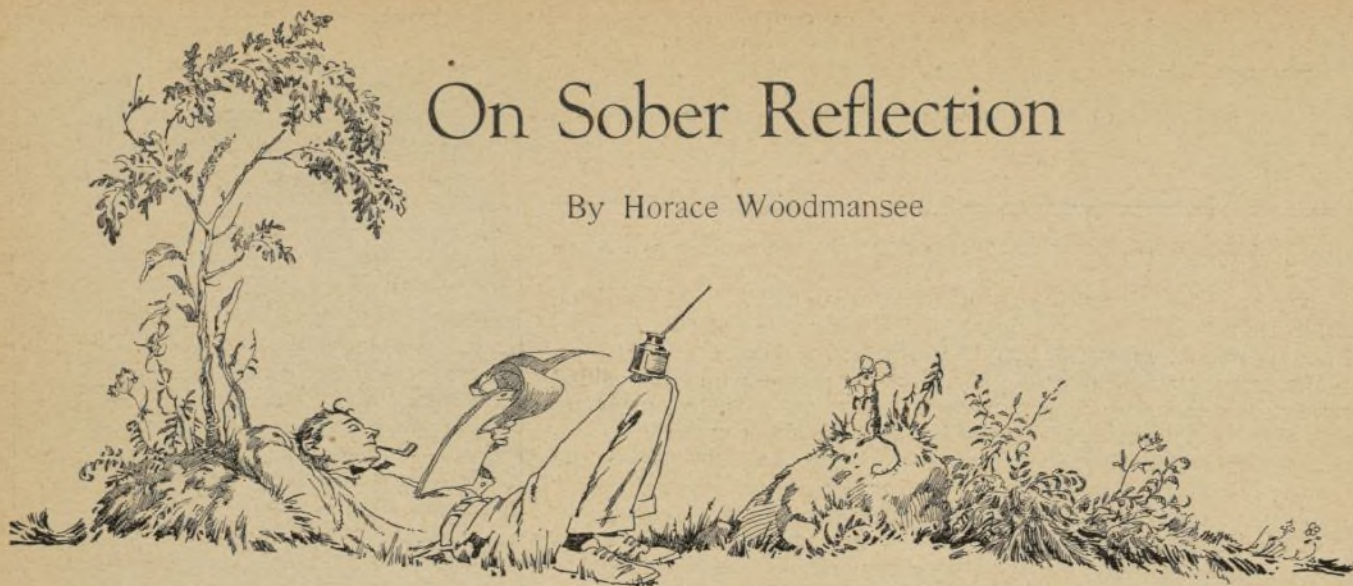
"You can help us plan the show," Jack Miller replied.

They got down to business. It did not take Mix long to get away from the stilted acts familiar to exhibitions of that kind. A plainsman and understanding the West, Tom arranged an entertainment which

Continued on page 111

On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee



That Old War-time News Reel.

(To be sung slowly and solemnly to the immortal strains of "The Old Family Toothbrush")

HOW dear to our hearts was the old war-time news reel,
When, straight from the front, 'twas presented to view;

The transports, the trenches, the hand-to-hand fighting,
Returning Yank heroes on Fifth Avenue.

Alas . . . now that news reel, that worn-out old news reel,

For war scenes in features is plundered by stealth—
That tattered old news reel, that "rainy" old news reel,
That outworn old news reel long laid on the shelf.

Just think—if old news reels from Civil War battles,
From Rome's conflagration, the puncture of Tyre
Had survived—they'd be clutt'ring the modern day
"specials"

To flicker and flutter and stir up our ire;

Ah, woe for the fans of the year 1990

If cinema practice continues itself—
They'll still get that news reel, that
chopped-up old news reel,
That worn-out old news reel that
belongs on the shelf.

Of course it would have been a wonderful thing for posterity if the news-reel photographers could have gotten such scenes as that of Lincoln delivering his Gettysburg address. But—

The probabilities are that economical producers would have "pepped up" the countless two, three, and four-reel pictures of "the blue and the gray" which preceded the World War with such scenes, if they were available. Perhaps it's just as well they weren't.

S O S.

Some one has said there are only seven plots in the world, but he never said anything about titles being limited to the same number. That was a tradition that was established in the studios. How many



scores of times—even hundreds of times—have we seen movie titles involving such words as "love," "flirt," "hearts," "siren," "thief," "Paradise," "souls," "sale," "gold," "greed," "scarlet," "passion," "desire," "evil," "folly." Whatever allure these words once had must have been dulled long ago by endless repetition.

Occasionally, in spite of the utmost vigilance of producers, a strange, compelling, actually original title finds its way from the stage to the screen, unmangled by the adapter. Such are "The Beggar on Horseback," "The Goose Hangs High," and "Lightnin'." But we still have with us so many titles of the stripe of "Lying Wives," "The Redeeming Sin," "Steele of the Royal Mounted," and "The Heart of a Siren," that it appears that titles are still just about where they were in 1910.

All for Her Art.

"Clara de Valera will not forget," wrote the press agent for an eager public, "that her climb to stardom was a hard and stony one. Well she remembers the early days of her struggles when her weekly pay check of one hundred dollars was all she had."

"Gee!" sympathetically murmured the eighteen-dollar-a-week typist, "that must have been something fierce."

Let There Be Light.

A friend of the popular star was watching her make up for her big scene.

"Why are you putting that radium preparation on your lips?" she asked.

"Because we're filming 'A Kiss in the Dark.'"

A Real Relic.

"I suppose," remarked the collector of antiques, "that this rare old pie plate was used in some royal kitchen?"

"It's more valuable than that," the dealer assured him. "It held the first custard pie thrown at Charlie Chaplin."

That Baleful Movie Influence.

Every time a bad boy is caught shooting holes in the family cow or setting fire to an ammunition factory somebody rises to lay the innocent childish prank to the sinister influence of the movies. As the movies make such a convenient scapegoat for the Katzenjammer an-

tics of children, perhaps, when the grown-up public awakes to its opportunities, it, too, will "get away with murder." The following bits indicate what things may be like some gladsome day:

(Scene—a highway.)

Traffic Cop: Say, who d'you think y'are, drivin' fifty miles an hour down a crowded street? Tryin' to bump off somebody? You'll get yours from the judge.

Driver: But, officer, listen to reason. I was just following the example of the movie heroes. They think nothing of driving eighty miles an hour when they have to get somewhere in a hurry.

Traffic Cop: That's so. What we need is more rigid censorship to keep poor fellows like you from being led astray. Sorry to have stopped you. Give my regards to the wife and kids.

(A domestic scene.)

Wife: Henry!

Henry (meekly): Yes'm.

Wife: I saw you kissing the maid. Don't try to deny it.

Henry (bursting into tears): How was I to know it was wrong? Didn't I see Valentino kiss a girl he wasn't married to?

Wife: Oh, my poor husband! It's that wicked movie influence. I shall never let my Henry go to the movies again.

Here, There, and Everywhere.

It is a lucky thing for the film industry that the disastrous Santa Barbara earthquake did not center in Hollywood. However, if it had, the camera men would have been right on the job getting pictures of the destruction and probably we should have had any number of film dramas built around the earthquake.

It is easy to understand why the earthquake did not damage Hollywood. As if any sort of a shock could upset that community! George Fitzmaurice, the director, says that sooner or later films will be shown in trains and trolley cars in this country. Appropriate subjects for the first showing would be "The Iron Horse" and the Pullman farce, "Excuse Me."

Our idea of carrying coals to Newcastle would be showing a scenic on a transcontinental railroad.

In a recent comic bull fight in France, the "toreadors" dressed in fantastic costumes, one impersonating Charlie Chaplin. To have made the performance thoroughly convincing, he should have spent most of the time outside of the arena, looking on.

British producers, with government aid, are contemplating the erection of a gigantic national studio where all the big productions may be staged. If American producers tried assembling all their envious film stars on one floor they might have to engage seconds and referees.

A Hollywood studio bears a sign saying "Newcomers need not apply." Joshua made the sun stand still, but keeping picture aspirants away from Hollywood is a somewhat more difficult matter.

A soap-box orator has found a sure way to collect a crowd. He carries a sign bearing the inscription, "Cast- ing to-day."

News Notes from Merton's Home Town.

Since Merton made a name for himself in Hollywood everybody's going there.

Great excitement was caused hereabouts when the Jinx Pictures Corporation chose our town as the best place to film "The Worst Place on Earth." The

Boosters' Club is putting up a big billboard telling visitors "You are now entering 'The Worst Town on Earth.'" That's enterprise, say we.

Lem Higgins, who runs the Little Gem Theater evenings after he closes his hardware store, is out to show the big city theater men they can't put anything over on him in the line of fancy programs. Lem has hired four graduates of Miss Perkins' School of Elocution to entertain the citizens while he changes the reels.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" came to town last week and caused quite a flutter among the fair sex. This fellow Valentino looks like a comer, say all. Francis X. Bushman is losing his popularity with the matinee girls.

Jim Biggers, our genial postmaster, says that already Miss Estelle Pugh is corresponding with Valentino. The latest is that Rudy has sent her his photograph. Estelle, why don't you invite your new beau down here on his vacation?

Johnny Hunsicker, our popular windmill salesman, just returned from a business trip to Hollywood. While there he met a real movie actress. She had the part of *The Spirit of Gingerbread* in a Cecil De Mille picture.

Laura Bugbee, who writes poems for *The Weekly Argus*, read in an advertisement that the movie companies are searching desperately for original screen plays. She has written six already. When they are accepted she will go to Hollywood to show the directors how to produce them.

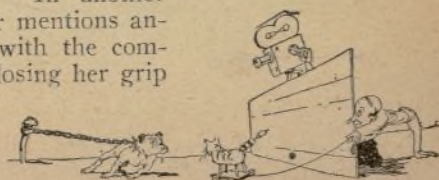
Luke Wiggins is getting to be quite a skeptic. The other night at the Little Gem Theater he saw Buster Keaton dive out of a five-story window and land on his head on the pavement. Luke says they can't fool him—that scene was faked.

Simplicity Itself.

To make a dog register emotion before the camera, all that is necessary is to dangle a stuffed cat or some other object before his eyes. As the cat draws nearer, the dog registers eagerness, determination, hate, and as the cat draws away, he registers disappointment, chagrin, resignation (mark "X" opposite your choice).

If a dog can be made to register emotion by this ruse, perhaps a similar device might succeed in bringing astonishing mobility of expression to those of our handsome actors and actresses whose countenances are now well-nigh immovable.

Suppose, in a big scene in which an envious star is featured, the director shouts: "Gloria Swanson!" Instantly her rivals face registers jealousy, scorn, rage, or what have you? In another scene the director mentions another rival star with the comment that she is losing her grip on the public. Instantly her face would show joy, triumph!



A Clown in the Big Show

"Make 'em laugh" has been Johnny Hines' one aim in life, and how well he has succeeded can be learned by listening in at any theater where his latest is playing.

By Barbara Little

NO one ever comes out of a Johnny Hines picture saying "That lucky stiff; he doesn't have to work for his money." Rather they are appalled at the amount of sheer nervous energy he puts into the making of every scene. A dynamo is a sluggard in comparison.

Other comedians may put a tremendous amount of effort behind some sly, insinuating bit of action but in Johnny Hines' pictures the effort is right there on the screen.

It is inevitable that any screen comedian who has attained the rank of one of those million-dollar contracts—and Hines has recently signed a long and lucrative one with First National—should be compared with Lloyd and Chaplin. So we might just as well get over that right now.

All of these years that critics have been raving over the art of Charles Chaplin and the ingenuity of Harold Lloyd, this wiry young man with a smile that won't come off has been quietly plugging away at making people forget their troubles.

Chaplin is like a surgeon; he probes the very depths of humanity's hurts and in exposing them makes them funny. One man's tragedy becomes the world's comedy.

Harold Lloyd is a crafty inventor who builds up laugh on laugh around human foibles and human pretenses.

But Johnny Hines, the persistent young comedian who has gained wide recognition at the box-office even while discussions of the art of the foregoing were raging, has the technique of a cheer leader. By sheer nervous energy he attracts your attention to what he is doing.

The laughs that Chaplin gets come from the heart; Lloyd's from the head. But Johnny Hines' tumultuous response from an audience is what is known in the elegant film trade as "belly laughs."

His comedy is about as subtle and insinuating as a sixteen-sheet poster in red and yellow. But which is seen and remarked about more in the course of a day—the aforementioned poster or some satirical sketch in a humorous weekly?

Johnny Hines is as distinctively American as a jazz band in which all the players play five instruments, do a song and dance, and finish with a war whoop. His business is clowning, and he never forgets it. His motto seems to be "Rush in where others would if they dared."

Perhaps you have seen Johnny Hines at the opening of a theater, on one of his personal appearance tours, or working out on location. He is always among those present when an exhibitor wants to put over a big show. Probably there is no other player in the profession who has been so generous with his talent. And because he had a long career in vaudeville and on the stage he

knows how to hold an audience. He dances as well as—if not better than—the best of performers on the variety stage, and somehow in the midst of all his responsibilities and labors he never tires of thinking up new jokes and springing them on any one who happens to be around.

Johnny Hines is one of those hard-working individuals who gets to the studio before nine and stays there, working continuously until eight or nine at night. Watching him during the making of a street scene for "The Live Wire," his next picture, I was amazed to find him doing a little bit of everything. There were some thirty or forty extras in the scene, but

Hines knew exactly what he wanted every one of them to be doing. In quick succession he improvised business for a Jewish pawnshop owner, a Chinaman scuttling down the street, a barber loitering outside his shop, some people waiting in line at a theater, and a group of children dancing around a hurdy-gurdy. After playing all their parts for them—and he snaps into a characterization with the quick precision of a vaudevillian who has only a minute or two to put his act across—he wandered off to one side and taught his young niece the Charleston until the call came for him to go into the scene.

His brother, Charles Hines, directs his pictures, but Johnny Hines seems to direct the director. Likewise he advises in the casting of the principals, and offers first aid to the scenario writer in the way of improvising gags.

"Come right in; there's no thrill like shaking hands with a familiar face," is a characteristic salutation from the dynamic young man. He sings as he goes about his labors. "I took my girl out canoeing and had to paddle her back" was one selection the day I met him, and one that is perhaps typical.

"That expression is taken from the Hebraic," he will remark with exaggerated gusto, "and you know how hard it is to take anything from the Hebraic."

Johnny Hines is always playing for laughs—and getting them. He is about as quiet and reflective as a live wire, and incidentally, "The Live Wire" is the very apt name of his next picture.

It was in the "Torchy" comedies that Johnny Hines first won screen fame. Before that he had made a few pictures for the old World Film Corporation, had played heavies on the stage, including the second lead in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and had a long career as musical-





Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle are the leading players in this picture of Continental life.

A New Director Appears

A critic sees an effulgent future for the man who is making "The Viennese Medley."

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

THE sheeplike proclivity of movie producers to follow each other in flocks would account for the immediate phenomenon of a Hollywood infested by military haircuts, rigid mustachios, and monocles glinting fiercely under the brilliant sun of Southern California.

When the first ten reels of "The Merry Widow" were shown—uncut—to a selected audience of exhibitors in New York and were received with unbounded enthusiasm, the producers immediately busied themselves on assorted versions of a story in which slender gentlemen of Continental appearance could wear spiffy uniforms. So it is easy to understand why First National Pictures is spending a million to make "The Viennese Medley" its most glittering offering of the year.

But why, in the name of all the safe-and-sane precedents of the overcautious producers, was this million-dollar picture—involving in its making the careers of two such favored stars as Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle—intrusted to the tender mercies of a director who has never made a picture?

Kurt Rehfeld is the man. It is highly improbable the reader has ever heard his name. A stocky, one-legged German, with a stubby blond mustache and a quick temper more than counterbalanced by a melting smile. There is not even a one-reel comedy to his official credit! Yet he is directing "The Viennese Medley" with a method, a carefulness, and above all, an imagination, that is going to make this movie of prewar and postwar Vienna one of the big successes of the screen—unless. I say *unless*—unless his style is crabbed by the little studio god of production.

Behind the selection of Rehfeld is a story. June Mathis, head of the scenario department of First National, was given the job of supervising "The Viennese Medley." And it was Miss Mathis who chose Rehfeld to direct her picture.

Now you may remember that June Mathis wrote the screen story of "The Four Horsemen," the picture

which, incidentally, made Rudolph Valentino. Rex Ingram directed this picture. The name of Kurt Rehfeld did not appear in it. But if you were to inquire of Miss Mathis to-day she would tell you that in her opinion Rehfeld, assistant to Ingram, was responsible for many splendid bits in this epic picture of the war. So we see that Miss Mathis was not acting blindly when she gave the former assistant a tremendous opportunity to make good or flop.

Thus it fell out that one fine morning last July the brand-new director found himself sitting at a mahogany desk on which a sign blazoned his name in letters of gold. On the other side of the desk sat Conway Tearle, his new leading man.

Rehfeld glanced at the script and cleared his throat.

"Mr. Tearle, you are to play *Count Max von Hartig*, scion of an aristocratic Austrian family, officer in a crack regiment."

He looked at Tearle and cleared his throat again.

"Of course, Mr. Tearle—of course it will be necessary for you to begin growing your mustache right away."

"What!" exclaimed the actor.

"Your mustache," Rehfeld murmured. "You know—the Austrian army regulations said that any man who wore his emperor's uniform must have a mustache."

"But—good heavens, Mr. Rehfeld! Think of the audience. They've never seen me with a mustache. They wouldn't stand for it. Confound it! I'd like to please—but I'm hanged if I'll become a beaver for this picture!"

Then Rehfeld showed himself a diplomat. He smiled. "Let me think it over," he said, blandly.

That night he racked his brain. For, be it known, this Rehfeld is a realist. To violate the truth is to him the greatest sin. But he was not powerful enough in his new position to run counter to the wishes of a star as popular with the box-office as Conway Tearle.

A New Director Appears

Now Rehfeld, like all able-bodied men of the Central Empires, had served his time in the army. Suddenly he remembered the Eighth Dragoons. The colonel of the Eighth had unfortunately lost a part of his upper lip in an encounter. He couldn't wear a mustache. Rehfeld remembered that a special order had been issued permitting this colonel and his officers to go with smoothly shaven chops.

So Tearle, designed for an infantry officer in the script, became instead an officer of the Eighth Dragoons. It was only necessary to make a few dozen new uniforms for him. And the movies have plenty of money to spend on uniforms.

The incident illustrates what Rehfeld has learned in America in the last ten years. As he told me:

"I learned by being first a stubborn fool. But the things that happened took all the conceit out of me."

This realist is painfully honest. He told me his life—blandly, openly, concealing nothing in a past that is not embroidered with silk floss.

In contrast to the postwar swarms of Teutons in Hollywood, Rehfeld makes no pretensions to noble blood. He comes of a rich bourgeois family. In the army his grade was *Fizefeldwebel*, the equivalent of a top sergeant. On his left forearm he bears a jagged scar made by an assagai spear in one of the African campaigns. On the "Medley" set there are enough of his titled countrymen, former officers, working as atmosphere, to organize a *Liederkrantz*. Such is America—the land of topsy-turvy.

Idle son of a rich manufacturer, Rehfeld came to America at the age of thirty-five. He spent the six thousand dollars he brought with him in New York and New Orleans. And in San Francisco the few dollars he kept in the bottom of his trunk to pay for a cable that would bring more money from his father were stolen.

Dead broke, he shipped with a gang of laborers bound for a railway-construction camp in the northern part of the State. The greenhorn must have presented a strange appearance to the others, scum of the San Francisco water front, for he was dressed in a fashionable corduroy shooting jacket with knee breeches, wore an Alpine hat with a feather in it, and carried as a bedding roll—a pink silk coverlet.

In the rough life of the construction camp he had fistic duels with rival German émigrés, Swedes, Scotchmen, and other nationals, gradually fighting his way up from the lowly position of dishwasher, through those



Anna Q. Nilsson, determined to remain in America, ran away from her relatives in New York, whom she was visiting, when it came time for her to go back to Sweden.

of wood chopper and tunnel mugger to that of river driver.

A painful accident—Rehfeld sat on a rusty nail—sent him back to San Francisco, where, after recovery, he got a job as baritone in the chorus of a fly-by-night opera company. The troupe went broke in Los Angeles. Rehfeld married one of the girls in the chorus. They pooled their resources, netting a total of eighteen dollars, and started out to hunt for work. The wife found it first—a job as telephone operator. A few days later the husband got a job as extra man with Christy Cabanne at three dollars a day, the most money he had ever earned in his life.

Under the tutelage of D. W. Griffith the coming director of a million-dollar movie was thoroughly grounded in this game, art, profession, or business, as it is variously called. At last he had worked himself up to a point where he was given a contract in stock at forty dollars a week.

He was to go to work on a Monday. On the Saturday before his career as stock actor was to begin, Rehfeld fell under a Pacific Electric car at Venice, California, and his right leg was cut off at the knee. The fate that had pursued him grinned triumphantly. But a handful of bills—the hard-won money of teammates in the struggle for existence in Hollywood—tided him over the period of convalescence. A few months later, with a cork leg strapped to his



Two of Conway Tearle's characteristic expressions.

knee, he was back with Griffith as military expert in "Hearts of the World."

In the years that followed Rehfeld underwent all the vicissitudes of those who toil in the lower strata of the most uncertain profession in the modern world. He was wardrobe man, research man, assistant director, at last, production manager. He was treated at various times with generosity, injustice, appreciation, and contempt.

When he came back from the trip abroad with Ingram the heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization promised enthusiastically to "take care of him."

"Mr. Rehfeld," beamed Marcus Loew, "you are the first

manager to come back from making a picture with fifteen thousand dollars under instead of fifteen thousand dollars over the estimate."

But for some reason the promised job failed to materialize. In fact, when Miss Mathis called Rehfeld to direct the "Medley," he had not earned a cent for eleven months and was using only the back door of his bungalow. The front was besieged with bill collectors.

"The Viennese Medley" will enable him to pay his bills. Not much more. For Rehfeld is receiving a ridiculously low salary considering the work on which he is engaged. But if he makes a successful picture, he can, after its release, demand a figure that would thrill a grand-opera prima donna. In fact, I am convinced that Kurt Rehfeld, uninterfered with, will produce a picture that will fix the future, not only of himself, but of all those connected with him in this enterprise. The danger that menaces him is that expressed in the old proverb: Too many cooks spoil the broth.

In Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle, the director of "The Viennese Medley" has two popular, sophisticated performers—trouper in the old sense—and in this respect good material.

Tearle, in my opinion, is not the type for the count. He makes a very excellent American business man on the screen, but he cannot be expected to carry himself as an Austrian army officer. However, I do not think that American audiences will give a hang if their idol walks across the room with an unmilitary roll of the shoulders that would make the blood of a Prussian drillmaster boil with rage.

The thing I like about Tearle is his consistent refusal to yield to vanity—consuming evil of the acting profession. There are too many persons in the movies who believe what their own press agents write about them. Tearle does not. He laughs about it.

He comes of an ancient and honorable line of stage actors, and he got into the movies when he was playing

with Ethel Barrymore. Ethel was going to make a picture. She was canny enough to know that a movie leading man, cognizant of the tricks of his trade, might steal it away from her. So she took Tearle onto the lot as her support.

Ethel Barrymore flopped—terribly. Tearle, a handsome fellow who photographed well, went over big. He has been in the movies ever since.

"Why?" I asked him, as we sat in the studio restaurant on the United lot. "Do the pictures satisfy your artistic yearnings more than the legitimate drama?"

And I winked.

"Go on and kid me," replied Tearle, impaling a fragment of

shrimp. "You know why I stay in the movies. I get three times as much as I could make on the stage."

We had just come from the set on which actor and actress had been engaged in one of those scenes that titillate the minds of adolescent gogglers.

"That was an easy scene," commented Tearle. "I used my No. 12 expression all the way through. I call it my No. 12. It's really only my No. 2. I only have three, you know. But when the director sings out a high number it makes the Iowa visitors standing around marvel."

"Director: Now Tearle, your No. 12. Ah—Throw in a little of No. 28, please. Fine—ah! A touch of 32 now!"

"'Lan' sakes! they think, 'that actor's got thirty-two expressions!'"

Of course this was just fooling. But it expressed something of what Tearle thinks about the realities of cinema acting.

He does not believe that pictures will be better until some fresh intelligence is admitted.

"They've come to a stone wall," he said. "The limit of pictures has been reached because the limit of the intelligence of producers has been reached. They have the money, they are in control, and they don't want any new ideas—any fresh intelligence."

"The other day," said Tearle, "I suggested Tolstoy's 'Resurrection' to a movie producer. He told me the boom on costume stuff was over. When I tried to explain that the costumes were modern Russian he said, 'How much money are you worth?'"

"Nothing," I replied. "I'm just an actor."

"Well, I've made thirty million dollars in pictures. Do you think you can tell me how to run my business?"

Equally practical, but possessing in addition a great deal more of what we call temperament for lack of a better name, is Anna Q. Nilsson, who plays opposite

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Dead broke, Rehfeld shipped with a gang of laborers, dressed in a fashionable shooting jacket, knee breeches and wearing an Alpine hat.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

The Day of the Comedian

The recent featuring of comedies is the reason for our publishing, in this issue, personality stories on three comedians, Johnny Hines, Leon Errol, and W. C. Fields, in whom you will doubtless be interested this season.

Johnny Hines is not new to the screen, but until now his pictures have not had as wide distribution as they will have from now on, and many fans will see him for the first time this winter.

Leon Errol has made his screen debut in "Sally," but has not yet made his second appearance, while W. C. Fields has, at this writing, been seen by only a few movie audiences.

By the end of another year each of these players will be well known to every motion-picture fan.

A Jazz Theater

One day a few weeks ago, Doctor Hugo Riesenfeld, who is the impresario of the Rialto, Rivoli, and Criterion Theaters in New York, was startled to find that eight big Broadway motion-picture houses were opening their program with the "William Tell" overture. He hurried back to his music library, determined to throw out of his programs not only the "William Tell" overture but all other numbers of which the public had had an overdose. To his horror, he found that a few compositions had been repeated over and over in the picture theater programs, and that it was impossible to find any others of sufficient popular appeal and of the right length to replace them. So, he decided to change entirely the type of program he was offering. As an experiment he made the Rivoli a jazz theater. The symphony orchestra was replaced by Ben Bernie's jazz band, far-famed through the radio and phonograph records, and all-jazz programs supplanted the old familiar ones.

The overwhelming success of this innovation from the very start attests its popularity. The Rivoli Theater has been enjoying such success as no picture house has ever known during the hot summer season.

Wanted— Beautiful Girls

All through Hollywood and all up and down Broadway Hal Roach has been looking for two or three beautiful girls whom he could put under contract to work in his comedies at seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week. After weeks of interviewing applicants, he had not signed up a single player, which seems strange in view of the fact that there are thousands of girls eager to get a chance in the movies.

"They don't seem to realize," Mr. Roach told *The Observer* plaintively, "that their best chance lies in comedy. Girls trying to break into the movies will go out and hang around the De Mille lot for weeks on the chance of working in a mob scene. It never seems to occur to them that by working with us in small casts

they will have a real chance to be seen. A girl in our comedies plays leading rôles almost from the first, and if she is any good she will be snapped up by dramatic producers who have seen her work. That is why I am always on the lookout for new talent. The girls who have worked in my pictures get ambitious to play heavy dramatics and go to the other studios. I have had to give Kathryn Grant one thousand dollars a week to keep her."

The chief criticism that Mr. Roach and his lieutenants had to make about the dozens of girls who applied for jobs with him was that they were "hard finished." They were chorus-girl types, too polished, too artificial in their manner. Their make-up conformed too strictly to the fashionable pattern, their coiffures were too obviously the result of painstaking work by some hairdresser, and their manner was too studied to be beguiling.

At a time when almost every motion-picture producer is joining in the chorus led by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce urging girls not to come to Hollywood, and telling them that the movie field is so overcrowded that there isn't a chance for a beginner to break in, it is heartening to know that Hal Roach is on the lookout for talent. At the Roach studio an inexperienced girl, if she is beautiful and natural, can get a hearing.

But she should bear this in mind. Mr. Roach is hard to please. He admits that if all the most prominent players in the screen were to walk into his office and apply for jobs there are only a few to whom he would give jobs. One of the few is Norma Shearer, whom as a matter of fact he did try to sign up a few years ago.

Young, beautiful, slender, natural in manner—all these things the next leading lady for Roach comedies must be. This is the biggest chance that has come the way of beginners in a long, long time.

Troubles of an Independent Producer

Robert Kane, who is going to produce pictures independently, to be released by First National, told a good story at a dinner party recently to illustrate the troubles of the independent producer.

A great golf player died and went to heaven, but before he entered the gates he inquired about the golf courses there. Finding that there were none, and learning that down below there was an excellent course, he chose to go to hell. There he found a splendid course, uncrowded, and with well-trained caddies in attendance. All conditions for a great game seemed perfect. He walked up to the tee, took his club in his hand, glanced delightedly out over the fairway, and then turned to the caddy to ask for his ball.

"That's the hell of it," remarked the caddy, "there are no balls."

And that is the drawback of the independent producer. He has capital, studios, stories, and even directors—but he has no players. Practically all the good ones are under contract to the big companies.

Laziness Made Him What He Is To-day

W. C. Fields of the Ziegfeld "Follies," long one of Broadway's most expert laugh getters, has come into the movies and if the work isn't too hard, he will stay.

By Barbara Little

IT was thirty years ago that W. C. Fields made the great discovery that has been his guide and inspiration, that has made him happy and prosperous, switched the thoughts of his fellow men from beautiful or sinful (vote for one) "Follies" girls and resulted in camera shots that will be heard around the world.

It was just this: that a vaudevillian can sleep until noon.

Having found, early in his teens, this secret of a happy life it is to be presumed that he took a good rest before beginning his preparations for the career that has made him what he is to-day. If you don't know what he is to-day then you have a surprise in store for you when you see D. W. Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust." But more than likely you have an uncle or a cousin or a brother who has gone to the Ziegfeld "Follies" to feast his eyes on the luscious chorus girls and come home inarticulately attempting to describe amid snickers and guffaws this droll fellow.

W. C. Fields is unique and indescribable, but that doesn't keep me or any one else from trying to tell you what he is like.

But let us go back to the time when as a lad in Philadelphia he found the one career to which he could dedicate himself whole-heartedly.

A study of successful vaudevillians convinced him that juggling was his game. Acrobatics, obviously, would not appeal to him; neither would hoofing. Nature had not provided him with the voice of a two-a-day Caruso nor the paternal instinct of an animal trainer. So after a few months of practice at throwing things in the air—anything that came handy—he embarked on his career with a burlesque show, from which he graduated into vaudeville. And like all the best vaudevillians he was rewarded after some twenty-five years of service with a season on Broadway in a revue—Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," to be exact. Now, five years later, he is still there and has been all this time except for a year's excursion in "Poppy," with Madge Kennedy.

It was back stage at the "Follies" that I met him, in a large dressing room just off the first landing of the staircase, where chorus girls continually rush up and down in a subwaylike

hurry to get to the stage and do their stuff, and get back to their dressing rooms to change to the next outfit.

But he sat with kingly indifference with his back to the door, only crooking his head ever so slightly to reply to a salutation of "Hello, Pop!" or to ask of the passers-by, "What's on now?"

Every once in a while he would get up ponderously, shed his toweling bathrobe and put on a coat, casually slap on a mustache and depart for the stage where he would be hailed by a shout of laughter. Then he would come back with the air of a shopkeeper who had just waited on a customer and continue his narrative of juggling from Passaic to Pernambuco, from Africa to Ashtabula.

Only once did he play the comedian backstage. Explaining that there was no view of the performance to be had from the wings, he asked if I would like to step out in the balcony to see some of his act. Then with careful directions, he sent me right to the door of the men's dressing room.

That was once when he didn't get a laugh for his efforts.

There is an uncanny grace about W. C. Field's movements; that is one of the funniest things about him. His placid, comfortable frame, his slightly befuddled manner—the air of a man who would like to appear pompous if he knew

just how to do what he was about to start doing—and his air of genial pride when he succeeds in catching the objects he has hurled in the air as though he knew all along that he was good, set him apart from all other comedians.

He needs no tricky music cue to warn you that he is going to be funny; no jokes to convince you that he is. In fact, he doesn't need any lines at all, and unless the stage director insists, he doesn't use them. Lines must be remembered, and why bother?

"I stopped using lines early in the game," he explained to me casually as he flipped cigarette ashes over Mr. Ziegfeld's "No Smoking" sign. "As soon as I found out I had to get engagements abroad for the summer. In those days the theaters over here almost all closed for a few months, and the foreign agents were looking for acts that could be taken over. So, I cut out the jokes I had

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Frequently Irene Rich, with her mother and daughters, is seen on the sands of the Beach Club.

Motherhood and a Career

Irene Rich, mother and motion-picture star, says that some women are ambitious for careers because of vanity, while with others—as in her case—the career has been a necessity. But she occasionally wonders if she has filled the rôle of motherhood with success.

By Myrtle Gebhart

IT is all very well for those women who have husbands or other means of support to propound the theory of sacrificing careers for motherhood. Naturally, if there is a choice, motherhood should claim a woman's primary attention. But when it is up to the mother to get out and hustle, this pretty moralizing won't fill little empty tummies."

Irene Rich was cuddling her eight-year-old Jane, who had a sore ankle. Jane was pretending the ankle was sprained or broken or something so she would get extra hugs.

The brown eyes set so serenely in the sweet, characterful face glanced about the tastefully furnished living room. A homy, comfortable place, with deep chairs and lounges that you want to snuggle into or sprawl all over; rose-shaded lamps, shelves book stocked; a girl's sweater dangling from a hook. In one corner, listening on the radio, a gray-haired but young-faced grandmother. And, close to Irene Rich, her two daughters.

"It amuses me when some women make so much fuss about choosing between motherhood and a career," she smiled. "They think their problem so dreadfully

important, but what they call an overwhelming desire for self-expression is, in many cases, just vanity. The women who have to do both buckle down and haven't any time for shouting.

"I've had a pretty hard fight, but it has been well worth while. There have been many times when motherhood and my career have clashed, and both have had to make concessions. I have even had to ask little sacrifices of my children, and they have never failed me. Frances, particularly, has realized what

I have had to do and has always backed me up like a loyal soldier."

When Jane had gone off to bed and Frances had settled in a corner with her studies, Irene unfolded for me the pages of her past. Phrased simply and minus heroics though they were, they disclosed the

FROM BOTH ENDS

of the problem of motherhood and a career do motion-picture players react. In the August number you read of how Leatrice Joy, who, some time ago, gave birth to a baby girl and, on her return to work, found herself facing a new situation, set about to adjust her home life and studio work so that they would clash as little as possible.

In this story you get the reactions of a player who through necessity has actually gone through the experience of bringing up two children and acting in pictures at the same time.

The cases of Leatrice Joy and Irene Rich are similar in that both had to meet their problem alone, and without the assistance of a husband to help make things easier. Their sensible, intelligent handling of what has always been considered almost an impossible problem should do much to clear prejudice from the way of other women who would like to have children and a career at the same time, and who are fortunate enough to be able to have both.

plucky struggle of an inexperienced young woman to provide for her children.

"We had always had things before, so when poverty struck us of a sudden it was not easy to bear," she began. "However, one can do without a lot of things when one has to.

"I had always been very active. When Frances was a baby, I used to hook her basket on my bobsled—we lived up North—and take the steepest hills. When she was two we went to Honolulu. I would carry her out on my back, put her on a raft and leave her there while I had my swim. From her very babyhood she has been a resourceful, self-reliant mite, superbly unafraid, seeming to realize that I depended upon her in lots of ways to look after herself and to help me. She has been a godsend to me.

"Frances was eight and Jane a year old when I was left with the two children and my mother to care for. Though I had never earned a penny, I was full of vitality and willingness to work and knew that somehow I should manage. I tried the real-estate business for a while at home, and then came to Los Angeles. Friends had suggested that I might get into the movies.

"I never felt that I had any great art to give them, but simply that they would give me a livelihood.

"During the first year of undependable extra work we seldom knew where the next meal was coming from. I was fortunate in having mother to look after the children—otherwise I would probably have had to put them, at least temporarily, in some home. We pretended that she was mother and I the father of the family, and made up little games about it. Frances used to say:

"Daddy Irene, you make our living until I grow up—then you can take a vacation and I'll be daddy." What mother wouldn't work for a child like that?

"On days when I had no call, I would combine my trek around the studios with the children's airing. Pushing Jane's carriage, with Frances by my side, I would walk from one studio to another to ask if there would be work for me next day. That gave mother a rest from the kiddies and a chance to do the housework without being bothered.

"I'll never forget our first Christmas out here. I had worked steadily for a few weeks and had a bit in the bank. Frances wouldn't tell me what she wanted. She just clamped that firm little mouth shut and insisted, 'Not a single thing'—and I couldn't pry it out



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Miss Rich says that one reason she is so glad of her screen success is the fact that her children are so proud of her.

of her. But I noticed the longing in her eyes one day when she was looking at bicycles in a store and realized that she wanted one. Besides, she needed it to ride to school, as she had to go quite a distance.

"She would not let me get her a bicycle until I convinced her, by telling her a fib about our financial state, that we could afford it. And what a happy, excited bunch we were, when we all went up to the bank and drew out the money. We got it in quarters, and brought them home and spread out the silver on the floor. It looked so much—all those quarters!

"We made friends, mostly outside the industry, who were so lovely to us. One very charming woman, whom I met when the company was taking scenes in the garden of her home, became one of my best friends, though at that time I was only an extra nobody in the movies. She used to bundle the whole tribe of us—mother, the two kiddies and myself—into her car

and take us to the beach on Sunday afternoons. Those were our pleasure excursions.

"Dustin Farnum gave me my first lead and helped me obtain good rôles with Bill Farnum and other stars. After that, it was easier financially. I eventually paid for our home and then, blissful day!—bought our first car, a flivver.

"When I began to get ahead we had more comforts, but about that time my children had to learn to make concessions to my career." Irene pointed out a situation that so seldom is admitted by actresses who are mothers, most of whom insist that the children always receive first consideration.

"They understood that it meant bread and butter. I had to deprive them of my attention and company—many a time they planned little excursions which had to be given up because of my work, and invariably they tried to hide their disappointment from me.

"I was often unable to attend their little plays and parties at school. I was only a figurehead who never showed up, while the mothers of the other children were always there. I would be working and thinking of them every minute. 'Now,' I would say to myself, 'Frances is reciting so-and-so.' I would live in my imagination every moment of their plays or excercises.

"Once Frances was cast as *Ophelia* in a Shakespearean performance given by the drama class. I had determined to attend it and we had made such preparations. She was going to present so grandly this mother of hers whom the children wondered about. That afternoon I was told that I must come back to the studio for night scenes. For a moment I was so disappointed that I was almost on the point of pitching career and future out the window, but my common sense saved me from any rash retort. I did not remove my make-up, and at dinner I saw the light fade from Frances' eyes and her face set the way it does when she is thinking or fighting something out in her own mind. Finally she said:

"Well, let's have the bad news. Have to work?" When I admitted that I did and couldn't attend the play, she consoled me, instead of my comforting her.

"They were so proud of me, and that helped a lot. They would rave over me to their kiddie friends and the whole family would troupe to see the pictures in which I appeared. It gave me a glorious feeling that, in their eyes at least, I was perfect.

"And that pride is even greater to-day. Though the daughters of many prominent motion-picture people attend her school—Cecilia De Mille, Margaret De Mille and others—Frances is often envied because her mother is Irene Rich, and that makes her mighty happy."

You see in the fifteen-year-old Frances a different type of girl from the average of her age. Tall and straight, short blond hair pushed back from a high forehead, level eyes, resolute jaw, firm little mouth from which words issue very precisely in a slightly husky voice—she is, at first glance, unusual. She has a capable, definite way about her.

Jane is still pretty much of a baby—whom Frances humors and reprimands in maternal fashion.

"Sometimes I think Frances must be the mother and I the daughter," Irene mused. "Of course, I was married so very young, and she had tests in her childhood that developed her resourcefulness. I am glad, though, that everything has happened as it has—I am still young enough to pal around with her and be more like a sister than a mother to her.

"We're going to have great fun abroad this summer, the whole bunch of us. I plan to leave them over there for a few months of travel and study, but

I shall have to hurry back and get on the job. That will be another occasion," she laughed, but threading the merry tone was a wistfulness, "when motherhood will have to step aside for Miss Career!

"Don't let any mother who has to support her children tell you all that about never permitting work to interfere with motherhood's duties. When you are earning their bread and butter, work must come first.

"So many times I've felt pulled two ways, so bewildered that I could not think and so simply followed my instincts blindly. I guess God just gives mothers the right instinct, to feel that a certain way is best.

"Have I failed or succeeded as a mother? That is, in the final analysis, much more important than the question of success in my work. And yet, in my case, the former to an extent is dependent upon the latter. If I hadn't made good in my work, to put it quite bluntly, we would have starved. So I can say with pardonable pride that success in my career has enabled me to give my children health and educational advantages.

"Has my work prevented my giving them other things not equally important but essential to their development? I would like to say nobly that I have fulfilled my obligations in every way, but I know that I have had to neglect some of them. I haven't been able to give the children as much time and personal care as mothers who have no interests outside the home.

"When Jane was a little tot, my mother and Frances would take care of her and I would undress her and put her to bed in the evening. Once she looked up at me, a smile spreading over her round, baby face, and said, 'I got free muvvers!'

"It hurt for a moment that she should think of her grandmother and her sister as mothers. But when she hugged me tightly and added, 'I know which I love best!' I knew that I always would come first in her heart.

"Often I've tried to direct an inner searchlight on myself and my problems, to see if I were really doing what I should for my children. I have taught them that my work is their best friend. I know of several instances where the mothers have complained of their work for taking them away, and so the children have hated it.

"Division of energies prevents your giving your very best to either undertaking. Sometimes worry over the children—when they haven't been well—has shown in the poor quality of my work. Again, the demands of my career have had priority. I know there have been times when the children felt shut out because they could not share one side of my life. I have not permitted them to hang around the studio and only allow them occasional visits now that they are getting old enough to understand acting better. Then they wanted me with them more than I could be.

"Sometimes when they would tell me about being over to some youngster's house and watching her mother bake cakes and cookies, I could see in their eyes a wish that I would stay at home in a pink-and-white apron and make cookies.

"I couldn't hear their lessons many nights because I would be so tired and would have to go straight to bed. My practical little Frances would say, 'Shucks, we don't want you to bother with our poky old lessons.' She would hear Jane's and, if she couldn't wrestle with her own alone, would ask her grandmother's help.

"Perhaps I have made mistakes and taken the wrong course when I stood at a crossroads, with the sign

Continued on page 108

A Girl Who Goes Her Own Way

May McAvoy has decided that, for her, freedom to choose the rôles she wants means more than money or stardom.

By Caroline Bell

FORECASTING the orbits of our stellar lights is one of Hollywood's favorite indoor sports. Over mahogany desks men speak around their cigars, shrewdly timing the shine of a glamorous star; the luncheon chatter of smartly gowned women is pointed with comments on the inevitable waning of certain personalities. So-and-so is slipping; this one has something new, possible of cultivation, and so on. Most actors present definite traits upon which rather accurate prediction may be based.

"And what of May McAvoy?" somebody asks, and a silence falls.

"Well, with May it's hard to tell," one will eventually try to put into words Hollywood's feeling of exasperation toward May. She is generally accredited with that talent which borders upon genius. Occasionally her work glows with that rare spark; one feels annoyed that so seldom does she attain the full measure of her capabilities. But she is admitted to be very difficult to handle, and doubly hard to present are her peculiar qualities.

"For one thing, she won't run true to form. Temperamental. Has opinions and ideas of her own about things. Won't play a part unless she thinks it suitable to her. Snaps her fingers at money. Shrugs aside contracts that any other girl would grab in a twinkling.

"Besides, where does May belong in pictures? She has a little bit of several things, and yet she is not distinctly any one."

May's unwillingness to conform to rules is familiar in studio circles and is one of the two reasons responsible for her peculiar ups and downs. She disagreed with Paramount over the stories bought for her. She refused to bob her hair to play the flapper heroine of De Mille's "Adam's Rib." The part did not appeal to her. Two weeks later she took a notion to bob.

She bought back her unexpired contract from Paramount that she might have freedom in choosing her rôles. Recently she turned down a long contract at a weekly salary of five thousand dollars, tendered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"It is not temperament in the sense of wanting to show off," she one day explained more fully the reasons that I knew lay back of her attitude. "I don't want to quarrel constantly, though, being Irish, I do get rebellious spells. It is simply that I know what is best for me. Trying to go with the crowd very nearly put me out.

"The best opportunity at Paramount, of the sort for which I am fitted, was hardly more than a bit, in 'Kick In.' One scene, where I came laughing down the stairs after my sweetheart had died, to put the detectives off the trail, brought me more praise than anything I have ever done.

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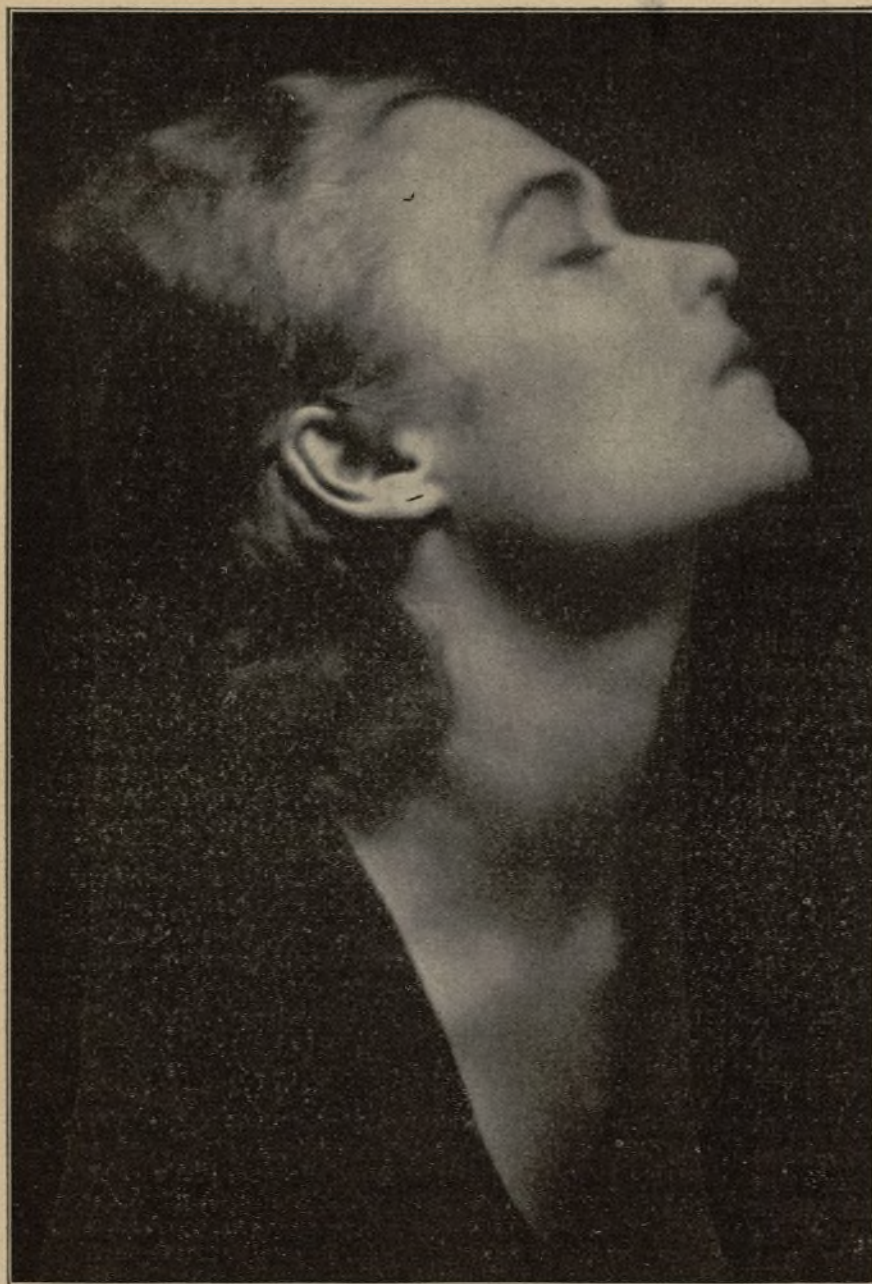


Photo by Henry Waxman

Constance Bennett, one of the most beautiful and smartest gowned girls now in New York, is going abroad shortly.

WELL, that's settled at last," Fanny remarked authoritatively, as she slumped down in a chair in her best imitation of Bebe Daniels and waited for me to ask, "What is?"

"Somebody is always asking what the first requirement of a film star is or what sort of training she ought to have. Now I know. I'll offer my advice free just for to-day, and then, who knows, I may start a correspondence school.

"Any film star ought to have experience as a professional shopper," she went on. "I've survived shopping trips with Corinne Griffith, Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, and Colleen Moore and really what those girls buy in a day would stock a good-sized department store."

"Colleen Moore shopping *here*?" I asked incredulously. "But what did she do abroad?"

"Remembered apparently that she was one-hundred-per-cent American," Fanny retorted curtly. "Of course, her customs declaration showed about four trunkfuls of clothes, but that didn't stop her when she got here.

Over the

Fanny the Fan sings a
many of her favorite films

By The

She found to her horror in Paris that people were expected to have four or five fittings for a single dress. What a waste of time! She hurried right back to Madame Frances. You know, Frances always engages a model who is exactly the size of any customer who buys a lot of clothes. Then the customer doesn't have to stand for any fittings at all. Colleen was so thrilled at this great, American custom that she ordered clothes with a lavish hand quite as though she had never seen Paris.

"You know, I was a little worried about Colleen just before she returned. I thought Europe had changed her. She cabled me that she was bringing home a lapdog named Baby. I was afraid that it might be one of those awful Italian greyhounds about the size of a rat so I pleaded with all the officials of the port of New York to let me go down on the cutter and board the boat at quarantine, thinking I could throw the offending animal overboard. And when I boarded the *Berengaria* and Colleen rushed to meet me, what should I see but the sweetest, hugest St. Bernard you ever saw. That's *her* idea of a lapdog.

"It looked for a while as though Colleen would have to adopt the butcher on the boat because the dog was so fond of him, but we finally induced them to part. Then the dog had to be sent to a kennel because the hotel wouldn't take him in and Colleen spent all her spare time ordering ice and electric fans and things like that to take to the dog.

"Of course, Colleen didn't do any of the things abroad that any one else would do. Cafés, race tracks, and all that sort of thing were simply nonexistent so far as she was concerned. She went over primarily to see the queen's doll house and kiss the Blarney stone. She accomplished the latter all right—and you'll admit it takes a lot of nerve for a girl who has almost broken her neck to hang by her heels down a high precipice just to pay her respects to an old Irish custom. But the queen's doll house wasn't on exhibition any more so she had to console herself by going all through Paris and Switzerland buying marvelous miniature furniture and books for her own doll's house.

"She offered a prize of five thousand dollars in London to the girl who wrote the most interesting letter telling her ambitions. When she read the letters she almost dissolved in tears, they were so pathetic. The girl who won was blind, came of an awfully poor family, and wanted some day to be a musician and give lessons to poor girls like herself who couldn't afford to pay for

Teacups

sad song of farewell as
stars forsake New York

Bystander

them. When Colleen led her out on the stage of the theater where the award was to be made she was so choked with emotion she couldn't speak so she and the girl just clung to each other and cried, and the audience cried and——"

"A fine time was had by all," I helped her out. "I suppose you wish that you could have been there."

"Colleen made a lot of scenes in London for 'We Moderns,' her next picture. Trafalgar Square, the House of Lords, Buckingham Palace, and a lot of places every one wants to see were used as backgrounds. One day, as she was coming home from work, traffic was stopped at the gates of Buckingham Palace and she saw the queen just starting out for her afternoon drive. Of course, she was thrilled to death. She says that the reports of the queen's dowdy hats have been grossly exaggerated. She insists that the queen is charming looking. Oh, yes—and she saw Queen Marie of Roumania at the theater one night in Paris."

"And that reminds me——" she began.

"Don't let it remind you of any one but Colleen," I insisted. "There are a lot more things I want to know. Did she bring home any new fads?"

"Of course." Fanny looked at me as though I were not quite bright.

"The most interesting one is that she doesn't wear a particle of make-up. You have no idea how startling and smart it looks. The other one may cause a lot of trouble if news of it gets around. It's the latest fad in Paris to have your features painted on white silk handkerchiefs. Some artist gave a lot of them to Colleen, and I suppose now fans will be writing asking for them instead of ordinary photographs."

"Colleen signed a new contract with First National soon after she landed here. Of course, she got a big advance in salary, her pictures have been so popular. And her husband, John McCormick, is going to supervise her productions in the future. That's what she wanted most. He knows picture production so thoroughly she knows she can rely on his judgment."

"The executives of First National gave a dinner party for her the night before she left for California. Of course, they all made speeches lauding her to the skies, and one and all they praised her for being the same unassuming girl she was when she started in pictures. Over and over the phrase recurred that she 'had kept her feet on the ground.' At about the tenth repetition of this noble sentiment she leaned over and remarked that they were so tired she couldn't get 'em off if she wanted to."



Photo by Fach Brothers

Fanny is hoping to have the exquisite Alice Joyce back in New York when she finishes "Stella Dallas" on the Coast.

"Carmelita Geraghty and Virginia Valli passed Colleen in midocean and sent her a radio gloating because they were going to Germany to make a picture. Carmelita was so thrilled over going abroad that for two days before sailing she was walking around in a daze. She went into a hosiery store and casually asked for felt sport hats and didn't show the slightest surprise when the saleslady showed her jeweled garters."

"I don't know what effect the Paris styles will have on Virginia. She isn't daring enough to wear some of the styles here. She had to buy an ankle bracelet to wear in the Thomas Meighan picture she made just before she left and she hated to go into a store to ask for it so she got Corinne Griffith to go with her. Corinne bought one and wore it all the time, but Virginia never appeared with hers."

"Constance Bennett is going abroad as soon as she finishes her next picture, but why she goes I can't see. She's the most beautiful and smartest gowned girl to be seen anywhere in New York now that Corinne is gone."



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Dorothy Gish will be able to please all her fans by being both funny and sad in "The Beautiful City" opposite Dick Barthelmess.

I always hate to catch a glimpse of Constance Bennett at the end of a hot, tired day. She always looks so crisp and smart and as though it didn't take any effort on her part to look beautiful.

"The next one to go is Nita Naldi. She is going to make Ibáñez's 'Queen Calafia' in Spain under the direction of John Robertson. Even Bebe Daniels is forsaking us after all her promises to stay in New York. She is going to make 'Martinique' in California. As I recall it on the stage, the leading rôle was one of those exotic native girls.

"Bebe is taking about ten trunks of new clothes with her. I am afraid she won't be as popular as she used to be when she was dressed by home talent just like the rest of the Hollywood girls."



At last Blanche Sweet is coming East to make a picture.

"Don't you know any *good* news?" I asked despairingly.

"Wonderful!" Fanny gasped. "At last Blanche Sweet is coming East to make a picture. And Gloria Swanson is coming home. And maybe Alice Joyce will come back when she finishes 'Stella Dallas.'"

"By the way, when 'Headlines' is released all the newspaper women in the country ought to give Alice a vote of thanks. She plays a girl reporter and she doesn't wear mannish clothes or carry a notebook or cower in front of the city editor. It is much the most interesting picture she has made since her comeback. She looks glorious and if you don't cry over some of her scenes you aren't human."

"Maybe not," I admitted, "I'd rather laugh."

"You're just as bad as the rest of the public," Fanny burst out excitedly. "You don't want to give these girls a chance to do serious acting. I suppose you'd even rather see Dorothy Gish play comedy."

"I would," I insisted stubbornly.

"Oh, well," Fanny sighed, as though the case were hopeless. "Fortunately Dorothy can do that without half trying. In Dick Barthelmess' next picture she has a chance to be both funny and sad."

"And that reminds me—Dorothy made a lot of film tests for that picture so as to get her make-up and costumes just right. Through some mistake they got mixed in with tests of girls who were trying out for parts. C. C. Burr, producer of the Johnny Hines pictures, took a look at them when they were looking for a leading woman. Most of the tests were terrible, but he got all enthusiastic over one of them. Of course, it was Dorothy's."

"Do you know who reminds me a lot of Dorothy? Little Violet de Barros—only you mustn't call her that any more. She has changed her name to Mary Milnor. She has been using the new name for just three months and she has gone further than she went with the old one in three years. Maybe it is numerology that helped her; maybe it's just luck. Anyway she has a big part in 'Play Ball,' the picture written by John McGraw, and she had the fun the other day of being married right on the home plate out at the Polo Grounds."

"Of course, it was about the hottest day that New York had ever known and everything wilted, including the bridal veil. As luck would have it every one has been making the most strenuous scenes these hot days. Bebe Daniels had to scrub decks on an ocean liner for two days. Hope Hampton has been making Christmas scenes. She had the bright idea one hot day last week of giving a Christmas party and inviting every one to the studio. At the last minute she simply couldn't bear

to have a nice big evergreen tree cut down for the ceremonies so she just had them decorate an old-fashioned hall tree. No one had any wraps to hang on it anyway, so what did it matter?

"Her press-agent wanted everything to be informal so when Hope's beautiful new blue limousine went down to the ferry to meet the guests he hung on it a sign reading, 'This bus goes to Hope Hampton's party.'"

"Everything about the party was a great success except that Hope had to leave at eight o'clock so as to go home and get her beauty sleep."

"And I know some others it wouldn't harm," I contributed gayly, but what's the use of trying to correct Fanny's ways at this late date? Fanny was staring across the room intently.

"The prettiest girl you ever saw," she began, and I joined her in staring at a petite blonde with big blue eyes, "has been here getting some marvelous gowns designed by Charles Le Maire. She is going back West to appear in some more Universal pictures."

"You might tell me her name," I suggested.

"Oh, don't you know? It's Margaret Quimby. She used to be in the Music Box Revue and then she danced at the El Fey Club. Just because she is great at doing the Charleston they plan to put her in dancing rôles, but any time they want a wild-West heroine they can just use her. She hadn't been out at Universal more than a week or two when the cowboys had made a great stunt rider of her. After all, what is more daring than the Charleston?"

There won't be a good answer to that until some one starts a new dance craze, so I didn't attempt to answer. But just wait until you see Aileen Pringle in "Dance Madness." I have an idea that the answer will be there.

Fanny seemed to read my thoughts.

"Had a letter from Aileen the other day," she remarked, "and there doesn't seem to be any hope of her coming to New York for a picture. She's unhappy over it, too, because her two best friends, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackaill, are both on their way East. Gloria's going to make 'Stage Struck' here and Dorothy is going to play 'The Savage.' Perhaps you can imagine her as a savage, but I can't. Speaking of Gloria—do you remember when Harold Seton played with her in 'Zaza?' When he isn't summing in Newport and writing about society there or writing about pictures for PICTURE-PLAY or writing verses or acting on the stage, he lends an air of aristocracy to movies. But I'm afraid he's deserting pictures for a while. He has signed with David Belasco to play in support of E. H. Sothern on the stage next season.

Carmelita Geraghty was so thrilled at going abroad that she walked around in a daze before sailing.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Strauss-Peyton

Hope Hampton had the right idea of giving a July Christmas party, so she did.



"In a way it is selfish for players to go on the stage where only New Yorkers see them. James Kirkwood and Lila Lee are going to continue on the stage, you know. Of course, Mr. Kirkwood is making a picture with Griffith now, but in the fall he and Lila will be too busy playing 'Poe' to think of anything else. At least, that will take Lila out of 'The Bride Retires' and that's something. But I don't suppose that 'Poe' will be just a nice, wholesome play for the whole family."

"And since when has this craze for wholesomeness hit you?" I asked in some alarm. "And why?"

"Because lately"—and she smiled confidently—"the nice plays have been interesting and the wicked ones dull."

But figuring that just one very dull, wholesome picture might bring her back to normal I hurried her away to see "Rugged Waters."

Soft Music, Please

No fanfare of trumpets or loud-voiced ballyhoo is needed in introducing Virginia Valli. She comes, you see, and are conquered.

By Helen Klumph

OF all the girls in motion pictures the one who seems to be having the best time out of it all is Virginia Valli. Her struggles for success (incandescent chuckles of laughter from Virginia as she reads that) have not made her world-weary or disillusioned; fame has not brought her any diffidence about going out in public where people are wont to stare unduly at celebrities, for Virginia is that lucky person whose photograph is known to thousands but whose real self is ignored in a crowd. Virginia hasn't even that dogged concentration on her own work and aims that makes everything else seem unimportant. Her mental mirror is tilted askant so that it catches life's parade rather than her own reflection.

Complete absorption in one's own work marks the great artist, you may argue. It also, and more often I insist, merely makes egomaniacs. And even at the risk of never being considered as a great artist (more laughter from Virginia—quite raucous and unladylike this time) I daresay Virginia would prefer to retain her sense of her own unimportance. It makes her such good company. And you will admit that being overwhelmingly popular in this life has its advantages over being considered great by posterity.

"Well," I can almost hear Virginia saying with a characteristic burst of glee, although she never really did say it, "if I thought I was so good, life would be pretty dull because I wouldn't be keen about seeing any one else."

And Virginia's life is just one enthusiasm after another, enthusiasms as avid as those of any enraptured fan.

She was jubilant over having seen a performance of "The Green Hat" in Chicago while en route to New York, where I saw her.

"It was just gorgeous," she told me, "and when the final curtain went down I was under its spell. Then a man I used to know came along and said, 'Well, Virginia, how does it feel to be a famous picture star?' I could have murdered him for bringing me back from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Talk of "The Green Hat" brought us inevitably to the subject of Alice Joyce, for she is the one who will probably play it on the screen. Alice is Virginia Valli's current enthusiasm. She was her favorite star years ago before Virginia went into pictures and now that she knows her she likes her even better. Even as this interview progressed we were walking down Fifth Avenue to the hairdresser's where Alice gets her hair cut—her bob has long been the envy and despair of most of the girls who see her—and that afternoon, not having to work, she was going to see Alice in "The Little French Girl."

At the hairdresser's we chortled "Such is fame!" in girlish glee as the stolid attendant addressed her as "Miss Kelly," "Miss Fuller," and any other name that came handy. And Virginia did not even sob out that her eyelashes were all her own and perfectly natural when she was requested to wash the mascara off them so that it wouldn't run in her eyes. She seems to have no pet vanities.

In my "Guidebook to People Meeting Motion-Picture Stars" (Adv.), which hasn't been written and probably never will be, one of the first rules will be always to condone with the star over the dreadful, unworthy re-

hicles that her company has given her. It is an easy aid to conversation, and almost invariably inspires the star to confide her troubles to you. But don't try it with Virginia.

"Once I complained about the stories Universal was giving me," Virginia told me, "and they politely asked me if I had any to suggest. Of course, I hadn't. Say"—and her voice rippled with laughter—"if I knew anything about stories I wouldn't be in pictures. I'd be writing. And then how high hat I'd be!"

"Not on what a writer earns," I reproved her.

"Oh, yes. Money wouldn't matter then. It wouldn't be the accepted standard of success."

As you see, Virginia has her illusions.

Virginia is a Universal star but she loves to go a-visiting at the other studios, and Universal lets her do it every now and then. She made a First National picture called "The Lady Who Lied," just after finishing "Siege" at the Universal old homestead, and then to her great joy she was sent to New York to play opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Found Himself."

"It's a good thing I get sent here once in a while. I don't realize what a hick I am until I get here and have nothing suitable to wear in New York. Out home we wear such comfortable things, sports clothes and light dresses, but here you don't feel as though you could go out on the street without a wrap of some sort on. And it is so intolerably hot. I want to go back to California where the nights are cool and where people don't sit up in cabarets and night clubs talking until all hours of the morning."

"But clothes! Wait until you see what I wear in this picture. Famous Players have had Gilbert Clark move his whole dressmaking establishment over to the studio. So now he not only makes lovely clothes, he tells us how to wear them."

Virginia still gets a great thrill out of seeing her name in electric lights even though she has been a star for some time. Opportunely, the Piccadilly Theater was running "The Price of Pleasure" when she arrived in town, so when she had nothing else to do she could walk down Broadway seeing her name emblazoned in lights. Fortunately, too, the critics had all liked her work so they could have met her without any constraint, but Virginia is diffident about meeting people upon whom she feels she ought to make a good impression for the sake of business. One has to meet her through the medium of friends, as I was fortunate enough to, if one is ever to penetrate beyond a polite, rather aloof shell.

She has learned a lot about acting in pictures in the last two years, but she has not yet learned to act like a personage in real life. Let us hope she never will. Virginia is such a good audience.

In parting, she didn't ask me to see her next picture and tell her what I really thought of it; she didn't murmur, "I'll hope in the future to live up to all the nice things you have said about me," or any of the other airy pleasantries that players who have just been interviewed are wont to indulge in. Characteristically she remarked, "Do you know Nita Naldi? She's just great. I'll get her to have luncheon with us some day next week."

So you can just mark Virginia down on your records as a charming star on the screen, and good company off. If I knew of a nicer compliment I would pay it to her.



Photo by Edward Tinner Monroe

THERE is nothing spectacular about Virginia Valli, but she has a girlish, unaffected charm that wins you immediately, as Helen Klumph shows in the story on the opposite page.



AILEEN PRINGLE abandons some of her impressive dignity in her latest picture, "The Mystic," and appears in the colorful and somewhat hoydenish rôle of a fake traveling mystic.

Photo by W. F. Seely



Photo by C. Heighon Menzies

PATSY RUTH MILLER is still young and care-free enough to feel that tragedy must be awfully interesting. So, failing the real thing, she wears this expression suggestive of hidden sorrows.



THOUGH she has always had a delicate rhythm of movement, delightful to watch, it wasn't until her last two pictures that Carol Dempster convinced every one that she was an unusually fine actress, too.

Photo by A. B. G.



Photo by Henry Waxman

IT doesn't look as though Claire Windsor would be able to take her European honeymoon with Bert Lytell very soon, for the hard-working Claire has been turned out again to an independent company.



Photo by W. F. Seely

AFTER a single modern splurge Marion Davies went back to the costume story again in her latest production, "Lights of Old New York," based on the stage play, "Merry Wives of Gotham."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

HER travels over, Julianne Johnston is now in Hollywood working on her first American-made picture since "The Thief of Bagdad." You will see her shortly in "The Big Parade."



THE screen vogue of Ben Lyon upset all the preconceived formulas for male popularity. Helen Klumph explains why it was bound to happen in the story on the opposite page.

Photo by Henry Waxman



Ben Lyon has the boyish characteristics of the average young American. He is shown here trying to inveigle Anna Q. Nilsson into the ocean at Santa Monica beach.

The Face That Thrills

What does it matter that the pictures Ben Lyon has played in have not been particularly good? Theater managers demand him and fans by the thousand write to him weekly.

By Helen Klumph

WELL," said Ben Lyon, squaring his shoulders and striving to appear philosophical as he read the reviews of "So Big," one and all of which agreed that his performance was terrible, "it doesn't look as though I'd have much chance of becoming the finest actor on the screen. But no one can wrest from me the title of being the worst. That's something."

The air of nonchalant bravado with which he said that was the most obvious bit of acting Ben Lyon ever did. It made him seem quite likable, that boyish "I don't care," when obviously he did care awfully.

It was some months after that meeting that I sent word to Ben that I wanted to see him and Ben obligingly suggested that the Japanese gardens at the Ritz-Carlton was a nice place to go for tea. But by the time we met there the idea had occurred to Ben that I had an ulterior motive in wanting to see him—that I was going to interview him or something like that.

"Now don't go and try to write a story about me," he urged with apparent sincerity. "It's an awful job. There isn't a single outstanding fact in my whole life. I've never been very rich or very poor; I've never fought against adversity or been favored with a break of wonderful luck; I've never been kidnaped or shanghaied or even carried a message to Garcia. Nobody scorned or repressed me until I squared my shoulders

and challenged the world to keep me down. You see, there's nothing to it. I'm just an average man. Born in Pennsylvania, educated like almost anybody, no strange hobbies or original ideas. That doesn't make a front-page story."

"Maybe it does," I insisted. "It might be encouraging to other average young men to know that they, too, might rise to getting a thousand mash notes every week. Anyway, your public wants to know what you're like."

"My public," he jeered. "Now I'll tell one."

Ben Lyon is tall and thin and rather sleek and has a jaunty, nonchalant air that is seldom seen outside of clothing advertisements. He looks absurdly young for one with such bodily poise. And he has that confiding, ingenuous manner that is so devastating to young girls and old ladies.

It would take a Leyendecker and a Tarkington to do him justice. He is the little boy who has

gone to the big city and acquired a manner of sophistication without the sophistication itself. A young boulevardier, no more earnest or studious or introspective than the leader of your college glee club, out for a good time—and finding it.

"I'm going to have a great time to-morrow," he told me proudly. "I'm going to announce the fights up in Boston. They're for the benefit of the sanitarium up at

BY REQUEST

When eight or ten girls wrote to Helen Klumph and asked her if she knew Ben Lyon and begged her to tell about him, she answered them personally. But when the letters accumulated all over her desk—when baskets were heaped high with them and drawers were overflowing—she decided to answer them through the pages of this magazine.

Perhaps an actor is never quite himself when talking to an interviewer, for the interviewer's stand is located somewhere between the squawk room at the studio where he airs his grievances against his company, and the confessional where he admits his shortcomings. So, through her eyes one sees him not as a hero, but rather as an earnest young man trying to get ahead.

Here is Ben Lyon, seen without any rose-colored glasses.

Saranac. The mayor's going to be there and Christy Mathewson." There was considerable awe in his tone. Young America's idols are his idols. You wouldn't have to familiarize yourself with obscure Continental philosophers or even the works of George Jean Nathan in order to converse with Ben.

And, he isn't in the least blasé about personages in pictures.

"I've known Norma Shearer nearly seven years," he told me with a proud air of "I knew her when." She is a great girl. A lot of people out in Hollywood don't understand her because she keeps to herself so much and doesn't accept invitations to parties. She has always been like that, though. She is naturally very quiet. But instead of accepting that fact, lots of people think she is snobbish.

"The girl I love to work with in a picture is Colleen Moore. She is such a marvelous trouper that she makes the work of every one with her easy. The only time I ever cried real tears over anything was a scene I did with her in 'So Big.' We used to have great times when we were working together. We'd make up stories and act them out for our own amusement. She enters so whole-heartedly into anything like that, you're hypnotized for the moment into thinking the things are really happening.

"I'd love to make a picture with Corinne Griffith."

And then we both raved. Corinne affects the people who know her best that way.

It might have been the young hero of "Seventeen" speaking—a callow youth longing for the moon, not an actor whom the star in question would be only too glad to have in her cast. Incidentally, Ben played "Seventeen" on the road for two years and the lead in "Mary the Third" throughout its Broadway run. Either he fits the parts perfectly or the rôles affected him in his formative years.

"It will be nice to be starred but if I can't have good pictures that will get me into the best theaters, I'd rather go back to playing in support of Gloria."

Again, an air of romantic longing.

When Gloria married the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, Ben was one of the troupe of her adorers who did not send her mere conventional congratulations.

"Please advise," he cabled. "Always thought a marquise was something out in front of a theater."

One never hears tales of Ben's fiery temperament or freakish interests. Passing comment on him usually begins, "Ben pulled a good one the other day."

I am not quite sure that the things he says really are clever, but they seem amusing when he says them. There is a humorous twist to his mouth and a beguiling twinkle in his eye as he talks.

Ben's tremendous vogue upset all the dope of the motion-picture seers for this past year. They had decided that there were three types of box-office knock-

outs among the juveniles; the romantic, sloe-eyed Spaniard; the he-man of the great open spaces, and the wholesome, powerfully sincere young man—the type of which Dick Barthelmess is the sole representative. And then along came Ben. Neither foreign, athletic, nor particularly simple or wholesome. He has had no one striking success and yet he has built up tremendous popularity. His one bit of luck was playing in "Flaming Youth."

It was the astute Samuel Goldwyn who introduced Ben Lyon to pictures in the first "Potash and Perlmutter." First National gave him a long contract as soon as they saw his work in that, and he has been playing in their pictures ever since, except for brief excursions in Lasky's when he played opposite Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson.

His next picture will be "The Pace that Thrills," an automobile-racing picture. But I am sure that girls will change it to "The Face that Thrills."

His last picture was "Winds of Chance," which took him out into the wilds of western Canada.

"Frank Lloyd gave me a great idea. At least, I hope it turns out to be a great idea. He told me to smile all through the picture, take things light-heartedly. Maybe you think that isn't a change. Why I've been going through my pictures scowling and frowning and acting all harrowed as though life was real and earnest and I was such a prig I just couldn't bear it. Probably I've mugged all over the place.

"Now I suppose I'll go to the other extreme and act so carefree I'll look as though I had nothing to do with the plot. Oh, well—the critics will tell me the worst. They always do."

I don't know who will ride in the car with Ben in his picture, but if it were I, you could have my chance for the asking. As he drove me home from the Ritz through the maelstrom of New York's late afternoon traffic he showed a blissful disregard for onrushing trucks that was titanic. Neither his flow of conversation nor his car stopped for traffic officers. And he played the accelerator with a jazz rhythm.

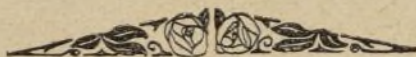
"Come on up to the studio some day," he suggested. "Maybe you'll like my fighting better than my acting. We've imported a coming champion lightweight from the Coast. He's playing in the picture and boxing with me every day.

"Just call me up when you can come. I'll send my car for you. I'll send my chauffeur," he added, apparently noting my misgivings. "I have a chauffeur," he continued, "and a valet, a secretary, a chef, and a trainer. Just one man but different caps."

I have a feeling that deep down in his heart Ben believes he is getting away with murder.

Perhaps he is.

But, anyway, the girls love it.



MORE COMEDIES!

BY EDITH JONES PIERCE

OUR radio is on the blink,
The phonograph still squeaks;
Old "lizzie's" tires are ragged and
The radiator leaks.
Though rent is due, and bills are, too,
I'm one who still contends
The world's all bright and sunny if
You've got some movie friends!

There's Harold Lloyd, and Doug McLean,
And Langdon's awful nice;
I wouldn't do without 'em—not
For any sort of price.
To grin when most you want to cuss,
On this your luck depends;
And so I say, life's brighter if
You've got some movie friends!



A scene from "The Goose Woman," the production not yet released, in which Louise Dresser is said to give a startlingly fine performance. Jack Pickford appears as her son.

A Mature Cinderella

By Katherine Lipke

Louise Dresser, after considerable discouragement, has at last won an excellent contract and a reputation for vivid acting through her rôle in "The Goose Woman."

THE tale of Cinderella is simply a fairy story to the children of the world, but its note of reality is brought home quite frequently to those of us who have seen the chimney corner become the ballroom overnight, fully equipped with a prince and a glass slipper. All of which easily brings the subject around to Louise Dresser, who is now busily engaged in balancing the glass slipper on the end of her toe after two years of discouragement in film chimney corners.

To many of the film fans the appearance of Louise Dresser in the dramatic-featured rôle of "The Goose Woman," soon to be released by Universal, means just a new find in the screen world. But to those who have known and loved the stage for years and have laughed at season after season of comedies, Louise Dresser means a great deal. In New York her name is as well known and loved as the hand-clasp of a friend and many have wondered during the last two years just where she has been and why "the best song feeder on Broadway" was introducing no more songs, nor feeding comedy lines to any of the popular comedians.

Now Louise has been neither in China, nor Europe, nor yet again in hiding. She has been in Hollywood trying to make a place for herself in pictures. How-



Louise Dresser as the opera singer in "The Goose Woman," at the height of her career.

ever, she soon discovered that she was as completely buried, as far as fame went, as if she had gone into an intended seclusion. Pauline Frederick persuaded her to enter pictures and she appeared several times with her. The thought of being able to live here with her mother, whom she adores, and still have a career, made her enthusiastic about remaining in the films. But alas, for long weary months the films did not seem to be enthusiastic about her.

She appeared in one or two interesting rôles—one in "The City That Never Sleeps" and another in "To the Ladies"—and each time she graced them with distinction. However, many months went by when she didn't even get a chance to do anything. Directors praised her acting and having praised it settled back and did nothing.

Finally, just as she was busy shouting "They shall not pass!" to a lot of discouragement imps and was in the act of packing her trunks to go back to New York, Clarence Brown chose her for the featured lead in "The Goose Woman." Voilà! As soon as the heads of Universal saw the picture in a projection room, they rushed Louise into an office and signed her up on a three-year contract, which stipulates that she will play only featured leads.



Photo by W. F. Seely Louise Dresser is a radiant person. She looks warm and softly sweet, but the glint of determination glimmers through all the softness and her blue eyes hold a challenge of power.

So it would seem that Louise Dresser's career as a picture personage is just in its first flush of youth. She is apparently on the receiving end of success, and the strange thing is that it has come through an amazingly real portrayal of dirt and the sodden dregs of womanhood.

The picture, as is probably known, deals with a former grand-opera singer who, through the loss of her lover, sinks into drunken decay. Her hatred for her son and her love of notoriety lead her to weave a story of a murder which practically condemns him. And most of the film takes place on the filthy goose farm where the woman lives.

Louise Dresser loved the rôle and she threw herself into it with a fervor which made the disreputable woman seem shudderingly real. I saw her out on the old farm one day and I give you my word, I felt much the same horror that former friends of the *Goose Woman* must

have experienced at her drunken state. Although the camera was not grinding and it was lunch time on the set, the atmosphere was terrifically real. And the fact that Louise wore no make-up added to the impression.

Her clothes were an accumulation of all the old rags in Hollywood, and discrepancies were repaired by large and flourishing safety pins. Her hair was straggling, her finger nails torn and dirty. And on her feet were ragged shoes.

Behind this costume Louise herself put the fervor of characterization which evidently pierced the screen, for not once in the whole picture was there a retake. And, though it had been planned to have a glimpse of her operatic career inserted for realism, Clarence Brown found he did not need to, for the whole story of her dramatic past was visualized in the face of Louise as she told her story to the son.

Louise Dresser hasn't seen the picture yet herself. She did not go into the projection room and she refuses to catch one glimpse of it until the release. Superstition? Perhaps. At any rate, she is sitting tight, praying that the public will like it and—she is keeping up her singing.

That is the key note of Louise Dresser, I feel. The rest of the film folk may shout enthusiastically about her film recognition—her future success—but Louise, with set mouth, goes on doing vocal exercises to keep her voice in trim—just in case the picture and those which follow it are not successful.

No sitting back on the thought of the nice things to be. Absolutely not! She has known too often the swift turning of the wheel of circumstance from failure to success and back again, to take anything for granted.

A radiant person—Louise Dresser. There is that thrill of energy and magnetism about her which made her so successful with Lew Fields, with George Cohan, with De Wolfe Hopper, and caused such a popular riot

in "Potash and Perlmutter." She looks warm and softly sweet, but the glint of stern determination and fight glimmers through all the softness and the blue eyes meet yours with a challenge of power.

Louise has fought her way about since a youngster, when she did nine shows a day in a cheap music hall in tights—just a scared kid away from her mother for the first time. The fight started then and it hasn't ended yet.

And, as she looks around at the girls of to-day who have had things smoothed over for them and made easy, she is doubly glad that she was thrown on her own when a small girl to struggle for, to fight for, and to find the ideas and ideals which have made for her happiness and a measure of contentment.

The glass slipper is balancing gayly from the extreme end of her toe at present, and we who know and love Louise Dresser are hoping that it will fit securely on her foot—and wear well.

Growing Up with the Stars

The younger motion-picture fans are fortunate in being able to watch, year by year, the child players of their own ages develop into more mature actors and actresses.

By Harold Seton

THERE are many pleasures consciously enjoyed by the film fans, such as seeing old favorites in new productions and witnessing the progress of the newcomers. But a pleasure that the younger generation is unconsciously enjoying is that of—*growing up with the stars!*

The boys and girls who nowadays delight in the films exploiting Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy and Ben Alexander may, unless the Fates decree otherwise, grow up with these young Thespians, and gain a special satisfaction in so doing, experiencing something akin to the bond in common with schoolmates and college chums.

The advancement of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be observed with such interest, just as Buster Collier has already been seen emerging from rôles of boyhood to those of young manhood. Lila Lee, who now plays heroines, and is shown as a wife and a mother, is remembered in girlish characterizations.

We film fans are a sentimental lot, as is shown by our letters to the editor, expressing our admiration and affection for this star or that, and our rushing loyally to their defense when caustic criticisms have been made. So the younger generation, brought up on "Our Gang," will still take a sympathetic interest in the "gangsters" when the respective members are portraying adult rôles.

An older generation will realize the truth of my contention in recalling their pleasure in now witnessing performances participated in by actors and actresses they have watched through fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty years. Patrons of the spoken drama applaud Wallace Ed-

"Little" Ben Alexander is now a husky juvenile, and is being starred in two-reel pictures.



Virginia Lee Corbin grew from this into one of the smartest and busiest ingénues in pictures.

Wesley Barry, the "freckled kid," is now big enough to play a naval cadet in "The Midshipman," Ramon Novarro's newest picture.



Lila Lee, now starring in a sophisticated stage farce, as she looked years ago when she first became a movie star.

Those who remember Madge Evans like this, were surprised to see her as an ingénue in "Classmates."

ding, a star of the legitimate stage, with particular pride if they remember him as a boy in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Those who like vaudeville shows wax reminiscent when viewing Eva Tanguay, for she too played *Lord Fauntleroy*.

Elsie Janis, now a star of international popularity, is recalled as *Little Elsie*, and Laura Hope Crews, a well-known leading lady, starred as *Editha* in "Editha's Burglar" while still a tiny tot. The highly esteemed Julia Marlowe toured, when a child, with a juvenile "Pinafore" company, starting as a sailor boy in the Gilbert & Sullivan opera.

The great Mrs. Fiske, one of the foremost actresses in America, began her stage career at the age of three, when she played the *Duke of York* in Shakespeare's drama "Richard III.," and the illustrious Maude Adams, who later created the rôle of *Peter Pan*, was carried on the stage as an infant of nine months, in "The Lost Child."

During the lifetime of the late Wallace Reid, that delightful actor had no more enthusiastic followers among the film fans than those who had noted his progress through the years, and could remember him as a child actor in various productions, beginning with "Slaves of Gold," in 1896, when Wally was only five years of age.

When Richard Barthelmess starred in "New Toys," old playgoers were interested in noting that the mother rôle was enacted by Bijou Fernandez, who is remembered as a child actress. Furthermore, her mother, the late Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, was a well-known theatrical agent a generation ago, specializing in the placing of children with productions.

We, who have been film fans for ten or

Continued on page 110



Photo by Fearsall

FROM CONVENT TO "SCANDALS"

IF Jocelyn Lee hadn't possessed red hair and green eyes and been so utterly bewitching that people stopped to stare at her, she likely would be a nun to-day instead of a motion-picture actress in Cecil De Mille's stock company. She had made all plans to take the veil but from somewhere came the siren call of the footlights and she went directly from a convent into the George White "Scandals."

It was a long jump, a radical jump, but her success in the "Scandals" was so marked that she found easy entrance into Ziegfeld's "Follies" in 1922-23. The shadow drama beckoned and she traveled to the West Coast to work in a Paul Bern picture. De Mille drafted her for "The Golden Bed" and also to appear in "The Dressmaker from Paris."

Quiet, thoughtful, evidencing the training she received in her convent days, Jocelyn Lee takes her cinema work seriously and declares the shadow stage has won her forever from the glamour of the footlights. At any rate, she is under a long-time contract with De Mille.



Photo by Fearsall



Photo by Howlett

Among Those

Brief sketches of some of the

A COMING STAR

WITHOUT even a test for photographic qualities and knowing absolutely nothing of movies, Robert Ames was signed by Cecil De Mille on a five-year contract. It is not De Mille's customary policy to take such chances, but perhaps his trained eye saw in Ames undoubted picture possibilities.

Ames came West to star in "Kelly's Vacation" and was seen by De Mille, and tendered the contract.

"I had no thought of going into pictures," he said. "My life had been wrapped up in the theater. I don't suppose I've seen more than twenty-five movies. To be frank, the money interested me, but now that I'm getting familiar with the work it strikes me that there is a lot more to this so-called new art than I thought before."

Ames has a jovial Irish face and might pass for Tom Moore. He started in stock while still in school. He played in "The Squaw Man" and other old favorites and, season after season, was seen in "The Great Divide," "Come Out of the Kitchen," and other Henry Miller plays. Later he was Ethel Barrymore's leading man in "Declasse," Francine Larrimore's in "Nice People," a rôle in which he was followed by Rod La Rocque, and was with Otis Skinner in "Pietro."

During his road tours he became quite a popular matinee idol over the country and De Mille predicts that in a year or so he will be equally a favorite with movie audiences.

SUCCESSING TO THE SOCIAL THRONE

FOR the first time, an actress has chosen her own successor. From the grave, practically, comes the dictum which has given to Frona Hale the dais occupied with such gracious and dignified charm by the late Kate Lester.

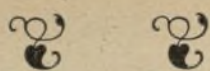
Mrs. Hale is of Miss Lester's type, regal, white-haired, patrician. Robes of velvet, ropes of pearls, diamond tiaras—these accompany the cool scorn with which she rules the screen drawing-room.

For years she and Miss Lester had been very close friends, and many pointers on the art of acting their particular type of characterization had been passed on to the lesser-known actress by the one without a peer in playing grande dames. Often they appeared together, usually with Mrs. Hale cast as a friend of the queenly matron.

Two weeks before her death Miss Lester made a prophetic remark, though at the time it was tinged with humor. Arranging an ornament for Mrs. Hale, she said laughingly to the group about the studio set, "Isn't she a dead ringer for me? If anything ever happens to me, you make them give her my place."

And after the tragedy that snuffed out Kate Lester's life, people remembered Frona Hale, these words were recalled and she was given several of Miss Lester's rôles.

Present



most interesting persons in pictures.

A CHARMING ENTANGLER

DOROTHY CUMMING is cast as the troublesome charmer in nearly all her screen rôles. Her appearance makes this almost inevitable, for she is dark and Junoesque. Her tawny eyes have that dangerous look, and about her personality there is the necessary aura of allure.

But Miss Cumming does not care about being a vampire. "I think that a small blonde is the real vampire type," she told me. "I am much too big. I don't think I fit the rôle at all. But even though I feel that way I play the parts when they are offered to me because I like to see how much I can put into them myself to make them more human."

Though Dorothy Cumming played on the stage for years before going into pictures, she is very frank in saying that she prefers the screen. She does go back on the stage once in a while, and that's why you don't see her so often. Her latest rôle is one in Gloria Swanson's "The Coast of Folly."

For being kept busy is something that Dorothy Cumming must have. She is one of those energetic persons who feels that she is dawdling terribly if she isn't working every minute. Between mothering her two children—she is the wife of Frank Elliott, a screen actor recently turned assistant director—writing political and news notes for her home newspapers in Australia, acting on the stage and screen, and writing a play, she is a fairly busy young woman.

THE FOREIGN AMERICAN

THEY call the fascinating Rita Carita "the foreign American" because, though her parents brought her from Greece, where she was born, to America, when she was four, she retains a suggestion of that distinction so peculiar to foreign women. And her life to a degree matches those things at which her strange eyes hint, for it has had its elements of excitement. For a time she was interpreter for the immigration bureau at Boston, and was Greek translator for President Coolidge, while he was Governor of Massachusetts. Later, in the military intelligence department, she assisted in gathering information regarding Bolshevik activities. Posing as a sympathizer, she attended Bolshevik meetings. Once she was recognized and made a dash for safety with a pack of irate Reds at her heels. During this time she led a double life, as it were, doing this secret, dangerous work in the daytime, and dancing in the evenings. Twice she won prizes in beauty contests.

Her stage début was made with Ed Wynn, in "The Perfect Fool." From this musical comedy she went to the El Fey, Broadway's favorite night club, as solo dancer.

While in New York De Mille saw her and asked her to come to his table. Interested in her personality and in her unusual career, he talked with her, ar-



Photo by Edgar Scott Spargo



Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

ranged for tests, and gave her a long-term contract.

Her temperament is of the quiet, tense kind, touched with melancholy; her black eyes always seem to be smoldering with turbulent thoughts. She is cool and aloof, but under this calm one can sense a vague restlessness.

REVERSING THE USUAL ORDER

EVERY well-read fan knows that being an actor is the usual training for becoming a director. It gives the director a player's viewpoint. But Charley Chase, Hal Roach's star of two-reel comedies in the character of *Johnny Jump*, has another story to tell. He left vaudeville a few years ago to become a general all-round man, actor, assistant, gag man, and everything else, to learn to be a director. Then he went to Roach's in that position and eventually supervised all the comedies made there except those of Harold Lloyd. A little more than a year ago, he went back to acting in one-reelers, was promoted to two-reelers, and is now one of the Roach comedy mainstays.

"I find," he says, "that I can work with a director better than the average actor, because I know his end of it. I resumed acting because there is more money, more advancement, and more certainty of success in it than to continue as a director."



Photo by Melburne Spurr

A FRANK ADMISSION

WHY am I returning to the screen?" Clara Horton wrinkled her nose, squinted her eyes reflectively, and whispered, "Listen, I'll tell you—because I want the money."

Not customary, that admission, from an actress. Usually they return because art calls, or the directors beg them, or public loyalty makes them reconsider, or for some other reason which, were they candid, really cloaks the explanation that fluffy, blond Clara frankly expresses.

"That's a plain fact, so why not admit it?"

"I had been on the screen since my childhood, and was tired of all the make-believe. I wanted to live a real, ordinary life. I married, got that reality, and for a while was content with just a domestic life. Then I began to grow vaguely dissatisfied when I saw all the things I could do with the money I could make, not only for myself, but also for others. As there were no objections at home, I have come back, though in doing so I do not wish to lose the realities of life which marriage has brought me."

Since completing her rôle in Victor Schertzinger's "The Wheel," she is enthusiastically preparing for her next appearance.



Photo by Grenbeaux

JUST "PUFFY" HIMSELF

ADD to the list of famous last words—"He's the Charlie Chaplin of Europe!" Say it in the presence of Charles H. Puffy, Universal Pictures comedian, and he will recite all the English words he knows in rapid succession—a sort of cataract of sounds and phrases, to make you understand he *isn't*. He's Charles Puffy from Budapest, Hungary, where his father is a professor in the Budapest University and where he, himself, was educated. He isn't any Charlie Chaplin of Europe, not by a jugful. He's just "Puffy" and he spent sixteen years on the speaking stage in Europe to establish his reputation as an individual, and he does not wish to be regarded as a second edition of any one else, no matter how famous that one may be.

When Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, was negotiating for "The Last Laugh" in Berlin, he saw some of Puffy's work. The Hungarian comedian had put in about five years in pictures over there and about ten months in this country. His rôle in "Rose of Paris" with Mary Philbin will be recalled by many. Mr. Laemmle was so impressed by Puffy that he annexed him to Universal's staff for a period of five years and he has completed a half dozen or more comedies. Among them are "City Bound," "Nearly Rich," "Rolling Stone," "Unwelcome," "Oh, Nurse!" and "Nicely Rewarded." There is a humor about him remindful of and some of the mannerisms of Chaplin. But understand you, they're his own; not copied!



A DEPENDABLE ACTOR

THOUGH Theodor von Eltz was born in Connecticut, he might, if he wished, claim the title of baron. His uncle was master of ceremonies at the court of the late Franz Josef. But Theodor had no interest in titles. He wanted to become an actor. After a year of minor rôles in New York productions, he tried the movies. Then came the war and he served as lieutenant with the A. E. F. Five years ago he settled upon screen acting as his profession and had rather hard sledding, as there were spells of activity which almost

shook his confirmed optimism. The date of his first baby's birth is doubly significant for him, as it marked his call from Lasky to play the villain in "The Woman with Four Faces," his first really good opportunity. He is now classed as one of the most dependable actors in featured casts, and is always working at some studio.

Von Eltz is a practical, sensible fellow, rather inclined to shyness. Tennis is his only sport, much of his spare time being spent in the study of French and German. The "French evenings" at his home, during which conversation is carried on in that language, are very attractive. His wife was a Hollywood high-school girl.

And, by the way, have you noticed how strongly he resembles Richard Dix? He admires Dix tremendously, and considers him one of the screen's finest, both as man and as actor.

THE MAGAZINE-COVER GIRL

THE face that you have seen upon the covers of many magazines, admiring no doubt its lovely contours, is taking on an identity, now that Josephine Norman is acting in the movies.

"The skin that you love to touch," with the added attractions of soft, brown hair and big, black eyes, won her countless calls to pose for such noted artists as Ben Ali Haggin, Ivan Olinsky, Howard Chandler Christy, and Neysa McMein. She also smiled from hundreds of billboards, advertising the merits of a popular soap. Perhaps you will recall some of the pictures of her you have seen when she appears before you on the screen.

The first six years of her life were spent in Vienna, Austria, whence her family emigrated to America. Her early education was in the public schools of New York City. While still in her teens her talent with oils won her a scholarship in the National Academy of Design.

She studied there for two years, and has the distinction of being one of the few girls who ever refused an opportunity to join the "Follies." Modeling and giving riding instruction, with her art work, occupied her until pictures presented their attractions. Small rôles in a number of films preceded the De Mille contract which she recently signed.



Photo by Edgar Scott Spargo

JINGLING UP THE LADDER

JINGLE bell, jingle bell!" they shout around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio offices, and a long, lean, lanky youth, whose face is always a frozen, unsmiling mask, responds with surprising alacrity. And thereby refutes the old theory that office boys are invariably bored with and supercilious toward their jobs.

"Jingles" Keaton, whose first name of Harry is never used, is Buster's young brother; and has family glory to live up to beside an earnest ambition of his own.

As a youngster, he replaced Buster in the vaudeville act with their father and mother.

When Jingles elected to learn the movie business, he refused Buster's proffered influence and started as office boy, for he had ideas of his own about working his way up the ladder.

He says the work of office boy gives him the best opportunity to learn the details of film production and to decide for which branch of the work he is best fitted, as he "circulates" through all departments daily.

A PIONEER COMES BACK

THE name of Paul Nicholson may not mean a great deal to you. But for those who are interested in statistics, it is that of the first known actor of training to appear before the camera. And now, after



having started it all, and then retired from the scene for over twenty years, Paul Nicholson has returned to pictures and will, no doubt, continue in them as long as satisfactory parts are offered him.

It was back in 1897, when the old Biograph-Mutoscope Company in New York decided to film story episodes in place of the merely moving objects that had been done up to that time, that Paul Nicholson made his first screen appearance. He was a young stage favorite whom the Biograph company thought it would be a good idea to get to bolster up their untrained acting crew.

After a summer of strenuous day and night work, things in the legitimate stage world picked up again and he left pictures to be starred in stage comedies. Between production engagements, he was partner in a well-known vaudeville act with "The talkative Miss Norton."

It was while he was in California last summer for a rest that Paul Nicholson was induced to enter pictures again. He looks like a screen heavy, but has always played comedy rôles.

I LOVE October! No other month of the twelve can compare with it, in my opinion. The air has the tang of coming winter; once more I can shop or go to the theater in comfort. My friends have at last straggled back to town after even the most prolonged of vacations, and I can once more forgather with my familiars over tea or luncheon table and after an exhilarating hour of gossip pick up my best "girl friend" and depart for an

afternoon at the nearest movie theater, where, with refreshing frankness, we comment, favorably or otherwise, on each and every costume worn in the picture of our choosing.

Of course, we are interested in the picture itself, and we really do not go just to see

Looking Over the Smart

Players in new screen productions hints as to what will be fashion

By Betty

pretty clothes, but our choice is apt to fall upon those pictures where smart costumes are most likely to appear—and I hardly think we are alone in that preference, are we?

At the present time, when the greater part of the feminine world is busily planning its winter wardrobe, an occasional visit to any of the newer productions is of real value to any girl, but especially to the one who lives at a distance from the great style centers of our world. The costumes worn by most of our screen stars are usually authentic models of the approaching season, and are invariably designed and made by masters of the couturier's art.

Evening frocks engage our first attention at this time, for no one likes to appear at the first evening affair of the season in other than the newest fall mode, for it is only when we take out our last season's evening frocks that we can see what a vast difference there is in the present silhouette from that of former seasons.

The two evening frocks sketched on this page are of entirely different types, yet equally smart and in accordance with the mode. The first is worn by Esther Ralston, who seems to have made the short fluffy type of evening gown practically her own, and indeed nothing could be more becoming to her blond beauty than gowns of this style. This one is of flesh-colored satin and chiffon, the tight bodice being of the satin and the short circular skirt entirely of the chiffon. Bands of pearl and rhinestone-embroidered lace follow a straight line from shoulder to hem, and a chiffon scarf caught at the shoulder with a cluster of pearl flowers falls to the edge of the graceful skirt. Miss Ralston wears this dainty gown in "The Trouble with Wives."

A gown of a particularly "vampish" style is the one at the top of the group on this page, worn by Constance Talmadge in "Her Sister from Paris." It is of heavy white satin, with silver embroidery which suggests the embroidery used on the robes of Egyptian



Fall Styles

offer many chic
able this season.

Brown

princesses of ancient times. The lines of the dress are extremely simple, showing the slightly fitted waist which seems to have come to spend the winter, and the popular panel taps finish the short skirt. The costumes worn by Miss Talmadge in this picture are so smart that I would like to show you every one of them but lack of space preventing I will have to be content with the dainty evening coat and dinner dress which complete the group on this page. The coat illustrated is of heavy crape in two colors, gold embroidered and edged with a broad band of fox fur, while the dinner dress at its right consists of a foundation of heavy black satin with yoke and sleeves of filmy black lace. Of this lace also are the flounces and trailing draperies of the skirt, while an enormous blush rose, pearl incrustated and with falling petals, adorns the top of the flounce; a pearl ornament also completes the corsage.

But evening frocks are not the only things we see to interest us as the changing panorama of the screen unrolls before us. It is really quite necessary that we turn our minds to street clothes, for so smart are some worn in the newest films that it is impossible to pass them by.

For the matter of that, even the street clothes seen nowadays are festive enough for any one, and strong hearted indeed would be she who could turn away from the smart coat shown on this page which is worn by Norma Shearer. It is of natural crimmer fur, trimmed with white-fox bandings, and it only takes one glance to see that it is cut on the newest lines, tight fitting at the waist and with the full skirt which is featured on almost all the coats for winter. Similar lines appear on the afternoon coat shown in this group, worn by Ethel Grey Terry in First National's new production "Joseph Grier and His Daughter." This coat is one particularly suited



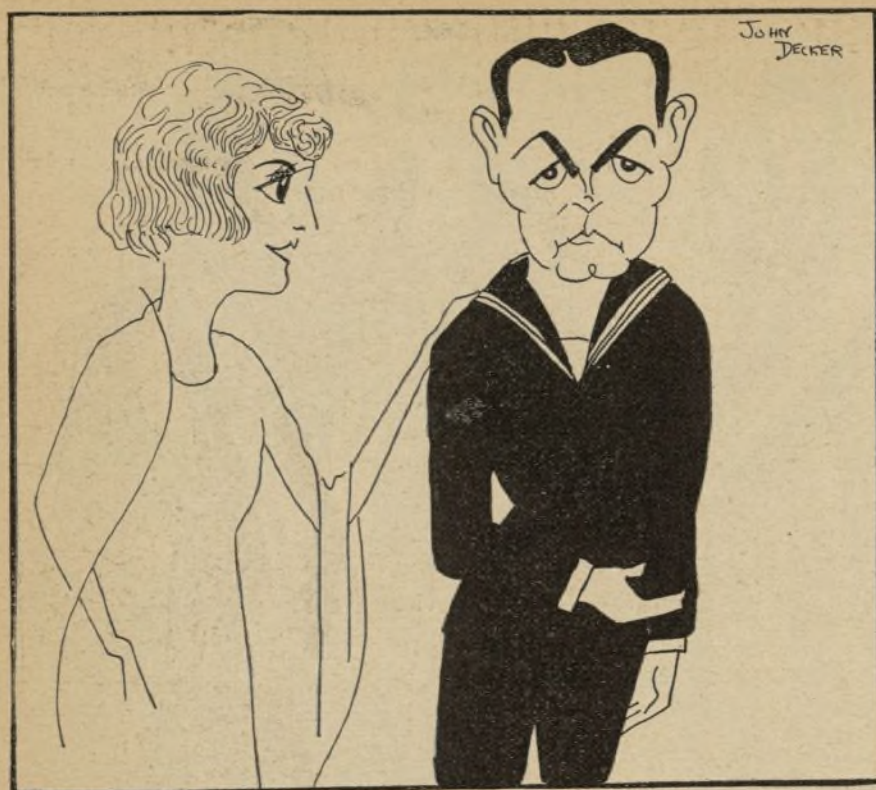
to the more matronly figure. It is of heavy brocade in black and gray, with broad bandings of monkey fur, which, by the way, shows a fresh access of popularity this season and has the graceful bouffant sleeve which is seen on so many of the new models.

An afternoon costume reminiscent of the Russian blouse style is also shown; the dress is of the popular one-piece style, of heavy crape, while the coat, matching in color, is of entirely different material—a rough silk weave. The collar and broad band at the bottom of the coat are of black velvet and an amusing touch is given by the zigzag trimming of bone buttons. This is also one of Miss Talmadge's gowns.

Just a word about the array of shoes sketched at the bottom of the page. Most of these are shown in the

Continued on page 112





Dorothy Mackaill and Richard Barthelmess are the principal attractions in "Shore Leave."

THE pictures I have seen during the last month have been a little like the foam on an ice-cream soda, cool and pleasant, but gone before you can swallow it. I, for one, have been just as well pleased. Problem plays and hot summer nights shouldn't go hand in hand. The summer may be responsible for the problems, but winter is undoubtedly the time to do the solving.

One picture is worth taking seriously. It is "Shore Leave," starring Richard Barthelmess, and directed by John Robertson. When I first heard that it was to be a picture about a sailor, I felt that Mr. Barthelmess should have waited a decent interval between "Classmates" and West Point and "Shore Leave" and sailors, leaving practically nothing left in reserve but the marines and aviators.

However, it is not a story of battleships and our flag; it is the story of a gob and a village dressmaker. Richard Barthelmess is the gob, and Dorothy Mackaill is the dressmaker. It is also the story of two great goofs. To John Robertson who directed it, must go the great honor of filming a simple picture simply.

He knows there is no heavy hand needed, and he has let his absent-minded hero and his one-track heroine wander about in a pleasant daze, just as Belasco did on the stage.

In a small town by the sea lives a dressmaker with a nautical turn of mind. Her father had been a sea captain, and her mother was an expert elephant trainer for P. T. Barnum. The only two things she has left from all this glory is a schooner stuck in the mud somewhere, and a diamond pendant which P. T. Barnum had given to the little girl having the best-trained elephant at the end of the fiscal year.

Richard Barthelmess as a Mr. Smith on shore leave drops by one night for dinner. He doesn't do much but eat, but there is enough salt air clinging to him to turn the head and freshen the heart of the dressmaker.

The pendant is sold to

Harold Lloyd was never funnier than he is as a boob college student in "The Freshman."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Screen

Comment and criticisms

By Sally

Caricatures by

salvage the ship, and a great search is started for a Mr. Smith, U. S. Navy, to command it. Mr. Smith is found but it takes a good bit of maneuvering to get him to "live off'n a rich woman."

Quite recently Mr. Barthelmess has found out that he can be a comedian. He is terribly funny in "Shore Leave." No one could be a bigger boob, and that is high praise indeed.

Almost all the action in the picture is between Mr. Barthelmess and Miss Mackaill. They are alone before the camera at least three fourths of the time without one tiresome moment, which speaks well for both the acting and directing. What I mean is, it's a great picture.

Fun and Football.

There isn't much use saying anything about this new picture of Harold Lloyd's, "The Freshman." Almost every one of his pictures is ushered in with the comment, "better than the last," and it is almost always true.

This time he is a poor but ambitious football player and a hero by accident. If football could be made as funny as he makes it, it would be the world's favorite sport and they would play it on a stage. The football game, which is the climax of the picture, made a preview audience of New Jersey exhibitors cheer themselves hoarse.

Not having that sort of mind, I won't tell the jokes



in Review

of recent releases.

Benson

John Decker

and spoil them for every one. It won't hurt much to say that the picture has a beautiful ending. The ball is just over the line and the line is firmly embedded on Harold Lloyd's face. He gets the job.

Even if you play indoor tennis, you will like this picture. What more can I say?

Jazz and More Jazz.

Usually when a picture bears a name like "Night Life in New York," I get all ready to see scenes in cabarets the size of circus tents, filled with people in their very fullest dress, wearing paper caps, throwing confetti at one another, and dancing on tables.

I doubt very much if dancing on the tables takes place anywhere in New York any more. Those old memories must be put away in lavender. Sliding quietly under may still happen now and then, but one of Singer's midgets couldn't get on any table that I have ever crowded with an elbow.

"Night Life in New York," however, is an authentic enough version of night clubs, electric lights, traffic, and other jams. "Texas" Guinan and her El Fey Club get a large part of the film.

The story is amusing. A restless Iowan comes to New York because things are too dull at home. He falls in love with a telephone operator, gets too much gayety, and goes home happy.

Rod La Rocque makes a very good "sap from the West." I always knew he had it in him. Dorothy Gish is pert and pretty as the telephone operator. Ernest Torrence, Helen Lee Worthing, Arthur Housman, and George Hackathorne are all fine.

This picture ought to keep the young folks out of the home, nights. The fun of night life is all in it, and you won't have to worry about what name to give the desk sergeant in the morning.

"Pretty Ladies" also manages to jazz things up a bit for the folks back home. This picture, as far as I can make out, was made to glorify Flo Ziegfeld and his "Follies."

The story itself isn't much and shows that all that glitters is not gold. It shows a lot of other things, too. The entire "Follies" works its way in. There is Ann Pennington and her famous knees, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Gallagher and Shean, our old friend Frances White, and Lilyan Tashman.

Zasu Pitts is the only pretty lady who isn't pretty, so naturally she has to be pathetic. In the end she marries the theater drummer, and you are asked to believe that she finds happiness that way. Happiness and a drummer in a small apartment! Even drummers must practice, I presume.

This is the first time I have seen Zasu Pitts since I saw her in "Greed." She gives a good performance. Tom Moore is the perfectly splendid young drummer.



Raymond Griffith is at his best in "Paths to Paradise." Betty Compson plays opposite him.

There is a large and well-known cast, including Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, Helen D'Algy, Dorothy Seastrom, and many more.

Monta Bell is the director. Metro-Goldwyn evidently told him to go ahead and send the bill to papa. Even then I bet they were surprised when the first of the month came round.

Some Jolly Crooks.

Raymond Griffith is getting so good that something should be done about it. Hardly a month goes by that he doesn't make one of the best comedies I have ever seen. At least that's what I think every time I see him.

This time the picture is about some pleasant crooks. At first they try to outwit one another, and then they join hands and decide to steal a diamond pendant.

Two detectives are their unwilling aids, and the theft is prolonged pleasantly throughout the picture. In the end they reform, but not seriously.

All Mr. Griffith's pictures are so nicely timed. The comedy is set at a certain pace and holds to it, and "Paths to Paradise" is no exception.

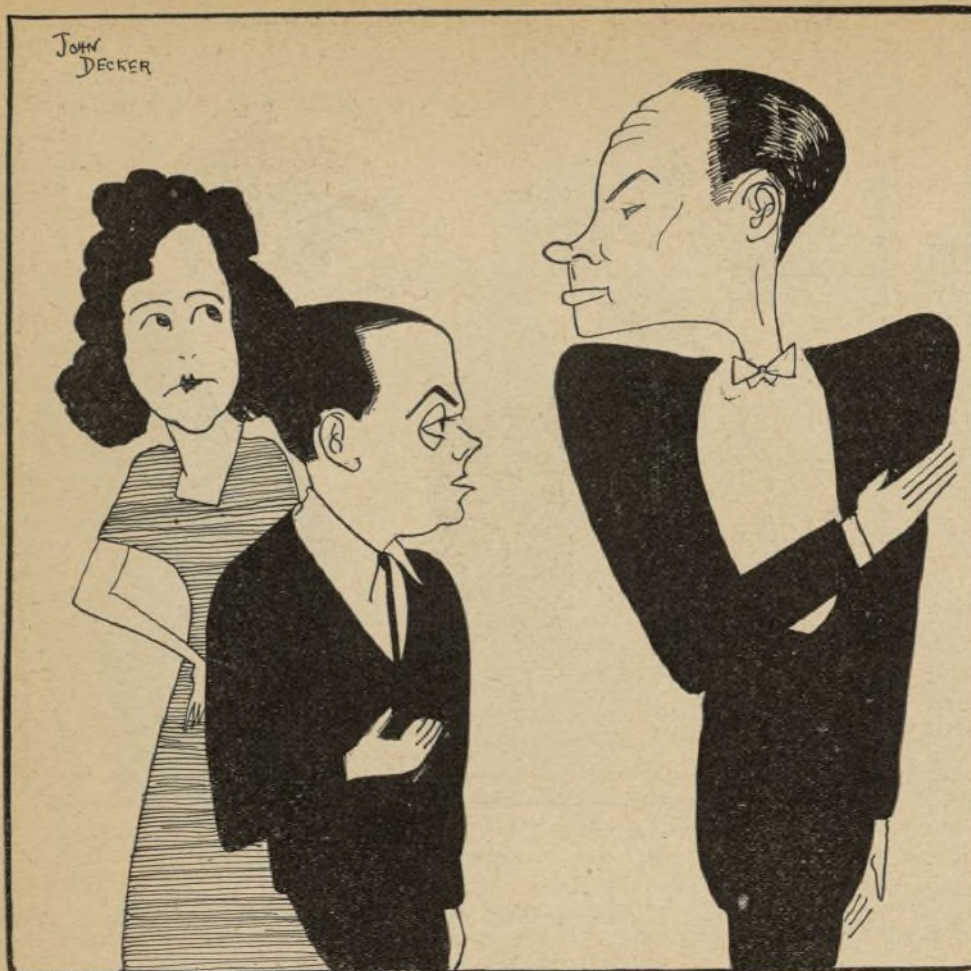
Betty Compson is the lady crook. I don't quite see why her name should be in the same type on the program as Mr. Griffith's.

Richard Dix and an Automobile.

This is the first automobile picture I have seen in quite a while, and it is a good one. It is called "The Lucky Devil," and it ought to be perfect entertainment for all Richard Dix fans. There is a lot of Mr. Dix in it. Mind you, I'm not complaining. I'm giving the picture a kind word.

He is a young department-store salesman who wins a racing car in a raffle. He starts off for the big open spaces and at the very first tourist camp loses his heart to a young lady in a Ford. The young lady has an aunt, and she and several other things complicate matters.

At the end there is an exciting road race that looked



Dorothy Gish, George Hackathorne, and Rod La Roque appear in "Night Life in New York."

more like a steeplechase to me, and Mr. Dix gets the money and the gal.

The picture is called "The Lucky Devil" because the car is a hoodoo. I believe that's why they did it.

Esther Ralston is the girl. I think she is unusually pretty and pleasant. Anthony Jowatt had a small part. He is to be with Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly."

Mr. Dix does inconsequential things with ease and grace. This is the second picture of his that I have liked. Edna May Oliver gives the best performance of the picture as the aunt. She really acts as though she might be somebody's aunt. I know, because I was an aunt myself, once.

Found—Greta Nissen.

As a picture, "Lost—a Wife" is only worth comment because it brings the lovely Greta Nissen to the screen. This beautiful young blonde made a spectacular début in the stage version of "Beggars on Horseback" in New York. At the time I thought she was the loveliest thing I had ever seen, and she remains lovely even in a William de Mille picture.

At times she is so overdecorated as to be hardly distinguishable. You know how the De Milles are. They either over or under decorate.

I don't know whether she can act or not. There are too many what nots about, but she shouldn't have to.

The picture was adapted from the French comedy "Banco." It has been adapted quite faithfully if I may use the word in relation to this picture. There is a divorced husband who hides in the room of his former wife and who spoils the honeymoon for her and incidentally for her aged count.

Mr. de Mille has honestly tried to make it all in fun, and if you like bedroom comedies, this isn't a bad one. Adolphe Menjou behaves discreetly as the husband.

Italian Olive Oil.

Just why a literary classic is supposed to make a good picture is something that I haven't been able to decide. The best books make poor pictures, and I earnestly hope that no one wastes another penny of his money proving that I am wrong.

"Cyrano de Bergerac," the Edmund Rostand classic, has been made into a dull picture by an Italian company. It is a "natural-color" picture, and not unskillfully done, but it is frightfully stupid. I don't quite know why. The story isn't bad, and there are times when the picture is really beautiful. The subtitles are taken in large chunks from the book. They are long and tedious.

Pierre Magnier, a French cinema actor, gives a really fine, intelligent performance as *Cyrano*. He is one of the few good French cinema actors who has slipped passed Ellis Island. It is not easy

to hold your own in a rôle made famous by Mansfield and Hampden, especially when you are assisted by a very mediocre cast.

An Old-fashioned Thriller.

If a picture comes to your theater called "The Limited Mail" go and take the children. It won't hurt them and you will have a rollicking time.

It's about a couple of engineers with hearts of gold. When they aren't wrecking trains they are slapping one another on the back, or tossing a kiddie in the air. Sometimes they do all three things at once. That's when it's fun.

Monte Blue is the *Casey Jones* of the picture. He has two other names. They are *Bob Snobson*, and *Bob Wilson*. There was a little trouble at home, I believe, before he became an engineer. He has a dear friend who sorts mail on a mail train. His name is *Jim Fowler*. You can see that he is a perfect prince. He is a widower, and the kiddie belongs to him. But pshaw! it's just like one big family in the boarding house where they all live, and whoever reaches the kiddie first can toss him. After a while *Bob* and *Jim* fall in love with the same girl, and it becomes necessary to wreck three trains before everything is right again.

Every time they wrecked a train, the little boy got himself in a position to be saved, too. It was practically always a question of his life or hundreds of lives.

Well, anyway, Monte Blue persevered until he got everybody on a train, and then he had a big final wreck, and the coast was what you might call clear.

Jack Huff was the child. Vera Reynolds was the girl. I don't think she'd better take her work too seriously.

There is a lovable old tramp, Willard Louis, and a

bad one who is no respecter of women, Edward Gribbon. Monte Blue was the engineer who didn't know trains ran on tracks.

The moral is: "Always wave to the engineer because you never know when it may be Monte Blue."

The Rest of Them.

Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi are in a picture about sin called "The Lady Who Lied." Lewis Stone is the explorer. He finds Virginia Valli just after she has married some one else, so the only thing to do is to hop out on a desert with Miss Valli and a camel. That's all there is to it.

Nita Naldi is put in to show that Lewis Stone really is fascinating to women.

"The White Desert" has a fine landslide, and a good snowstorm, but the story is rather old and frost-bitten.

Claire Windsor is the railroad president's daughter. She passes up the pleasures of society to stay with her father and several hundred other men in a camp in the mountains. She finally gets one of them, the only other possibility being to die in the blizzard.

There is a race with starvation and a sick baby, and a renegade puddler. I bet you don't know what that is. Pat O'Malley was the great light-hearted Irishman.

"One Year to Live" has an imposing cast and lets it go at that.

Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Mackaill, Sam de Grasse, Rosemary Theby, and Antonio Moreno are the names that attract. The scenes are lovely and the gowns are elaborate.

"Smooth as Satin" is a picturization of Bayard Veil-



Tom Moore and Zasu Pitts have leading rôles in "Pretty Ladies."

ler's play, "The Chatterbox." It is impossible but it is amusing. In fact it is more amusing than exciting, and I have a vague idea that it was meant to thrill a little.

If you really believe it, it will make you lose your faith in crooks. I have never seen such a blundering, incompetent lot of them in my life. I'd hate to trust them with my money. They might lose it.

Evelyn Brent is the bright spot of the picture.

In "The Making of O'Malley," Milton Sills is the big-hearted policeman.

This time he is fighting the liquor traffic in New York, which is a little bit like sweeping the bottom of the ocean clear. He is intrepid enough to try anyway, only to find that if he makes the arrest, he will bring shame and trouble to the girl he loves. Love triumphs over duty, and O'Malley flinches as he tells his captain the protecting lie.

It is a picture about a great heart, but it is pretty well done.

"The Sporting Chance" has a race horse and Lou Tellegen in it. They don't seem to get along together.

The race itself is thrilling and amazingly photographed. The story is about a hero who will win the right girl if he wins the race. Dorothy Phillips returns to the screen as lovely as ever.

Matt Moore is in a fairly amusing picture, "How Baxter Butted In." The audience seemed to think it funnier than I did.

Mr. Moore is a clerk in the advertising department of a daily newspaper. He works some of the time and dreams the rest of the time. For a while it looks as though everything would end tragically for him. The girl he loves has lunch with his boss, and he has to support his widowed sister-in-law and her children.

In the end he has a chance to be the hero of his dreams. It is a story of petty trials and victories handled ingeniously by a clever director.

There is a very nice scene in it. Baxter falls into a daydream in a restaurant while he is eating a bowl of milk and crackers. This dissolves into a raft in a stormy sea, on which one sees Baxter, the girl he loves,



"Lost—A Wife" brings Greta Nissen to the screen.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

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

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the *Zorro* type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Grass"—Paramount. A rare and beautiful picture of the tribes of Persia and their 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.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus hoyden and W. C. Fields' screen début as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Siege"—Universal. A simple picture of New England prejudices, remarkable principally for its finely suggestive direction by Svend Gade and the poignant, human performances of Mary Alden, Marc McDermott, and Virginia Valli.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

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

Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful and amusing picture of married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.

"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.

"Black Cyclone"—Pathé. An unusual picture featuring Rex, the horse, in which the human actors are merely incidental.

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

"Confessions of a Queen"—Metro-Goldwyn. 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.

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

"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.

"I'll Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the best chances Reginald Denny has had to show his flair for comedy. He plays an absent-minded professor whom no one will leave alone.

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

"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.

"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.

"Old Home Week"—Paramount. Better than the average Thomas Meighan picture of the small-town pattern. Lila Lee is unusually pretty as the girl.

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

"Proud Flesh"—Metro-Goldwyn. A clever, rollicking 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.

Continued on page 118



A dog team is the most effective means of exploiting a picture in Canada. This one, oddly enough, is drawing a billboard advertising a South Sea Island picture.

What Canada Thinks of Our Movies

Some observations made on a trip across the Dominion that show the attitude of its inhabitants toward American players and toward our so-called Canadian pictures.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I ONCE read a schoolboy's essay on Canada. It was a masterpiece of brevity, and incorporated in it what most grown-ups would say, if they were suddenly asked for their idea of our northern cousin across the border.

"Canada is quite a large country made up of snow and dog teams. It is inhabited by furs and trappers, and by Mounted Police. They always get their man."

Such modern inventions as the daily newspapers, railroads, and telegraphs, have not served to dispel the prevalent idea that Canada's population is divided into three parts: Rough French Canadians, who wear checked woolly shirts and say "By gar!" lithesome French-Canadian girls with red sashes and tiger-cat tempers, who keep amazingly marcelled in an electricity-less wilderness, and stalwart Mounted Police, with small waists and long eyelashes, whose occupation consists in making love to the aforesaid lithesome tiger cat—and in always getting their man.

I wonder if the half of the world that knows not how the other half lives has ever stopped to think how our Canadian brothers react to our American celluloid versions of the northern land. I can perhaps give you an adequate comparison by asking you to imagine that motion pictures are made in Calgary instead of Hollywood, and that dozens and dozens of films are sent down across the border and exhibited in American motion-picture theaters, all purporting to be true pictures of American life. And suppose these films, without exception, were of the wild-West vintage; a cowboy in woolly "chaps" for a hero;

a snarling Mexican in a two-gallon sombrero for a villain; and a remarkably ringleted young woman for a heroine, who in spite of living a life in the great alkali spaces, manages to keep her nails pointed and permanently polished. Would we be insulted, ironically amused, or would we simply pity the ignorance of those distant cousins, who so successfully showed us America—as it is not?

Well, that's the way the Canadians feel about most of our movies that deal with Canadian life. They are quite charitable about it on the whole, but they do long for a picture that will really represent Canada as it is. Any one who would write an epic of the romance and glory of Canada would have the whole-souled coöperation of every loyal Canadian.

Our insistent, and not always accurate, use of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is not the only thing our northern cousins dislike about American motion pictures. They have the conservative English attitude concerning publicity for motion-picture stars. You will probably recall that Mary Pickford is a Canadian girl, and that Toronto is



When Mary Pickford visited Toronto not long ago she searched out this house where she had spent part of her childhood.

her birthplace. Mary went back to visit her home town about a year ago. She found the house where she had lived in her early childhood, and called on some of the neighbors. Figure for yourself what would have happened if "our Mary" had been born in Detroit and had gone back to visit the old homestead. The mayor would have been down to meet the train with the police force, the fire brigade, and the Rotary Club. The schools would have declared a holiday and the newspapers would have devoted special editions to telling how Mary looked and



"The Alaskan," with Thomas Meighan and Estelle Taylor, caused a great deal of criticism in Canada, especially with regard to the Indians and teepees used in the picture.

what she said, and in reminding Detroit how honored the city was to have film-land's queen in their midst.

But what happened in Toronto? Mary's arrival caused hardly a ripple in the dignified march of events. The papers carried half column articles about her stay in the city, sandwiched in between parliamentary notes from England and debates on the "leftenant" governor's latest policies. One wildly radical paper that publishes photographs and tells about murder news gave Mary two pages, but it was much criticized for doing so. Echoes of the criticism were still going strong when I was in Toronto. Not that Toronto isn't proud of being Mary's home town. It is—in a dignified, genteel sort of way. But it is not Toronto's newspaper policy to "play up" professional people. If Sarah Bernhardt had appeared in Toronto they might have sent a reporter to the theater to interview her. I say they *might*. I think myself it is rather doubtful.

When I left Toronto last March, it was to cross Canada from east to west, via the Canadian Pacific. I could not help thinking, as we sped along in perfect, luxurious comfort, that a country so full of diversified beauties, deserved better treatment from scenarists than the focusing of the attention on only one phase of Canada's life. There were great forests, silent, austere, with cloven moose tracks in the snow. There were wide plains, and glorious jagged mountains. Towns with quaint names suggesting history and romance—"Qu' Appelle" (Who Calls), "Lost Woman," and "Medicine Hat." Why is it, I wondered, that Hollywood has not probed these possibilities?

My next stop on the homeward bound trail was Winnipeg. There was plenty of snow there and the tem-

perature was twenty degrees below zero. Here at last I saw in reality the huge fur caps that I had so often seen on the salt-covered lots in Hollywood with the temperature up near the boiling point. I was also thrilled to get an actual "close-up" of a Mounted Police. Alas for our celluloid ideas of these man-getting heroes! He wasn't handsome; his waist wasn't small; his eyelashes were not long, and he looked just as red-nosed and cold as any other human being who is doomed, in zero weather, to wear a short coat ending jauntily at the hips. I wanted to stop him and ask him if he always got his man. But inquisitive Americans are not looked upon with any particular favor in Canada. I contented myself with the thrill I got out of seeing him.

I got another life-sized thrill when I saw a team of husky dogs come dashing down the snow-covered street, their tails up and their heads busily turning from side to side, taking in the sights as eagerly as so many country cousins arriving in the big city. But alas again for romance! The sled which they pulled, and which was driven by a tall Iclander completely enveloped in furs, was bearing a huge billboard advertising a South Sea Island motion picture! A curious paradox that—the snow-covered streets—the husky dogs—and the lurid picture of two half-naked castaways ("Sinners in Heaven") sitting on a tropical beach with coconut palms for a background.

I called on the manager of the theater where the picture was being shown.

"Oh, yes," he said, in answer to my question, "we find exploitation by means of dog teams our best drawing card. We have tried ponies, calliopes, and bands, but I find that the dog team attracts the most people.

There is always a crowd around them when the huskies lie down in the entrance of the theater. People are not used to them, you see."

I later repeated this conversation to a dear old lady down in California.

"Not used to them!" she echoed incredulously. "Why, I thought they did all their traveling with dog teams!"

It was in Winnipeg that I noticed the extensive advertising of D. W. Griffith's "America." It struck me as being a most peculiar type of picture to exhibit to an admittedly pro-English public. I was curious to know how it had been received and whether or not it had been shown in its entirety. So I called upon the manager of the theater and asked him some questions about it.

He was Canadian born, but with the American viewpoint—as I found was the case with most Canadians.

"Well, this is the second week it has run, and we are doing a big business on it," he told me. "You see, Winnipeg has about thirty thousand Americans and they will support it for one week because it is so thoroughly an American picture. The Canadian and British portions of the population will support it for another week—for the same reason. Naturally, the English don't like it. I have had a great many letters telling how inaccurate it was. The board of censors cut out three and a half reels—the reels which show the Indians and British massacring the colonists. They particularly resented the idea of the Indians being the allies of the British. And after the opening of the picture there were several sharp letters in the newspapers revising the battle of Lexington and telling what a traitor George Washington was."

In Calgary, the Canadian Pacific's next stop, a most charming theater manager gave me an idea as to the favorites of the Canadian motion-picture public. Harold Lloyd is Canada's best and biggest bet. They have a wholesome respect for Tom Mix, whose Mounted Police pictures are accurate as to detail. The gentleman told me with a great deal of pride that Tom Mix had come up to Regina, the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and had secured the cooperation of the officials in making his picture. He laughed good-naturedly when I spoke of the errors that had been committed by the Hollywood versions of the great open spaces.

"Yes," he said, "most of them are terrible. Fortunately, we have a sense of humor."

My last stop before reëntering the States was at Vancouver. And strangely enough I found the British attitude more prevalent here than in any of the other Canadian cities I have visited. The manager of the Capitol Theater was an American, who has been extremely successful despite the fact

that he never quite knows how a picture is going to react on the public.

"I used to play up De Mille pictures until I found that the public simply did not take to them. They are crazy about comedies—I am running 'Little Miss Bluebeard' now and am cleaning up on it. Bebe Daniels is a great favorite in Canada."

"What about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks?" I asked.

He shook his head regretfully.

"Not so good," he answered. "Mary Pickford has never been the favorite in Canada that she is down in the States, and as for Fairbanks, my patrons don't like him at all. I can't figure out any reason for it unless it is because he is so aggressively and enthusiastically American. 'The Thief of Bagdad' was almost a failure, and it was only because of tremendous exploitation that 'Robin Hood' went over big. Even then it was criticized as not being in accordance with history. 'Robin Hood' means a good deal to English people, you know. They don't like to see such a favorite character made into a musical-comedy figure. On the first night the picture was shown I was very much interested in getting the opinions of the audience. I was circulating around in the foyer while the people were coming out, and I heard a typical English voice drawl out scathingly, 'The picture is most inaccurate. Robin Hood was only five feet foah, and not athletic!'"

I mentioned "The Alaskan," which I had understood was made in British Columbia, not far from Vancouver. The manager looked disgusted.

"If you want to make people mad up here, just say 'The Alaskan' to them. A good many persons claim that the book was inaccurate in the first place, and when Herbert Brenon came up here and said they were going to film the story, we all thought that the atmosphere at least would be correct. Instead of that, what did he turn out? Plains Indians in fringed buckskin dresses galloping around on horseback; cloth tipis, which the northwestern Indians never used; and, although the original story is concerned with a herd of reindeer, there wasn't a reindeer in the picture!"

I brought up the mooted question of the great open spaces and the Mounted Police.

"Of course, that's a sore point in Canada," he said, smiling. "Now an American audience sees nothing sacred in the person of a policeman. He is just an officer of the law; some one to be tricked as often as possible, and the more he is made ridiculous in the movies, the better the people like it. But in Canada the Mounted Police is a sacred institution. The people resent having lib-

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Tom Mix is a great favorite in Canada, particularly because his pictures of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are always accurate in detail.

Looking On with an Extra Girl

She thrills to the experience of working with the magnetic Valentino in "Cobra," and gets an informal, surprising impression of Marion Davies in "Lights of Old New York."

By Margaret Reid

THERE have been conflicting rumors wandering about, but the predominant theme—especially as witness the irate letters to the editor of Novarro and Cortez fans—seems to be that Valentino is more or less forgotten. The surviving loyal voices are drowned in the hysteria of a new coronation—or maybe it is just the hysteria of the burial given the dear departed.

It is rather a pity that the general public can only present laurels in Indian fashion. A *Julio*, a *Gallardo*—and dewy wreaths are hung on the revered brow. A pause, a wait, a new meteor—and instead of a fresh order to the florist, the garlands are snatched from the old to drape the new. It seems inevitable that the rise of a new star be the signal for disparaging criticisms of the discarded idol.

Gritzsko, the *Arab*, the *Spaniard*—unique and fascinating—but admit it *without* ignoring the primal *Gallardo*, the gay and dreaming *Julio*. Shame—that your memories are so feeble that the fire of those portrayals is forgotten! You'd never place Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle. And silly, silly—to suppose that a personality of the Valentino quality cannot come back after an absence, just as forcibly as Barrymore does every few years, with long lapses between appearances.

Two years is a long time in the baby industry and sleek-haired idols are plentiful in Hollywood—yet for the local flappers the luster on their memory of Valentino was as bright when he returned as when he left in a maze of legal disputes and troubles. And don't forget that he came back married, at that! For even if you "didn't like that type" you couldn't possibly forget the smoldering, sullen-eyed young man whose rare smile flashed like white-hot lightning. One side said he wasn't a very pleasant young man, hinted at moods, arrogance, reticence—in Hollywood where a reticent actor is immediately suspected of the worst, whatever that interesting degree may indicate. But even this side admitted his unescapable magnetism and the occasional outcroppings of boyishness that were so appealing. And the other side—sank cooing beyond coherence.

I remember the first time I saw him, shortly after I came to Hollywood—the Fallen City meaning to me, at that time, just so much Valentino, Frederick, Pickford, and Valentino. He was driving down the boulevard in his incredibly battered old Fiat—two splendid police dogs gracing the rear seat. He looked very self-contained, dignified, and not too happy. A man of the world, I palpitated, of slightly disconcerting gravity.

The last time I saw him before he went away was on a black, starry, scented California night. Walking down a particularly dark block of the boulevard, a white-flanneled, dark-coated figure approached at a swinging gait. He was singing softly, in a rich voice, some happy little foreign melody. The flash of a street light between palm branches showed Rudolph's famous face. "He's such a boy," said my mother, feelingly.

Two years—to quote some great mind—passed, and I was crossing the street in front of Lasky's, hurrying to be "on the set at eight thirty." A special-built, cherry-colored coupé hummed round the corner and honked caution at me. As is my way in traffic—of which I stand in mortal fear—I turned with a horrible glare. Oh, my! the tricks the fates do play on us—I can only hope that the almost saccharine expression I hastily

summoned was discernible as I yielded the right of way. For behind the beard at the wheel was Mr. Valentino.

If you remember, the idea for the picture which was to feature the beard was finally discarded—after quite some time and many arguments pro and con. Then at last "Cobra" was decided upon—and the extra ladies took up the pursuit of Rudolph in real earnestness. Don't mistake me—the intentions were almost spiritually respectful, the one desire being an opportunity to gaze undisturbed at the volubly discussed, criticized, lauded features.

It became known that there would be a café scene in the production, and with the people who rushed to the studio applying for a job they could have filmed another "Greatest Spectacle Ever Shown." There was grief and wailing in Hollywood that night, after the required fifty were weeded out. But not, as may be perceived, among the fifty. And—probably because as a child I told the truth and washed behind my ears—Providence saw to it that I wasn't weeping.

There was an unaccustomed air of expectancy the morning we started work. The cherry coupé and the gleaming Hispano-Suiza outside the dressing-room bungalow were subtly exciting. Like any one else we like our heroes with trimmings—Rudy having been nearly the only one with sufficient class to bowl over the hometown gals while still in his prespecial-built days. And now that he was so lavishly decorated we frankly expected great things of him.

Even the set was glamorous—a sweeping café in tones of silver and black—by Menzies, the young man who erected Bagdad for Doug. Through vaulting arches were vistas of onyxlike floors, broad silver steps and strange, secret arabesques on black walls. It might have been an eastern palace—just after the overture—when the stage is cleared for the entrance of the prince. It couldn't have been better; there were endless possibilities—yet, before we realized it Mr. Valentino was standing by the camera, conferring with Joseph Henabery, the director. That lovely chance to appear suddenly at the head of the silver staircase, light a cigarette, and descend slowly was ignored. Rudy confines his acting to the screen.

How did he look? But, my dears, that's so easy. Unlike most performers the camera gives him nothing and takes nothing away. The same faultless evening clothes, black hair, olive face, sloe eyes, and the familiar quick smile. The last is perhaps less wicked, viewed actually—more spontaneous and boyish. He laughs often now—and he seems younger for having lost that somber, introspective look.

We had heard, of course, the indignant reports of his attitude during "Beaucaire"—tales of cloistered privacies and regal hauteur. We were shown none of that. Admittedly, Rudy doesn't make tame pets of all the prop boys, but neither does he try to steal any of De Mille's stuff. With his seeming dislike of the sensational I can't imagine him reaching either extreme. The reserve that is like a shell about him gives a false impression of aloofness. It is dignity—but not offensively withdrawn. It is, instead, most attractive for its naturalness, and makes his moods of friendly, youthful animation the more potent.

As a job, it was much like other jobs in café scenes.

Sitting cynically over glasses of imitation champagne, dancing, animating, and turning with interest as the principals enter. Joseph Henabery proved to have a beautiful disposition—he was more like a tall, lean, benignant professor than a director. He was trustingly patient through the numerous inevitable stupidities—apparently with a childlike faith that everything would come out all right. He worked with evident enjoyment—going carefully over each scene to get everything possible out of it—but not taking it hard.

The entrance of Nita Naldi was a thing of great interest. We had read, of course, of her great weight-reducing act and were curious to see how she would differ from the Nita who left Hollywood a year ago. Now, don't be alarmed—you won't find a brunet Claire Windsor when you look for Nita now. She is still much like a Zuloaga lady come to life. But she is very noticeably slimmer and most becomingly so. The change has done something to make her odd beauty finer and less "hit-you-in-the-eye." And her arms and hands are perhaps the most perfectly modeled in pictures. Have you noticed them?

With Miss Naldi was one of the loveliest ladies ever seen off a W. T. Benda cover. You know that weird sweetness, that sensuous delicacy he gives his pictures? It might have been his original model who stood beside Miss Naldi, with clear gray eyes, chiseled features, and sleek brown coils over her ears. For most of us it was the initial glimpse of Natacha Rambova Valentino. Anything less beautiful would have called forth catty sympathy for Rudolph, anything less charming and gracious would have invited antagonism. As it was, Mrs. Valentino's severest audience was enchanted. You know *how* enchanted when it was gravely admitted that there could be no more worthy and fitting mistress for the famous blue house on Whitely Heights.

But to return to our hero. Rudy at work was a very serious person, and an untiring. There was one scene in which another man had a bit of business—an unskillful youth who toiled painfully through many takes and retakes. Although it was past lunch time neither Henabery nor Valentino showed any impatience. Rudy, on the contrary, passed it off as nothing at all and went through each take, not only pleasantly, but helping the other man in big little ways known only to the profession. Temperamental? It is more than likely that some resentful pseudo-Valentino unleashed many of those rumors that drifted from the "Beaucaire" sets.

Between shots it was a boyish Rudolph who chatted on the side lines with Casson Ferguson—back in pictures after an illness and a trip abroad—and Gertrude Olmstead, a pretty little foil for Naldi in her blond wig. Now he would sit by Nita where she read quietly, and they would laugh and joke like a pair of good pals. Or now he was arm in arm with the beautiful Natacha—off to look at some new set.

In one of the last scenes Valentino and Miss Naldi danced among the crowd. I sternly instructed my part-



During the making of "Cobra," the Valentino personality seemed as potent as ever, while a slimmer and lovelier Nita Naldi graced the rôle of the siren.

ner to follow them closely, that I might see exactly what shade of brown The Eyes were. They are a very dark and disturbing brown, my dears, and in case your escort would be interested, Nita's are startlingly green with curled-back lashes.

All in all, do you get the point? Rudolph Valentino is a good scout, a gentleman, beside being one of the great acting-personalities of the decade.

I had gone out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to wrest seven dollars and fifty cents from the coffers of those mighty triplets. Armed with my yellow ticket I was closing in on the cashier's office when the sound of music from a near-by stage halted me. You know—always more spiritual than commercial, and what not. But this was really odd melody—neither Liszt (heavy emotional work) nor Berlin (some heroine's lighter moments). It was, in fact, a series of transitions from "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" to "The Bowery" and "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True."

Stepping inside I found Monta Bell, Marion Davies, and Conrad Nagel in the midst of their first day on "Lights of Old New York." It is a story of that town in the 'seventies and Conrad looked ready to burst into "Daisy" at any moment. He does not look misplaced in a costume and, in his becoming beaver hat and side-



Marion Davies is natural and friendly with the extras, as Margaret Reid found out when she worked with her in "Lights of Old New York."

burns he resembled a daguerrotype study of a Young Gentleman.

All I could see of the famous blond Marion in my brief glimpse was a whirl of pink skirts and yellow curls. She was improving the moments between shots with a jazz dance that would have done credit to Ann Pennington herself. This lady of the famous diamonds and limousines and mansions—kidding and working out new steps with the company orchestra!

In due time the picture developed into a job when five hundred extras were ordered for seven thirty one morning. Up the wardrobe stairs we went—1925. And down we came in the laces and bustles of 1870. The lot was only beginning to awake and the still ruddy sun shone on the first opening doors of luxurious offices and dressing rooms. Hundreds of sprays were flashing on the lawns, and on the little white sidewalks that threaded them were impromptu processions to the different stages. Ahead of us were men in elaborately curled beards and dazzling awnings on their way to join the perpetual "Ben-Hur." Girls in lacy afternoon gowns were hauling their make-up boxes and cross-word puzzles over to the Henley set. The first limousines, with their invaluable burdens, were sweeping in the drive.

The set was what is known as the theater. This is a permanent set representing a theater and seating five hundred. For the requirements of different pictures the proscenium and general outline are changed. Between pictures it is used for informal entertainments for the studio employees and for previews of the company's productions. From Ziegfeld "Follies" in the preceding Monta Bell picture, "Pretty Ladies," it had been transformed to Tony Pastor's famous old showhouse.

A liberally bearded orchestra held forth with "East

Side, West Side." As we took our places Mr. Bell was on the stage, rehearsing two muscular acrobats in the flowery stage tactics of old-time tumblers. When their performance was over they were to swagger down to the footlights and, as a picture of Grant and Lee on a flag was lowered, were to bow and smile fatuously, taking our patriotic applause to themselves.

Then the Irish chorus took their places, in their midst the pink-and-white-and-golden Marion Davies. This was all to be taken in "technicolor," so a light stage make-up was used and the colors of the costumes carefully chosen. Miss Davies was in billowy green-and-white satin embroidered in pearls. And did you notice that I said she was in the midst of the chorus? Not on the edge, waiting in an exclusive chair, but a lively little figure among the crowd.

In manner she is not unlike the little freckled *Mamie* in the first part of "Zander." The freckles across her nose were hidden by the grease paint but otherwise she was just a slightly grown-up *Mamie* having an awfully good

time. She is the essence of careless naturalness, her unstudied smile is really a quick little grin, and when she is in a hurry to say anything she has an ingratiating stutter.

While the chorus was being rehearsed Marion stood down by the orchestra and demanded her favorite numbers, humming and dancing to them. And the dance you will see in the picture is done by Miss Davies herself, even in the long shots. She dances with a smooth grace, her term in the "Follies" evidently not forgotten. But her chief charm is her insouciance, a laughing, almost gamin spiritedness. She seems to have tremendous capacity for enjoyment, for fun. As she was borne off the stage on the shoulders of two chorus men our burst of spontaneous applause was all that Mr. Bell could desire.

The next shot began with a song by the star. After a laughing, whispered conference with Mr. Bell, he came down to the footlights and called, "Now, people, I want to explain that in case you cannot hear Miss Davies' song very well it is because she has a very bad cold." But Marion laughed so, and shook his hand so warmly after this that one was led to suspect that her soft "I'm Just a Flower from an Old Bouquet" could not top the orchestra.

We noticed that now there was an added audience at the back of the theater—a goodly portion of the five hundred Annapolis midshipmen who were being shown through the studio that day. It was their first glimpse of a studio, although they had figured in Ramon Novarro's picture of naval life when the government turned the great academy over to the company for scenes. The accompanying admiral was presented to Miss Davies and

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Welcoming Back Ethel Clayton

For a long while fans have been asking from time to time, "Why doesn't Ethel Clayton act any more?" Why she has not been acting, and what she is going to do now, is recorded in this article.

By Caroline Bell

IN two films very different in theme a player who suffered the demise usual to a program star has been resurrected and presented in altogether new lights. I refer to Ethel Clayton.

"Wings of Youth," which will serve to reintroduce her, is her first mother rôle, and to it she contributes splendid work. The character, briefly, is a modern, spirited mother who, fearing that the jazz-mad excitement of the day will take its toll of her children's happiness, sets out to beat them at their own wild fun as the example which is so much more effective than lectures.

The story, in this skeleton form, has been done before; but it has deft and novel touches, and it gives Ethel Clayton the dramatic opportunities denied her during the days when her prettiness and her charm were over-highlighted.

The rôle of the widow in "Lightnin'" offers her, almost for the first time in her long career, genuine comedy possibilities. Ethel Clayton—comedy? A thought incompatible with the Ethel of her stardom, when her main art consisted in posing effectively while the plot unwound its tiresome way. But they tell me, for I have not at this writing seen the film, that her work has delighted studio officials and may open another door for her new-born talent.

I had met her only once, three years ago, and had the vague idea current in Hollywood that a retirement, however brief, is an aging experience. I did not expect a decrepit and gray-haired Miss Clayton, but certainly I was not prepared for the girlish and lovely Miss Clayton who ran into the studio the morning of our appointment, breathlessly apologizing for her tardiness, explaining that she had been chasing a missing powder puff.

Slim and youthful, she was, in her chic white frock, a soft little hat pulled down over her bobbed hair of reddish gold, blue eyes asparkle with humor.

Her situation has been paralleled by other stars' courses. The brilliance of Pauline Frederick for years was smothered by namby-pamby stories and trite production, finding its full scope this past season in the drama of motherhood in which she

As she appears in her first "mother" rôle in "Wings of Youth."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Ethel Clayton has changed very little in appearance during her absence from the screen.

gave her most vibrant and stirring performances.

Percy Marmont was kept in stereotyped work, supporting pretty stars in silly program piffle, until his chance to do real acting came in "If Winter Comes." And his portrayals since have been so genuine that he now is booked for a year ahead in the lucrative free-lance field. Fox, by the way, cut Marmont out of the pigeonhole into which he had been wedged, and now they have done the same for Ethel Clayton.

Miss Clayton's story differs slightly from the usual "return" tale, which takes the form of



one extreme or its opposite. There are the stars who, despite retirement and some adversities, retain name-value and when they come back are able to obtain virtually their own specifications as to salary, type of work, and the like. And there are the others who face actual obstacles and rebuffs. Hers, however, lacks the news value of the favorite who is lured back, nor is it couched in tragic terms.

"I have had disappointments, but I had saved enough money to live on comfortably, so that I faced no privation," she explained her quiet life during the past couple of years. "No, I cannot say that my friends in the profession forgot me, as I understand some of the stars of yesterday claim to have been treated. I have never had many intimates, but my casual friends remember me kindly. At least, they are always lovely to me when we chance to meet, and every one has always said, 'I hope you will come back soon.'"

Seven years ago she and her husband, Joseph Kauffman, signed a Paramount contract by the terms of which he was to direct her. His death left her, except for her mother and brother, more completely alone than I have ever seen any young and pretty woman. For seven years she has remained so faithful to his memory that she seldom accepts masculine attentions. Occasionally she is seen with a party at the theater, but there seems to be no room for men, either as suitors or as friends, in her small world.

"No, I do not feel myself bound to him in the sense of vows," she replied, slowly, to my comment on her constancy. "It is just that I cannot feel an interest in any other man. Perhaps some day I shall care again, but I doubt it. I have too fine a standard by which to judge. He was a very stern man, but the kindest that ever lived. And when a love like this holds your heart, you cannot make yourself feel an affection for another."

After his death she came West alone, grief-stricken and not much caring what happened to her career, to fulfill her share of the contract. For four years she remained a Paramount lesser luminary, continually presented in rôles which gave her little opportunity to display any real ability, whether or not she then possessed it, other than that of looking sweet and pretty under the lights so carefully arranged to bring out her blond hair.

Of all the pictures she made, I recall only one, "Women's Weapons," with Elliott Dexter, a story of a wife's competition with the traditional vamp, but done in a delicious light vein just barely undertoned with a suggestion of pathos.

Because she was very tractable and easy to handle, she did not get the best stories in the studio grab bag. One official said to her in farewell, "I don't think you've been fairly treated in the stories selected for you, but you raised no fuss, and I had no authority to interfere." The fighting stars cause the most rumpus, and win the stigma of temperament, but perhaps in the long run assertiveness pays, for at least they demand recognition of certain rights which, if ignored, in time will cause their own dethronement.

Ethel Clayton saw where she was drifting, but hers was a passive, and in a way a timid, nature; she is one of those women who, though seeing vaguely that things are not going exactly right, do not exactly know what to do about it, or if they do know, hesitate to cause a row.

"But my contract with Robertson-Cole was really what finished me," she said, thoughtfully going back over the career of eleven years in the movies which threatened for a time to end so ingloriously. "I was to do six pictures. After three had been completed, I saw that as a star I was about ruined, and obtained my release.

But the damage had been done. I received a few free-lance offers, at fairly good pay, but stuff that they would not have dared offer me a few years before.

"I had been so long with Paramount, and before had had my husband to guide me in business affairs, and was a little wary of managers, so I felt ineffectual when I started to look for work. I am rather shy about meeting a number of strange people—it is so difficult, not only obtaining the contract, but becoming acquainted with the personalities you must associate with, and gradually learning to fit into a new environment. An unfortunate trait, but I cannot help being that way.

"I did make a stab or two, but"—she shrugged and her mouth trembled, a little mannerism, I believe unconscious, whenever her emotions are affected—"nobody wanted me. They were not discourteous to me, they had not forgotten me; they merely seemed to think that as a public favorite my day was over and that I had no possibilities as a dramatic actress.

"It is not a happy thought, that one can no longer be of service . . . that there is no place for one in a work to which one has given years of real effort. . . . But there are things in life beside the movies. I had my music, books, and gardening, and poking into first one fad and then another—learning to read horoscopes, numerology, all those things. There's little truth in them, but they're amusing, to while away time.

"I grew restless, though, and felt that it was useless to throw away my life, to continue a lonely, dragging existence. So I started an Orpheum tour which lasted only five weeks, as I lost my voice in the 'screaming scene' in the sketch."

B. P. Schulberg, scouting for "names," decided that Ethel Clayton's retained some box-office value and signed her for "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." Mention it in a whisper, please. It was one of those rather awful things, but it served as news that she was again working. It is curious that in the queer world of motion-picture production, a talent, no matter how worthy, is treated with little respect unless it is employed; the mere announcement that a player is working for one producer is sufficient to arouse the others' interest. So again offers began to reach her, and of these she accepted the mother rôle in "Wings of Youth."

Since completing "Lightnin'," she has been inactive. True, she has had no offers, but she will when these two films are released. She realizes, too, now that she has this good start again, that she must be a trifle selective as to rôles.

"The age of the character means nothing to me, so long as it is an acting rôle. Give me," her eyes flashed with laughter, "a dramatic part or give me—numerology. I will play a great-grandmother if the lady has something interesting happen to her.

"I prefer playing comedy, when it has that light, sophisticated touch. It was delightful, doing the comic widow in 'Lightnin'.' I always wanted to do such things, when I was on contract, and was invariably promised them, but seldom given the opportunity.

"Why can't some of these highbrow writers they are now lassoing for the pictures give us humorous stories of mothers? Why must mothers always weep, or else go to the other extreme of jazz in an effort to keep up with the younger generation? There is so much delicate and charming humor in the life of a woman in the early thirties which could be transferred subtly to the screen."

Her keen interest in the changes which each season brings into pictures, and which she has fanned by continuous attendance at the Los Angeles theaters, makes it seem that it was but yesterday that she said good-by

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The Rubber-ankled Comedian

After some twenty years of success on the stage, Leon Errol has set out to conquer movie audiences too.

By Sidney Blair

LEON ERROL is the only actor who ever achieved fifteen years of continuous success on Broadway by merely walking through his parts. If you saw him in the film version of "Sally" you know why. There is something overwhelming about that walk of his. It isn't humanly possible, but there it is before your eyes. And Leon Errol is still alive, very much alive, after twenty years of tottering, sliding, and plunging across the stage.

No one has ever successfully imitated that gait of his. That is one reason why it promises to become as famous as the Chaplin footage. The other is that it is funny. There is a lot of headwork behind his footwork. He knows that disaster isn't often funny, but that near disaster is. So he treads always just on the verge of calamity. Dozens of comedians have prospered because of their ability to take falls. But Leon Errol for years has kept audiences in gales of laughter by just managing to escape them.

Out in front of the theater, among the audiences, this Leon Errol is famous as a comedian. Back stage, and among the people who have been associated with him in the studios he is something of an idol. All Broadway knows that he and Mr. Ziegfeld have never had a written contract, that Errol has ignored all other offers and worked for him for fifteen years because it was Ziegfeld who took him out of the bondage of burlesque. He is pointed out in the profession as the man who never breaks his word and never forgets an acquaintance. He is a sort of King Solomon who smoothes out all back-stage rows. During rehearsals he seems as much concerned with the success of every obscure player in the cast as he is with his own. He works untiringly with any one who seems ambitious. What wonder that back stage the name of Errol commands something akin to adoration! The measure of the success of this comedian is in the twenty-foot electric signs outside the Cosmopolitan Theater where he is starring in "Louie the Fourteenth;" the measure of the man is in the affection for him among his associates.

You get some idea of his friendliness and popularity when you see his dressing room at the Cosmopolitan Theater. There are several big easy-chairs, and a cushioned seat that runs all around the room. Like the theater, his dressing room plays to capacity every night. Old friends, new friends, each bringing a few people to meet Leon Errol, drop in after the performance to chat with him.



Photo by Strauss-Peyton

In an anteroom, just a few steps above his dressing room, a masseur rubs out the kinks and bruises in his legs after every performance. There curtained off from his guests, Errol regales them with a hilarious narrative of what he has been doing.

"Got a fan letter all the way from Australia—that's where I come from. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I opened it. What do you suppose it said? 'Dear Miss Erroll, I saw you in "Sally" in moving pictures and thought you were just lovely. Won't you send me a picture?' So I got a picture of one of the girls in the show and sent it to her."

"Tell 'em the one about your first day in the studio," some one always suggests, and then he is off.

Coming from the theater where beginning work at eight thirty means being there and getting to work on time, Errol expected the same to be true in the studios. Told to be in make-up and at the studio at nine o'clock, there he was. After waiting for two or three hours, while electricians rushed around importantly and he was ignored, he approached his old friend John T. Murray and asked him when the shooting was going to commence. "Don't get excited," Murray counseled him, "I've been here every day for three weeks and haven't worked yet."

Errol was almost a nervous wreck before he got started.

Leon Errol's father intended that he should be a doctor, and rumor has it that in Australia they still look upon him as one who will regret the rash step of taking up this theater business. Tales of his tremendous success in the "Follies" and in "Louie the Fourteenth" hardly convinced them that he was a great success. Perhaps that is why he is so eager to make his pictures good. The home folks will see those with the original cast, and then they will find out that Errol is a great doctor in his own way—a sure cure for the blues.

The New Gloria—Will She Continue to Conquer?

An intimate talk with Gloria Swanson about her past success, her present outlook on life, and her future hopes.

By Myrtle Gebhart

A SLIM little figure clad in pajamas dashed from the set, grasped the shoulders of a tall, good-looking man, and swung him around and around in a dizzy dance.

"You'll forget your exercises, will you? You did *not* do them fifty times each, this morning," she cried. "For two cents, I would make you do the whole rigmarole right now, before everybody."

"Yes? And if you are not polite to me, I shall not give you the 'present' Baby Gloria sent you." Taking a bill folder from his pocket he opened it, displaying two sprigs of wilted honeysuckle. "She ran after me, as I was leaving the house. One for you and one for me. However, if you intend to be cranky," he paused, banter in his blue eyes, "I wonder which of these young ladies would like—"

"You dare give my baby's flower to another woman! Just try it!"

Tightly clenched fists beat against his chest, as a pointed, oval face laughed into his, and the girl rescued the sprig of honeysuckle, tucking it into the pocket of the pajama suit which she had been wearing for a scene under the blazing lights.

"They play like that all the time, Gloria and Henry," said Anthony Jowitt, who is the leading man in Gloria's new picture. A smile beamed upon every face in the circle about them. "Rene Hubert, the designer, and I have been staying out at the house for ten days, and when you live with people you get to know them."

"I've heard it said that Gloria has changed. As to that, I can't say, as I've known her only a short while. But she is the best little sport ever, constantly bubbling with humor. She and Henry are always kidding and teasing. It's difficult for me to credit those stories that Gloria was once haughty and aloof."

I used to go to interview Gloria Swanson when occasion demanded, feeling that, given half a chance at knowing her, I might like her well. Now I haunt her set at the Paramount studio because of the comradely fun that is always going on there. I manage to get myself invited to luncheon more often than professional association necessitates, and Gloria is too cordial, in her new happiness which she likes to share with every friend, to hesitate. Her parties, at her big home in Beverly Hills, are delightful.

Why? Because there is a new Gloria romping like a child in an exuberance of spirit and a natural spontaneity through the first genuine happiness of her life. Because the coldly chiseled, perfectly modeled, brilliantly polished diamond of yesterday has been warmed to a glowing and vibrant life by the sunshine of an understanding comradeship.

Love, in one way, has matured her, but also has made her infinitely more childish and lovable and human than I ever imagined she could be.

Luncheon with her "gang" is a charming hour. Henry, the marquis, whom Hollywood expected to be swanky and who turned out to be a regular good fellow and boyishly eager to make friends, Tony Jowitt, and Rene Hubert, and Allan Dwan, and a couple of others—always a crowd of jovial spirits. Gloria's fingers dance a tattoo on the white cloth, in that sheer, quivering happiness that cannot be stilled. Her eyes sparkle; she "makes faces" into Henry's twinkling eyes. Everybody

talks at once. Sallies fly across the table, and among them Henry's witty comments, bred of the humor, no doubt, which he inherits from the Irish side of his family.

Where is the Gloria of yesterday, gracious but cold, secretive behind an outward manner of suavity? The Gloria who posed just a little, and had definite ideas on professional subjects but when those most intimate to her were broached shut up like a clam—a glistening surface of carefully polished charm which lacked a human note? She has gone and got herself buried, and my prayer is that she will not be resurrected.

I have always fancied that I saw a wistfulness flickering across her face that no amount of acting could quite blot out. It was the little girl in Gloria that wanted to come out and play, unfettered, and was afraid to, because nobody just exactly understood. And ridicule would have hurt, awfully.

She was, as I see her now, in the light of a new understanding, a sensitive woman shielding the hurts that life had dealt her behind a mask of pretended indifference. Because she had pride, and that graven immobility which was her soldier-father's gift to her, she drew a curtain over her real self and imagined herself, and became outwardly, what she thought she wanted to be: an odd, arresting figure symbolical of luxury and money waste and perfumed silk that the tied-to-the-rut hearts long for, a woman incapable of much depth or human feeling.

Perhaps she is right when she says her real self is this new and impish and lovable Gloria, somehow child-like and appealing.

I spent several days with them at Coronado, where scenes for "The Coast of Folly" were shot along the beach and in old Balboa Park, at San Diego, with its tropical blooms and its tangled verdure and its hot, beating sun. And, whenever I can sneak away from work, I am to be found on her set, or among her crowd at luncheon in the dining room once reserved for Cecil B. De Mille's noon-time confabs with his staff. That used to be an austere place, where you spoke in a hesitant, hushed tone, or awaited The Presence a little nervously. Now the gang rushes up the stairs, pell-mell, Gloria pulling Henry along, and everything under the sun comes up for quick, laughing discussion.

One day I spoke aloud my wonderment at this change.

"Gloria, I used to admire you for having battled your way ahead, and I liked you, in general, but I didn't think I should ever get to know you. I puzzled over what manner of woman lived behind that impersonal and sometimes cynical attitude, if a human being who felt as the rest of us was animate behind that shell that you seemed to draw between yourself and all except your most intimate friends."

We chanced to be alone after luncheon, the men having been sent off that we might talk seriously, something impossible when that gay banter that now surrounds Gloria is going on. Her eyes met mine squarely, as she thought a moment and said:

"That interests me, what you say. People are so seldom frank. I wondered what they honestly thought of me. . . . There is a lot of truth in your idea and yet I have not changed. It is just that now I feel a sense of freedom I haven't had in years, for that matter,

a greater naturalness than I have ever felt before.

"It was between two and three years ago that we used to talk, wasn't it?" She mentioned incidents of former meetings which showed a most retentive memory for casual occurrences, surprising when you think of all the people she has met in these crowded recent years. "I can see how you got that impression of me. The Gloria I had always wanted to be was restrained by a wrong perspective on things.

"I was miserably unhappy, so I bluffed. If I seemed aloof, it was because I was afraid of every word. Things I said were twisted. I was misquoted. Even chance comments to acquaintances were changed as they were relayed from tongue to tongue. I decided that the best attitude was one of courtesy but not of intimacy. I was cordial—but careful.

"I never had been buoyantly, gorgeously happy, as so many young girls are. Success, the thing that I had thought I wanted, brought with it new problems and hurts. My childhood—you know about that, at the army posts. Happy, most of it, but not a normal childhood of living in a regular neighborhood and going to a regular school and having a regular bunch to play with. Sometimes there were other youngsters, and we would have our regiment and drills, and imitate our soldier-fathers. But at some of the posts there were no other children, and I was often alone.

"That childhood gave me certain qualities of character that have been of much value—independence, quickness of thought, decisiveness of judgment, action that seems best regardless of consequences—the spirit that the army teaches. But it robbed me of a lot of sweet sentimentality that girl-children need. What we call hokum, in pictures, and yet you see it in every ordinary home where the children are reared in a more 'regular' life.

"I came into pictures, an awkward, untrained girl, determined to succeed but more than a little bewildered by the strangeness of it all." Gloria seemed anxious to trace for me the influences which eventually brought into form the Swanson personality that for several years alone held her public, and to analyze what effect each stage of her progress had upon her development. We talked for two hours, of her first years in pictures, and she said far too much to be condensed in one article, so I shall merely summarize her reflections.

"Gradually, I studied and learned and was helped by Mr. De Mille and others, for whom I shall always feel the greatest gratitude. Then came my first marriage, which ended unhappily. And the second which, breaking up just as my success was beginning to pall a little, left me embittered.

"I decided that for strong individualities the usual sentimental theories were unnecessary and incompatible. I did not need marriage, home, the things other women cling to and hide behind. I would be independent, bluff it. I thought that I was not the domestic type.

I encountered a good deal of unjust criticism, some of which was motivated by that peculiar resentment



Photo by Eugene R. Richee

which so many feel toward a personality in the spotlight. I wasn't a girl to be loved; I was a curiosity, to be looked over, admired or made fun of. I don't think many of my very best fans, even, thought of me then in a deeply personal sense, or if that feeling was dormant in them, as it must have been because it was expressed so beautifully during my illness, at that time they must have been unaware of it.

"I had almost unbearable hurts. When my father died, his body was sent to me at Chicago for a military burial. We had been pals, my father and I; in my childhood he had tried to make a good little soldier of me. He taught me to hold myself straight, to think and act like a man.

"You may think that the cold Gloria Swanson of those days couldn't love anything or anybody but her precious career, but I tell you her heart was heavy when the one dearest to it was put into that grave. And they followed me about, newspaper photographers and the public, asking me to pose for snapshots in mourning. Even my grief—her fists doubled and struck the table with emphasis—"was something to be exploited for a curious appraisal.

"In New York, I worked hard, and got myself out of the clothes-horse rut. 'The Humming Bird' is dear to me, in memory, because it was the picture that I call my salvation. It started my career off on a new slant, and they began to say that I might develop into an

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Pretty Ladies

HOW do the pretty ladies keep pretty?

Not merely by applying a dab of rouge here and a touch of powder there.

That helps, but it won't give you the skin you love to touch, nor that peppy feeling, nor will it preserve those curves that make for beauty.

At Santa Monica beach in California there holds forth the "Pretty Ladies" Club, comprising in its membership young ladies who are pretty and who keep pretty through the prescribed athletics of the organization.

The idea became popular with the girls and inspired the formation of the



Pretty Ladies Club. Beach athletics and vigorous exercise are the foundations that keep pretty ladies pretty, according to the girls who assemble on the beach at Santa Monica between the hours of seven and eight three times a week.

Beach baseball, tug o' war, foot racing, high jumping, and beach foot ball comprise the chief forms of sport indulged in by the pretty ladies. No mild sports for these beauties.

So if you are a pretty lady and would keep pretty—follow the example of the Pretty Ladies Club.

Viola Dana, who is supporting her sister, Shirley Mason, at the left, does not belong to the Pretty Ladies Club, nor does Marie Prevost, on the right. But these stars seem to believe in the same methods for keeping their looks. And that is one reason why the stars are glad to live in sunny California, where they can get so much healthful, out-of-door life.

Hollywood High Lights

Keep pace with recent developments in the western circle.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

THE perennial lure to far-away places has again been dominating film making, and though there are more prominent stars in the West than in ages, Hollywood in recent weeks has at times borne somewhat the aspect of a deserted village.

All the big forthcoming productions promise to reflect anew the dependable charm of natural settings, and prove once again that "All the world's a stage" for the movies.

Douglas Fairbank's "The Black Pirate," "The Sea Beast," starring John Barrymore, and Cecil B. De Mille's feature, "The Road to Yesterday," are among the films that will disclose the enchantment of unusual locations. The same is true even more strikingly of Rex Ingram's "Mare Nostrum," produced abroad.

Throngs of people have been absent lately with the James Cruze company, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, and Ernest Torrence, filming the story "The Pony Express," an epic of the early West, and also with "The Vanishing American," in which Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are the principals.

Scenic spots in Arizona, Wyoming, Utah, and even farther afield are to be brought to the screen once again, and such Meccas of the tourist as the Grand Cañon, Yellowstone Park, The Garden of the Gods, and the Yosemite, may possibly be comfortably visited while the film sightseer is also being diverted with entertainment in the theater.

All this suggests a new tendency toward romance and adventure on the screen. The present overwhelming urge for comedy is abating. "Don Q" has been exerting a strong influence on the minds of the producers because of its dashing and adventurous flavor. Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" has, of course, been exuberantly hailed since its arrival in Hollywood, but part of the appeal of this picture, even, is due to the outdoor settings which are new for the comedian.

Altogether, therefore, the fans may as well prepare themselves for another "back-to-nature" movement, and as new scenery is always restful to the eyes of the film-goer we rather hope that the quality of the stories that are made with these backgrounds will prove more intriguing than usual.

"The Gold Rush."

The premiere of "The Gold Rush" easily took rank as the most brilliant ever held in Hollywood. It was an early-summer affair, and as comparatively few companies had gone away at that time, everybody who could beg, vamp, or otherwise procure a ticket, was on hand for the opening.

Charlie's picture was applauded as a genuine *tour de force* in the comedy vein. Audiences have never laughed so incessantly and for so long at any other first showing. There are nearly twelve reels to the film, and Chaplin appears in approximately every scene.

The reviewers in most instances were less enthusiastic than the audience, and, taken all in all, the popular vote on the worth of the production is quite divided. The verdict is inclined to be rather unanimous that "The Gold Rush" is not as good as "The Kid" or "Shoulder Arms," and also that Chaplin's own work evidences more conscious effort on his part, and less spontaneity, than heretofore.

It cannot be said, though, that this is the consensus of views held by either the directors or the actors. Some of them are literally mad about the Chaplin accomplishments, and are willing once again, it would appear, to learn "at the feet of the master." This inclination to worship the fetish of the Chaplin art is nothing new to those who know the colony, but on the present occasion it seems to us to be rather more overdone than warranted.

Chaplin the Father.

The news of the birth of the Chaplin heir was published just a few days after the opening of Charlie's picture, and if there are any who happen not to be aware of the details, we may mention that the child is a boy, and has been named Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr.

The newspapers had been keeping very close tab on the event for some weeks prior to the announcement, and the absence of Lita Gray from the premiere, of course, was significantly noted.

Chaplin, as a father, is perhaps not materially different from the Chaplin he has always been. It seems doubtful whether the new arrival will alter those peculiarities of his temperament which have been given such wide publicity. His main interest is again concentrating itself on his work, and he is planning out a new comedy based on the hectic adventures of a man just having been voted a member of a suicide club. The idea of such an organization offers much to the imagination, and development under Charlie's guidance, we have little doubt that it would lose much of its gruesomeness. Of course—judging by

Chaplin's characteristic changes of mind in the past—by the time he actually gets ready to shoot another comedy, it will just as likely be based on the doings of the evolution case at Dayton, Tennessee.

Frances Howard as Hostess.

Samuel Goldwyn, the picture producer, entertained in Chaplin's honor following "The Gold Rush" premiere,



Photo by Ruth Harriett Louise

Lillian Gish, as she will appear in the screen version of "La Bohème."

and Frances Howard, his new bride, made her debut as a very charming Hollywood hostess. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Marion Davies, and others were among the guests, which included a very select group of the most prominent in filmdom.

Producers have been casting hopeful eyes at Miss Howard as a leading woman, especially since her work in "The Shock Punch" with Richard Dix was well received on the Coast. She is regarded as very gracious and lovely by all who know her, and is considered a very attractive screen type, but so far she has not seemed very anxious to continue her professional career.

Mr. Goldwyn is now aligned with the United Artists' organization, and his production of "Stella Dallas" is to be released by them instead of by First National, as originally anticipated.

A New Foreign Beauty.

Without doubt, much may be prophesied for the forthcoming appearance of Vilma Banky, whom Mr. Goldwyn discovered while he was abroad. She is a Hungarian actress, of whom we have previously made mention, and her first screen work available for American inspection will be in "The Dark Angel," opposite Ronald Colman.

We were greatly attracted to her when we met her on the set shortly after this production had commenced. Her beauty is of the transparent and spiritual sort that should bring a new note of refinement. She is very gracious and composed, despite that she suffers the handicap of knowing comparatively little English, and consequently might naturally feel ill at ease in the presence of strangers. Moreover, she has a talent and a personality that can easily be distinguished as very flowerlike and sensitive. The star she most suggests, although she is not of the same type of personality, is Lillian Gish.

Peggy Versus Mickey.

Everybody appears to be amazingly enthusiastic over the personality that Peggy Hopkins Joyce is reflecting in her first picture, "Skyrocket." Peggy offered many surprises while she was in Hollywood, but none more unexpected than that she films well. Those who have seen the rushes compare her with Ethel Clayton.

One of the restrictions imposed on her during her sojourn in the West was that no effort should be made sensationally to exploit her. As a consequence she lived like a recluse and doubtless found the experience of movie stardom rather boring. Some Hollywood stars were reported to have snubbed her upon a previous visit but they didn't have a chance this time because she so seldom went anywhere.

Marshall Neilan, her director, however, didn't allow the excitement incident to the making of the "Skyrocket" picture to languish entirely. When all else fails, Mickey can be depended upon to spring a sensation, and this time he did it by arguing too ferociously with a pair of constables, following a collision with a telegraph pole, while motoring. As a result of which, he spent "one

glorious night" in the Culver City hoosgow. At least Mickey will probably refer to it as "one glorious night" when he some day decides to write his memoirs.

Mae's New Enthusiasm.

At a garden party given at the residence of Ernst Lubitsch, we caught a glimpse of Mae Murray, and found her radiating enthusiasm over the prospect of going to Europe to play in a picture with the Ufa Company. What with difficulties during the making of "The Merry Widow," and the break-up of her marriage with Robert Z. Leonard, Miss Murray has been having her share of tribulations, and she is looking forward quite thrilled to the inspiration of a new environment.

It appears that her ability as an actress is more highly rated abroad than it is in this country, where the public still clings to her achievements as a dancer, and rather consistently refuses to regard seriously her aspirations to perform in the more serious dramatic rôles.

She has tried several times to break away from the jazzy sort of pictures with which she has been identified,

but her first big chance to do this will come with this foreign engagement. Thereafter, she says, it is a matter of doubt with her whether she will continue in pictures, or go back to the stage. Her salary while she is abroad will far exceed that of any other American film player who has played in a foreign picture, and incidentally she has received very high compliments for her acting in a letter from Emil Jannings, who starred in "The Last Laugh."

Mae will make "The Masked Bride" for Metro-Goldwyn before her departure.

Famous "Follies" dancers who come to the pictures hereafter had better watch their steps, because the newest evolution in the instance of Ann Pennington is more than startling. The Fox film company is producing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and she has been cast as *Little Eva*!



Here is Theda Bara as she will be seen in "The Unchastened Woman."

Optimistic Pola.

Pola Negri's encounter with the customs officials aroused a great deal of comment in Hollywood, but she has apparently come through the experience with colors flying quite brightly. She paid up like a good sport, at least, when the government demanded \$57,000 from her in the event that she desired the jewelry, belonging to her, which, it was alleged, had been smuggled into this country.

Pola is more content than we have ever seen her and she doesn't care now when she returns to Europe. Her mother is on her way from Poland to join her at her home in Beverly Hills, which is causing Pola to be particularly joyous these days.

As for romance—oh, well, Pola is completely absorbed in her career again, because she feels very hopeful that she is entering on a new phase with her production, "Flower of the Night," based on the Joseph Hergesheimer story, which Paul Bern is directing.

She has just completed furnishing her lovely home in Beverly, just one door from the Lubitschs', and it is one

of the richest and loveliest in the colony. She purchased the place from Priscilla Dean last year. One of its most attractive outdoor features is an extra-spacious swimming pool. Here Pola may be seen every morning and at sunset doing her latest fancy diving, Australian strokes, and other aquatic graces which fast are making her one of the best swimmers in Hollywood.

Rudy will Comedy.

Even Valentino has succumbed to the goddess Thalia. Which means, of course, that he plans to venture into comedy. His new picture, temporarily named "The Black Eagle," has been so devised, according to all advance reports, that it will give him an opportunity to be unexpectedly humorous.

Rudy's troubles seem never to abate, and he had the utmost difficulty getting just the right story for his new picture. Three different scenario writers worked on the script, and the final draft was made by Hans Kraely, who has long done the Lubitsch scenarios. Something quite spicy for Rudy may therefore be anticipated.

Harold's Problem.

Harold Lloyd, long immune to such folly, is now considering making an adaptation of a book or a stage play as one of his forthcoming features. Comedies of the Lloyd type are about the only sort of films that have not been dependent thus far on such outside inspiration. The success of "Charley's Aunt" has a good deal to do probably with altering the general viewpoint. In Lloyd's case it is also due to the very perplexing problem incident to procuring comedy ideas. Several of Harold's pictures have been repetitions of others that have gone before, and he doesn't want to run into any similar snags in the future.

We still hope, though, that he may win out in keeping up his splendid tradition of making movies that are really movies.

Mildred Davis has meanwhile been very busy making tests for "Alice in Wonderland," and it is almost certain now that she will be seen in this potentially marvelous fantastic production. We have long wanted to see such a story done in pictures. If effectively produced, it should cause the magical side of screen technique to advance far beyond its present confines. What is more, there is a lot of good comedy in the Lewis Carroll classic.

The Newest Plutocrats.

"Pity the poor gag man!" as a stock slogan around the studios has been rendered null, void, and obsolete by the developments in pictures this season. The reason is that the chap who has a set of comedy tricks up his sleeve is enjoying his heyday of glory, and is on the way to becoming the newest plutocrat of Hollywood.

A gag man used to be paid about \$100 to \$125 a week for thinking up new ways to toss custard pies about in short-reel comedies. His services were considered on a par with those of any other small-time technical assistant. He enjoyed absolutely no recognition at all in any of the bigger studios.

With the recent advance of comedies into the feature

class, his prestige gained appreciably. Harold Lloyd and a few other of the major comedians gave him an increasing prominence both in the matter of financial remuneration and screen credit as well.

Now the very largest studios consider his services an asset if not an actual necessity. The reason is the demand for laughs in all types of productions during the current season.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer keeps one man consistently employed in this capacity. He works with the scenarists, and also frequently goes out on the sets with the directors. When a situation seems to lag for want of humor, he has to get busy and provide the necessary "bit of business" to liven up the action. Hardly any script is considered perfect until it has had his inspection for its comedy values.

Famous Players also has two gag men working on the Raymond Griffith features. They do not actually refer to them by this term, but their official business is to help in building up every scene for its full share of amusingness. Colleen Moore, too, has a regular gag man, who has worked with her on features like "Sally" and "We Moderns."

Most interesting of all perhaps, is to record that their salaries have advanced in some instances two, three, and even four hundred per cent. The cause of this, outside of their increased importance, is that there are only a comparatively few who have really evolved the "gag" game into a fine art, or what corresponds to that in the movies.

Who But Barrymore?

We cannot imagine anything more exciting than the news that John Barrymore is to appear in a

screen version of the Lord Byron poem, "Don Juan." This will mean romance with a capital R for John, and as the *don* was a very versatile chap in his flirtations, and demanded a great deal of feminine variety, the film will have a regular ensemble of heroines. Which should make more hearts beat happily than usual even in Hollywood.

Maybe, little Priscilla Bonner will have her chance to be one of the "Don Juan" ladies. It is to be hoped she will, because she had the misfortune to miss out on the feminine lead in "The Sea Beasts," Barrymore's first picture. The reason assigned by the studio was that the story had been changed, and that a different type was needed. Dolores Costello, the daughter of Maurice Costello, who recently signed with the company, was given the rôle, instead.

Miss Bonner was deeply hurt, and even brought suit against the organization, demanding of them an explanation that would remove any prejudice against her talent. Mr. Barrymore very greatly regretted the effect of the change on her, because he not only sent her a very sympathetic letter, but also his personal check for \$1,000. It seems that he felt personally responsible because he had originally asked for her assignment to the part, having seen her excellent work in "Drusilla with a Million," and one or two other recent productions, in which she appeared to advantage.



Doug and John Barrymore get together for a visit in Hollywood.

The Talk of Several Towns

Accustomed as they are to the royal sums paid to motion-picture stars, the profession and the public gasped at the figures of the Paramount-Gilda Gray contract. But she's worth the money; here is why.

By Helen Klumph

ABOUT two years ago Allan Dwan wanted a spectacular cabaret scene for one part of "Lawful Larceny," so he persuaded Gilda Gray, then the reigning favorite of the Ziegfeld "Follies" and a night club, to come and do her South Sea Island dance before the camera.

It was a brief bit and people were surprised at her willingness to do it, for the money meant little to her and the time it took meant a great deal. But Gilda Gray was curious to see how she filmed. If she was any good, she intended to give up all her other interests, and devote all her time to making pictures.

Usually conservative critics saw her one close-up and declared that she filmed like an angel. That settled that. She was going to be a picture star.

But motion-picture producers were not standing around waiting for her with bulging money bags and a glad hand. They argued that while she might go over big on Broadway, the rest of the country didn't know her. So Gilda set out, as soon as existing contracts would let her, to prove that she did have a public throughout the country. She went on a dancing tour, and just to show that she had faith in herself even if others didn't, she took a percentage of the house receipts wherever she played instead of a guaranteed salary.

By about the fourth week of that tour, she had earned the title "The Golden Girl." Not because of her sunny hair and disposition, but because of the fortunes she brought into box-offices wherever she played.

The story of that tour is one of the most sensational ones in all theater history. In twenty weeks she played eighteen theaters, breaking attendance records wherever she appeared. Over one million two hundred thousand people paid to see her, and her share of the earnings was one hundred and eight thousand nine hundred dollars.

By the time the tour was about half over, motion-picture producers were ready to talk real money to her. Paramount finally signed her at a reported salary of six thousand dollars a week, and a share of the profits on each picture. There are only a few of the most popular motion-picture stars who get as much.

She who laughs last, laughs best, as no one needs to point out to those men who laughed at the idea of Gilda Gray becoming one of the highest-salaried picture stars.

Naturally the Paramount company wanted to get for her first picture the most dramatic and fascinating story they could find in all literature. Search as they would they couldn't find one to their liking. They had to turn away from books and dig into the materials of life itself—proving again that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The story they chose was Gilda's own.

Glancing back over the two years or so that I have known Gilda Gray, and realizing that the most significant events in the drama of her life were enacted before then, it seems to me that they will have to make a series—not one picture—if they are to portray the fullness of her life at all.

There are so many Gilda Grays.

There is little Gilda Gray, aged seven, a Polish immigrant with a shawl over her head, arriving in New York harbor and weaving with childish fancies all the marvelous stories she had heard of the promised land. She never has been able to describe the feeling that swept

over her then, but years later when she heard Dvorák's "New World Symphony," she said, "There—that's it! That's how you feel when you come to America."

Her father went to work for the Cudahy Packing Company in Milwaukee, so Gilda traveled what seemed halfway across the world again and started in a school where they spoke a foreign language, and where children romped about carefree with none of the reserve and dignity she had been taught in the old country.

She was hardly more than a child when she married. And then came heartbreaking disappointments; poverty, sickness, entire lack of understanding. Her husband went away, leaving her with her baby son and no means of support.

She had a husky, vibrant voice with a peculiar note of sadness in it that was just made for singing the "Blues," which was just becoming popular. She practiced it and got a job at twelve dollars a week singing in a Polish café. Hardly had she started singing there when the old mantle of sadness that had hung over her like a pall ever since her unfortunate marriage began to lift.

She became ambitious the first time she saw a dancer of primitive Indian dances. She imitated his undulating, swaying motion and that night when she sang she delightedly danced a little. The proprietor ordered her to stop.

She didn't impose her dancing on his patrons after that, but every night when she reached home weary and aching from singing almost continuously for hours, she practiced dancing before her mirror. Then came an offer to sing in a Chicago café at the magnificent salary of thirty dollars a week. It was down in the lowest section of the city where audiences are made up of characters from the underworld and from slummers in search of a thrill. When they saw Gilda dance, they got it.

The dance, which seemed to be introduced simultaneously in all parts of the country, was known as the "shimmy." Gilda got the idea for her version from the notion of a rhythmic, ever-moving, bodily marcel wave. Soon she became so famous that anything that shook, from a Ford car to a dish of gelatine, was nicknamed "Gilda." But even then there were hard times ahead.

Urged to go to New York to try her fortunes she went and enjoyed one successful season in a cabaret. But summer came and there was no work to be had and Gilda often went hungry. She got a job in a show and that closed. She went through all the agony of being alone and poor and weary in New York, the most trying city in the world.

Eventually success came and she caught the attention of Gil Boag, one of the most successful restaurant and cabaret exploiters on Broadway. He became her manager. Together they forged ahead until she was not merely a success; she was the talk of the town. He bent every effort toward advancing not only her career but all her private interests. He helped her delve into the sources of weird, primitive music which gave her the inspiration for her dances. He surrounded her with interesting friends. Then one day he even helped her to divorce the husband who had deserted her years before

Continued on page 104



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Ever since Gilda Gray's first screen tests a couple of years ago producers have been trying to get her to star in pictures. How she finally succumbed is told in the story on the opposite page.



Photos by Maurice Goldberg

Gilda Gray is an extraordinary girl. A young immigrant, she started dancing and gradually rose to the position where she is considered a great artist in her particular line. For years she was an outstanding star of the Ziegfeld "Follies," and danced at her own night club in New York. Lately, she has been touring the motion-picture houses of the country with her dance act, and has drawn tremendous audiences everywhere. And now she steps into pictures with an already established following of huge proportions and a screen personality of unusual magnetism.





Photos by Russell Ball



If Richard Dix had any fear that he was going to be pigeon-holed forever in breezy, modern stories, he probably was greatly relieved when presented with the leading rôle in "The Vanishing American." In this picture he is surprisingly metamorphosed into an American Indian. While attending Carlisle University the Indian falls in love with a white girl, but gives her up because of racial barriers. Later, after returning to his reservation, he is killed in battle. It is said to be the most interesting part Dix has had in some time.



by Henry Waxman

Earl Schenck has been lending a distinctive presence to Fox productions.

Giving Handsome Support



Photo by Strawn-Peyton

Niles Welch is a leading man who is kept very busy in State rights films.



Photo by Richbee

Earle Foxe, at the left, who plays the title rôle in the Van Bibber stories for Fox, is acquiring a large following through them while Neil Hamilton, above, is a Paramount leading man who is becoming more popular with every film.

Still Tempting



Photo by S'Ors, Vienna



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louis

Other players may turn from vamping to less wicked screen lives, but Carmel Myers is going on in the same disastrous way. Her next production will be "The Temptress," from Ibañez's story of that alluring but heartless siren.



In Old New York



You will hardly recognize Marion Davies in her dark curls and new make-up for "Lights of Old New York," her latest production. Conrad Nagel plays opposite her.



The Coming of Rod



"The Coming of Amos," the title of Rod La Rocque's first production for Cecil De Mille, might be transposed into "The Coming of Rod," for this picture marks the coming into stardom of this actor, who has been rapidly gaining in popularity since De Mille gave him his first big chance. The story, which is based on the William J. Locke novel, has the usual De Mille lavishness. Jetta Goudal plays the exotic princess with whom Amos falls in love.





Photo by Russell Ball

Remote as the chance has always seemed, the fans who have longed to see Thomas Meighan play with Norma Talmadge again will be able to realize their dream before long, when Norma and Tommy make "My Woman."



When selecting types for "The Thief of Bagdad" Douglas Fairbanks and Raoul Walsh put them in costume and reviewed them repeatedly before giving employment.

The Lists Are Full!

Every possible type of human being that the movies might demand is on instant call in Hollywood. This article tells you how this army of types is kept at work—part of the time.

By A. L. Wooldridge

HOLLYWOOD teems with fat men who believe they should be in pictures because they are fat. It has flocks of thin men who believe they should be in pictures because they are thin. It has one-legged men, cross-eyed men, bald-headed men, glass eaters, sword swallows, professional dynamiters and mule drivers. Ten thousand names are on the "live list" at the Screen Service bureau where the declaration is made that any type of character from a Clemenceau to a cannibal or from a Lloyd George to an Eskimo can be obtained on an hour's notice.

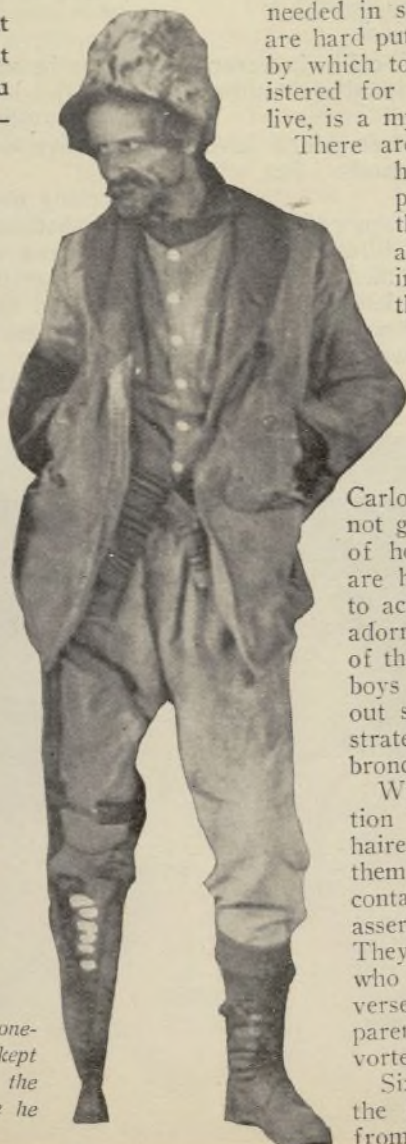
"What we haven't got on our books, simply *ain't!*" is the way the manager expresses it.

So great has been the influx to cinemaland that the Screen Service bureau recently announced that it was accepting no additional registrations.

"We can't find work for any more," the manager protested. "We absolutely have all the extras we can use. We don't have steady employment for those here now."

But without this enormous throng of extra men and women, pro-

Tom Wallace, a one-legged man, is kept quite busy at the studios because he can act.



ducers would be hard put sometimes for types needed in scenes. On the other hand, the types are hard put oftentimes to devise ways and means by which to eat. How many of the extras registered for work in motion pictures manage to live, is a mystery.

There are, for instance, three hundred bald-headed men on the bureau's lists whose principal reason for seeking work in the studios is that they are bald. There are one hundred one-legged men waiting for employment principally because they are minus one limb. There are a dozen men who are as cross-eyed as Ben Turpin and as many women similarly marked. There are fifty professional gamblers or ex-gamblers capable of dealing roulette, faro, or any game known to Monte

Carlo and one hundred and fifty others, not gamblers but with sufficient knowledge of how to deal, who are on call. There are hundreds of men with whiskers ready to act because they possess a hirsute facial adornment and scores seeking rôles because of their long, flowing hair. There are cowboys who claim ability to ride steers without saddles and cowgirls ready to demonstrate their accomplishments on bucking brones.

Within the past year another classification has been added to the lists—"Long-haired Women." Bobbed heads outnumber them by ten to one. The bureau's rolls contain the names of scores of women who assert they are types of the underworld. They list hundreds of gray-haired matrons who want to play mother parts and conversely, an equal number of children whose parents want to throw them into the great vortex which yawns in cinemaland.

Six telephone operators are on duty at the Screen Service offices taking orders from the studios and summoning persons



Six one-legged veterans of the World War appeared with Betty Compton in "Old Lives for New."

for work. The greatest number of calls, however, come from persons who have registered and are waiting for employment.

"Nothing to-day!" are the brief words which have sickened the hearts of countless thousands. But still they call!

Just why there should be such a clamor for extra work in the picture studios is beyond my power to explain except in the cases of young men and young women courting careers. The remuneration is too miserably small to warrant it. Were there work each day, it would be ample, but the waits between calls sometimes are long and depressing. The scale of wages runs something like this:

For mob scenes where persons of any age, stature, weight or nationality are taken, three dollars a day.

For hand-picked mobs—men or women of a uniform stature, age and color, five dollars a day.

For character people, persons who are "camera wise and picture broke," who have nice clothes, including Prince Albert or cutaway coats, afternoon or evening gowns, seven dollars and fifty cents a day.

Swimming and diving girls and men, pony riders, professional butlers and the like, get from ten dollars a day up, according to the importance of their work and the effort required. Following these come the stunt men and small-part players whose remuneration is privately agreed upon. Above these are the featured players.

There are little extra girls

in Hollywood whose wardrobes would equal that of a president's daughter, seeking employment at seven dollars and fifty cents a day. And there are other extra girls reduced to that point where they must borrow when called to appear in a scene depicting an afternoon tea.

I sat in the operating room at the Screen Bureau some days ago where the ringing of telephones was endless. Calls were coming from the studios for help and actors and actresses were being summoned.

"The — studio to-morrow morning, six thirty o'clock; U. S. cavalryman, uniform furnished; seven dollars and fifty cents a day. Must-ride a horse. Will you be there?"

"The — studio to-morrow at eight. Society part; must have a frock coat of not much value because you've got a fight and it may be torn. Wages ten dollars.

Will you be sure to be there on time?"

"Yes, this is Screen Service; go ahead! 'Twenty-five men, twenty-five women, mob scene; medium age and height; five dollars a day.' All right, we'll get 'em. Thanks!"

"Nothing to-day."

"No, nothing in sight right now. We'll call you when we can use you."

"I'll take the order. 'Two hundred negro men, women, and children for South Sea island scene—one hundred men, seventy women and thirty children.' Thanks!"

When this last order was phoned in, the operator called up a woman in the negro section of the city and repeated it so that she could get them together.

"Report to me to-morrow afternoon how many you have, together with their names!" she was instructed.

"Nothing to-day!"

And so the medley continued throughout all the day and evening. Screen aspirants were handled as though by numbers. A heterogeneous aggregation from all parts of the world. The agency has a representative in the Mexican district who rounds up a hundred Mexican types in a day, when directed. It has another in the Russian district, a third among the Orientals, and so on. Its machine works systematically.

A call came in some time ago for six one-legged young



This "infant" actor is Harry Earles, a thirty-year-old midget.

men, on crutches. The American Legion supplied them—lads who had been maimed in the World War. They appeared with Betty Compson in "New Lives for Old." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted a sword swallower, a tattooed woman, a living skeleton, a leopard woman, a fat girl, and a midget for a scene in "The Unholy Three," one of Ted Browning's productions. It found most of them in a side show on Main Street in Los Angeles. B. P. Schulberg needed two hundred negroes for "White Man," a Preferred picture. They were rounded up in the Central Avenue district of the city. The William Fox company wanted two dozen Chinese who knew how to lay railroad tracks for appearance in "The Iron Horse." They were located near Sacramento. A few of them, a half century ago, had helped lay the rails of the Western Pacific line.

In the same picture, a large body of Indians was required to portray the attack of red men on the crews building the first transcontinental railroad. Colonel Tim McCoy, former adjutant general of Wyoming, got them from among the Arapahoes and Shoshone tribes on the Wind River reservation—two trainloads of them.

When Douglas Fairbanks was choosing the cast for "The Thief of Bagdad," he and director Raoul Walsh personally selected the types, put them in costume and make-up at the studio and repeatedly reviewed them before finally giving employment. Scores were looked over and rejected. From out of the extra ranks came fat men, thin men, long men, short men, white men, black men, Malays, Hindus, and natives from the Orient. A strange assemblage for a strange picture.

Every type, practically every nationality on the globe, is represented in the extra ranks in Hollywood. Freaks are in profusion. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio recently, a pretty little blue-eyed child sat in a baby carriage staring at the procedure on one of the sets. A cap tied with ribbons and bows was upon its head and a clean infant's dress clothed its body. No one appeared to be paying much attention to it. Presently, the little fellow crawled out of the go-cart, waddled over to a side of the set, reached into a coat pocket and drew forth a villainous looking black cigar.

"Gimme a match, will you?" he said to a bystander. "I want to light this rope!"

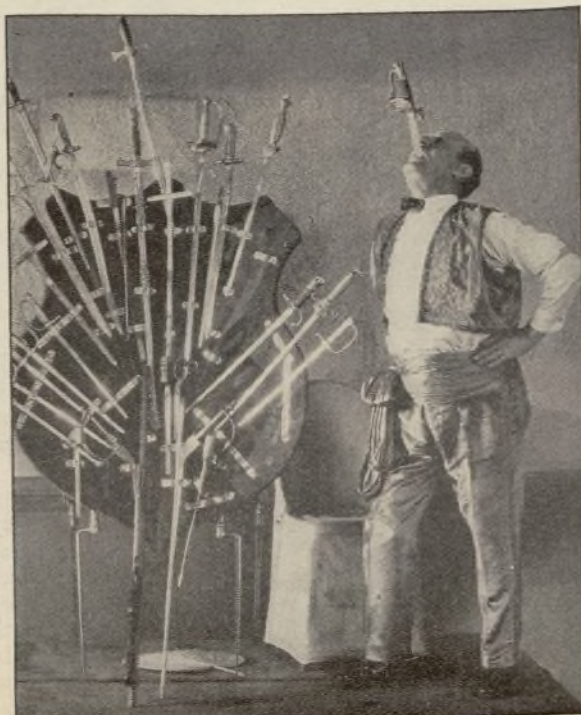
Delmo Fritz, a sword swallower, was used in "The Unholy Three."



This group of extras is kept quite busy, as they have established a reputation for being well groomed and well dressed.

The "child" was Harry Earles, a midget about thirty years old, playing the rôle of an infant. The "baby" got back into the go-cart and puffed away on his cigar with apparent satisfaction.

Tom Wallace, a one-legged man, is kept quite busy at the studios in comedy rôles, not merely because he has only one leg, but because he can act. He has an assortment of legs for use as occasion demands. The first time I saw him he was on the Hal Roach lot standing by the side of a tent. Some one mistook his peg leg for a stake and tied a tent rope to it. His ensuing embarrassment figured as part of the play. The next time I saw him, he used a peg leg to carry him through scenes in Charlie Chaplin's current production, "The Gold Rush." When he got ready to go home, he strapped on an artificial limb which had a shoe at the end.



The most prolific among extras are the persons who want parts in ballroom and garden tea scenes. Hundreds upon hundreds are registered for this work and a few—a very few—find sufficient employment to earn a livelihood. There probably are forty or fifty young men and young women in Hollywood's movie colony who are busy a considerable part of their time giving "atmosphere" to such scenes. They have established reputations for being well groomed and well gowned, have good carriage, dance well, know what should be done and what should not be done in refined society and are popularly cast because the directors know them. However, as

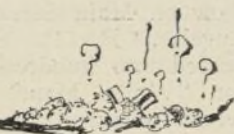
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Their Dual Personalities

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger



Decorations by
Lui Trugo



PEOPLE would be disappointed if we weren't a little different," Betty Blythe once confided to me, "so I always attempt the exotic."

The majority of stellar bodies possess these dual personalities, one for everyday wear and one for such occasions as personal appearances, battleship christenings, egg rolling on the White House lawn, and interviews.

To be sure, there are exceptions. Such ingenuous girls as Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, and Lila Lee present the same pleasant impression at all times, and such fellows as Richard Barthelmess, Richard Dix, Harold Lloyd, and Harrison Ford are unvaryingly the same whether shaving, acting, making merry, or dining at home. Zasu Pitts and Ernest Torrence have nothing duplex about their respective personalities either. But the majority, be it said, have!

The "show" personality is worn as a mask, a protection, a set piece to appease public curiosity.



Mae Busch, to begin near the top of the alphabet, would have you think her a thoroughgoing sophisticate, with no tremendous interest left in anything. Life? Pah! Love? Pooh! All a deceptive iridescent bubble. Any topic you bring to light will

serve only to precipitate a shrug of her shapely shoulders. Then, as the veil slips from her pose, as any veil does in the course of a New York afternoon, you discover that Mae is at heart a sentimentalist, expressing herself in vivid but not particularly distinguished poetry.

Of Theda Bara's two personalities I have only discovered one, the affected. She must have a natural side, as well. No woman would seriously fix you with hypnotic eyes and tell you how lucky it is to be born in November.

Carmel Myers gave herself away completely in these very pages when she confessed debating whether to be the ingenue or the woman of the world at a certain interview soirée. She elected the former, so of pose there was none. Pictorially a destructively handsome creature, Carmel is actually a charming young lady of comparative safety. But, as she admitted, the illusion of wickedness results in a colorful report from the press.

Adopting opposite tactics, la belle Swanson receives in tweeds and tailored simplicity, proving, or attempting to prove, how different she is away from the screen. Gloria

also essays a detached and well-bred politeness that is generally credited to the tutorial ability of the Glyn. At leisure, relaxed, Gloria is a romping, naïve girl, seeking laughter and gayety. In public there are always appearances to be kept up, which serves to subdue exuberant spirits to no little extent.

Two of the most exciting sirens of the screen adopt the same manner. "Be yourself!" is the motto of both Barbara La Marr and Betty Blythe. Instead of attempting to impress you they set out to captivate with their frankness, their wit, their indubitable charm. And they resemble the Northwest Mounted Police in effectiveness. "I never talk about my art," the La Marr tells you. "Some people would think I referred to a former husband."

"I like to give an exotic impression," says Betty, "but I find it difficult to talk the rôle."

It is interesting to note that in these women, where affectation might almost be expected, there is none. They are wholly natural, delightfully frank, and trust you at all times to report only such portions of the conversation as will be discreet. Their belief is that frankness is the best "pose;" openness the best "mask." They depend upon the vitality of their personalities to impress, and the answer from this historian is it does!

Among the leading men of the screen a similar frankness obtains, but in the case of a few, the manner is icy until the gentlemen are assured of your sanity. Lewis Stone was plagued by inquisitive ladies asking about his love complex until he swore never to see another interviewer. House Peters has been put upon by so many writers that he assumes all are demons in disguise. Raymond Griffith eyes the reporter askance because of his suspicion of being ladled what he would call apple sauce.

But all of these excellent actors are willing enough to turn from an aloof coolness as soon as they discover your intentions, or lack of them. As soon as they realize you are interested in their acting rather than their last marriage, and in their views on technique rather than their views on bigamy, they show themselves for the keen, intelligent men of the world that they are.

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The Troubles of an Actress

Mae Busch tells them
to Dorothy Manners.

MAE BUSCH was telling me some of the troubles of an actress.

Outside it was one of those gray days from an English novel. Though it had not yet rained everything was damp with the drizzle of the heavy fog. Dusk came. Leaves dripped. Feet squashed. Clouds lowered. Los Angeles hoisted an umbrella and grumbled out of the neck of an overcoat.

Mae said: "I watch them come and go—these girls—like comets. They skyrocket for a while—then blooey! But I go plodding on and on and on. Everybody says, 'Oh Mae—she hasn't struck her stride yet—but if she ever does——' Well I haven't. Just plodding on. Me and the babbling brook—forever."

The bearded lady on the platform overhead stroked her whiskers thoughtfully. The gentleman midget, whose sister midget is a lady vamp, walked past us and found a seat near a stove, fretfully rubbing his hands together.

Mae said: "Any way you look at it, this is a heartbreaking game. If it's not one thing, it's another. If you don't get work you're worrying yourself to a thread about it. If you get work you get criticism. Not that anybody ever pays any attention to criticism—critics are too prejudiced—but just the same it hurts sometimes. Just the other day I read a criticism about myself in 'Frivolous Sal.' This guy said, 'Little Ben Alexander runs away with the picture. Mae Busch won't gather any laurels through this rôle though she has her good spots.' I called that guy up and told him, 'So has a leopard.' Not that I cared. He's entitled to his opinion, but here's the situation: You work like a dog in a part and put your heart in it and then some one comes along and flip-pantly dismisses it, or ignores it altogether. That's what happened to Eugene O'Brien and Tom Santschi and the rest of the actors in that picture. Eugene O'Brien gave a magnificent performance and this reviewer doesn't even see him."

On stage No. 1 of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer emporium "The Unholy Three" unit was winding up the first day's production. The first scenes—that is, the first scenes in the studio—are set against the background of a freak museum. Hence the bearded lady, the sword swallower and the midgets.

"The Unholy Three" is a wonderful box-office title. It is also a crook opera of amazing plot. It would hardly be fair to divulge the ways and means of it



here but in its story events Lon Chaney plays an old woman who runs a bird and seed shop. Mae Busch is "her" niece. It is a wonderfully fat character part for Miss Busch.

Now, of all the girls of the films Mae Busch is the most peculiarly circumstanced because—

She is a comedian-tragedienne-actress with the physical make-up of a vamp type.

They don't know what to do with her. Or rather, they know that they can do anything with her and she will come out with flying colors. In "Name the Man" she was an ingénue. A good one. While I hold no

The Troubles of an Actress

brief for that picture Mae was wonderful in it. Even in that lemon-yellow episode where she weeps on the lamb in the rainstorm.

In her original hit, "Foolish Wives," she was a heartless countess hussy, interpreting the rôle highly successfully with a blond wig and a lot of insolence.

In "The Woman Who Sinned" she ran the gamut. The picture might have been called "From Corned Beef to Caviar" in description of Miss Busch's histrionic range therein.

"Frivolous Sal" is a Western. I have no doubt but that she puts Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix to blush with her outdoor antics.

If you know your moving pictures as you ought to such variety as this can mean but one thing. The girl is an actress. Not a star. (For the benefit of those who don't know—an actress is a player who submerges her own personality in a variety of character. A star is a personality who emphasizes her own individuality in a repetition of character.) In company with that other little troupier of the screen, Bessie Love—it's a case of "Let Mae do it." And Mae, in doing it, gets lots of credit from the company but not so much glory from the world. Nothing so thoroughly illustrates what I mean as a little incident Mae told me that day as we sat below the bearded lady and the sword swallower.

Mae was wearing, in character with the part, a straw hat completely surrounded by daisies. Also a gingham dress. She looked interesting. She looked charming—as charming as a "Follies" girl in one of those buttermilk interludes from an extravaganza. She looked like anything except the sort of girl who would wear daisies on a hat. But when Mae flashes on the screen as one of the unholy three she'll even make you believe the daisies until she wants you to believe differently.

But about that incident Mae told me about that I was going to tell you about.

It was like this: A certain picture was going to be produced wherein was a comedy part coveted by Mae. She thought it was her sort of thing. It was. So with ambition aforethought she went to see the Power in Control and suggested herself for the rôle.

"Why, Mae," said the Power, scratching his head, "why, Mae, we sorta had Miss — in mind for that. You see, it isn't an acting part. The situations play themselves. We don't need an actress for it—no characterization—no big scenes—nothing we always count you in for—no interpretation—"

"Oh," said Mae sweetly, "so you think Miss — is dumb?"

But you see, that's the way it goes. That is one of

Continued on page 106

In Philosophic Mood

Mary Alden, intellectual, tells how she learned to direct her life and career through intelligent thinking.

By Caroline Bell

MARY ALDEN is a mental acrobat.

Though she is a young and personable woman despite the fact that she specializes in middle-aged characters, you do not think of youth in connection with her, nor of physical charms, for she seems ageless. The consciousness of her presence that she leaves with you is mind, all mind.

She may have looked pretty or tired, she may have worn a chic frock or an old sport thing, for all you remember of her appearance; the little feminine tricks and coqueries she brushes aside, scorning them as cheap and common, and brings forth from her mental storage an iridescence and latitude of thought that makes an afternoon seem but an hour.

Athirst for knowledge, she has waded—in that restless, vigorous way in which she threshes into things—into philosophy, many religions, art, science, music. It is unbelievable that one mind so young in years could have such a clear and definite vision.

"Intelligence. . . . There you have the world and all that is real and enduring in it," is her main deduction, in itself directly complete. It is the guiding influence of her life. "Spiritual intelligence, of course, for there can be no other. It is the motivating force back of everything."

Then she delves into history, into astronomical conclusions and geographical discoveries, to prove to you that every manifestation of impulse or instinct or life force that is a fundamental influence upon the human being is a reflection of one sole purpose: intelligence. In her search for the realities of being, in her ruthless need of self-understanding, she has come to the conclusion that the only really essential quality to happiness is a realization of oneness with the infinite intelligence which has made our forces of existence and which gives to us our good—all that endures.

"Our little world is to the solar system just what this grain of salt is to this egg—scarcely a pin point," she says. "The thing that amazed me at first was how this big system of orbits could continue its individual revolutions and movements without clashing and destroying each other; and I saw that back of it all must be a complete and inviolable order."

"That was the first definite realization that I reached for myself, when I began to do my own thinking, as a very young girl—for my father traveled a great deal and I was thrown much on my own resources. From that kernel grew the measuring stick of judgment which has never failed me; what motivating force made a certain thing happen?"



Mary Alden in "Siege," her latest screen characterization.

"I study governments, various civilizations, individuals who have given to world progress, even situations here in motion pictures that graze my own life more intimately. If something failed or succeeded, I try to understand *why*. And I have found in every instance that any success—either of an individual or of a mass movement—expressed spiritual intelligence. The greatest artists and musicians, Shakespeare to a degree—though he was but an adapter or copyist of basic principles that others had evolved—and particularly Lincoln, who has always been more than a human ideal to me—all expressed the genius which is a manifestation of that intelligence.

"I don't care for the writers, supposedly profound thinkers, who deal with the mistakes of mankind. I want those who go still deeper and delineate the motivation of those mistakes. If I could have my choice of people to meet in the corridor of time, first of all I should choose Lincoln, because his simple and direct ideal was the liberation of a race; Lamb, rather than Shakespeare or Milton, because he went back to those basic principles of being, Conrad and, to a lesser degree, Flaubert, because they felt and did big, vital, truly real things."

Again, that vigorous streak in Mary, which needs the tang of the crisp, cool air, the physical expression of energy, constant mental activity.

She is considered unique in Hollywood. She does not fit in permanently anywhere, and yet she is not disliked, in spite of her assertive personality. When the mood is upon her, she goes among people, converses brilliantly, gives charming salons to which come writers and artists and musicians. She plays the piano with considerable skill. But when those melancholy streaks get her, she goes off somewhere alone, and thinks.

One reason that she is not more often seen on the screen is that money means little to her.

"I loathe it!" I have heard her say many times. "And yet everything I touch turns to money. I have never been without a dollar in my life, possibly because of that very indifference. Investments I make—simply because I can't let the stuff lie around and have to put it somewhere—invariably turn out well. But I will not do a character that does not appeal to me as genuine, as having reality and depth and power.

"I work because I have responsibilities." She is educating nine children and has practically assumed the support of several poor families. "I hate influences and people who tend to hedge me in, though, and even those dearest and closest to us do at times, through sheer affection. Walls shutting in around us! Perhaps it is best for me, for in so doing I develop—we cannot give to others until we have something in ourselves to give, and at every new demand we find to our surprise an inexhaustible supply.

"But if it weren't for these dependencies upon me, I think I would be a sort of tramp, going where my mood of the moment should dictate, living among any kind of people with whom I could converse and who could give me the vital stimulation that I need."

Perhaps another reason that her name is not in every



Photo by Steckel

Mary Alden as she is—vigorous, young, and attractive.

other cast lies in her rebellion against petty traditions and limitations.

"For the first time in my career I have felt willing to be obedient to a director—when playing *Aunt Augusta*, a dominant, old in years but spiritually young character, in 'Siege.' For Svend Gade, I would stand on my head, if he gave the order, because he has the one thing that so few directors have: consciousness of mood and its value. He doesn't give a whoop what you do, or how you act a scene, just so you feel and reflect its mood, and that is the basic fundamental of all art—the imagination to see and project a mood. Von Stroheim has it. I doubt if he ever reads Swift, but he is a Gulliver.

"We all permit ourselves to be too much controlled and influenced by the suggestion that lies back of material things. Three years ago I realized that and

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Peacock Alley, traversed daily by the stars, is the narrow walk on the Lasky lot separating the executive offices from the studios.

Peacock Alley—and Fame

How players come and go across the famous walk at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

By William H. McKegg

A CHANCE—give me a chance!" The pleading cry rings over the hills of Hollywood, spreading from east to west.

Peacock Alley on the Lasky lot echoes with it. Chances have been given to beginners. And results, good or bad, have flashed over the narrow confine that lies between the executive offices and the stages.

What happens after the first chance?

One day a young girl ran gayly across Peacock Alley. She was to have a scene in Pola's "Men." Eighteen years old, wise in the ways of pictures, the girl vowed to make good. Here was her one great chance. She was only an extra; never before had she been offered a bit.

Buchowetzki was the director. Under his guidance the girl did excellent work. Spontaneity and humor ran through the entire scene. Now she was one rung ahead of the extra ranks.

But does the first great chance assure a duration of success?

Not long after, this same girl had a bigger chance in "Tiger Love"—but she failed dismally. Her actions were wooden and stilted throughout the entire part.

I met her again the other day. She works for eighteen dollars a week in a Hollywood laundry.

About the same time as this young girl dropped out, Betty Bronson rose to fame in "Peter Pan." What would have happened to her if she had been turned down at the last moment—if Barrie had chosen another? After all, will she remain long as a star of Peacock Alley?

Mary Brian merrily skips across the well-worn walk, for she is to play leads—but for how long?

Oscar, the dusky shoe-shiner in Peacock Alley, has polished the footwear of Lila Lee, Dorothy Dalton, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and of rotund Walter Hiers, when they were stars. All but two find their lights dimmed. Lila Lee is content with secondary rôles and Hiers has returned to his two-reel comedies.

Bebe Daniels not so very long ago flashed "up and down over Peacock Alley as a star, then went back to featured parts. She is starring again. Her first starring vehicles have not been great. Will she win or lose?

Richard Dix is now also a star. His first offerings, like Bebe's, have nothing of very great importance to show.

Rod La Rocque starred in "Code of the Sea," then fell back to supporting parts. Now he is to be starred again. Vera Reynolds was, and still is, regarded with anticipation. Estelle Taylor chose to become Mrs. Jack Dempsey just when she was showing promise.

The futures of Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez point to stardom, while Raymond Griffith has just been made a star. These three have stolen the honors of nearly every picture they have played in. Cortez was suggested as a star for "The Spaniard." Perhaps it is best for him to share the featured honors with Jetta Goudal. However, he is scheduled to play opposite Pola, which, to my thinking, is worth more than stardom to any screen lover.

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They Gave Tom a Dog!

Every one in Europe seemed to have a present for our Western hero and you should see what he brought home!

By A. L. Wooldridge

WHEN Tom Mix toured Europe the fore part of the summer he was enthusiastically received in capitals of the Old World. He was wine and dined, presented with enough keys to cities to outfit a first-class burglar and fed everything from leutist to Grecian garlic. Huge throngs paid tribute to him and to Tony, his wonder horse, and his arrival everywhere created a sensation.

Mrs. Mix and Thomasina, the diminutive daughter, were showered with presents. And, of course, Tom had to be given a share, too.

When the hero of a thousand and one Western thrillers arrived in England and rode Tony down the gangplank headed toward Buckingham Palace, urchins jammed the streets. The advent of William the Conqueror could not have been more magnificent. It was a knock-out. And he had to be given something to show the appreciation of the exhibitors in England.

So, they gave him a dog!

In Edinburgh, the Scotch lassies and men from the heather lined the boulevards to look in admiration upon the assassin of bandits and protector of gold-laden stage coaches. They cheered and shouted in Scotch and pressed forward to touch Tony while Tom waved his twenty-gallon hat. They just *had* to give him a present of some sort. The exhibitors of the William Fox pictures got together in counsel. They knew Tom had a horse and a couple of

Indiana billy-goat.

English collie.



Rusty Scotch terrier.



Black Belgian police dog.

saddles, in good standing.

So, they gave him a dog!

Into Paris with the surging throngs! A ride down the Champs Elyssée, a parade across the Seine, a trip over the route where once strode lines of American doughboys. While no bands were there to play "The Stars and Stripes Forever," or "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More," there were, nevertheless, thousands and thousands of Parisian folk saying things Tom could not understand, but which he knew were laudatory. Which was music enough for any hero. One of Tom's most ardent ad-



English sheep dog.



French shepherd.

But he wanted to be remembered when Tom got back to America and to the great open spaces.

So, he gave him a dog!

Into Berlin with its massive statues, its sturdy masonry, its flotsam and jetsam of war, its paper money and glorious beer! A triumphal march down Unter den Linden, a parade past the palace of the former kaiser, a bow to the Reichstag, then receptions, personal appearances, dinners, and entertainment. The populace went wild. The German exhibitors exulted over the success of the visit. They wished him to know that they loved him. They just *had* to give him a present of some sort. They knew he had a horse and a couple of saddles.

So, they gave him a dog!

Into Brussels, past which swept the Teutonic hordes when the great struggle began a decade ago! Into the land of lace mills, intensive farms, economy and cheese—the home of the world's most democratic king and queen. Down the beautifully shaded driveways pranced Tony, thrilled by the cheers of the crowds which greeted his rider. Belgium had been the first to start paying her war debt. She was bound to America by ties of blood and love which probably never will be severed. No welcome to a general with forty-nine decorations could be more enthusiastic than the welcome accorded Tom and Tony. The picture exhibitors thrilled at the spectacle. Their Tom and their Tony were on Belgian soil! They just *had* to give him a present of some sort. They knew he had a horse and a couple of saddles.

So, they gave him a dog!

"Daddy" Mix was beginning to get too many things for himself to the exclusion of other members of the family. There was little Thomasina, for instance, who was too young to tell of her desires. She had to be carried around and while her pretty little face attracted worlds and worlds of attention, she wasn't much more than the concert after the big show, as compared to her paternal ancestor. A woman in England who noticed the plight of the child, decided she just *had* to give her

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actress. I used to talk about wanting to act, remember? You thought it just a pose?" Her lips twisted, but, to match her candor, I had to nod affirmation. "It wasn't. I really did think I could do something besides show off clothes. But let that go. What you thought of the old Gloria doesn't matter, because she isn't coming back.

"In Paris, Henry came, and changed everything. His love was no selfish desire. He adored me. He was tender and thoughtful and kind. He asked me to marry him, Gloria the woman, not Gloria the actress.

"I thought a long, long time," she continued, slowly. "I looked into my own heart and knew that I really cared. I had been miserable, bluffing that the humdrum hokum was not for me. I admired those women who took an independent stand. I had thought that I could, too. I don't know what was in their hearts, but I know what was in mine; unrest, bitterness.

"But it had to be the last one. Separation is better than an intolerable marriage. But two divorces are enough for an actress, for a woman. I wanted to give this boy children."

The maternal quality of her love, which is the base-root of any woman's genuine affection, is expressed in the way she refers to Henry, though he is certainly no callow youth. "I had my own Gloria, whom I have always tried to shield from any touch of unpleasant publicity, and the adopted-boy, Joe, to think of. Finally I knew that our feeling for each other was the lasting kind."

She feared the influence of her third marriage, and to a foreigner, upon her career.

"The higher up you go, the less can you afford to make a mistake. And I value very highly everything that my success means. I've worked too hard for it to chance throwing it away, unless the thing I got in return for it would be well worth the possible sacrifice.

"But everything has turned out so nicely," she sighed with relief. "I knew that Henry would make friends, he is so genuine. I want to turn out a few more good pictures, to be sure that my place with the public is firm, and then, another baby of my own, and a couple more adopted."

She has ideas as to child rearing that would probably interest mothers, but they are too detailed to be set forth here; she will talk for hours, if you will listen, about how she disci-

plines Baby Gloria and Joe, her efforts to enforce obedience in matters which may affect their characters while giving freedom to their instinctive impulses in likes and dislikes. Her contention is that parents are too prone to live their own lives over again in their children's, and she expects to get her greatest joy out of these their sweetest, childhood years.

"Sonny Jim," the children's pet name for the marquis, is more than fond of them; I believe that his way with the children had much to do with winning her love.

Both her marriage and the brightness that the two babies have brought her have been instrumental in unleashing the spontaneity which was so long bottled up in her and which now is her most noticeable characteristic. At times she used to show a glimmer of impish mischief, when surrounded by her intimate friends; but now she is this way all the time.

It occurred to me to wonder what influence this new element of natural humor in her life may bring to bear upon her work. I remembered, too, that "Manhandled," in the opinion of many, was her best achievement, and its vein was one of lightness.

"We are playing 'The Coast of Folly' in a very light spirit," she replied, partially agreeing with my suggestion that her forte was not the heaviness of the dramatic scenes of "Madame Sans Gene." "The story concerns the adventures of a wealthy young girl whose spontaneous joy gets her into embarrassing predicaments. Life is a toy, people just jolly playfellows. Her keynote is one of banter. Even the big dramatic moments which must be in every movie are handled with that light touch."

At the moment Gloria holds the scepter, is niched upon the pedestal. How long will she stick on that elevated point? Thrones are insecure, dependent upon fractious breezes.

Pessimistic prophecies are impossible, when you remember her qualities of character and her ambition; Gloria is of a stock that gets what it wants and holds onto it. Only a terrible wallop, or a series of forceful blows, could disenthroned her.

Her position, however, is precarious. "Madame Sans Gene" was a disappointment partly because it was overtrumpeted. Also, because too much ballyhooing was done in one breath. Since she broke the bonds of clothes-horse model, there had been no point of particular news interest in her publicity; of a sudden,

she was in the headlines. Her illness in France, following on the heels of her romantic marriage, fanned a new personal interest for her.

Upon her return to America, she was greeted with an ovation that was partly manufactured by insistent publicity—a virtual campaign was set in motion to come to a head with her arrival and the première of "Sans Gene"—and was partly a frenzied wave of emotion such as her fans had never before shown her. The première was a big splurge; but there was a spontaneous key to it, that cheering that amounts to hysteria.

No, a vibrant, contagious emotion of that sort cannot be stirred up altogether by blurbs in the newspapers. Hollywood was glad to welcome home a personality whom she had developed out of struggle and heartache and disappointments. New York saw in her a big news-event, and her fans over the country realized of a sudden that they loved her.

After all such emotional waves there is a reaction. Gloria's is beginning to be made manifest, now that the excitement has died down. The general consensus is that her arrival called forth too much shouting, that her publicity was so engineered that it came to a focus and reached the ultimate point all at once.

Her contract with Paramount expires, I understand, in December. For its renewal big sums have been mentioned, and other concerns dangle offers approaching the twenty-thousand-dollars-weekly mark.

"It depends on the way things break in the next few months," she shrugs. "Money isn't everything. The Lasky lot is home to me. But there are matters to be considered. I go through dark times, when I feel desperate, as if walls were closing in around me, and the things I've wanted escape me. Then the sun shines through, and everything is lovely. I am not worrying now, beyond trying to make the immediate picture a good one."

Gloria's future rests upon her next two or three pictures. She must top all this splurge, must deliver something worthy of it. One or two even mediocre films which would pass as another's offering would put a crimp in her position as reigning favorite.

I admit that, knowing Gloria, I am predisposed to bank upon her. But also am I a little fearful. I have always halfway liked her. I find the new Gloria infinitely more lovable. If she slips ever so little, it is going to hurt me very much.



A Letter from Location

Marie Prevost and Louise Fazenda write of a train wreck that wasn't in the scenario, and of their experiences while making water scenes for "Bobbed Hair."

To Myrtle Gebhart

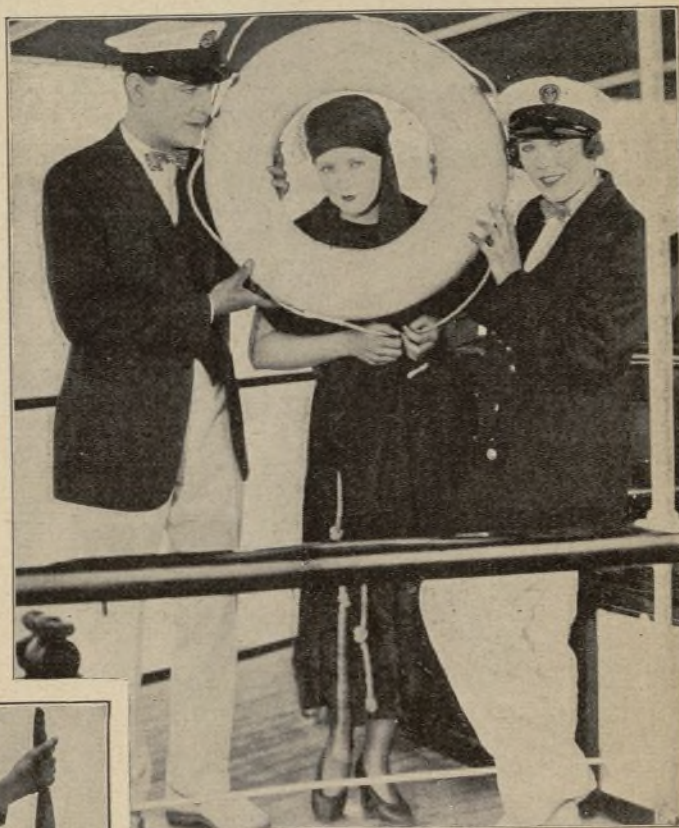
SAN DIEGO, California.

MY DEAR MYRTLE:

Many thanks for your kind telegram concerning our welfare after the train accident. Fortunately Kenneth and I motored down the day previous and were already in San Diego, but we were terribly upset over the news that several of our people were in the wreck.

Some one at the hotel called to notify us of the accident about one a. m., but couldn't give us any details or names of the people hurt. Naturally the first thing that flashed through my mind was that every one was killed or maimed. You know how it is being awakened at night and notified of a thing like that.

Further sleep was out of the question, so we dressed and went down to the lobby to wait for further news. With each hour my imagination was magnifying the disaster. (And a director told me once I had no imagination! If he could have heard the wild fears I was pouring into Kenneth's patient ear he would have made me his "skenario" writer on the spot.) Anyway, about six we learned of the engineer's death and how our prop boy, Bobbie Webb, had found him under the wreckage and pulled him out, but no news of Louise Fazenda and the rest of the company until after seven, when word came over the wire that they had been spared.



At the top of the page is the yacht used for "Bobbed Hair;" in the center appear Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost and Louise Fazenda; and at the left Louise exhibits the shark she caught.

Louise wants to write a few words about the wreck, so I'll hand over the pen.

MYRTLE, DEAR—I was so happy on leaving the depot to see that our magazine was out with the long-looked-for story which I was so anxious to see. In my enthusiasm I bought three copies. Two hours later they were make-shift torches so our boys could see to lift the

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been telling and the act seemed to go all right."

He paused to tell me that he had told all this before. Wary of putting forth any waste effort on his own part, he wanted to save me the trouble of writing anything or even listening under the delusion that his greatness had been unsung before.

"Working in pictures is much harder than anything else I have done," he said with weary regret. "Eight hours at the studio every day. But I could usually find a couch somewhere when I wasn't actually working. I haven't ever seen many pictures—nor many shows either. I think it is a bad idea. Unconsciously, you might imitate performers instead of real people. Out there on the street among people is the place to get ideas.

"Mr. Griffith is a wonderful man to work with. He lets you go through a scene in your own way and then when you come to do it before the camera he sits there encouraging you—just like a responsive audience—and it isn't hard to do your best."

Apparently, Mr. Griffith has long had him in mind, for when Mary Hay was working in "Way Down East"

years ago she asked him how she could learn screen technique and he told her to go back to her own show at the New Amsterdam Roof and watch Bill Fields. "His timing is perfect," he told her. "Just watch his expression. There is nothing forced about him."

If ever a comedian seemed made for the movies that man is W. C. Fields, for he doesn't need his juggling or any elaborate act to make him funny. He is just naturally funny. Himself the most reasonable of men, he provokes the wildest, most unreasonable laughter. He has no funny make-up or any studied peculiarity of gait. He just looks so confoundedly like the man next door or the corner druggist that the minor matters that harass him strike a responsive chord in every one.

Where other comedians play an under dog or a blunderer or a poseur, he represents merely the common people. He looks as though he didn't know he was funny.

In one of his most hilarious scenes in the "Follies" this year, he does nothing but try to go to sleep on a back porch. Icemen, milkmen, neighbors, babies, alarm clocks—all contrive to keep him awake. His irrita-

tion grows, but what can he do about it? The greatest comedy is basically tragedy, the tragedy of frustration, and it doesn't take a great personality to extract humor out of being the victim of one catastrophe after another. Fields needs only the minor irritations of everyday life for his material.

Another of his best acts in the "Follies" is a scene where he plays a druggist in whose store customers come only to buy stamps, to use the telephone and to get bills changed. His growing bewilderment and annoyance evoke laughter that is tinged with pity.

But it is only W. C. Fields, the performer, who is funny. The man himself is a very model of success. He packs them in at the "Follies," he lives at the Astor only three blocks away, and the motion-picture producers are standing in line to bid for his services. Innumerable friends drop in to while away the half-hour waits in his dressing room and bring him news of the busy world.

And over his dressing-room mirror hangs, like a motto card, an advertisement for automobile tires on which he bestows a kindly glance now and then. It reads "Time to Retire."

The Screen in Review

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and the rival office manager. Baxter has a fight with his rival and flings him into the ocean. It fades very cleverly back to the bowl of milk and crackers. Try it some time.

"Private Affairs" is the story of a country village, but not I suspect one that you could locate easily now. You might find one as rustic if you traveled far enough, but radios, moving pictures, and jazz have traveled, too.

The daily train and the mail that arrives on it are the center of vital importance. There is a town drunkard and a malicious gossip. A batch of letters are lost, and are recovered after the death of the postmaster, five years later.

When the letters are opened, they vitally change the lives of all the villagers. There is nothing to get perturbed about. Gladys Hulette is in the cast.

"The Woman Hater" is that one about the business man who tries to break off a growing attachment between a young millionaire and a notorious actress, only to find himself slipping.

The story is old but there are several new quirks to it and it really makes excellent entertainment. Helene Chadwick, Clive Brook, and Johnny Harron make the characteristic triangle better than usual.

One of the poorest pictures I saw was the film version of "The Boomerang." It has been quite a few years since I saw the play by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, but I remember that Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger, and Martha Hedman made me laugh often and well. Bert Lytell, Donald Keith, and Anita Stewart left me wondering what it was all about.

A young doctor, earnestly wanting to practice medicine, finds that honesty doesn't seem to pay, so he starts a sanitarium where he claims to cure diseases of the heart. He reunites married couples who have drifted apart and brings young ones together with the same medicine—jealousy. "The Boomerang," of course, means that his methods come back and hit him.

What was an amusing play has been made into a cheap slapstick farce. There are a great many fat people running about reducing, and Bert Lytell again lays a heavy jocular hand all over things.

Anita Stewart is prettily slender, and Donald Keith isn't bad looking, but there was so much hokum that it confused me.

"Kivalina of the Ice Lands" started out to be another "Nanook of the North" but it didn't end that way. It is interesting and educational, but

it lacks the vitality of "Nanook." Earl Roseman, big-game hunter and explorer, spent two years with the Eskimos in the Far North of this continent getting the material for the picture.

The story has drama and it is told with a heartening simplicity. At the same time, an arctic romance seems to be a pretty chilly affair. The program spoke of the "pretty little arctic romance with untrained Eskimos," which I thought a touching way to put it. After all an untrained Eskimo is pretty raw material.

The scenery is gorgeous and there is a lot of it. There are reindeer round-ups and walrus hunts, and at the end a colored picture of the aurora borealis, the first time it has been photographed. By all means a picture for the children to see.

"Grounds for Divorce," an adaptation of the Ernest Vajda play, has lost most of its flavor on the screen. In spite of a good cast, it is a dull picture. Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are a little lost in it.

"The Awful Truth" has also left its pep on the stage where it was first born. Some of the picture manages to live for a while but after a few gasps, it dies altogether. Agnes Ayres and Warner Baxter are in the cast.

A Fortunate Chap

The charming and well-bred Anthony Jowitt is one of those rare persons to whom all things, even screen success, have come easily and with little effort.

By Myrtle Gebhart

PERMIT me to present fortunate Anthony Jowitt. Inasmuch as he is playing Gloria Swanson's hero in "The Coast of Folly," and holds a Paramount contract, you are likely to see more and more of Tony. There are too few leading men between the juveniles and the time-proven stars like Tommy Meighan. Therefore, Tony is doubly welcome, aside from his charming personality, which will surely win popularity when he overcomes the new actor's self-consciousness.

Of a well-to-do English family, he apparently has been annoyed with few worries. Things just happen, with a delightful suddenness. He acted on the stage in England but never, he blithely admits, in leads, thereby refuting the idea that all English actors who come to the American movies were stellar lights in London. He was a writer—of sorts.

He is extremely engaging and likable, this lean, rangy, tanned English boy who lopes along with one of those seven-league strides and smokes a pipe that should belong to a middle-aged author. While anxious to learn all that he can about picture work—I have seen him stamping about the set, eager to get on, boyish lips trembling with the tensivity of the scene he was about to enact—away from the studio he finds life a jolly lark.

There's swimming and tennis and golf, and hunting up in the mountains when he can break away, and the friends that he makes so quickly, and the books that are old companions, all that he considers necessary to an enjoyable existence.

His début in pictures and his quick promotion he regards as a joke on the part of Fate. It all happened so easily that he harbors no illusions about his own untested merit. He is much more boyishly earnest and uncertain of himself than are the majority of English actors whose poise and self-assurance are noticeable traits.

I met him at a dinner given by Gloria and the marquis at Coronado. During the introductions I had failed to note his name and, finding him seated at my left, talked with him of books and sports and music and quaint

corners of the old, musty London that he loves so well—the rambling conversation that drifts idly and adds such charm, upon occasion, to a large dinner party.

"Can't be an actor," I wondered, liking the strength in his tanned face pleasantly saved from severity by a boyish mouth, and a certain hesitancy. "He hasn't mentioned the theater or pictures or his own career. H'm! might be a writer, the way he speaks about browsing around those old inns where Johnson and Swift used to hold forth."

As proof of the power of his personality to hold the attention of a girl who likes to think herself unsusceptible to male charm and who certainly is far from being intrigued by the average actor, let me remark that I don't know to this day who sat on my right at that dinner!

Next day I found that he was the new leading man.

"It's tremendously interesting and fascinating, what the camera can or cannot do, and how effects are achieved. But my being here—I say, how d'you explain that?" When I pinned him down, later, to talk of himself, he puzzled over the fortune which so quickly brought him to a point toward which other young men devote years of effort. "I've been getting a great kick out of it—one thing after another, and with scarcely any exertion on my part. It's deucedly unfair to the others, ambitions that never get a chance, talents much more worthy than any I shall ever develop. How d'you figure it out?"

You don't figure anything when you are with Tony Jowitt. You talk of people and books and you listen to him tell anecdotes of hunting in Scotland and you discuss likes and dislikes in a lazy, amiable fashion. You admire his easy, unhurried way, the manner whereby, without ostentation, he stands out from the drove of young men all around. You tell him for Heaven's sake to put out that pipe or people will think you're out with your brother, though secretly you rather like the comfortable suggestion of friendliness that the pipe implies.

"I've never done anything, really, and I probably shan't ever," he says. "But I'm having a great life.

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work ceased while they were photographed together.

During the dreary waits between shots, instead of retiring to a hal-lowed corner, Miss Davies entertained us with burlesque dances. She is essentially a comedienne—with that sense of casual, unconscious comedy that is funniest of all. When her work was finished she gave us one more little dance and took her bow with exaggerated gestures.

A few days later we were called back to the studio for street scenes. These were taken at night on a quaint old street set on the back lot. From my place in a rather uncertain horse car I watched the coming of the first electric lights to America. Even interrupted as it was by the changing of cameras and shouts of assistants, it was a stirring scene when the flickering gas lights went out and in a few moments the clear, bright electrics flashed on. This also will be done in the fast-improving technicolor—first the dim black and white of things seen by gas, then the sharp colors springing to view in the electric.

Among the occupants of the horse car were Harry Crocker, the present—and also, oddly enough, promising—millionaire extra, and Marion Davies' young niece of about eighteen. The latter looks enough like her famous aunt to be a sister, except that she is black-haired.

In fact, celebrated relatives were plentiful those nights. George K. Arthur's gentle little mother watched her son's work from her place on the steps of a bank. Further on was King Vidor's pretty, white-haired mother. And driving a pony carriage in the street were two shy, lovely girls—daughters of Francis X. Bushman. It must have been their first job for they were very youthfully bashful and timid. Their father watched interestedly from the side lines and their big handsome brother, Ralph, was anxiously arranging for a means of their getting home in the morning.

The next scenes were of Miss Davies driving a high cart at top speed

down the cobbled street and around the corner. This was, of course, too dangerous for an amateur horsewoman so Crete Sipple, a former circus woman and now a professional double, was arrayed in a replica of Miss Davies' costume and wig.

Four times she came tearing toward the cameras and around the corner on two wheels. The fifth time the horse swerved a fraction at the corner, the wheels slipped suddenly in some mud at the side and Crete Sipple lost her precarious balance. The frightened horse plunged on, the double lying with her head over the side and horribly near the wheels, her feet mercifully caught in the dashboard. Mr. Bell yelled "Help!" and dashed after the horse. It was finally brought to a stop and Miss Davies was the first to reach her double. That plucky little sport picked herself up, exclaimed "Goodness, I'm all right. You all were a darn sight more scared than I was," and drove the horse back for a retake of the scene.

And now work was rushed on vigorously. The company divided into two sections—Mr. Bell's assistant, M. K. Wilson, directing some rioting at one end of the street, and Mr. Bell supervising it from the other end where he led Harry Crocker and one of the Bushman sisters through a love scene. This last drew a tremendous audience, for both participants were most embarrassed and nervous. The Bushman girl's sweet face was rosy under her light make-up and in the middle of the first take she stopped and turned to Mr. Bell with an agonized little smile. That understanding young director wisely treated it as a joke and shortly the scene was finished to his satisfaction.

At the other end of the street the mob of men were hurling bricks and rocks and fighting with energetic enjoyment. When the camera ceased it was discovered that the action was uncomfortably real. Inflamed by the fighting, these "five-dollar men"—of more enthusiasm than intelligence—had broken into real fist fights among themselves. Six groups there were,

of yelling, pounding, scuffling humanity. They were only stopped with difficulty, and Mr. Bell sent the ones who were slightly the worse for battle to the waiting first-aid corps on the side lines.

Conrad Nagel and George K. Arthur emerged from the mêlée, ruffled and tattered. George, usually so lively, dragged himself to a corner and resumed his interrupted slumbers. For three nights and four days he had been working steadily—in the day for William Wellman and at night for Mr. Bell—with a negligible amount of sleep intervening. His brown eyes in his round, ruddy-cheeked face were wide open, like a baby's just before it goes to sleep.

Conrad, in his pleasant, quiet dignity, sat on the outskirts of the set where a giant radio tuned in on the downtown stations. Between shots we listened to the current jazz and "Hymn to the Sun." This alternated with Miss Davies' four-piece orchestra playing soft, haunting ballads.

With Mr. Bell behind the camera was our most distinguished visitor, a dapper little gentleman with beautiful, very gray, hair—Charlie Chaplin. He was enjoying the quaint scene immensely and strolled through the crowd with Mr. Bell, examining with interest the strange, old-fashioned details of set and costumes. Marion Davies' thirteen-year-old nephew was with him and the two of them spent much time practicing tricks with a whip and a handkerchief.

As the first tinge of grayish-green crept over the little one-story corner of Forty-seventh and Broadway, we were dismissed. The sky was rose and gold when we filed out the gates, past Miss Davies' car, with her sweet, sleepy face smiling good-night, or good-morning, to us. And when we reached Hollywood it was with the birds and milkmen—and the first scratching symptoms of Klieg eye. But neither the birds nor the milkmen noticed this ghostly, bleary-eyed company in speeding cars—being, as they were, impervious citizens of an upside-down town.

Super Productions

By Harold Seton.

IN one long glittering parade
The movies come and movies go!
In rich habiliments arrayed,
The movies come and movies go!
On pomps and pageants that amaze,
On vanities in every phase,
The sated audiences gaze,
While movies come and movies go!

With structures of enormous size
The movies come and movies go!
One setting with another vies,
The movies come and movies go!
And yet, in spite of all the arts
That vast expenditure imparts,
Some simple story wins our hearts,
While movies come and movies go!

Dynamiting the *Mandalay*

How a 4,000-ton steamship was blown up to provide a thrill for Doris Kenyon's next picture.

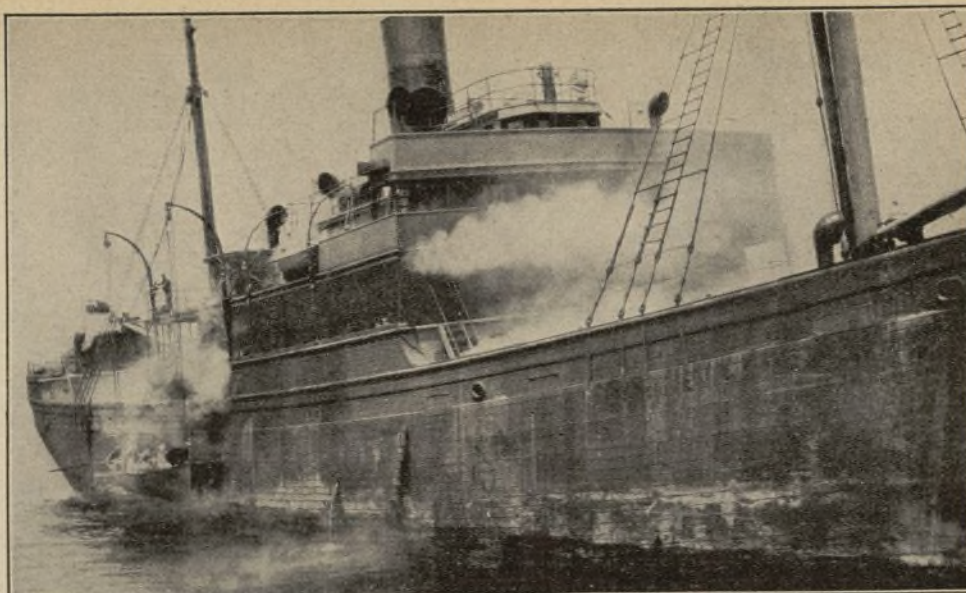
By Charles Phelps Cushing

REMEMBER that summer evening long ago when, lured by a vicious-looking red glare on the far eastern horizon, you scrambled up over a hilltop to see a "big fire" and found it was only the full moon rising? There's a treat in store for you to compensate for that bitter disappointment. The climax of a new film called "The Halfway Girl" is a big conflagration at sea and three great shattering explosions of dynamite and gunpowder, destroying a 4,000-ton modern steamship. It's a spectacle worth chasing over half a dozen hills to behold. And, best of all, you'll see it on the screen in its natural colors, as realistic and thrilling a "marine disaster" as ever was filmed.

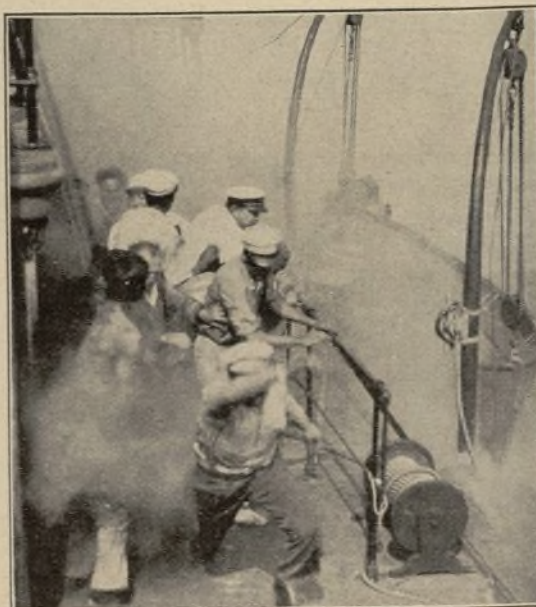
When Broadway's picture critics first heard that Earl J. Hudson, Eastern production manager for First National, was working on a script which called for the complete destruction of a big ship, following a mutiny aboard her, most of them felt certain that the action of the wrecking scene would be faked with miniatures. Mr. Hudson's success with the remarkable miniatures of "The Lost World" was so fresh in their minds that such an assumption was natural.

So they were a bit surprised, when a dozen of them received invitations to board a Pittsburgh millionaire's yacht in the East River and steam out seventy miles to sea to attend a "dynamiting party" at which one of the wartime wooden vessels built by the U. S. Shipping Board in 1918 would be dramatically sent to the locker of Davy Jones.

Four ocean-going tugs, they heard, already were on their way past Sandy Hook, towing the *Corvallis* to a lonely spot on the high seas described in the scenario as "the Indian Ocean, two hundred miles from Singapore." Aboard the doomed *Corvallis*, rechristened the *Mandalay*, a wrecking crew was at work that night planting in her hold, fore and aft, and in her weather-beaten superstructure, eight tons of dynamite, two tons of black powder (for smoke) and placing sixty mattresses beneath her decks, to be soaked next morning with a thousand gallons of gasoline. Ticklish work was all this, too, for that night a violent electrical storm burst and lightning was cracking around her for several hours. If one of those bolts had struck the ship, there would have been a "marine disaster" never to be forgotten in maritime annals.



The figures in the lifeboat give an idea of the size of the MANDALAY.



A bit of action before the blowing up took place.

Edward P. Morse, Jr., vice president of the dry-docking corporation which won the contract for staging this \$120,000 motion-picture spectacle, appears to have earned every nickel of whatever profit his concern made on the job.

"The sea was rough, and our cargo was loose," he related. "Iron casks of gunpowder would go crashing from bulkhead to bulkhead with the lurching of the ship. Electric fuse wires constantly tripped you up. Sticks of dynamite rolled about the deck. I was in the galley arranging fuse wires when Eric Erickson, our electrician, started down the steps toward me with twelve sticks of

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A picture of the MANDALAY shortly after the first explosion.

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"I began to get a chip on my shoulder over the rôles given me. I am not a ga-ga ingénue. I am not a flapper." Her gray eyes widened with earnestness, and the whole of her very small self seemed spiked with an unflinchable determination which always is at variance with diminutive stature. "There are many girls far prettier than I, with personalities more suited to represent the prevalent type of heroine. *I cannot do it.* When I try to, I feel ridiculous and out of place.

"We are just different. I was a square peg in a round hole. Characterization is the only thing for me. I haven't what they call sex appeal, that irradiation of feminine allure which awakens personal interest. Upon that quality the appeal of most actresses is based. I have pathos, and a little humor, but they must be expressed in a character different from the usual mold.

"My contract had three years more to run, and I knew that if I continued in parts foreign to me I would be snuffed out long before its end. I couldn't compete on a ground where I did not feel I belonged. It was a sink-or-swim adventure. I felt it imperative that I have some choice of rôles. A break for independence was the only thing that would save me. When I have refused long-term engagements, it has always been with the realization that I must do the thing I *can* do or quit.

"While I have not had consistently big opportunities, I have averaged better chances in free lancing. In the past two years I have not been a week without salary—and though I have not had an 'Enchanted Cottage' every time, at least I have not played a rôle distasteful to me, because I have a larger field from which to pick.

"*Esther*, in 'Ben-Hur,' has no really big acting scenes. She is just a sweet young heroine. But at least she is not a silly flapper, and the pictorial background, the individuality that picturesque costuming gives to a film of another age, as well as the importance of the production as a whole, make me feel that it was worth while doing."

Had May been more pliable, more willing to submerge her own wishes to the needs of a large organization, she might have continued at an even pace, with a greater temporary popularity. But in the course of time, as she so sagely understood, she probably would have been doomed. She lacks the personality which on its own glamour may carry a star for a while. It would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to find stories for her expressing her particular appeal and yet

sufficiently spiked with those elements deemed essential to a box-office success.

So perhaps for her the way of independence has been best.

There are many little niches in Hollywood's scale, and into one or another our personalities fit. We can appraise types, often at a glance, and always upon acquaintance. But I cannot decide exactly where May belongs, in what walk of life or metier of expression she would find that elusive content which she seems so acutely to need. She is not a *Pollyanna* ingénue, she lacks the flapper's definite piquancy and the coloration which usually surrounds a beautiful woman. She is not at all sure of herself, deep down underneath.

May is a chameleon, a creature of moods, a blending of youth and the instincts of maturity. Her really intimate friends are few in number, though she is generally well liked. Only those closest to her can understand her contrasts, those swift changes of feeling from the borderland of one mood onto the edge of another, and only the very considerate and patient, because they love her, will make allowances for such volatility.

Too often May has a real or a fancied grievance, and it cuts her to the very heart. She is not much given to the bright laughter that springs spontaneously, though occasionally an elfin mischief bubbles in her with that Irish facility for change. She seems to have caught more of the pathos that clings to the Emerald Isle—that child-heart so susceptible to bruises.

You do not expect a good mind and directness of thought in such a tiny package. Little girls, according to some foolish notion which we have come to accept as a fact, are meant to be cuddled and loved and pampered. Mental brilliance welcome in a larger woman is surprising and vaguely disconcerting in a small girl. And May has brains.

She is too much given to brooding miserably, at times, instead of mingling with the younger sorority who know her in her sunnier moods. There is flame in her, but not the kind easily ignited, or given to a brilliant flare. It is hinted in her mouth, with its pathetic downward curve, a restless mouth. Youth walks in her eyes—not ignorant, vapid youth, flaunting its own appeal—not the youth of the boy *Pan* who refused to grow up—not childishness, but a youthful spirit that speaks strangely through her quietude.

Rarely is she in a mood of exuberant happiness. Fortunately, and surprisingly, it was in such a spirit that

I found her at Universal, where she is playing in "My Old Dutch."

"I was heartbroken that I did not get *Peter Pan*," she said. "I had wanted to do it for ever so long. But Betty Bronson played *Peter* with more natural grace and charm than I could have given to the rôle. It was her one big chance, and there are others for me. I am very happy in doing 'My Old Dutch' and after it is completed I am to play a hard-boiled little hotel maid for an independent concern.

"No, it isn't a big company, and it probably won't have any long run in a metropolitan theater." May shrugged at my reminder that going over to the smaller independents is usually an actress' last gasp. "But the story interests me. I want to play it."

You have not a definite, known quantity to write of, when you try to express May in words. The stock phrases that engrave the clearly etched personalities are of little use. I get from May the thing that Donn Byrne gives me, a flicker of a smile imbedded in a hurt, a merry moment over which the tears seem hanging, why I don't know, but beading it with a vague sadness, an echo of sweet wistfulness.

Does that explain? I am afraid not. It is so indefinite, this feeling. When I read a passage of "Rafferty" or of that exquisitely pathetic "O'Malley," I am in a strange mood for the rest of the day, of a haunting pathos shot through with vagrant sunlight.

She is not beautiful in her face, as we measure physical loveliness in Hollywood, but in the heart of her there is a simple and sweet and natural beauty. The camera caught it a time or two imperishably, in shy, whimsical "Sentimental Tommy," in the pathos of "The Enchanted Cottage." Didn't that soul starved for beauty under its ugly outer garment catch at your heart, leave an impression that neither time nor a procession of films can wipe out? But it is a chameleon charm, too elusive for this day-in-and-day-out existence, for a work that must keep its wheels rolling on evenly laid rails of a tested strength.

Restraint has set its stamp upon her, and she is in an art too commercialized, that has too little time for seeking out vague thoughts and feelings and humanisms. Occasionally, she will likely find herself in key with her environment, when some one has the courage to give us in pictorial poetry the things that lie in the heart, and then she will release that flickering light, and we shall have glimpses of the real May McAvoy.



Bringing Back a Tear-wringer

The Fox company again resurrects that popular old melodrama, "East Lynne," in a new screen version.



ONE of the most beloved old-time favorites of those audiences who loved to sob with the heroine and hiss at the villain was "East Lynne." Ever since it was first produced years ago it has seemed perennial in its appeal, and one actress after another has had a glorious time in the weepy rôle of the persecuted heroine. It is still played in stock companies, and already has had about three screen productions. But the Fox company feel that the time is ripe for a really fine film version of it, so they have collected an excellent cast and have gone to work on the sturdy old plot. Alma Rubens plays the lovely but too-trusting *Lady Isabel*, and Belle Bennett, shown in the oval with Lou Tellegen, appears as the coquettish *Afy Hallijohn*. Frank Keenan, Lydia Knott, Marjorie Daw, and Leslie Fenton, shown in the picture at the top of the page, are also in it.



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After the war I fooled around dabbling. With hunting and reading and a jaunt now and then up to town, time seemed to go. Hadn't any thought of a career, but decided I might like to write. I've loved to read, since I was a tiny tad, and when any created art has an appeal for you it is natural to wonder after a while if you couldn't do that yourself.

"Finally my father said, 'You've got to do something, you've lazied around long enough. I shall back you if you need it. Anything goes, so long as you don't pile up debts or get into a disgraceful scrape.'

"So I settled in London, to write. Had a couple of short stories published, and contributed to a column of comments in the *Daily Mail*. A few pages of this and that, mostly on subjects I didn't know the least thing about, and collected my two guineas. Decided I wanted to write plays, and went on the stage to learn the technique. Never did myself up very proud, but I made a sort of living.

"Edward Knoblock suggested that I come to America, as more plays are produced here and the new writer is given encouragement. Among several letters of introduction that he gave me was one to Jesse Lasky. Beyond the Englishman's thought that

America means skyscrapers and movies, I had no particular interest in pictures."

Chancing to see Mr. Lasky at a theater, Tony introduced himself, presented his letter and an appointment was arranged. Fearing he would be ill at ease in a test, knowing nothing of camera make-up, he asked for and obtained small rôles, at a nominal salary, that his photographic possibilities might be judged and he might have an opportunity free from the discomfort of a test to familiarize himself with the work.

Pola Negri saw him at a supper club one evening with Elsie Janis and a crowd from the New York theaters, suggested to Mr. Lasky that he might be worth signing up, and was told that already he was on contract. Gloria Swanson, impressed with his good looks and his charm of manner, upon a first meeting insisted that he play her leading man.

"I didn't know what it was all about, when I was ordered West. But I wanted to see America, and it's been great fun, working with Gloria. She and Henry—the marquis—and the whole troupe have such a sense of humor."

Everything strikes Anthony Jowitt that way—a lark. He admits that perhaps he has missed some impressionable experiences in not having had to struggle for success; but, after all, no man can choose his own path.

"Starvation—life in a garret—writing out the misery of a soul—all of that might have been better for me. If I had greatness in me, I suppose such experiences would be valuable, or if I had to face such music, I dare say I could. But, to be quite frank," his brown eyes, level and candid, met mine, "I'm jolly glad things break so easily for me. I pity those fellows who have tough going, though no doubt their misfortunes give them stamina and develop them."

With the breeding of the English country gentleman which is so natural that it is wholly instinctive, he displays no swank whatsoever.

"A lot of queer ones in this business. It's an ostentatious one," he chuckles. "There are a good many persons of the sort you don't care to know. But," with a shrug, "you find that kind in any profession or industry. You make your own circle of friends, after a time."

Gloria points out that his very lack of trained technique, coupled with the earnest zeal with which he goes into his work, will take him ahead very quickly.

"Won't it be queer if, by some freak chance, I shall become liked over here and some day be made a star?" he muses, as he swings along and puffs away at his pipe. "I should be most awfully grateful, but it would seem odd, very odd."

What Canada Thinks of Our Movies

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erties taken with details which the theatergoer in the States would overlook entirely or regard as trivial. For instance, in many alleged Canadian pictures you will see the M. P.'s referred to as the 'Northwestern Mounted Police.' That term stamps a picture on the face of it as being all wrong. The correct phrasing is 'Royal Canadian Mounted Police.' Tom Mix is a stickler for detail, and so he enjoys a tremendous popularity in Canada.

"To give you an idea of how much the tradition of the M. P.'s 'always getting their man' means to the English public—a picture came up here with Alma Rubens as the leading woman—the 'Valley of Silent Men,' I think it was. I previewed it, as usual, with the board of censors, but at one point in the picture they threw up their hands in horror and declared that they would not pass the film. The scene was where Alma Rubens, as the usual tigerish heroine, is trying to save her lover, who is being pursued by an M. P. She sticks a gun against the ribs of the officer and

tells him to put up his hands. He does so with alacrity. That was the incident which raised the roar of protest. It was impossible! Unthinkable! they said. A Royal Mounted Police would never put up his hands at the command of any one, even though there was a gun tucked into the pit of his stomach!

"For once I was not satisfied with their verdict. I took it over their heads to a high official of the Mounted Police, and had him sit through the picture with me. I did not tell him what the disputed point was, and when it was finished he said, 'I don't see anything wrong with it. What seems to be the matter?' I explained the viewpoint of the censors concerning the gun incident. He burst out laughing.

"'Good Lord!' he said, 'don't you think we're human? A gun in the ribs is an unanswerable argument. We don't tell our men to make martyrs of themselves for the sake of carrying on the tradition.'

"The picture was finally passed and although there were several protests from picture fans concerning that

very scene, it caused no serious outbursts."

With all their faults, however, I found that American pictures were by far the most popular in Canada. English films are patronized more as a matter of patriotism, I think, than because of their excellence. One or two German films have been exhibited, but have been practically booted out by public opinion. Canada is too full of remembrance of the Great War to look with any favor upon German importations.

"Tell them one thing for me," said the genial manager of the Vancouver Capitol Theater. "Tell them down in Hollywood to take an almanac and find out that we have summer seasons in Canada; that several of us speak something beside French Canadian, and that some heroic things are done by men who are not members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"I'll tell them," I promised him solemnly, "but it won't do any good."

"Oh, I didn't expect it to," he returned genially, but it's something to get a thing like that off your chest."

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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



POLLY IDEAL IDIOTIC IGNORANT IGNORAMUS.—So you're not so ignorant as your signature implies? Of course you're not; no one could be! And your ambition is to come down in a parachute. What are you up in? William S. Hart's middle name is Shakespeare; perhaps that's what inspired him to become an actor in the first place, though a couple of guns led him far afield from his original inspiration. Huntley Gordon doesn't give his age, but I should say that he is in his thirties. Colleen Moore's address is at the bottom of The Oracle. Betty Bronson is exactly like other girls; in fact, at a "Peter Pan" party given in her honor by Famous Players last Christmas, her mother made her go home at twelve o'clock. Just like other girls!

DECOROUS DUMB DORA.—As to what I look like—you know Mutt and Jeff in the comic strip? Well, I don't look like either of them. Yes, Tom Mix has a grown daughter named Ruth; she is going to make a series of Western pictures. Betty Bronson is seventeen and has brown hair and blue eyes. I don't know when her birthday is; are you knitting something for her? I have never noticed that Mary Brian had freckles; do you think I had better write and ask her?

TODDY.—That sounds like something the district attorney wouldn't like—at least, not officially. I don't blame Minneapolis for claiming Richard Dix, but he says he was born in St. Paul, and I should think he ought to know. He divides his time more or less between New York and California, according to where he is sent to make a picture. At present he is way out in the wilderness of the Southwest on location for "The Vanishing American"—four hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railroad. His mail is taken care of by his sister at Lasky's Hollywood studio. I don't know where Rubye de Remer can be reached. She has retired from the screen since her marriage to Ben Throop.

MATT IUKA.—No, indeed, you didn't ask too many questions. You'd be surprised how many questions I have to have to fill up all this space every month. Patsy Ruth Miller plays in "Rose of the World." Yes, Pauline Garon appears as the flapper in that picture. Niles Welch has been making several pictures for Whitman Bennett; he recently finished "Scandal Street," with Madge Kennedy, and then went to work on

"The Substitute Wife," with Jane Novak. "The Sporting Venus" and "His Supreme Moment" were two different pictures. Yes, Ben Lyon is a real Southerner, born in Atlanta, and educated at Baltimore. He was on the stage for several years before playing in pictures; his biggest stage success was "Mary the Third," which was later made into a picture called "Wine of Youth," with Ben playing the same rôle on the screen as he did in the play. So you think I'm a "nice ol' answer man?" Well, kind words like that give me the pep for answering three more questions—only I see you don't ask three more.

DIZZY FROM NEBRASKA.—I didn't know there was anything in Nebraska to make one dizzy. Are you sure that is what you're dizzy from? Yes, Hoot Gibson was born in Nebraska—in Tekamah, to be exact. He is married to Helen Johnson; his address is at the bottom of The Oracle.

JESSE JAMES.—As long as you hold me up only for answers, I don't mind. Besides, when I start on this job of answering questions, I need some one to hold me up. Juanita Hansen hasn't played in pictures in several years; she recently toured the country giving lectures. The leading lady in "The Last Card" was May Allison. No, I do not think Joe Ryan plays in movies any more.

A LLOYD HUGHES FAN.—You really mustn't blame me because my department doesn't mention Lloyd Hughes often enough; I merely answer the questions that I am asked to answer. If I picked my own, I wouldn't think up such hard ones! However, I will tell the editor you would like some pictures and a story about Lloyd Hughes; I am told he is very popular out in the Middle West. Raymond McKee is in his late twenties and is married to Marguerite Courtot. They were married about two years ago—the first venture for both of them—and have no children. Raymond's height is five feet eight inches. Douglas MacLean is five feet nine inches; he doesn't give his age. He has only been married once, to Faith Cole; I don't think they have any children. Yes, Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay made a friendly separation agreement, but they do not contemplate getting a divorce.

BARTHELMESS FAN.—So you don't care for Rudy or "the other sheiks?" Well,

probably Betty Blythe agrees with you about the others, at least, since a couple of real sheiks abducted her. That, as you know, is no way to treat a lady! Dick Barthelmess' newest release is "Shore Leave;" since then he has been making "The Beautiful City," with Dorothy Gish playing opposite him, and William Powell as the villain. Richard was born in New York City in 1895; his father died when he was three or four years old. He and his mother have been devoted chums all his life; he left Trinity College before his graduation in order to support her. Richard is a brunette, five feet seven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His hobbies are reading and swimming. Frank Keenan appears on the stage now and then, but seldom plays in pictures any more. He is quite wealthy, and there is really no need of his working.

BLUE EYES.—So you like to read my department? Well, there are even times—but not many—when I like to write it. Billie Dove's and Margaret Livingstone's addresses are at the bottom of The Oracle.

A RAMONITE.—That sounds like the name of a secret society, but I see that it means you're an admirer of Ramon Novarro. I will tell the editor you want an interview with him. Yes, I have met him several times; he is rather naïve and boyish, and a bit serious. "Ben-Hur" will probably be released late next winter. It doesn't seem to be nearly completed; they have been engaged lately in building elaborate new sets, while Ramon and May McAvoy have been released for other pictures. Almost all bob-haired girls in America have their hair "shingled"—perhaps you don't use the term that way in England. It is merely a boyish type of bob, with the hair rather short in back. Lillian Gish doesn't give her age, but Dorothy was born in 1898 and Lillian is said to be two years older. The expression "a 'yes' man" refers to a man who habitually agrees with what some one else says—particularly some one in authority over him—and never speaks his own mind.

PICTURE-PLAY FAN.—I do like to be obliging, but I can't publish answers in "the next issue," because by the time you read one issue the next is already being printed. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn; her real name is Douras. She doesn't give her age.

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Lists Are Full!

Continued from page 85

they usually are required to provide their own costumes, the upkeep for their parts is exceedingly high. Their dress must always be up-to-date, their garments neatly fitted and neatly pressed.

One trouble the screen extras have had to face in recent years slowly is correcting itself and resulting in their getting additional work. For a time it was a fad among young, well-to-do matrons as well as with girls with permanent homes in Hollywood and Los Angeles, to apply for ballroom and tea party engagements at the studios. Appearing as "atmosphere" in pictures was a novelty or a diversion which gave them something to do and something to talk about as well as adding a few dollars to their purses.

Most of their names are now off the lists.

"When Mrs. A found that Mrs. B was giving a picnic or bridge Tuesday afternoon," the bureau manager said, "Mrs. A failed to show up at the studio that day. And, of course, when we found her undependable her name was dropped. Then, again, the novelty usually wore off after two or three pictures and the young women lost their interest. So we found it best to give these parts to persons depending upon picture work for a livelihood. Ballroom atmosphere is supplied almost solely now from the ranks of professionals."

The extras who get the greatest delight in work for a day, are the fellows who are "broke" or hanging onto "the raw edge of nothing." Those who are looking for employment while they scan the menus of the cheap restaurants and soup houses to find where they can get the most for a dime.

The Screen Service bureau does not supply all the extra help to the studios. Many hundreds daily tramp from casting office to casting office wistfully looking for some beckoning sign from within. During the month of March, Doctor Louis Bloch, statistician of the California Labor Bureau, estimated there were fifty thousand persons in cinemaland looking for studio employment. Many of these, he declared, were victims of unscrupulous employment agencies which had undertaken to get them work. An investigation of their activities was begun.

"Don't come to Hollywood looking for extra work!" urges the Screen Service Bureau.

"Don't come to the studios looking for work!" urge the casting directors. The lists are full!

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The Talk of Several Towns

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Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

but who had turned up now that she was famous, and soon afterward they were married.

That brings us to the Gilda Gray we who know her personally, know best. That's the Gilda Gray who lives in an old colonial farmhouse down at Rockville Center, Long Island, who keeps a cow and chickens and does her own cooking, who superintends all the housework and does odd jobs of painting about the place.

Once not long ago, Gilda Gray convulsed a tableful of guests when she earnestly interrupted her husband in the midst of an oratorical flight about art and artists to ask him to be sure to buy a new garbage can.

She is a good housewife and proud of it. One would think to hear her talk about her house and her live stock that they were her profession. After all, they are in a way, for dancing has ever remained a pleasure rather than a job to her.

I don't need to tell you that she has tremendous magnetism and a decidedly unusual personality. Mere talent cannot get any one far on Broadway; skill is common there. It is her childlike naïveté of manner that impresses you first. Then when she starts to dance she exerts something like hypnotism over her audience. There is something plaintive, haunting, about her that transports you to savage isles, makes you cherish with her the simple melodies she sings and resents the intrusion of anything civilized and standardized and prosaic.

But Gilda Gray the artist and Gilda Gray the charming girl are second in importance to Mrs. Gil Boag, the greatest showgirl an exploitation manager ever handled. Gilda Gray has been in the newspapers continuously since her first big success four years ago. If P. T. Barnum were alive he would bow to her and Gil Boag, his peers.

Wherever in this country there is a monument to Kosciusko, there Gilda Gray goes to lay a wreath. It is partly honest sentiment; partly showmanship. When a story appeared in the papers to the effect that slum children in New York had visited the zoo and were disappointed not to see a cow—they had never seen one—she brought a cow in from her farm and drove it up Fifth Avenue to Central Park where the poor children, to say

nothing of the photographers, were gathered to greet her.

A few weeks ago she went out to the Cleveland ball club to present a mascot to Tris Speaker. She was asked to pitch the first ball. Did she smile coyly and self-consciously at the crowd and toss the ball gracefully? She did not. She swaggered out to the pitcher's box, rubbed her hands in the dirt, spat on the ball, rubbed it on her sweater, wound herself up in a spiral and threw the ball like a veteran. That crowd, like many others, will never forget her.

The incident is typical. She always gives a crowd a little more than they expect.

It is told that a Haitian of the royal line of princesses came to New York and her first request was to see Gilda Gray dance. When asked if the dance which Miss Gray had improvised were authentic, she replied she had never seen anything like it, but she was sure they ought to be like that.

Gilda Gray talks very little but she chuckles and coos delightedly over her good fortune. "You tell them about that, dearest," she is always saying to her husband. "I'll get the facts all mixed."

But if her mind is unwilling to retain facts, it is quick on humor. For when her husband explained that she had been requested to appear at the King of England's garden party in July, but that an eight-thousand-dollar-a-week engagement in a Cleveland theater interfered, she just nodded and remarked, "Oh, yes. We took the cash and let the royalty go."

She was not as much impressed by that invitation to the king's party as she was by the chance of going out to the studio and lunching with Mary Pickford while she was in California recently. The gowns that world-famous designers have made especially for her have not the place in her heart that the little grass skirts sent to her by South Sea natives have. That childlike intensity and enthusiasm is, perhaps, what makes us love her. And because the motion-picture camera digs deep into the consciousness of its subjects as well as glorifying such unusual beauty as Gilda's, I am sure that she is going to endear herself in pictures to the public which has not already the good fortune of knowing her.

A FILM VERSION.

"Mother may I go in to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

Show the fans your shapely limb,

But continue to shun the water!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

In Philosophic Mood

Continued from page 89

began to cut out nonessentials from my life. I don't want the responsibility that is going to curb my freedom too completely. I see beautiful antique furniture in a shop. I go again and again to admire it; I get aesthetic satisfaction, all it can give me of beauty. And I don't have it cluttered around me as if I bought it, and had to worry over seeing that it is given the proper care.

"And the same way with friends. People are little lights along our way. Those who can give me something I try to keep by answering it in kind, and the others I cut out of my life. We are here too short a while to waste time the way we all do on people and things who may be of value to others but not to us—I mean, we each have different needs which can be satisfied by different people and things. I look not *beneath* the superficialities of people—that's a human trait, to look backward and down, instead of forward and upward—but above their shallowness, and often I find a genuine fineness that surprises me.

"But about all I need and can get from people is occasional human sympathy. The rest is trivial, pleasing, amusing, stimulating but not

really essential to the Me who is, I feel, a part of that one central intelligence. I don't need 'em.

"They call my life solitary, because I have few intimate friends, and spend so much time with my books and my music. If they only knew how contented, how at times joyously happy, I am! I am egotistical. I am self-sufficient, because I draw on myself, feeling that I am a part of the only thing that endures."

Mary Alden has power, in the definite, firm lines of her, the sure strength of her. In the steady light in her eyes. You feel that she is, in the deeper tests, a reliable person, and evenly balanced. Her conversation is curiously alive and human, as though her mind were a sentient point of contact with numerous problems and personalities.

She dominates, because she has both physical and mental vitality, both qualities tremendously alive to every nuance of the life that goes on around her. Because she is what she is, distinctly different from the usual mold, her screen characters are definitely real and interesting. She is the screen's supreme character actress.

Their Dual Personalities

Continued from page 86

Buster Keaton shields himself as effectively as any one could. The first outpost of the Keaton personality is silence. You feel that he is wary of outsiders. At heart a vaudeville troupier, nothing more nor less, he is suspicious of these people who discover satire in his De Mille bedroom, for instance, in "The Navigator;" he is unaware of the Arisophanian quality in much of his comedy. Consequently, he receives callers with a stolidity that is matched only by his grim countenance before the camera.

Once he is aware of your innocence, relieved to find you not at all prying or interrogatory, he relaxes, expands, and talks of future plans and past flops in the racy argot of the troupier, unharassed by conventions or press agents.

Keaton is, on the surface, a droll, calculating comique who unloads gag after gag from his well-filled sleeve apparently without any effort: personally, cagier than a bird in a gilded. But once the mask is off, he is revealed as the conscientious workman worrying over to-day's tryout in Venice, and to-morrow's breakaway scaffold. He is the tragic pantaloone

so often encountered in fiction, but seldom seen in the flesh.

Jetta Goudal is an exotic in appearance, poise, and speech, but whether this merely serves to hide another Jetta I cannot say. In manner Dagmar Godowsky impresses you the same way, the first time you see her. But under the *Kiki* accent and the sleek coiffure, Dagmar hides a normal enough personality. But she likes to dress the part, whether on the screen or in the Algonquin. "I like people to talk about me," she told me, when I once criticized the Greenaway gown with her Circean head.

To arouse comment is, of course, the indirect aim of every actress. Their personalities are their stock in trade, and to present them strikingly to the public their constant problem.

Some solve it by being "themselves;" other build up a fanciful, fictitious outer covering, to make themselves more interesting than, perhaps, naturalness would permit.

It is all part of the glamour of the stage, and it affords the sightseer more fun than a crossword puzzle to determine how genuine the surface personality may be.

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The Troubles of an Actress

Continued from page 88

the troubles of being an actress. To be one-typed and dumb is a lot easier. But is Mae bitter about it? Not at all. Her philosophy is neatly summed up in paragraph three of this treatise; the one beginning, "I watch them come and go—these girls like comets"—and ending, "Me and the babbling brook—forever."

Then there is that other trouble. You've read, of course, how Thomas Meighan, Valentino, Gloria Swanson and others, realizing that motion-picture acting is a business as well as an art, read countless books and magazines in search of congenial parts and characterizations. So Mae, too, ran across a novel delineating a character admirably suited to the screen and to herself. The character was *Susan Lennox* and the book was about her rise and fall.

"I took the book up to the office and told them about it," is the way Mae tells it, "and what do you think the answer to that one was? The publishers want one hundred thousand dollars for the film rights. Oh, well—"

Mae, with the daisies on her hat, turned to me abruptly.

"Say," said she, "it sounds like I'm kicking. I'm not. Everybody is wonderful to me. When I spoke about criticism a while ago—I don't mean that I expect all the critics to find me good in everything I do. It's only when criticism is unfair or stupid or malicious that I object to it. Take

Edwin Schallert. He's a friend of mine. He and Mrs. Schallert. But I wouldn't want him to praise me just on that account, just as I don't want these others to knock my work just because they don't like me personally.

"And about not getting those parts. That's all right, too. I understand how it is and I haven't any kick at all about the treatment I get from M.-G.-M. They're mighty good to me and I don't want it to sound as though I don't appreciate it. Because I do. I'm crazy about my part in this picture. I'm glad to work with an artist like Lon Chaney and I've always wanted to play under Tod Browning's direction. Yeah, I'm treated all right. Why, look! Didn't somebody give me a little Pekingese hound to cheer my Christmas? And do you think I'm going to kick because the little thing got sick right away? It's just one of those things. Oh, well—"

Outside it was cold and dark and dreary. Picking my damp way disconsolately to the car line I got to thinking it over: Criticism, the parts you get, versus the parts you want. Competition, sick Christmas presents—all the troubles of an actress Mae told me about. Well, as I say, I got to thinking it over and, Mae, the troubles of an actress aren't in the same class with the troubles of an interviewer on a rainy night.

A New Director Appears

Continued from page 23

Tearle in the rôle of *Fanny von Berg*. Rehfeld describes her well.

"She is a high-strung wire," said the director. "Just a touch and she vibrates."

Anna Q. came to America from her native Sweden when she was still a schoolgirl. Before she came she had heard her father—the superintendent of a beet-sugar factory—and her other relatives talk about the New World. There was just one theme running through their conversation—money. America was the land where great fortunes could be made easily. That was the sole reason for anybody going to America. That was America.

Anna came over for a visit with relatives. She was to get back in time to reënter school that fall.

"I was supposed to stay a month in New York," she told me. "At the end of that time my relatives tried to

send me home. I packed my little grip and skipped. And I was careful not to let them know where to find me.

"In those days I was absolutely without fear. Youth is that way. Innocence or ignorance, whichever you wish to call it. I thought nothing of setting out to battle New York alone. And just for that reason, no doubt, I made a success of it.

"My first job was posing for a photographer. The next logical step was the movies. I went to work for the Kalem Company in 1911."

Anna told me some of her early adventures in the movies. If these are the days of art for art's sake, those were the days of stunts for the sake of stunting. Anna was a favorite because she had nerve. Whenever they wanted somebody to drive a locomotive over a precipice or jump from a bridge and nobody else would

do it, they'd say, "Let's give it to Anna!"

Kurt Rehfeld is like Erich von Stroheim inasmuch as they are both realists; inasmuch as both will resign their jobs rather than violate a truth. But here the resemblance ends. Von Stroheim, whom I esteem the greater artist, has a philosophy of despair. Rehfeld, who, I predict, will become the more popular, has just as sincere a philosophy of optimism. And it is for this reason that I see him on the celluloid heights of future greatness. When sincerity is wedded to optimism the recipe is sure-fire.

And this, also, is the stuff that causes Moe Fishbin, proprietor of the Jewel Theater, to write in to the trade sheets somewhat as follows:

Picture: Viennese Medley.

Weather: All right.

Business: Swell.

Remarks: Say give us some more of this Rehfelds pichters, our audience dont get all that european stuff but where Anna Q breaks down and shows she done it because she loved him there aint a dry eye in the theater.

Peacock Alley—and Fame

Continued from page 90

Many a beginner mounts up to the heights; but the majority flicker out without a struggle and remain content to map out an existence in the extra ranks.

Famous names that have come and gone ought to be proof to all newcomers that success—that is, permanent success—does not always stay.

Hollywood is no different from any other place as far as gaining and holding success is concerned. There are as many gifts handed out by capricious Fortune as there are blows. Laughter and tears, happiness and sorrow, wealth and poverty, go hand in hand with youth and age in the movie world.

One thing is obvious in Hollywood: perhaps nowhere else in the universe do you see such rapid rises and downfalls.

The mythopoeic splendors of the picturized city of Bagdad seem in no wise bizarre when contrasted to the glittering achievements won in an incredibly short time by some newcomer. Those shooting up into prominence often pass many falling down to the extra ranks whence they started. If they are not too proud to start over again they soon disappear from sight.

Discouragement, naturally, causes this decision.

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They Gave Tom a Dog!

Continued from page 91

something for her very own—something she could take home.

So, she gave her a dog!

It must be a wonderful thing to be a movie star and have presents showered upon you! To be known abroad by millions and to be worshiped and admired at home by tens of millions, should bring a glow of satisfaction to the cheek of any mortal on earth. And even after Tom Mix arrived back in America, friends and exhibitors (if there is a distinction between the two) lavished presents upon him.

When he reached Indianapolis, the little newsboys who long had looked forward to his coming, chipped in to buy him a present.

So, they gave him a goat!

Kentuckians who operate motion-picture theaters, wanted, too, to let Tom and Tony know they worshiped at their shrine. Some of the most ardent Mix fans live in the Blue Grass State—the land of beautiful women and fine horses. They got together and discussed the purchase of a present, a remembrance of some sort, to be taken on to California by Tom. They cast furtive glances at a beautiful colt in one of the racing stables, a grandson of that noble steed, Man-o'-War. They knew Tom had a horse and a coupla saddles, but

they wanted to give him something he might use.

So, they gave him a colt!

By this time, the list of presents was assuming considerable proportion and the special car which transported Tony was becoming comfortably filled. There wasn't much room left.

But the urchins of St. Louis were not to be outdone by the kids of any other city.

So, they gave him a pair of owls!

That was enough! Tom and Tony with Mrs. Mix and Thomasina and their retinue of retainers boarded the train headed toward Denver, Salt Lake and the Pacific Coast.

As the train came to a stop, Tom stepped out with members of his family. Then, there followed:

- 1 pedigreed English sheep dog.
- 1 pedigreed Scotch collie.
- 1 pedigreed French shepherd dog.
- 1 pedigreed German Great Dane.
- 1 pedigreed black Belgian police dog.
- 1 pedigreed Scotch terrier.
- 1 thoroughbred Kentucky colt.
- 1 Indiana billy goat.
- 1 pair of Missouri owls.

Of course, these did not constitute all of Tom's presents, but they are rated by him as among the most desirable.

Motherhood and a Career

Continued from page 28

pointing one way labeled, 'Career' and the other 'Motherhood.' But the two roads never run away from each other for very long at a stretch—invariably they wind about and come together again.

"And I know that I have not failed as a mother in any major crisis. I have left my work when they were ill or needed me in any vital way, though I was risking financial disaster. In little things more than in big ones they have had to make sacrifices. Being both father and mother to children is no sinecure, I can tell you!

"Maybe it's just as well that they haven't been smothered by the shelter of a mother's indulgence, that they have had to meet the realities of life a little sooner than most children do. Certainly they have a more highly developed sense of appreciation than is customary at their ages.

"And they have an amusing philosophical way of looking on the bright side of things. You heard Jane's remark at dinner to-night: 'I don't like this ice cream. It hasn't got any flavor to it. Still, it's better than

if we didn't have any. I guess it's nice to have ice cream even if it's got no flavor at all.' That sums up their attitude toward everything—they are grateful for what they get.

"It is good, very good, to feel yourself riding the crest of the wave for a while. I have been successful the past year or two, and my Warner Brothers contract has enabled me to lay aside a bit of money. I know that a personality cannot last forever on the screen. The public has been kind to me, but in a few years I shall begin to slip. I could probably get over for a time in vaudeville—the actor's last hope, usually."

"Is that so?" queried a cool, impersonal voice, as a blond head projected itself through the portieres. "Well, let me say one thing, young lady. By the time you get to vaudeville, I'll be ready to step in and take charge of this bunch. There'll be no vaudeville in this family!"

So saying, Miss Frances withdrew.

Has Irene Rich been a failure or a success at her two jobs? I leave it to you to decide.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 93

wounded out of the wrecked coaches ahead of us. That much of me, then, really has served a worthy purpose.

Leaving the depot, the crowd of us was so jolly. We had our musicians with us and were all in the observation car playing and singing. Later—during the crash—I saw the cellist thrown past me, his instrument broken to bits, and the violinist's hand catch and crush between two chairs. Being naturally bromidic, I must say, "One never knows." But we were certainly most fortunate and I am very thankful.

It was nine forty, and we were all a bit restless, anxious to get in and to sleep, to be ready for the first day on location. There was suddenly an awful jar and I was thrown against the next seat. Some one—I think it was the camera man—called, "Keep low, Louise, hold on and brace yourself!" I did, for dear life. There were two more dreadful crashes and chairs, bags and people were in a wild jumble. A strange thing—not a soul in that crowded car made a sound. Each seemed to be holding his breath, waiting for the next thing to happen.

Then there was a rush for the door, for we thought we were going over, and suddenly we found ourselves a helpless, wild-eyed bunch standing in the rain beside the overturned cars. Our coach was the only one left standing.

The first cry was for light, as of course the connections in the coaches had been broken. Fires were soon blazing and, with our precious PICTURE-PLAYS as a torch, the work of getting the wounded from the wreckage started. Our boys were great, one of them crawling under the twisted engine to lift out the dying engineer after they had said he couldn't be released.

We waited in the mud and drizzle three hours before the relief train came and it was a sorry-looking crowd that trudged into the hotel that morning. Well, that's that. I will just put it down to experience, but it isn't so good for one's nerves, and I'm driving home.

Myrtle, the story was so much me. Do you really think people will understand? I wonder if they prefer meringue and sugar roses.

Give my love to your mother. I have mine here with me and am having an awful time keeping her away from Tia Juana. (Knowing her aversion to all that Tia Juana implies, you will realize the humor of that.)

I caught a shark yesterday, five feet long.

LOUISE.

"A few words," my eye! As you can deduce from the handwriting, this is Marie again. Wonder what she would write if she started to do "a short story?"

As all our camera equipment was lost—to carry on the tale—we had a free day while the studio rushed another lot down. Next day we started working, and let me say right here, my dear, when I say work, I mean exactly that. For the past week we have been rising early, taxiing to our floating island in a speed boat and working there until dark.

We work on tugs, speed boats, and the yacht—scene of many bruises. It seems one must go into drama before realizing how simple and safe comedies are. In this picture, I believe I have gone through the entire category of stunts known to movie thrillers. Have been cuffed about, abducted, mauled, thrown overboard, and made to swim in ice-cold water, scramble about on a sandy beach and a few more things of a like nature, until I wonder if there are such things as studio pictures being made.

Kenneth is just about as bad. He is cuts and bruises from head to feet. One would never think this picture had such an innocent title as "Bobbed Hair." The twenty authors who are responsible for the story must have tried to outdo each other in finding wild situations.

There is no need to mention that Kenneth is the hero and I the heroine. You have gathered that from the above-named adventures. No one suffers as much as the hero and his lady. You have to earn your final fade-out kiss. But there is some satisfaction in having one's husband playing in the same picture and getting misused and looking as disheveled at the end of the day as one does oneself.

We do have some fun. Fish a good deal. From the barge or tug, we cast our lines with a prayer for luck. So far I've gone unheard but Louise Fazenda evidently knows the formula. Maybe she learned the language when she played with that seal. For forty minutes yesterday she fought with a shark—and won. Yes, certainly, of course, naturally, pictures were taken, and she ordered, well, I won't tell on her how many, but a lot of copies, for her friends. That sounds catty, but I had to stand looking at the shark, while she posed as the victorious fisher lady.

Love from Louise and me—Kenneth says "love," too, but I'll be switched if I will—regards from Kenneth.

MARIE PREVOST.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

An Actress

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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Welcoming Back Ethel Clayton

Continued from page 66

to the studios, as if no break has occurred in her presence among the workaday world of Hollywood.

And yet the fact that her reappearance is really a return is indicated in the cordial greetings extended her. While we were at luncheon, various stars and directors passing our table stopped to speak to her, said they had heard of her splendid work in the two Fox films, told her how well—and how young—she looked, and hoped that she would soon find another good engagement.

"You see the surprise on the faces of those who have not seen me recently?" she nudged me, a gay little trill in her voice. "You would think I had been away for ages. They expect me to be white-haired and bent

and wrinkled." She gave a delicious imitation of the traditional screen mother. "Things move so quickly in this funny picture business that they lose all sense of time.

"But it is good to be remembered. This profession is a busy one, and they have little time for those not actively employed, but they are not intentionally unkind. All of the people at Fox were so sweet to me. No, I have nothing of which to complain."

The public, however, after seeing "Wings of Youth" and "Lightnin'," will probably complain if Ethel Clayton is not given chances in coming films to display the acting ability which undoubtedly is hers.

Growing Up with the Stars

Continued from page 47

twelve years, have seen various actresses who previously portrayed young girls now portray mothers of grown-up sons and daughters. Pauline Frederick has gone through this phase, and so has Myrtle Stedman. As a matter of fact, we have also seen Miss Stedman's son, Lincoln, develop on the screen, from characterizations of small boys to those of young men.

And so the boys and girls who now chuckle with delight all through the adventures and misadventures of "Our Gang," may live to remark, "Fancy seeing him play a father!" or "Imagine seeing her play a mother!" adding, by way of explanation, "I remember when——"

Speaking from personal experience, I confess to an especial thrill when viewing any picture play in which the now popular Neil Hamilton and May McAvoy appear, for

I have watched their progress during nine years, since I first met them at Fort Lee, New Jersey, where we all suped together, at five dollars a day. Neil was just a boy, and May just a girl, but they were very much in earnest, and were bound to gain recognition. May was the first to get a chance, and I remember her original bit, as a lady's maid at the old Goldwyn studio. Neil and I once suped for two weeks, as Romans, in Maurice Tourneur's production of "Woman." Neil had to wait several years more before being "discovered" by D. W. Griffith.

So, fellow fans, take a tip from one who knows, and, in the midst of your general enjoyment of this or that production, give some special attention to the younger generation, and try to keep track of the boys and girls. You, too, may "grow up with the stars!"

A Clown in the Big Show

Continued from page 20

comedy comedian. He has been on the stage since he was seven years old. Probably there is no man in the business who has worked harder.

Personally, Hines is very much like the parts he plays. Breezy, slangy, full of pep, and quite without pretense, he charges through his work with gusto. Although his pictures have forged their way to the top of box-office attractions without any of the prestige of a big organization behind them, Hines does not seem at all conscious of this achievement. He

gets a tremendous thrill out of seeing his name linked with that of Lloyd and Chaplin as money-makers.

But let any one try to tell him that he is perpetrating art and he will shout the remark down with a heartier guffaw than he ever got from an audience.

Johnny Hines knows his stuff. If he can make you laugh—and he probably will because there isn't a more alert and hard-working comedian anywhere—that's all he wants.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

From the Sawdust Ring to the Studios

Continued from page 17

was really worth while, plentifully sprinkled with thrills and he, himself, supplied the great awe-inspiring event of the program—"steer bulldogging." Twice each day the sturdy Mix rode by a big Texas steer and jumped from his saddle, seizing it by the horns and twisting the animal upon its back.

After two successful road tours, Mix became the arena director of the "Colonel Cummings' Great Near East and Far West Shows." It might be interesting to mention the fact that with the latter show, Mr. Mix's "buddy" in the show's sleeping car was Will Rogers, then, as now, doing a roping act. Mix and Rogers were boyhood friends in Oklahoma. They also appeared together in a scrambled wild-West circus showing at the Johnstown Exposition during the summer of 1905. It was there that Rogers and Mix organized the "Wild West Show of the Plains," with themselves as sole owners.

The "outfit" trouped the South with an admission of ten and fifteen cents. It was, according to Mix, a long winter and most of the time a hustle for horse feed. Stranded finally upon the rocks of Birmingham, Alabama, the cowboys sold their ponies and turned their faces toward the prairies of Oklahoma. In Bliss, Tom saw a motion picture wherein cowboys played an important part. His experienced eye told him that none of the men in the film had ever known ranch or cattle experience. In other words, they were merely actors "dressed up." The following Sunday, in the *Ponca City Herald*, Mix read a story narrating that in Los Angeles, California, cowboys who could ride were being paid five dollars a day for their services. To Mix's mind this seemed very alluring. He hurriedly got together all available cash and found enough money to ship two horses, "Old Blue," and a yearling colt, as far as San Bernardino. Then it was that Mix, destined later to be one of the highest-priced motion-picture stars in the world, was on his way to conquer movieland, otherwise, Hollywood.

To "Buck" Jones, another William Fox star, circus experience has been invaluable for more reasons than might appear on the surface.

Buck joined the 101 Ranch show in 1913 and traveled all around the United States breaking bronchos and performing all manner of equestrian tricks for the edification of the admiring populace. When the show left its winter quarters in Bliss, Oklahoma, in 1914, Buck was again signed to do his stuff astride the wildest

steeds procurable. Also, among the riders, was a young girl who knew something of the technique of staying on a horse's back in spite of its determination to unseat the rider. This girl was Odille Osborne.

Odille thought that Buck was the most remarkable example of a man she ever had imagined. He typified to her young mind all the heroes of her dreams. But the last person in the world to be let in on the secret was the said hero. While Buck was in the ring, Odille would stand behind the curtain and watch him with eager eyes but the minute he started to ride out of the ring and into the hippodrome track, she would run away and pretend to be interested in something else. Years after they were married Buck admitted to his wife that he had also watched her during her turn in the sawdust ring. One day Odille was thrown and pinned under her horse. It was Buck who ran out and saved her from being trampled upon by a very much frightened steed.

There is Joe Bonomo, the Coney Island boy who, several years ago, was selected as the world's most perfect type of strong man. Five feet, eleven and one half inches tall, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, a committee of New York judges decided he was a regular Apollo Belvedere. Now he is under contract to Universal Pictures Corporation and has been featured in a score of pictures.

Richard Talmadge, star of many melodramatic plays, was born in a circus, in the sleepy little village of Uri, near Lake Lucerne, Switzerland. His parents were circus people.

Ray ("Red") Thompson, who but recently completed the rôle of the heavy in Charles Ray's picture "Some Punks," joined a circus when he was a lad to drive hippodrome races and fall horses in the ring races. He was paid one dollar a fall. Ray, too, became a member of the 101 Ranch Show and was one of the first to play pushball on horseback.

"Any one who has ever amused the public in competition with three-ring circus certainly should be able to amuse people from the screen," declares Clarence Burton, a member of Cecil B. De Mille's cinema stock company. Most of Burton's experience before his screen career was as a clown in a circus.

"Primarily, clowning and motion-picture acting are the same," continued Burton. "Both are based on



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Dynamiting the *Mandalay*

Continued from page 97

dynamite in his arms. The bottom step was missing. I shouted, "Look out for that last step!" Eric looked at me and said, "What?" and missed the step. He went sprawling on the deck, and his load of dynamite rolled against the bulkhead with a bang. I was so scared I couldn't get my mouth open. Funny—*afterward*! But the funniest thing of all was that no lightning hit the ship."

By two p. m., the following day, after much patient maneuvering and signaling, the cameramen, two aboard each tug and two on the bridge of the yacht, were aiming down the barrels of their rapid-fire Akeleyes. Admiral Hudson was bellowing through his megaphone while the *Alicia* circled about the slower-moving tugs. The fires were put out in the *Mandalay's* boilers and her pumps stopped chugging. Any minute we expected the admiral's signal; then a mighty roar, and a steamship which originally cost nearly \$800,000 would burst into thousands of fragments of driftwood and a blazing hulk.

But just before that could regale us, something happened that wasn't in the scenario. Down upon us, as swift as a destroyer, bore a big glistening white cutter of the Coast Guard service, the *Seneca*—dramatically businesslike and commanding. And the command the *Seneca's* skipper gave us in brusque manner from the bridge was to "move on." We must keep sailing four or five hours more toward Europe. The business of this cutter, we were informed, was to keep the ocean lanes free of derelicts.

Onward the little fleet had to steam. Every minute was doubly precious now. For not only would the light keep dimming as the afternoon died, but the engines of the *Mandalay* had been shut down, and with her pumps dead she was leaking in every seam and steadily sinking. But by seven p. m., the skipper of the *Seneca* at last agreed that the *Mandalay* was far enough offshore to suit him. The admiral signaled, "All ready! Stand by!" On all the little lurching tugs the cameras started grinding.

Then—"let 'er go!"

From the prow of the doomed *Mandalay* shot up a great black pillar of smoke and debris, as high against the sunset sky as the spire of the Woolworth tower. The terrific roar of the detonation was heard a second or two later; then a young tidal wave swept in.

At the next blast most of the *Mandalay's* superstructure flew into thousands of blazing fragments. The fire now was raging all along the boat deck.

For the final shattering explosion, near the stern, a wait of several minutes was inflicted upon the seasick camera men; the electric cable to this cache of dynamite had been severed. The fires that swept the decks soon ate their way below. Then it came; ear-splitting, tremendous in force. For a minute later, while the whole sky was filled with splinters and smoke, it appeared that the vessel had been blown completely out of the sea.

But a wind sweeping from fore to aft carried away most of the smoke and then the riddled hulk of the *Mandalay* was seen, with only a tip of funnel, mast and a section of her stern still above water. Down she plunged, suspended for a while as if she were standing on her nose.

And now you're still wondering, perhaps, why Earl Hudson, famous for his success with miniatures, deserted his hobby on this occasion. Here is what he tells us:

"Two reasons why. First, because no miniature could give an audience quite so big a kick in this instance as the real thing. A ship would have been required, anyway, to make the close-up scenes of Lloyd Hughes and Doris Kenyon and the mutinous crew; the *Mandalay* thus served a double purpose. But secondly—and this no small matter, either—we figure, also, that we saved our company no less than \$25,000 on the production. I haven't gone back on miniatures, but old wooden ships are on the bargain counter these days. So cheap that it's foolish to fake them."

Looking Over the Smart Fall Styles

Continued from page 53

Paramount production, "The Trouble with Wives."

I do not know just what part all this footgear plays in the picture but the smartness and originality of the models are particularly worthy of note. Some of them, especially those

easily be copied at home by the girl who has a little ingenuity, using plain white satin slippers as a basis. They are dainty and "different." I am going to try making the "butterfly" ones myself. I am sure I can do it, and so can any girl.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

The King of Hearts.

It was nearly nine o'clock last evening as I fumbled with the deck of cards before me, still undecided in my decision. Father was reviewing the latest picture with Sally Benson. Don't mistake me! I don't mean Miss Benson was present herself, but indeed PICTURE-PLAY was, and thus father was spending a most enjoyable evening.

As I fumbled with the cards I unconsciously spread on top of the deck the king and queen of hearts. There was no doubt about the queen—Norma Talmadge is the queen, in my deck, at least. But this king business troubled me. A few months ago I would gladly have rung praise to the very skies for Valentino, been proud to, but I have seen "The Sainted Devil." Things seem different now. That's why I was undecided. Should I drop him for Novarro, Colman, or maybe Gilbert, who are now such important figures in campus conversations? That very evening a return engagement of "Monsieur Beaucaire" was at the Rialto. Is Valentino no longer capable of portraying those gay clever characters in plays he made such masterpieces? At that time it might have been said Valentino had no new worlds to conquer. But now—I wonder! I thought of the others. It wouldn't be Gilbert who should take Rudy's place in my deck; no, my friends had failed so far to convince me of that. Would it be Colman? I must admit that after seeing "The Sainted Devil," which with "The Young Rajah," was about the biggest mistake Valentino ever made, I once or twice almost yielded to the charms of this young actor. And then, Novarro, who is causing so much excitement among some of the fans. Yes, fellow fans, Novarro is pretty, too pretty! Too pretty really to be handsome, too pretty to be courageous, too pretty to be my king of hearts, and I put away the deck of cards and went off to the Rialto.

THE CARD PLAYER.

Stockton, Calif.

Do We Want Alice? Some Do; Some Don't.

Do we want Alice Joyce? I should say we do! We want far more of her than we get. We need her. She's so refreshing and natural in the way she moves and shows her thoughts. Her refinement and sincerity are far more lasting than the dramatic passion and sentiment so common on the screen at present.

My claim as an Alice Joyce fan dates from 1911, since when I have collected her photographs. I have seen her one hundred and thirty-eight times in fifty-four plays. I saw "The Green Goddess" eight times in four months.

The sweetest play I ever saw was "Cousin Kate." I wonder if other fans yet remember "The Triumph of the Weak" and "Everybody's Girl?" But perhaps Americans dislike looking back.

I don't, because just over a year ago Alice Joyce came to London. I was unable to meet her, but she spoke to me on the phone, giving me a big surprise. I shall never forget her. Do we want her? Yes we do. Always and ever.

EVA L. GOODMAN.

London, England.

Winone Dreben wants to know if the fans want Alice Joyce back. I am one who does not want her back, and all my friends are with me, too. I am sorry

to disagree with Winone Dreben, but I have seen Miss Joyce in several films, "The Green Goddess" among them, and I have never seen an actress so bore me so much except perhaps Rosemary Theby and Conway Tearle, who come very near the mark. It surprises me how some people get on the films so easily when this lovely old world of ours is full of so many really happy and beautiful-looking people.

EILEEN O'CONNOR.

Ahafona, Ballybunion, County Kerry, Ireland.

Alice Joyce—I salute you—

First—Because you are a beautiful woman.

Second—We fans are happy to welcome you back upon the screen.

But I'm angry. Why? I went to the movies to-day and saw Alice Joyce featured in "White Man." A fan next to me said: "Well! Of all things! She's back again on the screen!"

"She's too old a lady and not charming enough to play opposite Kenneth Harlan!" I overheard some one else say.

Now—can't you realize why I am angry? Who's not glad to welcome Miss Joyce back upon the screen? Speak up!

CHARLES MANK, JR.

226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Ill.

Better Roles for Richard.

Lately you've been publishing quite a lot of letters from Richard Dix fans asking why he isn't given better parts in his films. His pictures are not often shown over here, so you can imagine what a state of disappointed fury I live in when I find the only man I ever admired, either on or off the screen, acting the most absurdly inhuman parts imaginable. Are the directors blind? Mad? Willfully stupid? Or are they really so genuinely unable to see that Richard Dix is not a sort of stuffed doll only fit to be given such goody-goody, inhuman parts? They must be utterly lacking in intelligence, and yet we're always led to suppose that they are the brains. Oh, fans! For heaven's sake, go on complaining. We know Richard Dix hates the parts he's made to play, and he can't help himself. Let's go on writing and writing until p'raps some day the producers may come to their senses.

DIANA LISTER.

Rosyth, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, England.

A Fan's Reminiscences.

How often my thoughts drift back to those first wonderful pictures—and they were wonderful then! I remember when Vitagraph made "The Lady of the Lake," with Harry Northrup, Mary Fuller, Earle Williams, and Harry Morey. This was considered a splendid picture. The same company produced "The Last of the Mohicans," with Wallace Reid in the title rôle; he must have been very young, but his physique was superb. His father, Hal Reid, was the director. Wallace Reid's entrance into pictures has always been dated from his appearance as the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation," but that was a year or two after the Vitagraph picture.

My first real love in the pictures was Kathlyn Williams. I saw every number of her first serial, "The Adventures of Kathleen." Thomas Santschi was her leading man, and I will go any time to see a picture, old or new, that either of them appears in.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" was the next serial I saw, with poor little Florence La Badie as the heroine. James Cruze was her support—he was slender and romantic looking in those days—little did we think he would develop into the wonderful director he has become.

I suppose I am a heretic to say so, but I never was enthusiastic over Griffith's pictures. "The Birth of a Nation" was a great picture, and so was "Broken Blossoms"—there never was a more beautiful delineation of character than that of the Chinaman, played by Richard Barthelmess, and, of course, Griffith created this character, but he *does* so love to pile on the agony. In "America" the leading lady, Miss Dempster, shakes her head and waits her hands about and seems to say: "I feel very sad and sorrowful, won't some one please tell me what it's all about?" Some of the others seemed to be almost as dazed as she, notably Charles Mack.

My favorite since last I wrote to PICTURE-PLAY is still Norma Talmadge, but I do wish she would go back to Conway Tearle as leading man and give us some more beautiful plays like "The Eternal Flame."

Couldn't Clare Eames be induced to play again for the pictures? Her *Queen Elizabeth* was the greatest piece of art I have seen since I saw Edwin Booth in "Hamlet." I am an old woman, and I have seen all the great actors and actresses in my day and I never enjoyed a bit of artistic acting more than her scenes in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

MABEL Y. SANBORN.

705 North First Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

To Three Newcomers.

To my mind, the greatest newcomers of the screen this year are Dorothy Revere, Lawrence Gray, and Priscilla Bonner. When an unknown player practical steals a picture from such seasoned luminaries as Conway Tearle, Percy Marmont, and Claire Windsor, it is time to begin using one's choicest adjectives. That is just what happened to Dorothy Revere in "Just a Woman." To see her is to visualize another Gloria Swanson in the making. Here is a personality that challenges attention. And that is just what I think makes her akin to Gloria. If only Valentino would make her his leading woman, her future is bound to be glorious.

Not since Ronald Colman appeared in "The White Sister" have I been so much interested in a new male lead as in Lawrence Gray. His colorful bit in "The Dressmaker from Paris" promises more successes in the future. He should play nothing but highly romantic leads. It is indeed gratifying to hear that he is under Paramount contract. Here's hoping he continues his good work.

For Priscilla Bonner I have a word to say. Why is it that until "Drusilla with a Million" producers failed to recognize her worth? Because she lacks beauty is no sign that the public will fail to take her to heart. One would much rather see an artiste of Miss Bonner's caliber than all the Madge Bellamys, Billie Doves, and Hope Hampdens of screenland.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

630 Mary Street, Utica, N. Y.

Concerning Fan Letters.

For having personal letters from the stars—I guess I win the loving cup. Some of my friends have even gone as far as to ask me to write a letter to a certain star for them and they'd pay me. But I guess it's just a natural gift. I'm always at home with a pen and ink by my side.

In the last six months—here is my rec-

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ord—four letters from Helen Ferguson and a large photo—personally autographed. Four letters from Alice Calhoun and two large photos. Four letters from Florence Lawrence and one photo. One letter from Virginia Valli. Two letters from Mary Pickford. Two letters from Carl Laemmle. Colleen Moore, one letter and one photo. Pauline Garon, one photo. John Bowers, one photo. Norma Talmadge, one letter and one photo. Dorothy Mackaill, one photo. And a few others.

Only twice have my letters failed, and they were my best-written letters—they were to Lois Wilson and May McAvoy, two of my favorites. So, fans, don't write—unless your letter comes straight from your heart—don't rewrite your letter—your first attempt is always more sincere. Take a tip from one who knows. For it took me four hours to write to Lois and May—they were written wonderfully well—but I got no answer. My letters to Helen are written in the same way I write to my mother when she is away on her vacation—in the same personal, careless way.

JULIA DAVID.

98 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass.

George Walsh an Imitator? No

I notice in the current issue of PICTURE-PLAY that Helen Klumph refers to George Walsh as a Douglas Fairbanks imitator. Permit me to tell her that she is quite wrong.

Don't misunderstand me. I am a Douglas Fairbanks fan. Doug has always been one of my favorites, and I have seen and enjoyed every picture he ever made. And I might add that "Don Q, Son of Zorro," is not only his best picture, but it is perhaps the greatest screen entertainment ever made.

However, in all fairness to George Walsh, who is another of my favorites, it must be said that George is the originator of action-stunt pictures. Before Fairbanks made his first picture, which I believe was "The Lamb," George Walsh was established as a star in the type of picture which Fairbanks first made for the old Triangle Company!

Fairbanks and Walsh should not be compared. Their productions and their personalities are so widely different that they are not in the same class. Each is a master of his own particular field. But these are two distinctly different fields.

Certainly Miss Klumph made an unwise selection of pictures, when she chose a photograph of Walsh in a hurdle pose to illustrate his likeness to Fairbanks. Doug does stunts, but he knows, as every real fan knows, that George is the greatest athlete who has ever appeared before the motion-picture camera.

Look at George Walsh's athletic records in New York high schools, at Fordham University and Georgetown University, and with the New York Athletic Club. Consider the fact that he was a professional baseball player with the Brooklyn Club of the National League. What other screen actor has such a record?

And, say, isn't it good news to George's fans to know that he is coming back to the screen in his old type of rôles—more of the athletic parts, that Miss Helen thinks are like Fairbanks. His first three new pictures, "American Pluck," "The Prince of Broadway," and "Blue Blood," are finished, according to the newspapers. I certainly am anxious to see them.

JAMES MACANDLES.

4010 Twenty-ninth Street, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

Words of Praise from the Orient.

Every actor has his admirers, but not

so with this star supreme. He is indisputably the hottest favorite of every cinema fan throughout the entire universe!

Why is he such a magnetic drawing power? It is due to his indescribable personality. Nobleness is his motto.

He sweeps his audience in a vast panorama of towering magnificence and spectacular effects, endows it with beauty and charm, gushes himself through a torrent of hurricane action, graces himself with humor, surpasses himself in marvelous thrills, and finally leaves indelibly in the minds of the spectator an everlasting impression, an inspiring personality never to be forgotten until death!

It is said of him in some quarters that he does not attract the attention of feminine hearts. Assuredly, they are the outcome of a prejudiced mind, and every right-thinking fan should utterly ignore such unjustifiable remarks!

Which Eve wouldn't be delighted by his clear-cut humor, thrilled by his breath-taking stunts, or moved by his sympathy or suffering? After viewing his productions, surely no feminine heart can remain otherwise than be entirely taken up by his extraordinary characterizations. He can be romantic, too, at times, but to no exaggerated heights. Thus his wonderful acting powers blend with that of the most perfect specimen we can ever hope for in an actor.

Magnanimous soul that he is, who by the sheer originality of his performances renders himself an actor par excellence.

Now, who is he that I am speaking of? Whose successes are smashing box-office records throughout the entire Orient, whose attractions are anxiously awaited with unceasing interest and, when exploited, thunderous applause greets his entry on the silver sheet?

I give the palm to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, the star supreme, second to none in the movie world.

The above is the outcome of a spontaneous verdict given by the entire Orient after viewing Doug's record-smashing success, "The Three Musketeers," which was his first big feature to be shown in the East, and it is only by immortalizing him in print can I give expression to feelings of profound admiration what an actor-genius Mr. Fairbanks is.

GOPAL S. VANDIVEL.

Ceylon, India.

Keep the Old Stars.

I am utterly disgusted over this array of new faces. I have been seeing so many photographs lately of players who are unfamiliar to the average theatergoer. When the autumn comes again and we once more attend the theater with enthusiasm, we are going to see a lot of strangers. Names like Græta Nissen and Vilma Banky mean nothing to us. They may be all right, but I would rather see the old familiar faces return to the screen than to have to experience seeing a whole lot of nobodies.

Although PICTURE-PLAY published an appealing article about Florence Lawrence, nothing has been done so far as I can see to bring her back to the screen. The earnest appeals in this very department voiced the opinions of thousands of fans. There are other players who should be brought back again: Mary Fuller, Florence Turner, Gladys Leslie, and June Caprice.

There is only one reasonable plan I can think of that would stop this mad idea of new faces. That is, to round up some of our well-beloved, one-time favorites. Unite them with the present players of to-day. If such a plan were to be worked out, we would have such a large list of

players, past and present, that new faces would not be necessary. Besides, the perfecting of such a plan would be one step nearer to economy. It costs time, money, and patience of every company to be training unknowns.

HENRY JACKSON.

Ontario, Canada.

Fans Often Make Mistakes.

Why don't more picturegoers learn to identify the players?

One night, at the theater, two flappers seated in back of me were talking in unsubdued tones about different things pertaining to the movies. Advance scenes were being shown of Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." When one of the scenes showing Dick and Madge Evans appeared, one of the flappers exclaimed:

"Oh! Marion Davies!"

"Yeah! I seen it. It's swell. They get lost in the jungle, and then they're rescued by an airplane," explained her companion.

"Oh, do they?"

"Yeah!"

If in that picture an airplane landed in the jungle I must have had my eyes away from the screen at the time.

LE ROY WESTLUNDE.

566 Bellows Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Their Name is Legion.

I am very glad that your July correspondent, Marjory MacLean, has at last succeeded in developing her much-desired "crush" on a motion-picture actor, but I resent her statement that her favorite Jack Gilbert has stolen away all poor Ramon's and Rudy's admirers. Now, I have never fallen hard for Valentino, although I enjoy his pictures moderately, as I do a great many others. But Ramon Novarro! Well, *that's* another story! I can still feel the thrill of delight with which I discovered him a couple of years ago in that beautiful "Where the Pavement Ends," and never since that time has any other favorite, however handsome and charming, supplanted him in my affections for a moment.

He is not only greatly admired by all my girl friends, but what is perhaps more important, he is my brother's and my boss' favorite—one a hard-headed business man, the other a prominent lawyer. Both say that Ramon is the first motion-picture actor whose name they have ever even bothered to remember. I do hope this will convince Miss MacLean that Ramon Novarro still has his loyal fans. And their name is legion!

DRUSILLA IRWINE.

Akron, Ohio.

Practice the Golden Rule.

I believe if the fans who so ruthlessly tear the picture stars into shreds and scatter the bits to the four winds could have a dose of their own medicine, it might tend to curb, to some extent at least, this most nefarious habit.

A case in point is that of Beth Austin, whose letter appears in June PICTURE-PLAY; in this letter she explains to an eager public just why Thomas Meighan is the miserable failure that he is.

I hereby arise and appoint myself a committee of one to tell the world what I think of this writer. I—I—I—but then—what I was going to say would never pass the board of censors! Therefore, I will confine myself to suggesting that she try practicing the Golden Rule; and it is just barely possible, if she tries earnestly enough, and sincerely enough, and long enough, that she may acquire, to a very slight degree, a few of the lovable qual-

ities of the star against whom she directed her unkind and wholly groundless attack.

LUCILE WESTBROOK.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Plea for Real Criticism.

It seems to me that a definite quality of improvement is observable in the content of PICTURE-PLAY's fan letters; that real criticism, not necessarily fault-finding, but intelligent appreciation, also, is beginning to find its way into them. Not so long ago the letters were little else than crude and outspoken expressions of admiration, or censure, for various screen stars; not for their acting, but solely for their personalities. Now many of the letters offer very intelligent comments, and regard the screen performers as artists, not as mere personalities. It is interesting to note that much of the best criticism comes from England.

Out of all the letters published in August PICTURE-PLAY, six have specially impressed me. The first is from David Wright, of Lynchburg, discussing whether the mark of any special producing company makes much impression on the fan. I should think, from what I hear, that the majority of fans *did* feel the importance of the producing company, but, for myself it makes no impression whatever.

Another letter which I found most sympathetic was from Lawrence Collins, of London; it was a delight to read the neat hit at the "grotesque garments" sported with such ingenious assurance that they are the last word in smart dress, by such screen favorites as Lew Cody, Ben Lyon, and others, and to find really intelligent appreciation of the flawless good dressing of Clive Brook, as well as a tribute to his delightful qualities as an actor. There seems a significance in the fact that so many of the most accomplished and finished of the leading men and women of the screen are English; Clive Brook, Percy Marmont, Conway Tearle, Emily Fitzroy, Dorothy Mackaill—where will you find their equals among their American fellow players doing the same line of work? Clive Brook has fire and force at his command when they are called for; he has also faultless good breeding, and a brilliant and wholly satisfying technique.

I rejoiced to read Mrs. Herz's tribute to the art of Percy Marmont; since she does not hesitate to record the fact that she has seen the best on the stage since 1888, Mrs. Herz will not resent my referring to her as an old-timer, but my recollections antedate hers, and I am delighted to bear witness to her sound critical judgment in her enthusiasm for Mr. Marmont; a most versatile, subtle, and satisfying artist, and one who is endowed with a delicious sense of humor. In some ways Mr. Marmont is perhaps the most accomplished screen player now before the American public.

"A Tearle Fan" writes a very interesting letter, and the letter immediately following it, signed "N. H.," was also full of suggestion. While I fully agree with "Tearle Fan's" tribute to Mr. Tearle's "pungent drollery and keen sense of fun"—surely these gifts should be patent to any sympathetic critic of Mr. Tearle's screen performances—I disagree with him, or her, as it may be in what he says as to Mr. Oettinger's descriptive epithet—"arrogant aplomb." That seems to me a superexcellent bit of graphic character analysis, and, to me, it describes *exactly* the impression made by Mr. Tearle. The touch of arrogance in his bearing never descends to swagger, but it has something of the traditional pride of the typical Spaniard, and his perfect assurance, the result of his innate personal idiosyncrasy, combined with years of technical training, do



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seem to me to be perfectly embodied in the word "aplomb." I only wish I had been so fortunate as to originate this phrase. In his love scene, whether they are impassioned, or tender, Mr. Tearle seems to me preëminently the most accomplished actor on the screen; his technique is absolutely flawless. Beside his perfection of method the clumsy attack of such young players as Ben Lyon appears pathetically crude.

Stanley Wallis, of Bristol, England, writes an excellent letter to your department. His criticism of the theatricality of John Gilbert is pertinent and true. At the same time, I want to pay tribute to Mr. Gilbert's admirable performance in "He Who Gets Slapped"—a magnificent film, perhaps, taken all in all, the finest I ever saw; I was glad to read the intelligent appreciation of it sent you by "D. M. S." of South Dakota.

I wish we saw and heard more of Emily Fitzroy, a great artist. I shall never forget her as the poor-white mother in "Driven," a superb film, which was never appreciated as it should have been. As the duenna, in "The Spaniard," also, she gave a picturesque and powerful performance, beautifully finished and complete.

Do encourage the fans to write real constructive criticism, to show that they are really interested in fine acting, and not in whether or no Colleen Moore wears her hair bobbed, or whether "Rudy" should or should not let his mustache grow.

The films have really tremendous possibilities, but it would seem that many of the fans care for nothing but the personalities of their favorite performers.

It is too bad. ELDERLY FAN.
Hartford, Conn.

Concerning Doug's Mustache.

I'd like to say a few words about something that has been worrying me and many of my fan friends for quite some time, and that is that mustache of Doug's. Now, Doug has been my favorite star for five years; I'm not fickle, am I? He'll continue to be my favorite as long as he makes pictures. When he first wore the mustache in "The Mark of Zorro," it worried me, but I thought that surely he'd leave it off after that. Then came "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood," and "The Thief," and he still wore it. Now, I'd like Doug if he had a beard that trailed the ground, but why he deliberately spoils his good looks by that toothbrush is beyond my understanding.

Please, Doug, be a good sport and take it off, won't you? We want our Old Doc Cheerful back again. MISS C. PARKER.

1824 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, Calif.

A Letter from Bagdad.

Pictures of "sheik" types are not popular in this, the real "sheik" country, because they are not true to life.

This is the fault of the producers. Actors playing Arab rôles are nearly always clean shaven. Desert Arabs—Bedouins—

never shave their beards or mustaches. It is simply *not done* in the desert—it would be an insult to suggest such an idea to one of them. The stars are usually beautiful or handsome, but they play their parts badly—they have not the true glamour of Araby about them. They are not to be blamed for that. And as we all know, the producers have more than once overlooked their responsibility by giving a wholly wrong impression of a nation's ways to people in other lands. Your United States has been badly misrepresented abroad by your own films.

Motion pictures have great powers. They convey to thousands of their patrons, the world over, impressions of other people's lives and ways. Most people get all their impressions of far countries from the screen. I don't know yet what "The Thief of Bagdad" is like. We shall have to see it before we praise or criticize it.

We have some of the producers will film their Eastern productions in this city of the Thousand and One Nights where there are so many places of interest. Picturegoers will then see Arab pictures quite differently in character from those they are accustomed to.

JOSEPH M. TWAIG.
19-195 Abakhana Street, Bagdad, Mesopotamia.

The Boston Prize Winners.

Boston turned out to greet the *Boston Post* scholarship winners in the Paramount school of movie acting—Miss Dorothy May Nourse, of Roxbury, and Harriet S. Krauth, of Medford, Hillside.

Miss Nourse is sixteen years old and a wonderfully pretty girl. She has bobbed hair and her eyes are a robin's-egg blue. At first glance she looks like Pauline Garon. She is a flapper, dances and walks like one.

Miss Krauth is seventeen years old. Her hair is not bobbed. Her screen name will be Segal De Rou, which is her grandmother's name.

Let's watch these two girls work, and I'm sure both Harriet and Dorothy will win the hearts of the whole world—just as they won the hearts of Boston.

JULIA DAVID.
98 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass.

Praise for Ramon.

All of my relatives and friends are so tired of hearing me praise Ramon Navarro that I decided I would tell the readers of PICTURE-PLAY how much I admire him!

I have two large books completely filled with every picture and story about him that I could steal, buy, beg, or borrow, and still I crave more. Ramon Navarro is, to me, the most attractive man on the screen to-day. Beside his handsome person, he has a sparkling humor and dash which add greatly to his screen portrayals. I have absolute faith that, after "Ben-Hur," Navarro will be the most romantic figure in motion pictures.

CORALIE BROWN.
Buffalo, N. Y.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 58

"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 Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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.

"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 Bessie 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.

"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.

"Zander the Great"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in some delightful comedy as a freckled orphan in pigtails.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Any Woman"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry as a pretty working girl who has a hard time making her employer believe that she has intelligence, too. Not very convincing.

"Burning Trail, The"—Universal. A wild tale of action, with William Desmond playing the hero who goes West.

"Café in Cairo, A"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean as an English girl brought up among the sheiks.

"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. Typical 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.

"Drusilla with a Million"—F. B. O. Old-fashioned whimsy in which Mary Carr, as a sweet-faced drudge, is left a million dollars. Pathetic and humorous at times, but mostly pathetic.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl who thought all men were noble.

"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading 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.

"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.

"Little French Girl, The"—Paramount. Anne Sedgwick's novel painstakingly translated, but a little dull. Alice Joyce is lovely as the French girl's mother, and Mary Brian is sweet, and sometimes stirring.

"Man and Maid"—Metro-Goldwyn. More Elinor Glyn stuff, but not up to her usual box-office standard. Harriet Hammond returns to the screen as the heroine, and Lew Cody is converted to the rôle of a hero.

"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.

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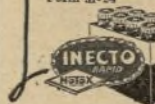
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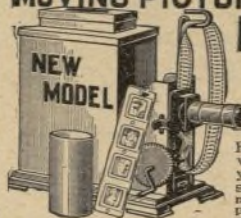
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"On Thin Ice"—Warner. Another crook melodrama, but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, and William Russell play the leading rôles.

"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.

"Rainbow Trail, The"—Fox. Just another Western picture, but it will doubtless please the Tom Mix and Tony fans. Zane Grey wrote the story.

"Recompense"—Warner. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost, in a sequel to "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.

"Tracked in the Snow Country"—Warner. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

"Up the Ladder"—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few 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.

Continued from page 102

SMITH.—Yes, there are several Smiths in pictures—Sid Smith, Al Smith, Anderson Smith, and several who started out in life as Smith but became, to their movie fans, Mary Pickford, William Fairbanks, and Franklyn Farnum. Pauline Starke was born in Missouri. Her latest pictures are "Forbidden Paradise," "As No Man Has Loved"—which you may or may not recognize as "The Man Without a Country"—and "Adventure," a Paramount picture, including also Tom Moore and Wallace Beery.

EASTER EGG.—Just a little bit stale, by now, I fancy. Alma Rubens has signed a contract with Fox. She played in "The Dancers," and has recently been working on "She Wolves," the screen version of Henry Miller's play, "The Man in Evening Clothes." Jack Mulhall appears in the picture with her—presumably in the erstwhile title rôle. Nazimova's latest picture is "My Son;" she was a new Nazimova, playing a mother rôle, without any antics or capers at all. Mary and Doug have been married five years; they recently celebrated their wooden anniversary. Rolling pins and such things were handed around most profusely. Mary's new picture is "Little Annie Rooney." Doug is making "Don Q.," with Mary Astor and Lottie Pickford in the leading feminine rôles.

G. M. S.—I hope your first letter to me won't be your last. Ula Sharon, the dancer, does not appear in pictures, so I have no record of her history or address. Mrs. Wallie Reid makes an occasional picture; since "Human Wreckage" she played in "Broken Laws." Jack Hoxie was born in Oklahoma, but he doesn't say when. He is married to Marin Sais. His latest picture is "Roaring Adventure." Mary Pickford's real name is Smith; Pickford is her mother's family name.

KURLEY KEW.—Well, we couldn't quite make connections for your answer in the June issue, but here it is as a Fourth-of-July present. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City; I have always heard that she was left an orphan at quite an early age. I think that is her real name.

M. O. H.—Holbrook Blinn has played on the screen intermittently for six or seven years, though his principal work is on the stage. He appeared years ago in "Prima Donna's Husband" and "Madonna of the Slums," and other pictures. He made "The Bad Man," one of his stage successes, for First National. He also played the king in "Rosita." His latest picture, of course, is "Janice Meredith," with Marion Davies; he is not doing screen work at present, but is appearing in a Belasco stage production, "The Dove," in which he is starred. He has been on the stage for twenty-seven years, so he must be well into his forties, though he doesn't give his age. I think he is married. The actor who played the policeman in the screen version of "Tiger Rose" was Forrest Stanley. It is not customary to answer questions regarding the religion of the screen stars.

SPEEGALS.—By all means call me "Just Plain Oracle." Every time I look into the mirror, I realize that the most appropriate thing any one could call me is "just plain." You want me to tell you all I think you ought to know about Bert Lytell. I must say, most fans don't put their questions so discreetly. Bert was born and educated in New York, and comes from a family of actors. He told me once that he was "born in a theatrical trunk"—figuratively speaking, of course. He appeared on the

stage for some years before playing in pictures. His early pictures include: "Lombardi, Ltd.," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "The Misleading Lady," and others. Did you see him in "Rupert of Hentzau" and "The Meanest Man in the World?" You might ask a theater owner in one of the smaller picture houses in your town to rebook some of his old pictures. Bert is married to Evelyn Vaughn, but they are getting a divorce, and he and Claire Windsor have threatened to get married as soon as he is free. Bert's current picture, "Eve's Lovers," is a modern story, so you don't need to worry that he is going to appear all dolled up like Adam. Valentino officially does not help in the direction of his pictures, though he and Mrs. Valentino always have a great deal to say about them. In fact, that is a subject of dispute between Rudolph and Ritz Carlton Pictures his present company. The company objected because the Valentinos tried to run things, and work on his picture was called off until the argument is settled. No, I don't think Rudy's beard was just to create a sensation. He was to play a Spanish grandee in his next picture on his return from abroad, but plans were changed and he made "Cobra" instead.

RAY'S SALLY.—Of course I don't mind your calling me Ray if you like, though it doesn't happen to be my name. Edward Burns is now Edmund; he has been in Germany making pictures for about a year, but is to be featured in Cecil De Mille's productions for the next five years. Lila Lee's retirement was only temporary, due to the advent of the stork; she returned to the screen opposite Tom Meighan in "Coming Through." The same is true of Leatrice Joy, who has also returned to pictures, in "The Dressmaker from Paris." Theda Bara is now making "The Unchastened Woman," her first picture in several years. Johnny Walker's new pictures are "The Mad Dancer" and "Lilies of the Streets." Wanda Hawley's new pictures are "Smoldering Fires" and "Stop Flirting," a Christie comedy. Bebe Daniels was born January 14, 1901. I don't know the other birthdays you ask about. The addresses you wish are given at the end of The Oracle.

LEE WOOD.—There doesn't seem to be any immediate prospect of Sessue Hayakawa's return to the screen. His contract with the erstwhile Robertson-Cole Company was finished, and was not renewed. It was said then that he was going to appear in New York on the stage, but nothing came of the rumor. I don't know where you could get a picture of him now, as he seems to have dropped completely out of sight for the present.

A. C. HAVER.—So Pauline Garon is your ideal? And since you live in Kentucky, you seem to be a long way from your ideal. Pauline is about twenty-two and has never been married.

BLONDE.—No, Eugène and George O'Brien are not related, and neither are Irene and Lillian Rich. Richard Talmadge's real name is Metzetti, which makes him not even a tenth cousin of the Talmadge sisters; Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison. Tom and Art Mix also sprang from different family trees—Tom is always springing from trees. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia, about twenty-five years ago; I think that is his real name. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, in 1895. Yes, he and Leatrice Joy are getting a divorce; the new baby is a daughter. Ronald Colman was born in England about thirty-three years ago. Florence Vidor's last name is pronounced Vee'dor; Lon Chaney's Cha'ney; Lyon like the

animal lion; La Rocque, La Rock; Menjou—Mon'jew. Yes, James Kirkwood played a dual rôle in "The Top of the World." The scene in which his two characters are seen talking to each other is made by double exposure, a frequent trick made use of in pictures. One half the film used in that scene is exposed, showing James at one side of the room. Then that half is covered and the other exposed, showing James at the other side of the room.

CHIA.—Some of the ages you ask for are given elsewhere on this page. Ricardo Cortez is about twenty-six and is six feet one inch in height. Kenneth Harlan is thirty and is six feet. Ben Lyon is five feet eleven inches, Ramon Novarro is five feet ten inches. Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties and is five feet three inches. Betty Bronson is seventeen, and is just five feet tall.

FRED THOMSON FAN.—It seems strange that a screen star should once have been a minister, doesn't it? But that is true of your favorite, and they say that he never allows girls of doubtful reputation on the set when his pictures are being made. He is married to Frances Marion. His new picture is "That Devil Quemado," the rights to which were purchased from Doug Fairbanks.

Addresses of Players

Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Billie Dove, Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Ricardo Cortez, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, William Collier, Jr., Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Kathlyn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, at 530 South Rossmore Street, Los Angeles, California.

Alice Terry, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sally O'Neill, Helene D'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lillian Gish, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Goddard, Mae Murray, and Blanche Sweet, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Colleen Moore, Ian Keith, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Jack Mulhall, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May Allison, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lloyd Hughes, and Eugene O'Brien, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Margaret Livingston, Marc MacDermott, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Louise Lorraine, Nina Romano, House Peters, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, and Mary McAllister, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Jocelyn Lee, Rita Carita, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Wilton Place, Hollywood, California.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Fourth-second Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Charles Jones, Marion Harlan, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Charles Mack, care of D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Allene Ray, at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Roche, June Marlowe, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, Alice Calhoun, Matt Moore, Huntley Gordon, and Dorothy Devore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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