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# I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

## — Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

### Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's . . ."

"Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had *always* been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed at Jack, I felt

very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity, which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano, and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me

and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home", together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

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# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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# Personalities of Paramount

## RICARDO CORTEZ

The dark and dashing blade who can make love, war or laughter equally well is the role made to order for Ricardo Cortez. As a hot-blooded cavalier in *Argentine Love* he made a terrific hit, and his star shone equally brightly in *Children of Jazz*, *Feet of Clay*, *The Next Corner*, *The Bedroom Window*, *The Swan*, and *The Spaniard*. His newest Paramount Picture will be *In The Name of Love*.

## ADOLPHE MENJOU

Here is the perfect boulevardier, cane, waxed mustache, ingratiating smile and all, in love with the world and social life, passing marriage as lightly as other people pass a cigarette, and dangerous to feminine hearts everywhere. Most people will remember Menjou in *Spanish Dancer*, *Shadows of Paris*, *Open All Night*, *The Fast Set*, *Forbidden Paradise*, *The Swan*, *A Kiss in the Dark*. His newest Paramount Picture will be *The King on Main Street*.

## WALLACE BEERY

To play the part of a King of Spain requires a very exuberant personality, rich, tyrannical and decorative. Wallace Beery appeared as King Philip IV. in *The Spanish Dancer*, and it was visible in an instant that monarchs don't come any mightier. New season Paramount Pictures in which Wallace Beery's art may be enjoyed are *The Night Club*, *In The Name of Love* and *The Vanishing American*.



# Paramount Pictures

## Don't be too critical to enjoy life!

There is such a thing as being too wise to enjoy yourself, too solemn to know that tonight's the night and Paramount's the show.

There are at least ten thousand audiences every night thrilling to Paramount Pictures, but think of the old-fashioned millions who still don't know that Paramount of 1925 is different to the movies of years ago!

At least five million inhabitants of the United States would get the pleasantest

surprise of their lives if they saw a Paramount Picture tonight.

According to our records these five million have not seen a photoplay since before the war, and they still think the Custard Pie rules the roost.

Today the greatest names and fames in literature and drama are allied with Paramount to delight nations. Look at the programs!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and catch up with the dance of life!

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

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**T**HAT'S a big subject, and the article we will run on it next month is one that you are going to find of unusual interest. It will take you right back of the scenes, and tell you how you can learn, through your reactions at different types of pictures, things about yourself that you may not have known.



### Are You Interested in Fan Clubs?

We have a story about the founding of one of the most successful clubs of this kind, which will show you how to start one if you like.

### What Months Were the Stars Born In?

Dorothy Wooldridge has been investigating this subject, and will give you her conclusions in a very interesting article.

### One of the Hits of the Season



"The Unholy Three" was made possible by a woman's faith in her husband, who directed that production. He had dropped out of the game, beaten and defeated. How his wife helped him regain his confidence and prestige will be told by Myrtle Gebhart.



### "I Never Discourage Any Movie Aspirant"

says Harold Lloyd. And in an article that we will print next month he tells why, basing his reasons on his own personal experience in working his way up to fame.

These are but a few of the outstanding features which we have planned for our next issue. There will be several others equally interesting. Don't fail to procure a copy.



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# What the Fans Think



## What the Fan Letters Reveal.

**I** WONDER if the fans know how much they tell about themselves when they express their opinions in "What the Fans Think." I enjoy speculating on the authors of many of the letters.

There is one in every issue—a pessimist. He knocks the pictures and actors, everything is the bunk, or hokum, actors are cheap, et cetera. Either he longs for the days when hokum was considered drama and pies flew thick and fast, or else he condemns movies from the very beginning and longs for the melodramatic, second-class stage plays that used to wander from town to town. These fans puzzle me; if they hate movies so, why do they read movie magazines?

Then we have the half-sister to the first class, the evil finders and narrow-minded reformers. They tell of the great evils waylaying us fans every time we enter a theater. "Motion pictures are withering the flower of the nation," et cetera. They are positive that all actors are veritable "diablos" and that "no good can come by them." Since they are all so well posted, they must attend quite regularly, and *they* seem to resist the temptations.

The largest class by far is that of the egotistical fans who build dream castles about their favorites. What good times they have! Yet they are sometimes very brutal in their condemnations of persons who do not happen to please their fancy. They think not that some one else may have their own dreams about these very persons they are abusing. Their dislikes are but petty, trivial things in a great world. Why be harsh?

We read, too, the dignified epistles of learned persons who speak of complexes and juggle lengthy words. They, perhaps, are paying "only a dollar and a half each week to the collector" for the latest encyclopedia and are making good use of it.

Then, too, there are the delightful fans who are tolerant, hopeful, optimistic, and who do not take themselves or their opinions too seriously. They save the day, God bless them.

MARGUERITE ELDEBURG.

8 East Sixth Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

## What the High-school Fans Like.

I am an overly popular high-school senior in one of the largest high schools in the world, Central High, of Washington, D. C., and would like to offer the opinion of a group of students in contrast to the opinion of "Two High-school Fans."

We like Ben Lyon, but there is no romance about him where we are concerned. He is too possible for us to know. We see his type every day in class, and on the street, every night at the dances, and so on indefinitely.

We are not fond of Gloria Swanson, but we greatly admire Pola Negri. She is the finished actress,

the polished lady, the worldly woman, and the real aristocrat.

Valentino is greatly admired by the school fans. Cortez is agreed to be fascinating to every one.

We can all imagine ourselves in love with Richard Dix or Rod La Rocque. Harrison Ford is especially fancied. He has been adored by the dramats in school ever since his more than excellent performance in "Smilin' Through."

All of us would love to see "The Four Horsemen" again, and also to have Wallie Reid's pictures reissued.

Luckily for us we do not suffer from narrow-minded censors and consequently receive an unaltered version of the screen play.

We, too, love Nita Naldi. In spite of her cobralike parts—no, I've not yet seen "Cobra"—she seems to be a perfect sport. That always wins fans.

We are not interested in stars' private lives.

A SORORITY FAN.

Washington, D. C.

## This Fan Speaks Well of All the Stars.

When I read about the dirty digs poor Gloria Swanson gets it makes me want to absolutely kill that person. People misjudge Gloria altogether and I really think it's mean. I, for one, won't roast any of the stars. No matter how terrible I think they are, I always *try* to speak well of them. There's only one I will acknowledge having roasted and that's Rudie Valentino. He may be a nice fellow, but he's not *my* star. Nope!

I have over nine hundred pictures of the different stars, and I have Rudie's, also. The funny part of it is I got a letter back from him—of course, I appreciated it—but all I did say was to "Kindly send me your photograph." I got a letter back which I thought was very conceited. He said, "I enjoyed your letter, and what you say about *me*," et cetera—when I only said what's above.

L. R.

129 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, New York.

## Nine Wishes.

I wish:

That the brilliancy, versatility, and perfect technique of Miss Emily Fitzroy were more generally appreciated.

That all directors would unite in a concerted movement to teach the men of the screen to take their hats off, instantly, on entering a house, and to raise the hat clear of the head, always, in greeting women.

Continued on page 10



MAE MURRAY  
plays the Widow

## "The Merry Widow"

JOHN GILBERT  
plays the Prince

*An Erich Von Stroheim production*

DROWSY with love and smouldering with desire, her haunting eyes ruled gay Vienna and caused brave hearts to beat far faster beneath tight tunics. Then came Prince Danilo—foot-loose and fancy-free to meet his fate...

All New York is crowding to see this world-famous picture of love and life in Vienna's realm of romance, gladly paying two dollars a seat for the privilege.

You may see it at your favorite theatre at *popular prices*—do not let the opportunity pass!

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

*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*

# A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

That young screen actresses would profit by the example of Miss Jetta Goudal's shapely head, and stop bobbing their hair. That a sequence of parts worthy of his talent might be found by Clive Brook.

That Dorothy Mackaill might be presented in other parts as dramatic and worth while as the girl in "The Man Who Came Back."

That such splendid films as "Driven," "He Who Gets Slapped," and "The Enchanted Cottage" might be shown again in picture houses of the same class as those in which they made their first local appearance.

That the personality and acting ability of Conway Tearle were never wasted on the rubbish in which he often appears.

That Lewis Stone might be presented in more characters such as that he played in "Scaramouche." It is too bad that an actor who can assume the grand manner, and scarcely any of them can, should be relegated to playing small-town commuting husbands.

That the numerous company of screen actors and actresses who do splendid work in minor parts received more recognition.

ELDERLY FAN.

Hartford, Conn.

### Too Many Close Ups.

I have just noticed that some stars' pictures are but a series of close-ups and nothing else. There is a close-up of the star whenever she turns her head, whenever she registers any emotion, whenever she says something; in fact, almost every time she moves.

It's really nice when you happen to have a crush on her, but when you don't, it's sickening! Do they do this for fear the audience won't see them unless they pop their heads out every five seconds?

ESPERANZA ESCURDIA.

823 Rizal Avenue, Manila, P. I.

### A Message from Sweden.

I am a Swedish Valentino fan and I will tell you that in Europe Rudolph Valentino is the most popular of all the American stars! Gilbert and Novarro are not so popular as Valentino. Here in Sweden all the girls love Valentino. Now we are waiting for his next pictures. He is a great actor. "Monsieur Beaucaire" was a wonderful picture and so was "A Sainted Devil."

N. HERMAN.

Stockholm, Sweden.

### Impressions at a Preview.

I recently attended a preview in a neighborhood theater. The picture was "The Merry Widow." It deals chiefly with royalty and is very cleverly done. The story itself is creaky in spots and sprinkled with hokum, but the public will like this film and Mr. Gilbert's fans will swoon with delight over his portrayal of Prince Danilo. In this picture he literally takes off his coat and goes after the love scenes without regard for the censors or the Marquis of Queensbury rules. True, he has some "tender" moments but these moments are entirely too tender to be in keeping with the general tempo of his characterization. Men who insult and assault decent women don't break down and cry over nothing at all.

Miss Murray is miscast as the innocent young girl, but she dances exquisitely and does very well as the widow in question. The other characters are splendidly done. Toward the last there is some very beautiful colored photography and the picture fades out to the music of much hand clapping.

In the foyer I met a girl friend who

works as an extra in the movies. We went outside where the crowd was milling about. Mr. Gilbert, rather tall, modestly dressed, clean shaven, very dark, with small, dark hands, stood in their midst. By him was Miss Murray, diminutive, elegantly dressed, scarlet lipped, her small face framed in lemon-colored hair. The two celebrities wedged their way through the crowd single file, passing so close that their garments brushed ours. When they had driven away my friend and I made for the nearest drug store.

"Strange," remarked she, over our cold drinks. "One who didn't know they were movie stars would never give them a second glance, yet as soon as they are recognized people fight for a glimpse of them." "I guess it's the mystery surrounding them and the curiosity they arouse," I observed.

And so another hectic preview night ended. Sincerely yours,

MADLINE GLASS.

2975 Leeward Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

### A New Fan Club.

Here's a cheer for the success of a newly formed club that should interest many fans.

The Wallace Reid Memorial Club stands for two things: first, the reissuance of Wallace's best pictures, and secondly, the erection of the memorial that Famous Players-Lasky promised to his memory. We believe that an organized movement for this, backed by enough of those who loved Wallace, will prove to Lasky that there is a demand for Wallace Reid's best pictures and a desire for the memorial. We feel that every fan has in his heart a memorial of love and cherished memory of Wallace, and will certainly wish to unite with others in giving that heart memorial a concrete realization.

Wallace's beloved mother, Mrs. Bertha Westbrook Reid, is our honorary president and every one who loved Wallace could not help but love her, as she is so very much like him, though not so tall as her "over six feet" Wallace. The club also numbers numerous film favorites.

There are no actual membership dues, every member pledges as much as he feels he can toward the memorial fund. When we have completed our enrollment we will have an estimate of how expensive a memorial can be erected and then we will take up the matter with Famous Players-Lasky, and with all loyal Wallace Reid fans back of the movement we feel sure that Lasky will reissue Wallace's best pictures and undertake the memorial they promised to erect.

All those wishing to unite with us in this movement—the club will also be a medium for correspondence between those members who signify a desire to correspond—are cordially invited to join. There is no minimum or maximum to the pledge amounts and the regular blanks and full information can be had by writing to our headquarters: Woodstock, Virginia. As president I will be pleased to answer any inquiries personally. Here's for success and let's prove that the public really doesn't forget those they truly love.

RAY E. HARRIS, President.

### What They Like in New Hampshire.

I am a great lover of the movies, and I want to put in a little praise for some of the actors and actresses. Harry Woods, who played the part of the *Sheik* Kali in Priscilla Dean's recent picture, "A Cafe in Cairo," has suddenly found quite a following here for his work in that picture. Many predict a brilliant future for him as a heavy. He has also played in two

William Duncan serials, "The Fast Express" and "Wolves of the North." Also, Boris Karloff, the greatest natural actor on the screen to-day, is becoming popular. He has always been my favorite actor ever since I first saw him in "The Hope Diamond Mystery" serial.

Mary Beth Milford has been the favorite of many since she first appeared in the second "Fighting Blood" series. We would like to see her as a star in pictures, because she is so sweet and lovely, and a really good actress. Ah! how I adore her, that golden-haired miss of exquisite loveliness.

We are extremely fond of railroad pictures here. "The Danger Signal" was dandy. "The White Desert" took the audiences by storm. We also like good action and fighting pictures.

Gloria Swanson is fast becoming unpopular. Unless she stops boasting that she is the best actress on the screen, she won't have any following soon. I and many of my friends are in favor of having the producers give Boris Karloff, Harry Woods, Mary Beth Milford, Arline Pretty, Craig Ward, and Betty Francisco real chances for stardom.

HARRY LIVINGSTON.

16 Church Street, Nashua, N. H.

### Four Replies to Mary Edwards.

The letter signed "Mary Edwards" which you printed in the last issue of PICTURE-PLAY did not deserve the space you gave it. It is true that all cannot like the same actors. But I am sure that there would not be so many people acclaiming the talent of John Gilbert unless he was deserving of their praise. Mary Edwards stated in her letter that she "had studied the expressions of John Gilbert and Ronald Colman and that any one with any sense could see what they were by their expression and why didn't people boost some decent chap like Ramon Novarro instead."

Ramon Novarro has always been cast in heroic rôles, therefore he impersonated the noble hero, without sin. But John Gilbert, in "The Snob," was required to assume the facial expression his character required. In "The Wife of the Centaur," he was supposed to be a man cynical, discontented, and groping for a hold on the ideals of life. The very fact that he is a talented actor, a genius, made him capable of assuming these characteristics, so completely eclipsing his own character that no doubt some people like Mary Edwards imagined him to be the kind of man he was impersonating. But any one with any sense—I use her own words—should realize that an actor's expressions must be in accordance with the character he is portraying.

Is Wallace Beery a villain in real life, just because he takes the rôle of villain in the play? Is Lon Chaney a monster? Is John Barrymore either a *Dr. Jekyll* or a *Mr. Hyde*?

Every one I know thinks Ronald Colman and John Gilbert are handsome and talented actors. I have never heard any one before say he did not like John Gilbert as an actor.

V. S. HUNTER.

3922 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mary Edwards says in her letter: "I, for one, hate John Gilbert and Ronald Colman and I don't care who knows it." To me, this is very childish. I presume Miss Edwards is young. Quite often you can judge a writer's age from a letter.

Miss Edwards goes on to say, "Why, instead of boosting such men, don't people praise some handsome, decent-looking chap, such as Ramon Novarro, for instance?"

Continued on page 12

# You, Too, Can Realize Your Dreams

By Developing a

## Strong Rich Voice

More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

Read the letters on this page from men and women who have made their dreams come true by this wonderful, scientific method of voice culture. You can continue your present occupation and mode of life while you study in your own home—and the cost is nominal—only a very small amount each month as you study.

### 100% Improvement Guaranteed

It makes no difference whether you wish to improve your voice for your own pleasure or for professional singing. The man or woman singing in the home—the opera or concert singer—the choir singer—all can improve their voices 100%, at the very least, by Physical Voice Culture.

**We absolutely guarantee 100% improvement or your tuition will be gladly refunded. You alone are to be the judge.**



#### Gives Physical Voice Culture Credit for Grand Opera Voice

Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when catarrh had just about finished my hearing and voice.

I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the star pupils from the great voice masters try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.



#### Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "E" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone.—Harry Lompierre.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.



#### Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.



#### Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

## Inspiring Book Now FREE

### Send Coupon!

The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of "Physical Voice Culture"—a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon TODAY!

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 12-88  
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

☐ Weak Voice  
☐ Singing

☐ Stammering  
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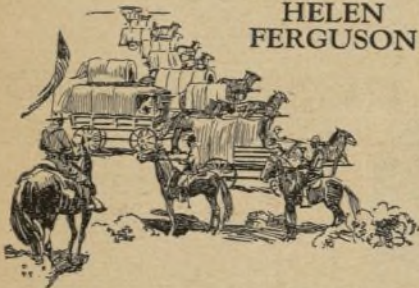
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

A romance of the ranches  
with the thrills  
of the circus

# Wild West

Produced by  
C. W. PATTON

With  
**JACK  
MULHALL**  
and  
**HELEN  
FERGUSON**



A drop of the sword—a blast  
from a bugle and the race for  
homesteads was on. Who won  
out in this struggle for land?

Here is a new Pathéserial  
that will interest you from  
the start of the first episode,  
leave you breathless at the  
end of it, and bring you back  
to the theatre each week to  
see the succeeding chapters.

You will be intrigued by  
the clever story of the found-  
ing of the famous 101 Ranch.  
You will be thrilled by the  
exciting spectacle of circus  
life. You will be moved by  
the romance of the un-  
bounded ranches. Don't  
miss a single chapter of  
"Wild West."

## Pathéserial

In Ten Weekly Chapters,



ASK YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Now, fans, with those adjectives, I'm leaving it up to you whether Miss Edwards goes to movies to see acting—or handsome faces. Of course, an actor can be an artist and be handsome, too, but apparently not in her estimation.

As a matter of fact, it seems to me that the public could be capable of liking all three of these actors at the same time, without disliking one or the other.

Personally, I would not care to impress my favorites—of course I have them—upon other people. I consider that every one is entitled to his own likes and dislikes. Contrary to the old adage—"What's sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander . . ."

My opinion of the embodiment of Mary Edwards' letter—especially when she says "I, for one," et cetera—is that it is pure egotism! Who cares what "she for one" thinks?

Will people like that ever learn that their opinion doesn't mean everything in this world? That for the one fan who hates John Gilbert and Ronald Colman there are thousands of others who adore them and admire their artistry? And that she is just a particle in the great mass of ever-growing fans?

ELFRIEDE SHAWN.

West Annapolis, Md.

When an actor or actress fails in a picture, it isn't because they aren't any good, it's because the producer has shown poor judgment in selection and they are not suited to the part he has asked them to play.

When it comes to putting them off the screen, I say give them a part they can justly fill, and we will have better movies. There isn't one person on the screen who isn't trying his or her best, and I think that we should take off our hats to all of them for sticking to the game, and modestly overlooking the insulting remarks of some of these one-man fans."

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Glendive, Mont.

What ever has happened to discourage interest in Ben Lyon? A few months ago every magazine was full of him. Lately no one hears a thing. I am one of his loyal fans and I miss the praise that has suddenly stopped.

Also, I want to criticize Mary Edwards' attitude in your September number toward Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. She talks about Ramon Novarro being her idol. As for me, give me a tall man! I am not so short myself so I like tall men—and Ramon is positively tiny! I think Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman are gentlemen, every bit as much as Ramon. As for their being hissed off the screen—fortunately, most people do not agree with Miss Edwards.

E. B.

West Hartford, Conn.

### But, on the Other Hand.

I agree with Mary Edwards, of Kansas City, whose letter was published in September PICTURE-PLAY.

Why must we tolerate Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman when a real man and actor like Ramon Novarro is still somewhere on this planet and ready to make pictures for his fans?

I, for one, feel disgusted at Metro-Goldwyn for keeping him off the screen for so long. No John Gilbert can ever take his place.

Ronald Colman is at least not vulgar,

but he is no Novarro. We want our Ramon back!  
Kent, Ohio. DOROTHY MOORE.

Honest to goodness! I'm getting real mad. I've been a constant movie fan for years and know a good actor when I see one. I certainly do agree with Mary Edwards of September issue. She is perfectly right about Ronald Colman. How about Maurice Costello? You never could tire of him. Bring on Antonio Moreno, Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan. MARY EDWARDS II.  
Colma, Calif.

### Envy!

Oh, Roland O. Clarke, what a lucky man art thou! How would not I just like to push my way through a crowd to find myself face to face with Richard Dix. Oh, boy! if I could only gaze into the brown orbs of the "one and only Richard," I'd verily be willing to give up the ghost within the next five minutes.

Here's to the smiling brown eyes of the Dixie Boy.  
Sydney, Aust. D. W.

### Concerning Pierre Gendron.

I had to laugh at the fan who, in the September issue of PICTURE-PLAY, called Pierre Gendron a Frenchman. He is no more a Frenchman than John Patrick, whom she also mentioned, is. Pierre Gendron is Irish, and talks just like he came from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I think he looks the part of an Irishman, and I don't see why he doesn't take an Irish name. I think Pierre Gendron will go a long way if given a chance.  
Venice, Calif. C. S.

### What About Madge Bellamy?

What I think doesn't really count as I suppose I don't know anything about pictures, actors, or cowboys.

But one thing I do know is that Ben Lyon, Larry Gray, Mary Brian and Betty Bronson are my four favorites. I would so love to have Mary and Larry play together and Ben and Betty together. That would be my dream come true. You, perhaps, think I'm all for juveniles. No, I like Percy Marmont and Wallace Beery, too. Gloria Swanson used to be my ideal but now that she is so disgustingly popular I have really lost some of my enthusiasm. But I don't mean that I don't admire her the less for her gaining popularity over Mary Pickford and Pola Negri.

That is all, except one question I'd like to ask. I don't know who could answer it except that "star" herself, and that is: "What is ailing Madge Bellamy?" She has had so many good parts to portray and yet she doesn't seem to get to the top in popularity. She is a beauty, that's certain. I am inclined to think that perhaps she is too conscious of it. She overacts, too—in my opinion. I wish fans would write and tell what they think is wrong with her.  
Cleveland, O. JERMAYNE.

### Never Once Disappointed!

Now I want to say that I have seen quite a few stars off the screen and I have never once been disappointed. Claire Windsor is too beautiful to be real. I wanted to go up and touch her to make sure that she was living. Her eyes are the bluest blue that I have ever seen. Bebe Daniels is so snappy and such large sparkling eyes! Viola Dana is so tiny and

Continued on page 115



A. H. Ward,  
Chicago, Ill.

**\$12,000 a Year!**

A. H. Ward, Chicago, held a small pay job. Now he averages \$12,000 a year as a salesman. Last month he cleaned up \$1,350—and he stepped into this kind of earnings as a result of reading this book.



# What This Amazing Book Did for These 8 Men

It would be just as easy to tell the same story about thousands of men—even more—but what this book brought these eight men is typical. If you do not get a big salary increase after reading this message you have no one but yourself to blame. This amazing book is

## NOW FREE



**\$1,000 in 30 Days**

"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past thirty days were more than \$1,000."

W. Hartle,  
Chicago, Illinois.

**First Month \$1,000**

"The very first month I earned \$1,000. I was formerly a farmhand."

Charles Berry,  
Winterset, Iowa.



**More Than \$10,000**

Your training has enabled me to learn more, earn more and be more. I am now President of a national organization, and my earnings for 1925 will easily exceed the five figure mark.

Charles V. Champion.



**City Salesman**

"I want to tell you that your employment department helped me to a good selling position."

Wm. W. Johnstone, Jr.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.



**\$554.37 in One Week**

"Last week my earnings amounted to \$554.37; this week will go over \$400."

F. Wynn,  
Portland, Ore.



**\$100 a Week in Only 3 Months**

H. D. Miller, of Chicago, made \$100 a month as stenographer in July. In September, 3 months later, he was making \$100 a week as a salesman.

**\$10,000 a Year**

O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a \$10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training.

IT seems such a simple thing—but the eight men on this page who did this simple thing were shown the way to quickly jump from dead, monotonous routine work and miserable earnings to incomes running anywhere from \$5,000.00 to \$10,000.00 a year.

### They Sent for the Book, "Modern Salesmanship," That You Can Now Get—Free

Possibly it is just as hard for you at this moment to see quick success ahead as it was for A. H. Ward of Chicago. When he was a soldier in France, wondering how he would make a living if he got back home safely, \$10,000.00 a year seemed a million miles away. But read what happened after he had read the book we want you to send for. Almost overnight, as far as time is concerned, he was making real money. The first year he made \$10,000.00.

There is nothing unusual about Mr. Ward, or about his success. Thousands after reading this book have duplicated what he did—Mr. Ward simply was willing to investigate.

The only question is—do you want to increase your earning power? If so—this book will quickly show you how to do it in an amazingly easy way.

### Success Inside Twenty Weeks

There is no long, drawn-out wait after you have sent for this book before you begin to do as the men on this page did. Within twenty weeks you can be ready to forge ahead. This may sound remarkable—but after seventeen years of intensive investigation the National Demonstration Method has been perfected—and this means you can now step into a selling position in one-fourth the time it formerly took to prepare for this greatest of all money-making professions.

Men in every walk of life have made this change—farmers, mechanics, bookkeepers, ministers—and even physicians and lawyers have found that Salesmanship paid such large rewards and could be learned so quickly by this new method

that they preferred to ignore the years they spent in reading law and studying medicine and have become Master Salesmen.

### Simple as A B C

There is nothing remarkable about the success that men enjoy shortly after they take up this result-securing system of Salesmanship training. For there are certain ways to approach different types of prospects, certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, outwit competition and make the prospect act. Learn these secrets and brilliant success awaits you in the selling field.

### Make This Free Test at Once

You don't need experience or a college education. And if you are not sure of yourself, you can find out at once whether you can make big money as a Star Salesman. Simply send the coupon for this Free Book. Ask yourself the questions it contains. The answers you make will show you definitely whether a big success awaits you in this fascinating field. Then the road is clear before you. This amazing book will be a revelation to you. Send for it at once while this free offer is open.

### National Salesmen's Training Association

N. S. T. A. Building, Dept. S-18  
Chicago, Ill.



National Salesmen's Training Ass'n  
Dept. S-18  
N. S. T. A. Building  
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I will accept a copy of "Modern Salesmanship" with the understanding that it is sent me entirely free.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....  
Age ..... Occupation .....

*New*  
FOX PICTURES

*The*  
FIRST YEAR



PRODUCED by John Golden, for two solid years this play by Frank Craven occupied the stage of one theatre in New York. Frances Marion has adapted it for the screen ~ perhaps the greatest comedy drama of young married life ever written! Frank Borzage directs the picture superbly.

JOHN GOLDEN  
UNIT

WHEN *the* DOOR  
OPENED

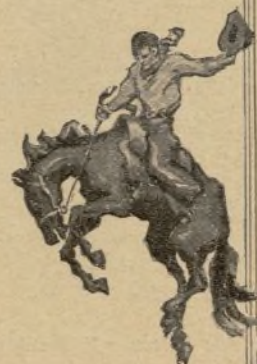


A picture of that Canadian Northwest James Oliver Curwood writes about. It is life in the far, wide places, vivid, throbbing ~ the deep snows, the tall pines! A superb cast ~ Jacqueline Logan, Walter McGrail, Margaret Livingston, J. Farrell MacDonald, Robert Cain, Frank Keenan; directed by Reginald Barker.

*Hosts hail him with delight!*  
BUCK JONES  
*Ace of the great outdoors ~*



HERE is the true type of hardy American manhood as seen in his many romantic pictures of adventures in the open country. From the pens of the best writers, these are unvaryingly clean, invigorating, wholesome entertainments ~ to be had in the best family theatres. He will next be seen in "The Timber Wolf," a story by Jackson Gregory, and "Durand of the Bad Lands" by Maibelle Heikes Justice.



Fox Film Corporation

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

## PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIII

NOVEMBER, 1925

No. 3



Photo by Russell Ball

Lo, the conquering hero comes! "Invisible Wounds" is Ben Lyon's latest picture, but not at all invisible are the love-inflicted wounds his good looks have caused in the hearts of countless, fair movie fans.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

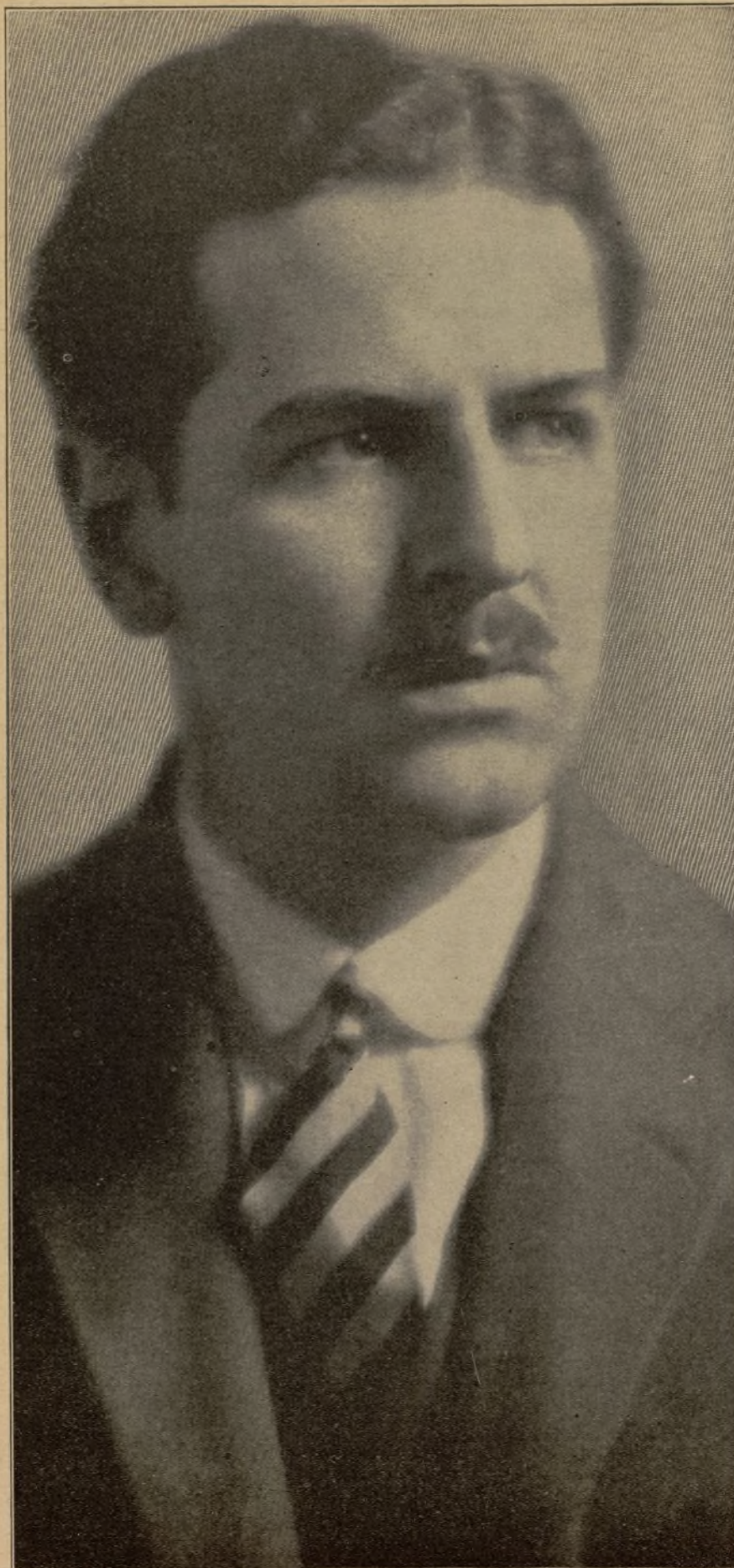


Photo by W. F. Seely

## If It's for You— You'll Get It

John Roche thought he was through with movies, but Destiny kept him in, and now he's glad.

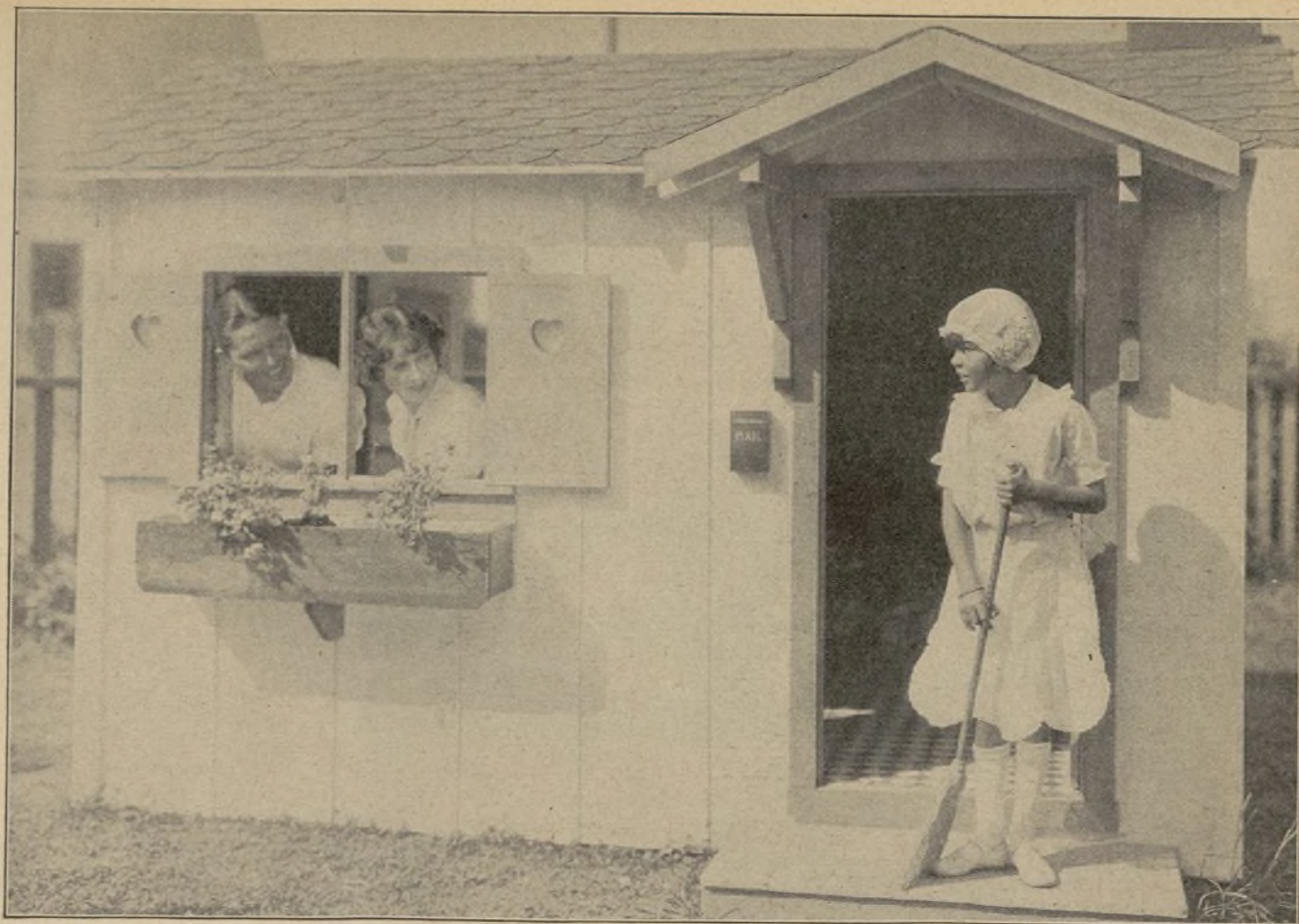
By Helen Ogden

**H**ERE is a funny thing: You can set your heart and mind to a goal, go after it with all the tenacity of a bulldog and the enthusiasm of a yell leader, and still it eludes you. And then in discouragement you call it "quits"—give up the ghost, let the ship go down and the first thing you know—there it is, right in your hand without any seeming effort at all. You've seen it happen yourself?—that strange sequence of events that work out to achievement in spite of all sorts of obstacles and opposition? Some people call it fate. But whatever you want to call it, fate or luck, it merely amounts to this:

*If it's for you—you'll get it.*

What made me think of that, is the story John Roche tells about his career. He said that things just happened to him, even when he tried to discourage them, turned from them, set his heart to something else; and these things eventually led him to Hollywood and the movies, for who ever heard of one without the other? But maybe I am going too fast? You know Mr. Roche? If you saw "Kiss Me Again" you do. He was the very human young man who stepped outside and feverishly counted his loose change before inviting Marie Prevost to dine with him. In the picture he was a temperamental pianist. In person he is a placid, dark, young actor with amazingly long and artistic fingers. I suspect him of being serious about "things." I even think he has "ambition." For instance, he doesn't want to play heavies but prefers leads because of the "sympathy." To look at him you would never mistake him for—say—a lawyer or a merchant or a chief. He is an actor with an actor's background. When he was a child he was the seven-day wonder of the neighborhood because of his clear flutey voice. Because he was a handsome child with a clear flutey voice every one said he ought to be on the stage. So he went on the stage and barnstormed around the country in all sorts of characterizations. Maturity brought him to Broadway and an Elsie Janis show. Just as he was getting

Continued on page 110



*Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor and their daughter, Joan, now have wonderful times together. Here they are in Joan's own little playhouse.*

## The Wife's Story

You've read many times of how successful screen stars felt and suffered when they were fighting for recognition, but in this story Genevieve MacGregor tells how it felt to play an even harder rôle in the struggle.

By Dorothy Manners

**F**ATE, in a capricious mood, occasionally rewards perseverance—some promising young blade shoots across the klieg-lit horizon and the fan world does homage to a new idol. Perched more or less securely on his pedestal he finds himself the recipient of many flattering attentions. Interviews, for instance. Yes, he had a hard struggle, he tells the world. For a while things looked bad, very bad, indeed. One didn't know where the next meal was coming from. One was discouraged almost to the point of giving up the ship. But one stuck it out, and with the help of the little wife, who is, à la Merton, one's best pal and severest critic, everything is lovely now.

In scanning these testimonies I have often wondered about that other story—the wife's story. I wondered what these pals and critics had to say about it—whether the game, now that it

had been won, was worth the burning of the candle. For struggle in the abstract is well enough, but in the concrete it is to be compared only with what a famous fighter said about warfare in general. Another thing:

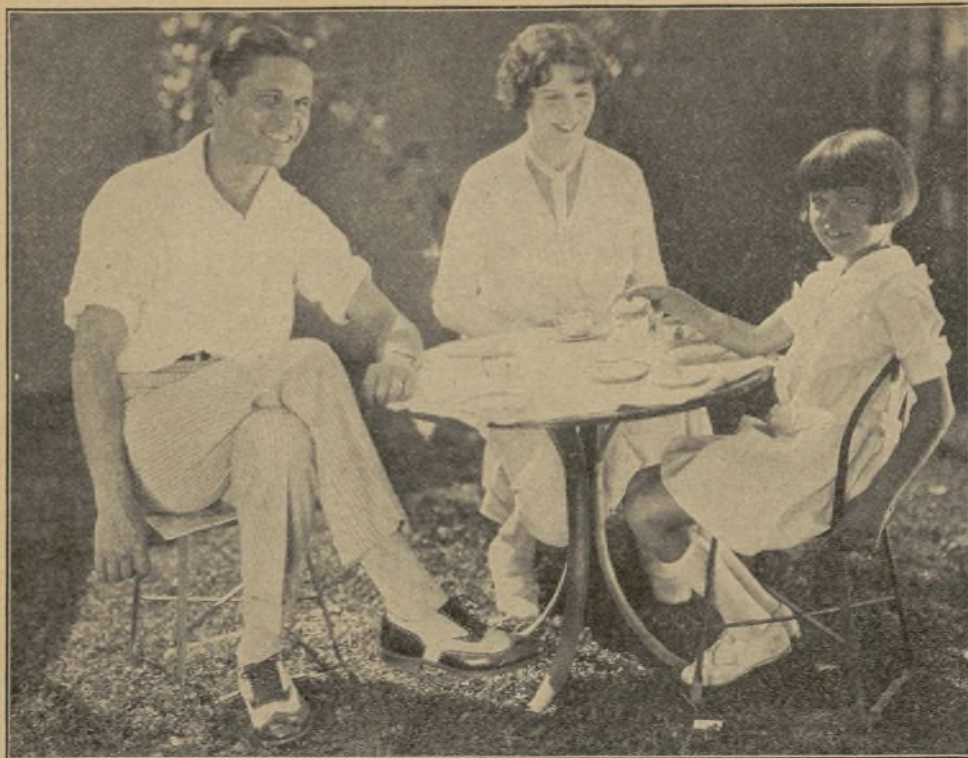
There is a vast difference between being the active warrior and the passive sitter.

Even when you strive for something and fail, there is at least the zest of contact with outside forces—the general viewpoint. There is a certain satisfaction about being even a failure as long as you are an active failure. It keeps you from going to seed—up on your toes—fuels a certain energy. The active participant in the seeking of any goal has the satisfaction of being in the fray, no matter what the final outcome. But for the warrior's family, his mother, sisters, wife—whoever he has sitting at home waiting—it is life lived at secondhand. A hand-me-down existence. Merely a monotonous

### IT IS NOT OFTEN

that the lives of motion-picture players may be said really to parallel those of the ordinary person striving for success in other lines. But once in a while a story comes out of the studios that could just as well be the story of that nice young couple next door to you, who are so charming, but who had such a hard time getting ahead at first. The story of Malcolm and Genevieve MacGregor is like that, and in reading of Mrs. MacGregor's thoughts and outlook during those dreary months when her husband was trying to get a foothold in pictures, you will be struck with the humaneness, and the similarity to the average person's reactions, in her frank expressions of weariness and doubt, and the temptation to give up. But having stuck it out, she is now sharing the glory and sunshine of her husband's success.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



*The MacGregors are an attractive family. And a very happy one these days.*

procession of twenty-four hours a day and three meals to cook.

Or so Genevieve MacGregor told me.

And Genevieve ought to know, being the wife of Malcolm MacGregor, who came all the way up to featured rôles from the bottom of the extra ladder.

You know the MacGregors. They live next door to you. That charming young couple just settling down in their first home. She's such a lovely girl and he is doing so well in the banking(?) brokerage(?) medical(?) law(?) real estate(?) business. They have that cute sport-model car that is the envy of all the other young married couples and with their little Billy(?) Jane(?) William(?) Ruth(?) they make the most stunning family. That these particular MacGregors happen to be in the movies and have a daughter named Joan is immaterial. You know the MacGregors.

One day I was calling on Genevieve in their new home, a swanky Spanish dobe with a courtyard and all the other things a young bride could want, and we happened to look out the window just as a young woman with a shopping bag full of groceries in one hand and a small child clinging to the other, passed by. She was young, this woman, and she might have been pretty if she hadn't looked so tired. As she straggled on down the street you could see where her shoes were a little run over at the heels. Wisps of hair hung untidily around her face. Her face needed powder.

Genevieve said: "There goes some man's wife. She's going over the bumps now. I wonder if she will stick? Well, here's wishing them luck in whatever they're after."

I looked at Genevieve. How smart she looked with her well-groomed hair, her stunning white sport dress with the colored scarf, the French shoes she wore. In the back of the house you could hear the politely hushed movements of a perfect servant.

I looked at Genevieve and mentally contrasted her with the first time I had seen her. She had been stunning then, too. But with a spiritual difference. Then she had been uneasy, worried, no time to do the things

she wanted to, a continual fretting with a small baby—wondering, as perhaps that little woman gone down the street was wondering—if the warrior was coming home with the bacon or if it was just the end of another day. There had been no politely perfect servant then. They had been living in a bungalow court unit that was nice but too crowded for comfort. There was no zippy little car in the garage. When I had first met them Malcolm was doing extra work and extra work does not allow for zip-piness. So, because I knew there was a kinship between Virginia and the lady who walked down the street I asked her: "You gave two or three of the best years to helping a man struggle over the bumps—and is it worth while? Would you do it again? Did it take something out of you that you didn't get back?"

And Genevieve said: "Yes! It has been worth while. But

I'd hate to think I had to do it over. I don't know whether I could last through another siege or not.

"I suppose every young wife has the greatest confidence in her husband in the beginning. I'm sure I did in Malcolm when he told me he was going to give pictures a try. We were living in the East at the time and Malcolm had been in the clothing business. When that failed—he had never liked the business anyway—he decided to try himself in motion-picture work. It never occurred to me that there would be anything to hinder him, so we agreed that I would stay with my people for a short time until I heard from him. I didn't think it would be any time until he sent for me and we would be riding around in one of those high-powered cars you see in the movie magazines.

"Malcolm's people thought he was crazy. My people thought I was crazy. Our friends thought we were both crazy. But we were so sure that everything would come out all right that all the opposition in the world wouldn't have stopped us. So Malcolm left for California, and I started that wifely game of waiting. The weeks went by and I still waited. I would hear from Malcolm every day but apparently something was wrong with the movies—Malcolm had been out there several months and was still unstarred. And so after a great deal of fussing and fuming over what to do, I decided to join him. If Malcolm was having trouble there was no reason why I should stay sheltered at home while he sweated it out alone. I thought my place was with him and I came.

"If there ever was a stranger in Hollywood, I was 'it.' Outside of one or two men friends Malcolm had made I didn't know a soul. And I wasn't used to that sort of life. When we were first married we went around a lot. We had our circle of friends and there was always something doing. But out here in California, especially in Hollywood, there aren't any particular 'sets.' The professional people are clannish and the rest of the population seems to be made up of tourists who aren't out here long enough to care to form any permanent friendships. No 'teasing,' no 'partying,'

no 'bridging,' that I had been used to all my life. At first I was restless and discontented and when I passed that stage I was even worse. I was just in a rut.

"I'd get up in the morning and cook Malcolm's breakfast. Sometimes he was working and sometimes he wasn't, but he was usually out hustling anyway. At that time Joan was just a baby and as soon as Malcolm was taken care of, there'd be Joan to feed and dress and keep an eye on. When the beds were made and the dishes washed Joan and I would go shopping. 'Thirty cents' worth of round steak, please,' 'Is the lettuce fresh?' 'Isn't asparagus in yet?' was about the limit of my social contact. I could give you all the latest quotations on beans but I didn't know a single new author. I knew all about cabbages, but kings were out of my ken.

"The next thing on the program was lunch. When the lunch dishes were washed it was time to cook dinner. After dinner we'd wash the dishes and sit around for a game of hearts. Then it was time to go to bed. Inspiring, isn't it? I'd think to myself 'Well, in a little while they'll say, 'Yes, she's a good little woman, plain, but a good mother to his child.' I could feel myself growing rusty. And the worst part of it was, I didn't particularly care. It wouldn't have been so bad if there had been only a few months of it but it stretched out so long. It looked like an endless procession of nothing. If I hadn't had an almost fanatical faith in Malcolm's future I don't think I could have stood it.

"On top of this my people kept urging me to come back home. Malcolm wanted me to go. I suppose it would sound more noble to say I wasn't tempted. That I saw my duty and 'done it nobly'—but when I would think of the good times they were having, when my friends would write and tell me their wonderful plans for the summer, I'd get so homesick it was all I could do to keep from taking the first train out. Oh, I was sorely tempted, all right. But I just couldn't bring myself to do it. It was just about that time that Malcolm decided not to do any more extra work and to stake his chances on parts. I thought I'd stick it out. Win or lose I'd be on deck.

"I think more homes are broken up during that period than any other time. It may not be the 'dangerous age' but it is certainly the 'dangerous stage.' If a wife leaves her husband when he needs her most, I don't think they ever get back on the same footing. He is likely to feel that if she can't stick through the rain where does she come in on the sunshine? But I know how the wife feels, too. When you've been out in the deluge a year or so, you appreciate a little let-up. But to get back to the story—

"Just when it seemed to me that every one else in the world was succeeding and we were the only failures left—Malcolm got his first part with Rex Ingram. He had known Rex in Yale, you know, and the picture he was cast for was 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Through Rex's friendship with Malcolm, I met Alice Terry. You can't imagine how perfectly lovely Alice was to Joan and me. She used to come and take us on the most marvelous rides—plan outings to the beach for us—do so many little things that were considerate and thoughtful. Things began to break a little better for us. I met people. I commenced to take an interest in myself again—in my appearance—in my life.

"I held my breath after that first part. I thought it might be a false alarm. But you know how things went after that. Malcolm kept right on going. He's still at it. Just the other day he had a co-starring offer and everything is lovely, indeed. Back where we come from if a young man makes five thousand dollars a year it is considered big money. Malcolm has just signed for 'The Vanishing American,' and he'll make that much in a month.

"This last year you can't imagine how much fun we have had.

"First, this house. We planned it just the way we had always wanted one. Then we shopped for furnishings. It got to be a big issue with us whether a blue lamp or a rose lamp would look best in the living room. It has really been a picnic. But during that 'spell' I lost a little something of myself that I can't get back. I mean my love of gadding around—sociability. I was alone so long I can't get back to that old form of enjoying entertaining as I used to. A

large circle of friends means nothing in my life any more.

"For instance, Malcolm went East on a picture not long ago and I went with him. Naturally, we went home. Malcolm wanted me to have a good long visit with my people and I was to have stayed until September. Of course, every one entertained us. That is just what I had dreamed of. I guess no one lives who hasn't had that particular dream of showing 'the home folks.' But after a lot of partying I thought to myself, 'This is lovely. This is nice. But haven't these women anything to do? Teaing every afternoon—dancing every evening. Why, suppose their husbands should make a big deal, they wouldn't be home to hear it. It's so aimless. Is this really the sort of thing I missed so much?'

I laughed at Genevieve. I couldn't help it. Here she had talked herself right around in a circle. She laughed herself. She said, "Oh, well, you know what they say about women. You can't please them." Re-

Continued on page 109



Genevieve and Joan and Malcolm MacGregor in the courtyard of their charming new Spanish home.

*A theater seating twenty thousand persons, with towers a hundred stories high!*

*Music from a world-famous band filling the gigantic auditorium by perfected radio transmission!*

*Pictures in three dimensions scarcely distinguishable from reality!*

*These are a few of the marvels which, we are told, we shall enjoy in 1950.*



# The Motion Picture

**1950** New York City boasts twelve million, the United States one hundred and fifty million inhabitants. And, even as the population has increased, so has the world progressed since the birth of this interesting toy known as a radio set, whose practical developments have become a tremendous factor in our everyday life.

The latest stride forward is the Animated Telephoto. The Telephoto has placed the movie in every home and rendered possible the gigantic spectacle we are about to witness.

At the world's most important theatrical center, on and about Broadway, in the vicinity of One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, occupying two entire city blocks, and seating twenty thousand people, stands the New Coliseum. Its massive tower, a hundred stories high, and supporting one of the artificial suns that brighten the nights of New York since the cumbersome street-lamp system has been eliminated, can be seen from far down the bay. The New Coliseum is leader of a host of theaters housing the supermovie.

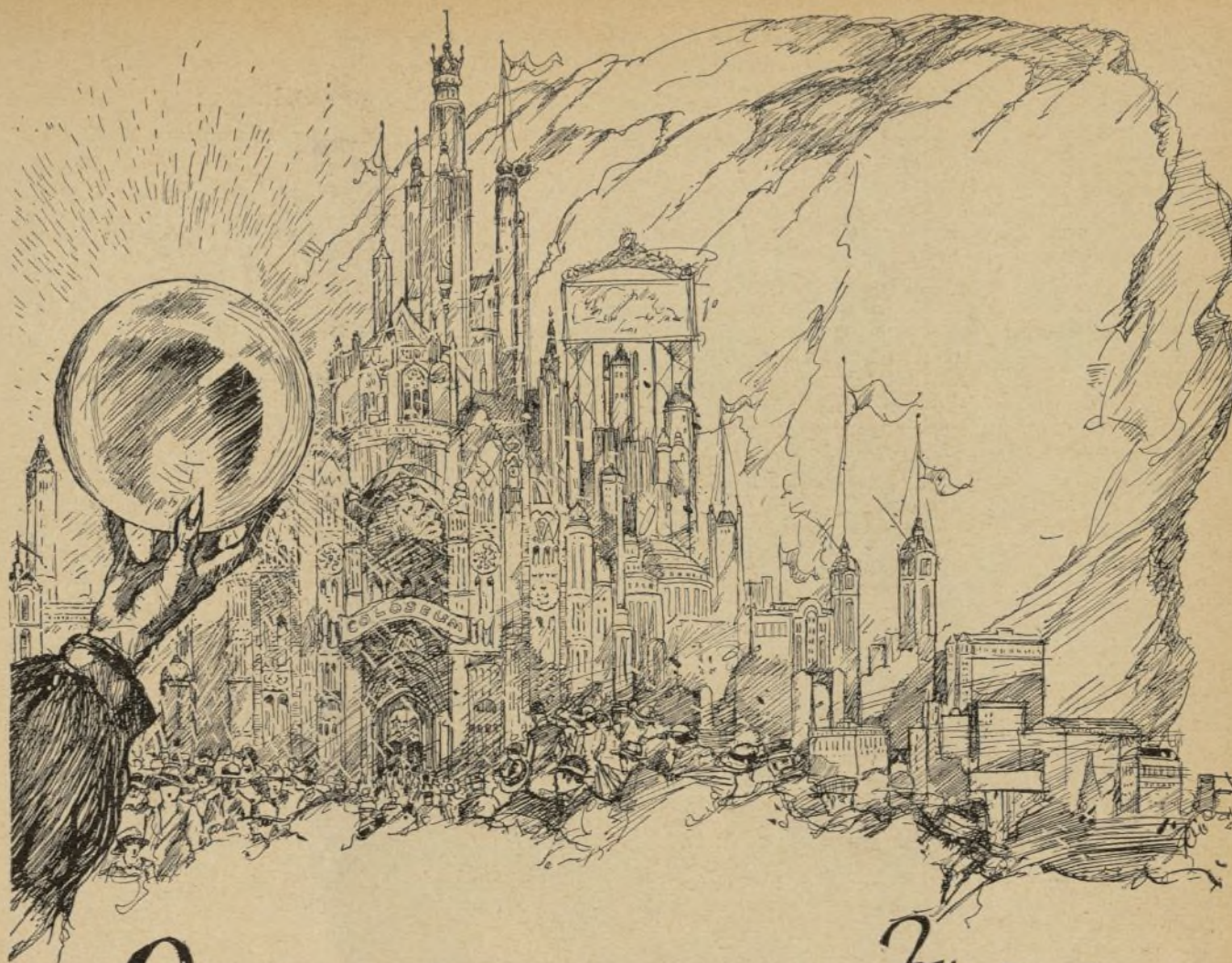
The show begins at eight sharp. We are comfortably ensconced in one of the easy-chairs of which the four front rows of the first balcony are composed. Sweet music delights our ear. Yet no performers can be seen, no mighty organ has its pipes distributed within the hall, no other mechanical device is visible. Have people acquired good taste? Do they at last realize the charms

of hidden melody, the ugliness of those exhibitions of orchestras that characterized relatively large motion-picture houses thirty years ago?

This might be an explanation, but it is not the true one. There is no orchestra, no mammoth organ in the New Coliseum. Strangely, the direction from which the music comes cannot be traced. It seems to fill the hall, to emanate from the very walls, to descend at the same time from the enormous cupola whose brightly painted orb scintillates above us with its thousands of multicolored fairy lights.

Concealed behind countless draperies ornamenting various nooks and corners, are the numerous radio horns from whence come the waves of sound that bring us sensuous inspiration. This music, played by one of the country's leading bands, at the present moment seven thousand miles away, is heard all over the globe in countless theaters where the same spectacle is being presented.

As we glance about, we note that quite a few spectators wear queer masks from the top of which project hornlike antennae. That is the modern telephone booth. There is one before every seat, released upon the payment to a slot machine of a modest dime. This sound-proof mask contains a most compact broadcasting-and-receiving radio apparatus. The spectators wearing these masks are talking with friends and relatives who, perchance, are in distant cities.



# of the Future

by Eugene  
Clement d'Art

And now, the overture closes. There is a moment of expectant silence. The lights dissolve from white to yellow, from yellow to green and from green to blue. The hall is bathed in soothing semidarkness. The curtain rises slowly. The spectacle begins.

We are confronted by an immense stage whereon seems to have been transplanted a whole section of some exotic, tropical isle. The scene is filled with people: natives working in the coffee plantations. They are singing: *we hear the distant chorus!* To the left, in the foreground, a youth enters. He is an American, no doubt. At any rate, he is dressed like an American. Some among the natives notice him and look toward him. He must be an important personage. As we study him, we suddenly realize that the rest of the stage setting, the natives working in the plantations and the plantations themselves have disappeared. The natives' song is dying—is gone. Only the corner of the stage can be seen where stands the hero, for he is the hero, as a voice tells us, introducing him by name and stating the part he plays. The rest of the stage is bathed in blue darkness. After the introduction, as if magic had brought them back, we once more behold the plantations, and see and hear the natives, and follow the hero as he walks toward a bridge whereon, entering from behind some palm trees that, so far, masked her from our view, now stands a very beautiful young woman. The hero meets and engages her in pleasant conversation. And,

as he talks, only the bridge and the hero and the young lady can be seen—

In all this, there is depth, color, and sound—though most of the action is registered in motion. Only at crucial moments are words spoken—perhaps a terse question and its equally terse answer, an introduction or some needed explanation, a distant song or some vitally important sound easier to reproduce than to be registered through gesture.

Is this then some new form of the stage play, one-tenth spoken drama and the rest pantomime?

No, it is a movie. The actors who, one would swear, are there in flesh and blood, the scenery that seems so natural that one would think it built of real trees, dwelling rocks, earth, and water—all we see is a shadow, all we hear the ghost of sounds coming to us over the ether and actually taking place there where the musical accompaniment is being played: on a real South Sea Island, seven thousand miles away.

The complicated telephoto broadcasting-and-receiving sets are the alpha and omega of this marvel. We see action, not months after it has been photographed, but as it is taking place—or rather a few seconds later. Of course, the whole technique of motion-picture production has been revised. Motion pictures have had to adapt themselves to the new medium of transmission. There is less shifting of scenes, less jumping around,

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# A Confession

Which will help you understand something of the problems, not only of the writer, but those of every other motion-picture star who has attained great prominence.

By Rudolph Valentino

**T**HIS is going to be in the nature of a confession. I live, perhaps not a Jekyll and Hyde life, but at least a dual life. There are two Rudolph Valentinos.

There is the one that you see on the screen, and there is the one that you seldom see at all.

One is a romantic fellow who swaggers through life, makes love with great ardor, fights and wins battles against great odds and in the end clasps his sweetheart to his arms, or else dies heroically to atone for his misdeeds.

The other—and the real one—is a hard-working young man who has had more than his share of hardship, and is now enjoying more than his share of good fortune.

I am not just being modest when I say that it is the former in which the public is interested. The popular conception of Valentino is a blend of *Julio* of "The Four Horsemen," *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and the *Sheik* himself. I am glad that the interesting qualities of these young men do attach to me in the public mind, for otherwise my lot might be decidedly different.

And because I realize that my shadow self is the more interesting, I am in no danger of outgrowing the size of my hat. For the same reason, I don't like to make personal appearances. The fans don't want to see Rudolph; they want to see *Julio*. I don't want to disappoint them.

The position of a motion-picture star is unique, and seemingly interesting to other persons besides himself. The widespread distribution of films brings him to the attention of the whole world. No other medium has ever reached so many people. He appears simultaneously in New York, Paris, Painted Post, and Singapore. Also, there seems to be more glamour about picture players than about the stars of the stage. I think this is due to the fact that the films leave more to the imagination regarding the personality of the performer. When you see an actor on the stage, you see him more

completely. You know how he talks and how he looks in the flesh. By this complete survey you may be convinced that the actor or actress is a superior human, yet you are conscious all the time that he or she is only human.

But you don't get so close to the picture actor. There is something eerie in the fact that this person appears before you only in disembodied form. There is a chance for the imagination to paint around the personality of this once-removed hero a picture of perfection hues. Distance lends enchantment to the view. Ask my valet what kind of a man this Valentino is, and if he does not give you a discouraging picture, I have mistaken the quality of his intelligence.

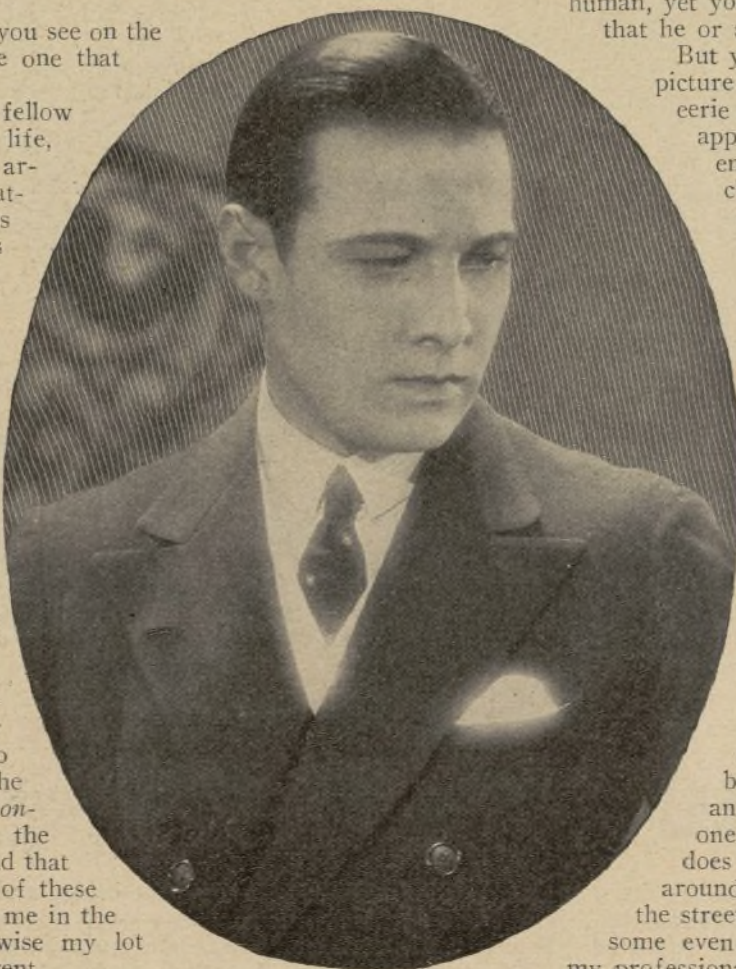
Being a motion-picture star has its disadvantages. He cannot go to public places conveniently and comfortably. When he goes to the theaters he must wait until after the play has started and then slip into a back seat. He cannot make an appointment to meet any one in a hotel lobby, for if he does he soon will have a crowd around him. When he walks on the street people turn and stare, and some even follow. For the sake of my professional standing, I hope this will

always be true in my own case. But I am sure you will agree with me that living in a show case has its disadvantages. Don't think for a minute that I don't appreciate the attention. Without it, I would be very unhappy, for I would know that I was no longer of interest to the jury that makes us or breaks us—the public.

Here is a problem which always seems like a new one to me. If I go to a place where a crowd has gathered, how shall I greet them? If I bow and smile, I know that some will say: "Well, isn't he the vain young man to think that we

have been waiting here to see him?"

If I walk up casually with the thought—and I frequently have it—that it is foolish for so many people to come out to get a look at me, I fear that I am court-ing this remark: "Up-stage, isn't he? Too good to speak to us."



## We Recommend

a careful reading of this article to any fan who really wants to know "what a movie star thinks." It is one of the clearest presentations of a prominent star's attitude toward his work and the public that we have ever read, and to us one of the most convincing, for this reason: Apart from the strictly personal references, we have heard a score of stars express the same ideas, the same point of view, not in a formal interview, but in private conversation.—Editor.

If anybody can ease my mind as to the proper attitude in such a situation I shall be greatly indebted to him. If you are ever in a crowd where I am, you will know what is going on in my mind. Please have a little sympathy for my perplexity and please know that I do appreciate your coming, for acclaim is the food which feeds the actor's soul. If you and others like you were not interested in seeing me, I should have to stop acting and take up some other occupation. This might bring joy to thousands, but, oh, the difference to me!

The editor of this magazine, in asking me to write this article, stated in a letter:

You are a star who, after luck gave you your chance in "The Four Horsemen," succeeded notably because of your good looks. This physical appearance has appealed generally, but accentedly to women. As a consequence you have been pitchforked into a position, whether or not it has been one of your own seeking, which has made you famous for one thing. No matter what good work you do, how distinguished your acting may be, the fact remains that the name Valentino has become a household word for an attractive male.

Write, if you will, an article revealing the state of mind of a man such as I have described. What are his sensations as he moves from place to place? What part of this enforced experience is boring and what part of it is stimulating? What type of conduct is imposed on him willy nilly?

Those are the questions I am trying to answer. Some of them I have already touched on. One phase of this is particularly embarrassing for me to discuss—the "attractive male" part.

Now, every man wants to be attractive to women, for love is the dominant note in life, and a man's happiness depends more upon his finding and winning the woman who will complement his life than any other factor. His ability to do this depends to great extent on his attractiveness, yet a man feels a bit sheepish when his own personality is up for discussion. I confess that I share this confusion, and I repeat that I realize that people know my screen prototype rather than myself.

"No matter what good work he does——" . . . Well, that is discouraging. I am speaking frankly and seriously. Ever since Harry Leon Wilson wrote "Merton of the Movies" it has become impossible for a picture star to speak seriously without feeling self-conscious, but I shall do it anyhow. Like Merton, I want to be a good actor and I want to be known as a good actor. I should rather be so considered than to have any other honor. Acting is my profession and I take the same pride in it that the painter, the novelist, the lawyer take in theirs.

I am not so modest or so unbusinesslike that I do not want to be thought of as an "attractive male." This is based on two reasons. One is that every man likes to be thought of as something of a dashing fellow, and the second is that otherwise my productions would drop off in public demand. Motion-picture fans are more interested in personalities than high art. I can almost hear a chorus chanting, "You should be thankful of that." To which I reply that I am. But still I would like to be thought of sometimes as a man doing good work.

To be called "The Sheik," a term applied to me because of a picture by that name in which I played the title rôle, is, I must say, annoying. In the first place, I think my own work in the picture was bad. In the second place, I am not a sheik in the sense that the word is used. One of my brutal

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Valentino as he will appear in the first part of "Cobra."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Photo by Russell Ball  
Irving Hartley.



Photo by Russell Ball  
Claud Buchanan.



Photo by William Potter  
Charles Brokaw.



Photo by Ernest A. Inghrass  
Robert Andrews.



Photo by Russell Ball  
Charles Rogers.



Fencing is one of the requirements of the course.

WHY won't they give me a real chance to make good?" cries the extra. "Why don't they ever notice me? I've worked and I've waited and yet I'm not getting anywhere. If some experienced director would spare the time to show me how to develop myself, I know I could be a star."

If the author of this familiar plea had determined to carve out a baseball career, he would not have found his upward climb blocked by indifference. If he made any kind of a showing, he would have found himself under the close scrutiny of big-league scouts. He might have been tried out in the spring training camps, and if he didn't quite show big-league form, he would have been "farmed out" to a minor-league team for a further chance to develop himself. For in baseball the managers of even pennant-winning teams have learned that their success depends upon continually developing new stars from unknown players.

That is something which motion-picture producers, too, are at last realizing. The meteoric rise of some neglected extra to the dizzy heights of stardom

## Let's Visit the

Every fan is interested in Famous Players' attempt to can be systematically trained for the movies, and this

By Horace

shows that something is wrong with the present system. Just how many of the persistent extras who wait unnoticed, hoping that some day a lucky bit will attract the favorable attention of some director, have the makings of a Betty Bronson, a Jack Gilbert, or a Georgia Hale? Why, when every other profession furnishes to novices systematic training, and a fair start toward success, should the great motion-picture profession force its newcomers to sink or swim in the icy waters of indifference?

The answer to this question is one of the most unique experiments in the film world. It is called the Paramount Picture School, and it is housed within the four white walls of the huge Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Astoria, Long Island.

A score of girls and young men, some of whom have served as extras and in small parts, and others to whom the glare of the Klieg lights gives a holiday thrill, are the pupils in this school. Last spring they read of Paramount's plan to inaugurate a picture school, and, like thousands of others, turned in their applications. But turning in an application is not nearly so thrilling as receiving a telegram, in the dead of night, telling one to report at once to the Famous Players-Lasky Studio for



Photo by William Potter  
Walter J. Goss.



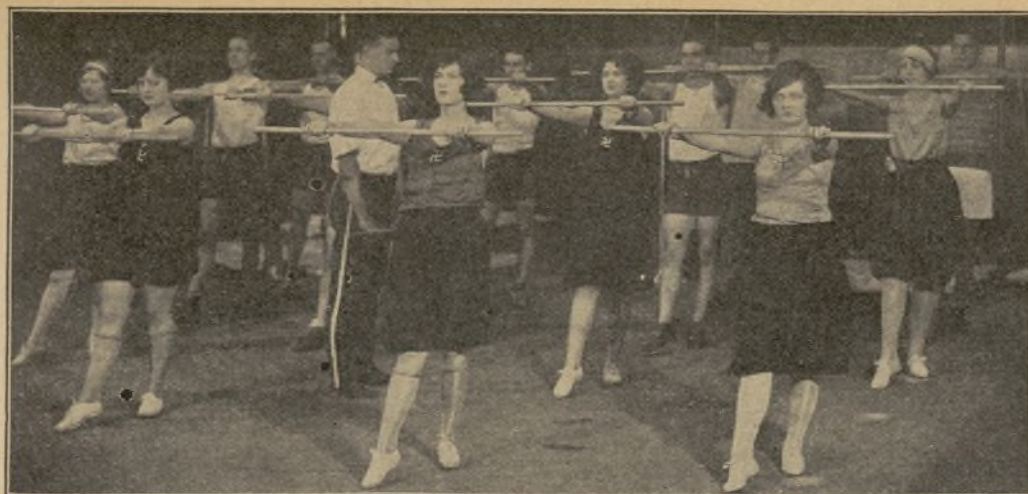
Photo by William Potter  
Greg Blackton.



Photo by Russell Ball  
Wilbur Dillon.



Photo by Russell Ball  
Jack Luden.



*Grace and poise are attained through special gymnastics.*

## Paramount School!

found an institution in which ambitious young persons is an account of how the school is actually operating.

Woodmansee

a six-month course in motion-picture acting, with the possibility of a starring contract at the end. That is what happened to Marian Ivy Harris, an Atlanta, Georgia, débutante. She was just saying good night to a new escort in the bosom of her family when the joyous news came. She threw her arms around her mother and kissed her, then her father, and finally the young man, greatly to his surprise, and, later, to her own. There were similar scenes in many a household where the son or daughter, who had longed for a motion-picture career, saw fulfillment before his or her eyes.

What do you suppose the students in a school of picture acting busy themselves with? You must throw aside all of your conventional ideas of a school before you peer into the classroom of the Paramount institution. You will see a dozen or more girls and young men scattered about a small room. All of them are intent on what their instructor and principal, Tom Terriss, the director, is telling them. There is none of the bored, "Will-vacation-never-start?" atmosphere in this classroom. The students realize that they are working out their destinies. They are striving for a very definite and glamorous reward.

You will look about in vain for stacks of textbooks. During the writer's visit to the school the only textbook he saw in use was a copy of *PICTURE-PLAY*, which one of the girls was reading during a spare moment to get pointers on the screen stars whom some day she hopes to emulate. Yet, although there is practically no learning from books, there is a great deal of learning by practice, by example, and by comment.

In the ordinary school the teacher would call pupils to the blackboard in turn to solve problems. In this school the instructor calls students to the low platform at the front of the room to practice various bits of acting.

One of the first things the student actors must learn is to throw off the shyness, awkwardness, and self-consciousness which naturally invest boys and girls gathered together in so unusual an enterprise.

We see a fellow and a girl advancing to greet each other on the platform. They are supposed to indicate that they are on very good terms.

"You really should kiss her cheek," the principal comments,



Photo by William Potter  
*Thelma Todd.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Marian Ivy Harris.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Dorothy Nourse.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Mona Palma.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Josephine Dunn.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Harriett Krauth.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Lorraine Eason.*



Photo by William Potter  
*La Verne Lindsay.*



Photo by William Potter  
*Ethelda Kenwin.*



*Each student is taught to drive a car, and to know something about its mechanism.*

"but that can come later in the course. Kiss her hand."

The boy complies, registering infatuation. This is not a difficult performance as the girl is the winner of several beauty contests.

Instinctively a high-school girl titters, perhaps at the recollection of childhood kissing games, but quickly checks herself. This is serious business. Careers are at stake. The pretense of love-making seems strange at first—everything is so new and strange and fascinating in this "Arabian Nights" adventure into a film career—but in time it will become as natural a thing as an exhibition dance.

Another bit of business on the platform. A boy exhibits a letter. Good news! A group joyously gathers round him.

"Don't cover each other," the director admonishes. "I can hardly see some of you."

Again, two men and a girl sit at a table, playing cards. The girl throws down her cards, rises, and walks out. The men follow her.

"Too close to each other," comments the instructor. "Don't act as if you were trying to beat the next fellow out."

Once more, two men stand glaring at each other. One allows his eyes to drop.

"Keep the eyes up," calls the instructor. "If you drop them it looks as if you were flinching."

The students not engaged in the bit of action keep their eyes glued on what is happening on the platform, studying each move, thinking of what improvements they would make in this action or that gesture, listening to the approving or critical comment of their teacher and principal.

*Horseback riding is considered a necessary "study."*

They are mastering the groundwork of acting; they are learning how to time an action, how to manage entrances, exits, and grouping, how to use the hands, the eyes. They are learning that there is art in being natural on the screen.

So the drill goes on unceasingly, day after day. Sometimes Robert Andrews, one of the students who has had experience as an assistant director, relieves Mr. Terriss as instructor. Sometimes the pupils improvise a bit of action here and there, sometimes they enact little plays.

As they grow more proficient in the rudiments of acting, they begin to branch out. They go out on the huge stages where Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Betty Bronson, Carol Dempster, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, and a host of other stars have been done into celluloid. They enact their scenes on the same sets where nationally known

figures have just finished their day's work. Some of them are given work as extras in the picture plays that are in the making in the huge studio.

These student actors do not have an easy schedule. Few schools demand such hours, but, on the other hand, few schools offer such glamorous opportunities to keep interest at fever heat. At nine in the morning the classroom work starts. At noon there is an hour's recess. During the afternoon, in addition to more classes, there is a gym period. Keeping fit physically is one of the most important requirements of the school. At five o'clock the regular work day is over, but frequently there is an evening lecture on some aspect of the day's work, or motion pictures to be viewed and studied for the way in which costumes are worn and certain episodes are handled.

*Continued on page 93*



*Ayuntamiento de Madrid*

# The Girl Who Waited

Ruth Clifford, for years lonely and aloof from the tinsel life of Hollywood, has found wealth and the genuine happiness in marriage that has passed more glamorous players by.

By Myrtle Gebhart

**T**HIS is the story that I have wanted to write for four years, a story that I hoped Hollywood would produce. It is the story of a girl who was wise enough to wait, keeping herself from being blinded by a glamour that eventually shows itself to be false.

In Ruth Clifford's romance I have had my faith in the old homilies rekindled.

"Fortunately, marriage has proven beneficial to my career, though if it hadn't the career could go hang itself. My fan mail has increased. I have better opportunities in the way of rôles than I ever had before. I enact them better, because I bring to them a new vitality, and a reaction from strain—I used to live in my work too intensely, and was always nervous. But it doesn't really matter."

Ruth's smile lingered upon the platinum band on her finger, and when she raised her eyes to her husband's there was a light in them that I had never seen there before. Since their return from their honeymoon at Honolulu, I had met her a few times in the studios, but it was my first occasion to dine with them at their lovely Beverly Hills home—and my first meeting with the new Ruth.

I had no intention, at the moment, of writing an interview with her, but some of the thoughts she expressed are a little off the beaten path and I think, too, that those fans who remember her charming portrayal in "Abraham Lincoln" and her sincere and impressionable characterization of the older sister in "Butterfly" will be pleased to know that she has found happiness. Ruth's experience is another proof of a contention I have always insisted upon: that the girl who waits and keeps her faith, and does not lay too much stress upon cheap tinsel, in the long run reaps a more fruitful harvest.

For quite a number of years, since she was fifteen, in fact, Ruth has been in the movies, but not until last season did she attain any particular measure of success. She played sisters, a few leads; she commanded a good

salary; her work was earnest and commendable but never inspired more than passing comment.

Her life was secluded. She acted and she designed her gowns, and that was about all. One never saw her at parties or the theater. Once she let me see into her heart: she was lonely, and yet some instinct caused her to hold back when opportunities to be a part of glittering, colorful Hollywood were offered her.

"I took my work too seriously," she mused, "because I had so little else. I never had any fun. I didn't know how. Instead of making me feel a new sense of responsibility, which I believe most actresses say is the effect of marriage, mine has taught me to play."

"She *has* to play," a wide grin overspread Jimmy Cornelius' Irish face, "if she wants to stick around here. It's a habit of mine."

It is most surprising, the change that marriage has



*Since Ruth Clifford married James Cornelius she changed from a rather sad, reserved girl into a happy, sparkling person who is just learning to play.*



*Mr. and Mrs. James Cornelius, who move in a circle in which most picture people are taboo, on the lawn of their lovely Beverly Hills home.*

brought over Ruth. The self-contained, quiet girl of yesterday has become merry eyed, with the opening of a gate into a garden that she never knew existed: the garden of happiness, of genuine joy.

"It's amazing, what a peachy playfellow she is, and such a good little sport," Jimmy told me. "When I realized how much I wanted her, I hesitated, thinking that this white-and-gold girl would never care for roughing it. I wasn't keen on actresses. They're so often superficial, and most of 'em like the bright lights too much for my taste.

"And sports have been such a big part of my life that I couldn't give them up. But after we were married, by Johnny, if she didn't buckle down to fit herself into my scheme of things! At first, it was an effort for her, but now she has come to enjoy it."

Shortly after their return, Jimmy wanted to close the duck-hunting season. Ruth insisted on going with him, the twelve-hour drive up into the mountains, enduring the discomforts of roughing it in a cabin just under the snow line. Fearing the effect of the hardships on her, he hesitated to have her go, but she insisted.

"She sat there, wrapped in blankets, in the cold, gray dawn, watching us," Jimmy exulted. "Her nose was blue, and she was shivering, but do you think she'd quit? Not on your life. Henry Walthall said, 'Boy, you've got a brick.' She was like a child, the way she wanted to learn. I teased her a lot, but a man likes to teach a woman how to shoot and fish. I ordered an eiderdown sleeping bag for her from Canada, had a gun specially made for her—"

"I never knew those things could be such fun," Ruth broke in. "I had lived in my little apartment, always comfortable—and clean. Didn't dream anybody could be dirty and happy."

Since that dinner party, I've been up to their cabin on June Lake, and I've seen the lovely golden-white Ruth in rough sports clothes, tramping beside her bronzed-faced Jimmy in the clear, crisp early morning, drawing great breaths of that vitalizing piney air into her lungs; her eyes, in which unshed tears used always to be lingering, shining like stars. She scaled the fish he caught, and fried bacon over the little stove, fairly exulting in being part and parcel of her boy's outdoor life.

To a girl inclined toward athletics, this roughing it would mean little. But if you had known the Ruth of a year ago, not artificial, but certainly a creature of comfort who belonged in softest silk, you would realize the difficulty that she faced in overcoming her natural timidity which unfamiliarity with the life of the wilds gives to any girl.

"At first, it was just to please Jimmy, to show him that I was anxious not to disrupt his life in any way. But now," she brushed the thick, blond hair that she was drying in the clear sun of midday, her eyes upon the snow-clad peaks beyond the lake, "oh, I love every minute, every smidgen of it."

At home one sees another Ruth, the spoiled child who has her every wish gratified, a flower of charm in the setting in which it belongs. The son of one of Los Angeles' richest bankers, and himself successful in the real estate and building business, Jimmy Cornelius is actuated by the average young husband's desire to shower his bride with luxuries. Their home is a dream. The servants, trained through years of service to Jimmy's mother, need no orders. Everything moves with that perfection of wheels well oiled out of sight, with no jar or friction to disturb the serenity that you feel the moment you cross the threshold.

"It must have been embarrassing at first, taking over the management of a big home," I mused one evening as we curled up on the lounge in her tan-and-green bedroom for confidences.

"Shhh, I don't," she confessed. "Never even know what I'm going to have to eat. They baby me, even the servants. Once a week I sit at my desk and look very important and pretend to go over the household bills. I can't make heads or tails of them, but I frown a little, and smile a little, and finally say to the housekeeper, 'You've done very well this week. I am quite pleased.' And Jimmy," she snickered, "is so proud of me. When I get into a difficulty, I call mother. That"—she indicated a picture of a dignified, gracious lady—"is our mother."

Jimmy's mother, I knew, for the loss of her own when she was ten was the primary cause of Ruth's loneliness all these years.

"She loves me, I do believe, even more than she does

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## Brushing Off the Welcome Mat

For Dorothy Phillips, who has come back to pictures after a two-year retirement following her husband's tragic death.

By Caroline Bell

**L**ONELINESS." In this word Dorothy Phillips summed up the reasons for her return to the screen after a two-year absence. When her husband, Allen Holubar, died, she retired, summoned her daughter home from boarding school, and shut herself away from the world of motion pictures.

"Every one was very kind," she explains, in reviewing the two years that have been the most unhappy of her life. "But I wanted to get away from even the sympathy that was so generously offered. I am not, as you know, the kind of woman who can wear her heart on her sleeve. It is difficult for me to show what I feel. And work, it seemed to me then, and contact with friends, could never give back to me what I had lost.

"I have been thinking, though, lately. I am still young enough to accomplish something. I am not poor—nor am I wealthy. I do not think of myself as a great actress, but I know that I must possess some ability or I could not have remained on the screen as continuously as I did before my retirement. I had fans. A portion of the public liked me. I had given years to this work, and was trained in it. It seemed a shame to waste all of that. Besides, I have my mother to look after my child and my home. There is little there for me to do. For a while I was desolate. But moping and crying does no one any good and benefits oneself least of all. The forces of life have a way of asserting themselves, and gradually the old ambition was reborn in me."

A very deep grief shut Dorothy Phillips away in that big, somber house. She had been more than a helpmate to Allen Holubar. She had been the sort of wife, in many ways, that Dorothy Reid was—helpful, encouraging, tactful, a calm and quiet balance to a man's more volatile temperament. Their situations differed, of course, but they are much alike, these two women, in nature, though Mrs. Reid is more assertive and individual. But each has, more predominant than any other trait, the maternal quality.

Under Mr. Holubar's direction, and contributing far more behind the lines than the acting of scenes in which she appeared, Dorothy Phillips played in "Hurricane's Gal," "Man-Woman-Marriage," and others of his films. He was dependent upon her in many ways, and sought her counsel often when problems confronted him.

She was not considered then a very gifted actress, but one of that assemblage whose measure of ability and personalities won fan followings. The odd thing to me was



Photo by Lucas-Karvian

that so often she appeared in thrillers of a type quite foreign to her own quiet, contemplative nature.

I have never seen her ruffled out of her serene calm, exhibiting the slightest trace of those human emotions—love, hate, envy, eagerness—which make of Hollywood such a chaotic and vividly interesting place. Even petty annoyances seem always to have slipped from her imperturbability without leaving the least mark.

On the screen she pointed her characterizations with activity, limned bursts of temper, gave spirit to her heroines' moods. Herself, she was passive, content with the simple, ordinary things, deriding amusedly the emotional turbulence and the showy splendor which many actresses consider essential background. There was not a shred of pose to her; with artificiality she was unacquainted.

Indeed, I often found it difficult to write of her, for, though I sensed depth beneath that outward tranquillity, and knew her to be sincere, there were about her so few manifestations of outstanding individuality. A complacent, sweet-tempered woman, an actress who had mastered the technical requirements of her work until it seemed no longer to intrude upon the even tenor of

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Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

## The Baby Spot

In which light is thrown on some interesting scenes which seldom receive attention.

By Don Ryan

**P**LUMP in the center of the stage, in front of the director and everybody, the naughty wife deserts husband and child for gilded sin personified in the jazz hound with a Grecian nose.

The scene is bathed in a gossamer radiance—the sickly blue of an inferno—where the mercury lights hang in racks above the actors' heads. The Kleigs at the four corners spit and hum. While above, on lofty scaffolds, the giant sun arcs—precocious Phaëthons of modern mythology—pelt the scene with a brilliance that would shame their papa Phœbus.

But here in the corner is a Baby Spot that an electrician has left lying on the floor unattended. Let us pick it up, switch on the juice, and direct its inquiring rays into some of the corners that are untouched by more pretentious beams.

Ah-ha! Just as we suspected. There is a pile of rubbish under that bed, and the leading man's shoes are not mates. Props! Oh, props!

### The Beast of Apuleius.

As I read over this effort to introduce some sense and nonsense to you, the metaphor appears to be pretty far-fetched. Better simply to have stated that in this corner we shall deal with facts and fancies about the movies that rarely find their way into print.

When I think of all the things that have never been told about the movies I am appalled! But I remember the classic case of Lucius Apuleius and take heart.

Of Lucius Apuleius it is related by himself that he, hoping to be changed into a bird and so pursue a certain enchantress, by mistake applied the wrong ointment and was transformed into no creature of the air, but a homely domestic animal, with great ears and a voice never meant for singing. In which shape he continued until the eating of a rose, which restored him to human form.

Nevertheless, in spite of humiliations endured in his humbled condition, the outcome proved fortunate for posterity. Except for his metamorphosis he could not have composed that ravishing tale of "The Golden Asse," which is called the father of modern romances. Observing which thing, I now take courage and plunge my hand into the box of enchantments, caring little what the result may be.

This day my halter has been slipped by indulgent hands, and like a modern ectype of the beast of Apuleius, I begin to prance and curvet in my own insignificant garden. Here may grow abundance of rare weeds, rank grasses and moon flowers, but, let us hope, nothing ever so useful as a cabbage.

### No Pie for Thespis.

The tourists have found Madame Helene's. The restaurant at the entrance of the United studios—the restaurant where the food is good and the service brisk—swarms like a beehive with lank ladies who carry notebooks and little cameras. The actors stand sadly on the outside of the screen doors, waiting for a chance to edge in.

Gobs of atmosphere surround the doors: *poilus* in horizon blue—clubmen—sailors—bearded monsters: Out of the studio entrance pours another herd—exclusively apaches and cocottes—fifty of them at least. War and the underworld. Violence that is adored by the peace-loving audiences.

"Great guns! I've only twenty minutes for lunch," exclaims George Hackathorne, with a worried look.

The juvenile is dressed in the uniform of a British private in the late war. On his shoulder the insignia of a Wessex regiment.

An opening appears. He dives for the door. A phalanx opposes him. Five lank ladies with cameras



and notebooks. Hackathorne is scribbling autographs as fast as he can. As he writes his eyes hungrily seek out the plump pies and chocolate cake discernible on the long table just inside the screened entrance.

"Mr. Hackathorne! Mr. Hackathorne! Back on the set right away, please!"

As he turns from the admiring ladies, back toward the studio gate, his farewell glance is poignant with longing, as it sweeps the long table where Madame Helene's pastries repose.

#### Von Stroheim's Megrim.

From Von Stroheim's lofty piazza we could see all the bay of Avalon, an opaque surface, ultramarine, dotted with the riding lights of craft belonging to wealthy sportsmen, garlanded along the strand by a line of golden electric bulbs.

From the boardwalk, from the anchored yachts, faint sounds of pleasure—laughter, the whining voices of many ukuleles, snatches of song. Through the night glasses once used by a German sniper we could even pick out especial groups—tableaux: rapt young men and maidens, engaged in the eternal preliminaries.

Erich von Stroheim, who normally inhabits a constricted cottage in a prosaic quarter of Hollywood, stretched out his arm in a gesture that indicated the glorified bungalow of his neighbor at the seaside resort—Tom Mix. The Mix mansion, strung around the eaves with colored electric globes in which the color of orange is dominant, resembles a California orange juice stand in paradise. On the front is the Mix monogram in electric letters five feet high.

Von Stroheim swung around and with his other arm indicated the mighty pueblo freshly erected by his neighbor on the other side—Zane Grey. The Grey establishment is in taste—no monogram, no orange lights. Its size is its *imprimatur*.

Von Stroheim, who had rented the cottage he occupied for a month only—as much as he could afford—grinned at me an urchin grin, and said:

"Don, I am going to make enough to have places like those. I am going to have a yacht in the harbor. I am going to pay the grocer and the clothes merchant. I am through with art. I am going to make horse opera."

#### He Is Not!

Von is not through with art. He is temporarily nauseated, as well he might be, by his experience with "Greed." He is going to make horse opera all right—he is going to make over one of George Barr McCutcheon's stories, called "East of the Setting Sun,"



into a vehicle for Connie Talmadge, to be rechristened "Balkan Love."

But after Von has made his horse opera—incidentally, perhaps, his money—he will wish to go back to the realism he cherishes. I know well he will.

Meanwhile, Von is having fun. He has tied up with Joe Schenck. He is to direct Constance Talmadge in this first picture, to be followed by others. And best of all, he himself is returning to the screen. He is going to play the villain in the Balkan picture: *Crown Prince Vladimir Sava Slatibor*, called *Black Vladimir*. The name tells the story.

Von rented the cottage at Santa Catalina Island in order to work peacefully. He is there with his wife and little boy. Every morning at seven o'clock he gets into a rowboat and pulls around the end of the island to a lonely cove accessible only from the sea. Here he spends the day—dressed in bathing suit—dictating the screen story of "Balkan Love" to a stenographer.

He showed me the story he has blocked out. This will be no grim-faced adumbration of life, but a burlesque, a comedy; a satire on McCutcheon. The latter wrote his novel with an aching assumption of dignity. Von Stroheim has stripped away all this pretention. And when McCutcheon sees the picture he will be astonished to behold his dignified and wooden hero with a name suggesting Oxford emerge as *Johnny Jones* of Detroit, Michigan—an American go-getter with a Ford agency in the Balkans!

#### An End to the Extra.

The thread of irony that runs through life in Hollywood, with a recurrent tendency to twine about the deck and throttle one, is yet of an amusing color.

I stood on one of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stages before an immense machine. A procession of robed dolls, fastened to an endless belt, moved through an arched gate in miniature. On the roofs of doll-like houses other dolls, affixed to concealed phonograph records, revolved slowly.

I mounted a platform and looked at the scene from a prescribed angle. Below me stretched Jerusalem. The horde of taxpayers were passing through the Joffa Gate. Crowds moved on the housetops.

"The public will never dream but what we used at least ten thousand extras in this scene," chortled an assistant director at my side. "This miniature stuff is the greatest invention of the age."

"In another year," he said with conviction, "there

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## How Many Film Celebrities Do You Know?

Caricatures by Robert Godfrey Quigley

**I**N the above caricature are one hundred and seven figures prominent in motion pictures. Most of them are players whom you see on the screen regularly, but the remaining few are so well known and have been photographed so often, that you should have little difficulty in recognizing most of them. After you have identified as many of the faces as you can, turn to the key on page 105 of this issue, and you will discover how many you had right. But don't give up too soon! You'll be surprised at how one face after another will suddenly become familiar if you just keep studying the page.

## Would You Trade Places with Frances Rich?

In other words, would you like to be the daughter of a screen star? Frances Rich finds being a professional mother's daughter very satisfactory.

By Myrtle Gebhart

**I**S it nice being the daughter of a movie star? I should say it is!"

Frances Rich shook back her mop of thick blond hair, swept a chair free of books and welcomed me in her vigorous, comradely way.

I found her in the throes of what she called "a trunk dress rehearsal." Preparations were being made for the family's trip to Europe, where the two girls, Frances and Jane, will remain for a year with their grandmother, though Irene must return to work. Having laid out clothes and books and trinkets sufficient to fill four trunks, Frances was endeavoring to figure out a scheme for cramming them all into one.

"I got twice as much in today as I did yesterday. I'll have it down pat in another week. . . . About having a movie actress for a mother, well, I don't know any girl I'd want to change places with."

The importance of her first interview she tried to conceal by an elaborately casual manner. I could not imagine this girl ever displaying undue concern, or the least affectation, no matter how fussed she might be. Perhaps it is because since she was eight she has been Irene's lieutenant, to a degree responsible for her younger sister, Jane, because so early she was taught to stand on her own feet and help while her mother was earning the bread and butter to keep her brood together, that she is so self-reliant and practical.

Her frocks were laid out on the bed—a couple of silk dresses for afternoon, one lovely white lace for parties, but few frilly ones, mostly sport things, sweaters and skirts. And everywhere a jumble of tennis rackets, school pennants, manicure set, photos, books—all the trinkets which a young girl collects and thinks indispensable on a journey.

"See this folio mother bought me so I can write letters on the boat going over? It's real leather. And look at all the doo-dads inside. I don't have as many things as some of my chums, but mine are always nicer.



Photo by E. Heighon Monroe Irene and Frances Rich, at the time of the latter's graduation from school in June.

"You know, I've had such a busy life," she continued in her characteristically swift, staccato speech. She clips her words short. It is the way she plays tennis and swims and walks—quick, sure movements, with little wasted energy. She knows exactly what she wants to do or say, thinks rapidly, executes her thoughts decisively.

"Until we were able to keep servants I had to help at home after school. And the last few years I've had my studying and looking after Jane. *That's* enough to keep sixteen mothers busy," Frances sighed. "She's never still two minutes. Always falling off of some place and getting hurt. No sooner do I cure one bruise than she has another. But she's a sweet little rascal—don't you love Jane?"

"My mother is more like a sister. She 'explains' me

by telling everybody that she was married when she was scarcely out of her cradle, but I don't think she will ever get old. Probably her work keeps her young. I couldn't say how it would be if she did anything else. But so many exciting things happen at the studio and she meets interesting people and does something different every day, that she says she never has time to look for wrinkles.

"We're regular pals. Why, it's funny, but some girls are afraid of their mothers. But mother and I get along together just as well as if we weren't kin," Frances snickered. "We ride most every morning, and go to the movies in the evenings if she's not too tired and if I have my lessons done, and Sundays we have a whopping time at the beach.

"Anybody ever criticize me because my mother's an actress?" Frances answered my question with decided spirit. "I'd like to hear them, *just once*, that's all! Maybe a long time ago some smart-alecky people didn't approve of actresses, but everybody's wild about them now, if they're nice and behave themselves and do good in the world, like mother does. She is always doing something for somebody.

"And she's more of a lady than some stay-at-home mothers. I've heard them say the meanest things, and a lady wouldn't. A lady," Frances pointed an ivory hairbrush at me, "is always tactful and kind and considers other people's feelings—"

"Like your mother does," I teased, winking at Irene, who came in just then.

"Exactly!" The pride in her tone changed to raillery when she saw her mother. "I'm telling her what a very bad mother you are. This is *my* interview. Do you *really* need to stay?"

"Certainly not," Irene gave an elaborate shrug. "I know where I shall be better entertained. A young man named Jim is cooling his heels downstairs. I believe he mentioned tennis." She paused, selected a racket, and laughed at us from the doorway. "He is all of seventeen, but he does play a skillful game of tennis."

"Well, I—like—that! And here I—"

"A lady, Frances dear," I reminded, "is always—tactful."

My reward was a wide grin and a quick handclasp. Frances doesn't throw her arms around you and kiss you. She grabs your hand in a vigorous way that makes you feel glad she is your friend, youngster though she is.

"Anyway, I'd rather talk to you. He's got freckles. Yes, mother lets me play tennis with the boys, and go to movies when there's a crowd and somebody's mother along. I can't go alone with one. The other night she chaperoned six of us at dinner at a café. It was her first time to be chaperon and she said she never realized before that she had an almost-grown-up daughter.

"I loved every minute of it, especially when the stars stopped at our table and I introduced my mother's famous friends to my chums. My, how they envied me!

"She's such a good sport," Frances proclaimed, as she tried to solve the problem of folding three sweaters into a space where only one could possibly go. "Some mothers don't seem to understand things. Why, I've girl friends who come here to talk things over with mother, things they're afraid to mention at home because their mothers are so reticent.

"When I've got something to figure out, not studies but about friends and—oh, well, things," with the young girl's hesitancy about broaching subjects in which the mind at fifteen begins to show a vague interest, Frances fidgeted, "anyhow, I just spill it all out and mother makes everything clear. She doesn't scold and say, 'You're not old enough to know about that.' She says,

'Frances, it's like this,' and explains. I guess it's because she's still pretty young herself.

"And she likes to do the things we like. She gets too much fun out of it to be just pretending, to please us. Why, last night a bunch came over and we played Nicholas Billiards. It's loads of fun. You get so excited you shriek. Mother played with us and laughed as much as any of us. She never acts bored with our crowd, the way some of the mothers do.

"We go to the beach every Sunday and have grand times. You ought to see my mother swim. I can beat her at tennis, but I'm not in her fish class at all.

"We had a good laugh last Sunday. Bert Lytell was there with Miss Windsor. He called, 'Irene, bring that kid sister of yours and join our hot-dog party.' Mother bristled right up, 'I'll have you understand this is my *daughter!*' Mr. Lytell looked so embarrassed. People are always taking me for her sister, and even if they know better they forget.

"When the girls at school beg me for autographed pictures of my mother, I swell all up and grow about a foot. I remind them that only very *special* friends can have one. I usually let them ask for a while. My mother's pictures are valuable things to have and must be appreciated."

Frances Rich is not a pretty girl, judged by the familiar standard, for her face is tanned instead of pink and white, and her thick mop of hair is usually ruffled. But there is genuineness in her, a something that Irene has kept untouched by the petty artificiality that so soon sets its stamp upon the flappers nowadays.

There is very little slang in her vocabulary. She is allowed neither rouge nor lipstick, and powder only on special occasions. Instead of slouching and posing, a deplorable habit I've noticed among schoolgirls too early self-conscious, she stands very straight, head thrown back, eyes meeting yours squarely, firm little chin out where it belongs.

Irene is going to be proud of that girl some day. In her to-morrows, when perhaps her own day of fame shall be over, she will find her fullest glory in the achievement of the daughter to whose character development she has given such thought.

"Having a movie star mother boosts my own stock," Frances pointed out another asset. "With boys, particularly. I don't pay much attention to them, I've more important things on my mind, but it's nice to be popular and get candy and things. And soon as they find out they look so funny and say, 'Oh, are *you* Irene Rich's daughter? Well—er—can I come around some time?'

"There was one boy who thought he was the whole cake, and the icing. A wealthy miner's son, older than our crowd and of course thought we were just *kids*. I invited him to my commencement party—we had sixteen, imagine, each graduate giving one, which made it perfectly lovely. He acted stuck-up at first, until he met mother. Then he just stared and stammered. And he has been camping on my doorstep ever since.

"Another thing, not every girl has a beautiful mother whom everybody admires and chooses to be queen of this or that thingamajig. It's great to watch mother in the center of a crowd, with everybody making a fuss over her." To italicize her remarks, one tanned fist shot into the cupped palm of the other little brown hand, a boyish mannerism of Frances when she is terribly in earnest. Her brown eyes glow and the whole of her fairly vibrates with an intense vitality.

"Like when she was queen of the Shriners' ball. They sent cars for us and we rode in the parade. I told Jane, 'If we weren't Irene Rich's family we'd be standing there on the sidewalk *looking* at the parade instead of being in it.' I pretended I wasn't a bit excited, but I

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## Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

**A** LOVELY study of lovely Leatrice, emphasizing the new softness and depth of her expression. What a pity Miss Joy gets so little chance to look this way in her pictures.



**T**HOUGH Vilma Banky hasn't yet been seen by American fans, producers have such faith in her that they keep her busy. Her latest work is in Samuel Goldwyn's "Stella Dallas."

Photo by Albin



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

**T**HE rare quality which Norma Shearer alone gives to her work is so much in demand these days that one wonders how she stands the pressure of appearing in so many pictures.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

**A**FTER flitting restlessly around free-lancing, Pauline Garon has stopped off at the Warner studio long enough to make several pictures. "Satan in Sables," with Lowell Sherman, will see her next.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Photo by James N. Deolittle

**T**HIS unknown girl, Joyce Compton, has just been given a long-term contract by First National, and will be seen for the first time in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter."



Photo by Melbourne Sperr

**P**AULINE STARKE used to be such a sad little girl that it will be surprising to see her as the brilliant and modish heroine of "Paris," which Erte will supervise for Metro-Goldwyn.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

**T**HE press agent tells us that Diana Miller is now being called "the Mrs. Adolphe Menjou of pictures." Despite that, she is a clever girl who is advancing rapidly in Fox productions.



FOR a long time Edna Murphy hardly knew she was in pictures, jobs were so slow, but after making a few changes she became the attractive, sought-after actress described on the opposite page.

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz

# The Clouds Roll By

Edna Murphy kept smiling at trouble and now she is rewarded; it looks as though her misfortunes are all in the past.

By Helen Klumph

**W**HEN she signed a contract a short time ago to play with Leon Errol in "Clothes Make the Pirate," Edna Murphy threw dignity to the winds and her hat in the air with a childish and wholly natural "Whoopee!" For the prayers that she had almost despaired of offering up had suddenly been answered.

She had looked on it only as a lucky break, a few weeks before, when she was hired to play opposite Glenn Hunter in "My Buddy's Wife;" she had shown only mild surprise when engaged immediately afterward to play opposite George Hackathorne in "Asleep in the Deep." But when the Errol picture offered her an engagement right on the heels of the others, she couldn't restrain herself and act blasé any longer. For it looked as though Old Lady Opportunity had finally decided to nail her knocker on Edna's door. Right on the nice shiny spot that had been awaiting it for years.

It had seemed for a while as though Edna's career had come to a dead stop right where it should have begun. Just when she got past the awkward age of frizzy hair and stare-y eyes and began to show real promise in her work, no jobs were forthcoming. People in the casting offices seemed to have forgotten that such a person as Edna Murphy was alive, and when reminded, didn't seem to think it was particularly important.

That is just the state of affairs that has made many a girl in pictures go into hiding with a fit of sulks or start on a round of all-night dance clubs to dance away her troubles in forgetfulness. Either course is apt to bring tired lines to the most trusting eyes, and hard, set lines around the mouth.

But Edna is different. She looks ahead. She tried being philosophical and adopting a Pollyanna pose, and when she found that she didn't fit that rôle at all, just went ahead and lost her temper. And instead of taking out her fine Irish temper in hating the directors who didn't hire her, she went to the nearest gymnasium—which happened to be right downstairs at the Hotel Shelton where she lives—and played handball. *Whack!* she went at the handball, imagining that it was one of the directors who seemed so blissfully unaware of her existence. *Bang!* she hit it again, thinking of the casting directors and their calm insouciance. The benefit to her figure could be measured in inches and pounds; the benefit to her disposition will have to be measured by the many chapters written by psychologists on "Release."

Having a superabundance of energy, she went on to the swimming pool, and then to a dancing class. After a while she was having such a good time she forgot how it all had started, and wore habitually such a genial, sunny smile that people who saw her started asking who she was. Even picture directors who had turned her down a few weeks before were interested. Soon the break in her luck came and companies began sending for her. Now, she is in a happy position, for she is working all the time, and quite unknown to her, several companies are studying each new script to see if it has a part for her.

"I could die happy," she remarked one day, "if just once I could work under John Robertson's direction."

It looks as though she would have that chance, for about ten minutes later Mr. Robertson was asking me

who the dear little sunshiny blonde was I had been lunching with. When I told him, he murmured that he must remember her, he'd need her in a picture soon.

"Oh, dear," Edna wailed when I told her, "I went to see him about a job months ago and he doesn't even remember. He looked at me with kindly forbearance but I could see he didn't like my looks. I know now that my clothes were all wrong and that I'm not the type that can wear make-up, but I didn't know it then."

"If a girl waited until she knew how to wear smart clothes, and how to make up, and how not to put her worst foot forward, before breaking into the movies, she might make a successful début in grandmother rôles, but where would the fun be?"

Edna had been reading the fan magazines avidly and had taken to heart every bit of criticism of every one else as well as of herself.

"Maybe it is hard on the public to bear with us through the awkward age, but they're the only ones who can tell us how terrible we are. Families never would."

Perhaps you remember Edna's "awkward age" pictures. As a Brooklyn schoolgirl she played extra in a few pictures and then rose to the dizzy heights of stardom with Johnnie Walker in a Fox serial. She went in for lots of gestures, playing her love scenes staccato and her dramatic horror scenes with the Australian crawl. Childlike, she was fascinated by the amount of make-up that the human eyelash could support and loaded it on to the limit.

Even so, there was a certain naïveté and charm to her appearance, and engagements in Universal pictures and a Hal Roach serial followed those early pictures. Then she came to New York, and suddenly she grew up. Her irrepressible giggle graduated into a soft, musical voice with a chuckle in it that has brought her an offer to go into musical comedy. Her careless, ambling walk completely disappeared and a certain gracious dignity came into her bearing. Suddenly, Edna was no longer just one more cute little blonde; she was a personality, and a mighty ingratiating one.

Edna talks very little, being one of those rare good listeners who says just the right thing to keep other people talking. But occasionally, when we have been alone, she has expressed herself on the subject of picture careers.

"If there only was a starting point and a finishing line," her voice cut plaintively through the twilight one night when we were sitting in her apartment watching the lights flicker on in the buildings below, "and a man to shoot off a gun to signal you that you were starting on your last lap toward success, then you'd know where you were. But"—and she sought to dispel the seriousness of the occasion with a philosophical laugh—"how are we to know when we're through?"

Some sort of explanation was due from her, for a few minutes before, I had asked her how she happened to be in pictures, and she had replied pertly, "Oh, am I in pictures?"

That sort of remark is characteristic of the third day after finishing a picture without getting another engagement. There is nothing else in the world so utterly lost as an actor with nothing to act, and that was the state Edna was in.

Continued on page 109

# THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics  
concerning the Screen

## *Recognition for the Extra*

Every motion-picture director admits that in the ranks of the extras in his pictures there may be a potential Barthelmess or Chaney or Pickford or Gish, but there are very few who have either the time or the energy to devote to seeking out the ones with talent. The extra has almost no chance to distinguish himself from the mob. He is unhonored and unsung. There is no one to champion him and see that he gets a chance at something better. At least, there wasn't, until a short time ago when Ben Lyon decided to do what he could to remedy the situation. Young Mr. Lyon knows what it is to work week after week lost in the background of a picture, unnoticed by the director, for only a few years ago this popular young man was playing atmosphere. Now that he doesn't have to worry about his own opportunities he is going to do what he can to help others. In each picture in which he appears he is going to study the extras and pick out the one who seems most promising. This one, old or young, man or woman, is going to receive the Ben Lyon Award of Merit. It won't be a gold medal, or an autographed picture of the star, or a message of congratulation. It will be all the help that Mr. Lyon and a committee of writers, one member of which will come from the staff of PICTURE-PLAY, can give professionally. He will go to all the casting agents and directors he knows and recommend that the winners be tried out in parts. The writers coöperating with him will publicize them. At least two directors—Howard Higgin, in whose "Invisible Wounds" Mr. Lyon is now appearing, and George Archainbaud, for whom he made "The Necessary Evil"—will offer encouragement in the way of rôles to the people he selects.

## *Don't Be Misled*

The manager of a big hotel in New York is very much concerned because a delegation representing a convention of business men that is to meet there in the late autumn wants to locate some of the cafés and night clubs they have seen in pictures. Not for them the stuffy and prosaic confines of the New York restaurants they have seen. They want the gilded, gay, spectacular palaces where every one is vivacious and smart wherein to entertain their delegates. They know there must be such places because they have seen them right on the screen. The hotel manager's explanation that scenic designers in the studios are more extravagant and original than real café decorators, was received skeptically. So the men have scouted around New York and although they have found nothing worthy of De Mille as yet, they are still hoping. As for the hotel manager, he says he is going to buy a discarded set from some studio and put it up in his hotel. But all other visitors to New York he would like to counsel, "If you expect to find it as bright as the movies paint it, stay home."

## *New Scenes*

Occasionally a plaintive voice speaks out in "What the Fans Think," or in the columns of professional criticism, asking that the movie makers seek new scenes. The shores of Southern California and Long Island, the streets of Los Angeles and Manhattan, and even certain favorite mountaintops are all too familiar to movie audiences. There are vast stretches of beautiful country occasionally glimpsed in news reels or travel pictures that would offer a welcome change from the old-favorite spots, but few directors have courage enough to seek them out. And it requires courage to take a motion-picture company into a community which, unused to them, all but kills them with kindness and curiosity and entertainment. Alan Dwan is willing to face this situation, however, for the sake of variety in his pictures, and so he has taken Gloria Swanson and several other players down into West Virginia to make scenes for "Stage Struck." Another director, J. A. Fitzgerald, a producer of pictures for the independent market, is making Opie Read's "Wives of the Prophet" down in the caves near Harrisonburg, Virginia, with a company that includes Alice Lake, Ruth Stonehouse, Niles Welch, and Harry Lee. That takes two more States out of the ranks of the unfilmed, but there are still plenty of others.

## *One Common Ground*

According to men in the motion-picture industry, the actors, the theater owners, and the critics never agreed whole-heartedly on the merits of a motion picture until the coming of "The Unholy Three." Often the critics and the actors have agreed on a picture of which the theater owners said, "Poison at the box office." Occasionally the critics and the theater owners have agreed on one that actors have found lacking in all essentials of Thespian art. For some reason, professional jealousy perhaps, actors and theater owners never seem to agree except on the actors' own pictures. All of which is a minor reason for according a niche in the film Hall of Fame to "The Unholy Three." The major one is, of course, that it is splendid entertainment.

## *Music Scores by Radio*

The "motion picture of the future" may arrive much sooner than the time allotted by our cautious prophet, Eugene Clemenf d'Art, in his article elsewhere in this issue. Experiments have recently been made, in connection with the showing of the German picture "Siegfried," with a view of broadcasting by radio to smaller theaters the musical accompaniment as given at the special presentation in New York. The Radio Corporation of America is experimenting with the idea, and hopes to put it into effect in the very near future.

## To Please the Chicago Fans

**W**HY, ask the Chicago fans, aren't more movies laid in our city? Haven't we locations around the Loop, and along the Lake Front, and in our parks that are just as interesting as those in New York and Los Angeles that we see so often, over and over again?

And, in reply, Paramount selected for D. W. Griffith's next picture, "That Royle Girl," a story laid in the Windy City, and sent him there to make exterior scenes in places which every one who knows Chicago will recognize.

Of course, his appearance there attracted such crowds that it was with great difficulty that he was able to work at all, especially after the Chicago papers printed columns about the Chicago society girls who were appearing in the picture.

The two larger pictures show him at work in Lincoln Park, taking scenes of Carol Dempster, as the little news girl. The smaller picture is a location on Wilson Avenue.

In the early part of the story, Miss Dempster appears as a small Chicago girl who has a hard pull keeping herself and her drunken father alive. At one point, in greatest despair, she goes to the statue of Lincoln, and appeals to him for comfort and encouragement. It is this bit of the film that is shown being made here.





# Cut That Out!

An intolerant evening with the censors.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

THE game of crazy pool at the Writers' Club was unusually tiresome, in spite of whoops of gayety, which we emitted at regular intervals to convince ourselves that we were having a good time. Besides, Donald Ogden Stewart, that uncanny Scot, had cornered all of the olives and most of the spaghetti. I reached for my hat.

"Don't go!" hissed a voice in my ear. "Something good coming off in a few minutes."

The speaker who accosted me was one of the youngest members of the Wampas, that organization of earnest and credulous young men engaged in the noble art of telling the world the truth about the movies. In other words, he was a press agent.

"Fred Beetson's here to-night," said my accoster, meaningly.

Fred Beetson is the representative of H. R. H. Will Hays on these western shores.

"See this collar and tie?" the Wampas sniggered. "We're all wearing wing collars and bow ties to-night in honor of Mr. Beetson. He dresses that way, you know. But listen!"

The Wampas leaned closer and his face assumed the expression of one who is about to pronounce the magic words, "Prewar stuff!"

"Listen! Mr. Beetson has six reels of film that the censors of various States have cut out of the current releases. He's going to show it to the boys to-night. So if you want to see something spicy just stick around."

I replaced my hat on the peg and followed him into the dining room, where the Wampas was assembled in weekly session.

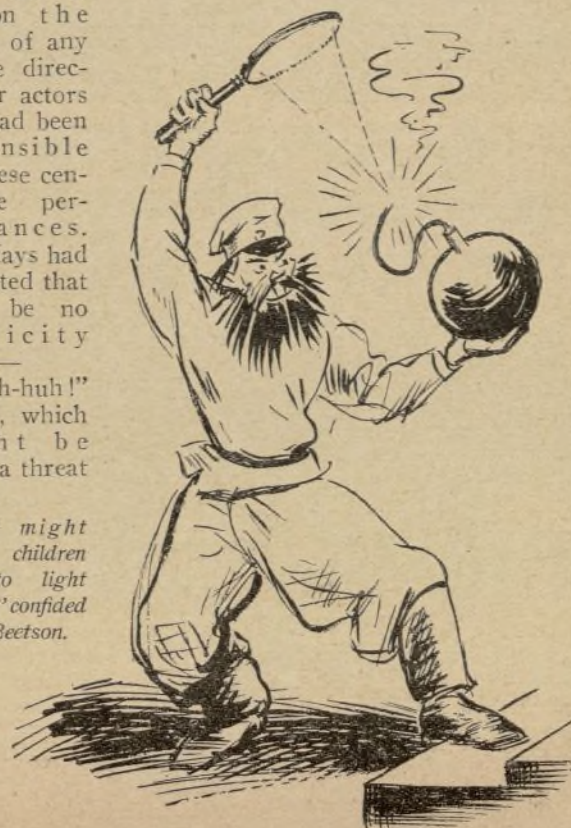
Mr. Beetson—in wing collar and bow tie—was just concluding his preliminary remarks. He was telling the assembled company his purpose in exhibiting this

film: that the industry might know what things to avoid in the future and thus spare itself much trouble and expense. Mr. Beetson added that the ensuing reels was stuff the general public would never be permitted to see, but felt he could safely show it to such a selected gathering of those who had at heart the best interests of film-dom. He had already shown it to selected gatherings of directors and scenario writers and now it was the turn of the men who were nearer the heart of the great American public than any other group in the industry, namely the men who directed the publicity activities of the motion-picture world, to have an eyeful, or words to that effect.

The Wampas cheered loudly and the room went dark. Mr. Beetson placed himself at my elbow and suggested adroitly that if I wrote anything perhaps it would be better not to mention the names of any of the directors or actors who had been responsible for these censurable performances. Mr. Hays had requested that there be no publicity and—

"Uh-huh!" I said, which might be either a threat

"That might teach children how to light bombs," confided Mr. Beetson.



or a promise, and leaning back in my chair, I carefully adjusted my spectacles.

"She's stalling! They're in it together and I'm going to croak 'em both!"

The words flared whitely on the flickering background and the next instant there appeared the ill-favored countenance of a well-known screen heavy. He was thrusting a deadly weapon uncomfortably close to the white throat of a certain popular heroine. (I decided to keep faith with Mr. Beetson.)

"They'd have got away with that scene," confided the latter at my elbow, "except that he's holding the gun too close to her. Three feet is the limit in Ohio."

The scene changed. A young damsel, most fair, was retiring for the night. It must have been a costume picture from the previous century, for she was heavily clothed against the chill night air. Moreover, her long and luxuriant hair, neatly marcelled and loosened for the occasion, would have effectually clothed her had no other garment been available.

"Oh, she's altogether too pretty!" exclaimed Mr. Beetson. "The director should have taken that into consideration. Nearly all the censors are women," he added confidentially. "And most of them are—er—not exactly young ones."

A great light dawned on me. At last I understand the perennial popularity of some of our leading feminine screen stars. No censor would ever cut them out.

A scene tense with drama now pulsed before our eyes. The heroine, wronged by the villain, had armed herself with a businesslike dagger and was engaged in pursuing him around the room. She caught him after about five hundred feet, and gave him what was coming to him.

"You see," explained Mr. Beetson, in my ear, "she took too long to kill him. Ten feet is the limit for that sort of thing in Pennsylvania."

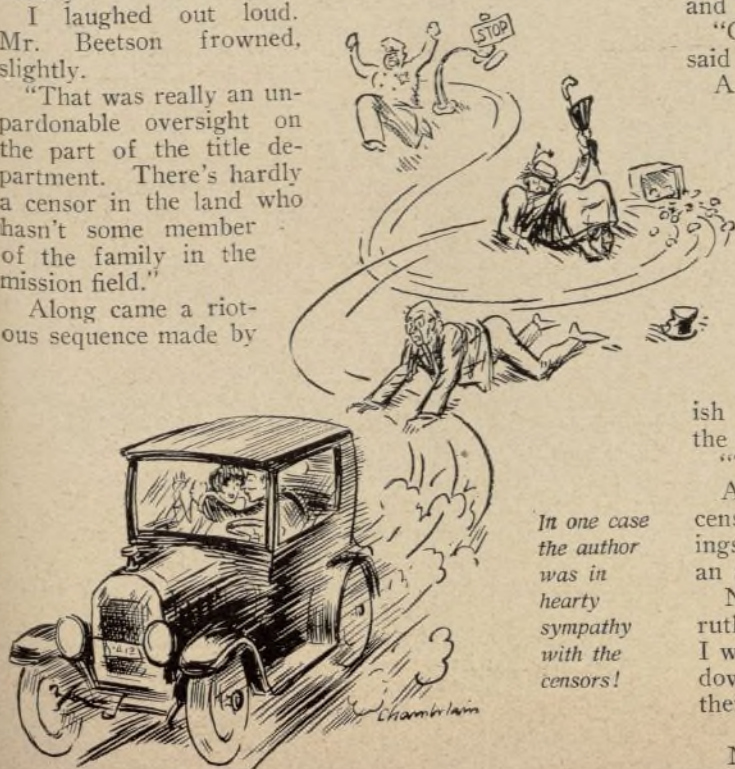
Upon the screen flashed a title—disconnected from any action:

"And you, you poor stiff, you're too lazy to work. That's why you're a missionary!"

I laughed out loud. Mr. Beetson frowned, slightly.

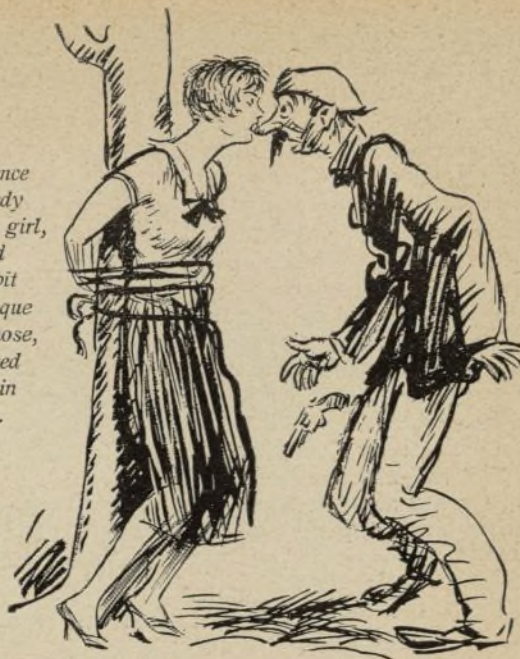
"That was really an unpardonable oversight on the part of the title department. There's hardly a censor in the land who hasn't some member of the family in the mission field."

Along came a riotous sequence made by



In one case the author was in hearty sympathy with the censors!

The sequence in a comedy wherein a girl, bound and helpless, bit the burlesque villain's nose, was deleted as being in bad taste.



a comedy company. "Moscow" Murphy, the bolshevik, had threatened to blow up the town. He was shown in ridiculous whiskers, lighting the long fuse of a ridiculous, old-fashioned, cannon-ball bomb by means of a burning glass.

"That might teach children how to light bombs," confided Mr. Beetson.

"We've got enough money to go to Mexico to start a revolution," boasted a flippant character in the next scene.

"That might get the United States into trouble with Mexico," said my mentor.

"Better croak than be croaked," remarked a philosophical character.

"That word 'croak,'" mused Mr. Beetson, "the censors seem to think it's a little off color."

The next scene showed a close-up of an alarm clock and an opium pipe.

"Of course they can't get away with an opium pipe," said Mr. Beetson.

A close-up of a revolver being cocked.

"Children might get hold of revolvers and shoot themselves," he remarked.

Appeared the portraits of a dead cat and a dead dog.

"Cruelty to animals," he explained, succinctly.

Another comedy sequence. The heroine, tied and helpless, bites the villain on the nose.

"Bad taste," commented my mentor.

I glanced at him sharply. He was not smiling. I looked back at the screen and saw an artist painting designs on a pair of plump, girlish calves. The camera moved upward and I beheld the lady's face, which was old and wrinkled.

"That makes it worse, you see," explained Mr. Beetson.

At this point I began to tabulate. I observed that censors have an unqualified aversion to hospitals, hangings and the kissing of a girl while engaged in driving an automobile.

No less than six times did I behold this deed of danger ruthlessly cut out by the censor's shears. And for once I was in hearty sympathy. I, also, have been nearly run down by absent-minded young men who fail to keep their eyes on the road.

Next appeared a long series of shearings from the

"Flaming Youth" type of movie. My eyes ached from looking at one scene after another, all nearly identical, and all depicting precocious conduct on the part of the flapper and her male complement.

Dancing that must have been wicked, for the young persons looked as if they were enjoying it. Hip flasks—if the flasks snipped out of hip pockets by censors' shears were placed end to end they would reach from Sandy Hook to Venice, California.

Bathing suits—the one-piece variety that are in vogue along the Pacific coast—are not permitted, if the wearer is a sylph possessing gracious curves. Nor is it lawful, in the eyes of a censor, to kiss a young girl and exclaim: "Wow!"

Innumerable wise cracks by the precocious younger generation—most of which were aimed at their elders—have been properly suppressed.

Item: "Let's go out and listen to the moonlight."

Item: "Granny, you have an evil mind."

If a young woman happens to faint from fatigue her escort shall not rub her feet to bring her round. He may, if required, dash a glass of pure water into her face. But he should be careful that none of it trickles down her bosom.

"Now please tell me what is the objection to that?"

On the screen a close-up had appeared—of a flapper in a boyish bob—chewing gum.

"Don't you see!" asked Mr. Beetson, patiently. "She's chewing with her mouth open. That's bad manners."

"But she's supposed to be an ill-mannered girl," I protested, "in the picture."

"I know. But the censors do not usually take the story into consideration. It's the individual act that offends."

I sat still and watched as one vice after another, one daring act of immodesty after another, was smelled out and relegated to the limbo of scenes that will never be shown.

The titles that had been eliminated were more of an index to the psychology of the censor than were the bits of action which had been chopped.

"Damn all women!" roared one title.

It did not take Mr. Beetson to tell me that censorship boards, composed largely of the dangerous sex, would squelch such a sweeping indictment.

"Women are all alike. They give when they love!"

I could see the rigid aigrettes bristle on many a hat. I could hear many an acrid voice exclaim: "Well, I wouldn't!"

"The parson's away from home. There's nobody here to christen your brat!"

There might be a sly implication here that preachers are not attending to business, though, as every one knows, a parson's work must keep him away from home a great deal. At any rate, out it came, in spite of the fact that it is a sentence taken literally from a famous and highly moral novel that was lately adapted to the screen.

Drinking I expected to see demolished. I lost count of the drinking scenes that fell by the wayside.

Nevertheless, I think it was a little unfair to rule out one drinking scene. It was in the garden of a fashionable hotel. The drink was most evidently lemonade.

"New York did that," remarked Mr. Beetson. "They cut out soda fountains and everything sometimes. They take no chances on drinking."

Smoking is frowned upon in Kansas. Especially of the filthy cigarette. If a woman is the offender the entire sequence may go.

Even a harmless bit from "the old swimming hole" had been ordered out.

One of my most interesting observations was that violence, after

reaching a certain pitch, becomes *verboten* in the eyes of a great many censors. Many were the fights in which the contestants got too rough that will never be released to feed the blood lust of our bank clerks and their brides.

At last came a scene the first glimpse of which gave me a real tug under my vest. We are all sentimental at heart, I suppose. The scene that was being irised in on the screen took me back to a certain nearly

forgotten period of my life: my boyhood on a farm. The old swimming hole, dappled with the shadows of overhanging willows. The worn, narrow path through high meadow grass. The figures of half a dozen boys.

I felt as if I should like to shout: "The last one in—" but I was forestalled. The youngest member of the tribe—a sunburned boy of twelve—gave tongue with the familiar cry. He whirled, on the brink of the pool, so that his back was turned toward us.

With a lightning movement he hauled off his calico shirt. The thin bare back of an adolescent boy with its high, peaked shoulder blades was exposed.

The film stopped. The lights went up.

"That's all," remarked Mr. Beetson.

"That's enough!" I rejoined.



# It's All Fun

William Haines greets both ups and downs with enthusiasm.

By A. L. Wooldridge

THE kid with the dark hair and dark eyes turned to the kid with the light hair and blue eyes on the streets of the small Virginia city and said:

"Got any money?"

"No," the other replied. "Have you?"

"No. But I've got a shawl pin with a li'le diamond in it that belonged to my grandmother. S'pect I could pawn it in Richmond."

"My mother's got a collection of old coins put away. I c'n swipe them and pawn 'em, I guess."

"Let's do it!"

So they struck out from Staunton, their little home town nestling in the hills of old Virginia, to see what was in the world. They made it to Richmond, where the shawl pin and the old coins went into hock, the pin for thirteen dollars and the coins for sixteen dollars.

William Haines, new leading man for Mary Pickford, says all that he is, all that he ever hopes to be, he owes to that little shawl pin. If he hadn't owned that pin, he couldn't have got from Richmond to Hopewell, Virginia. And if he hadn't got to Hopewell, he couldn't have got the job pushing a truck in the DuPont powder plant. And if he hadn't got the job in the DuPont powder works he couldn't have started the dance hall. And if the dance hall hadn't burned, he wouldn't have got out of Hopewell and into New York. And if he hadn't been in New York, a young woman casting scout for Metro-Goldwyn wouldn't have stopped him on the street and asked him to go into pictures. And if he hadn't gone into pictures he likely would not have known the fun there is in this old world and how it seems to be squashed between the eyes by disaster one minute only to have bank notes pushed at you the next.

I sat in a dressing room with Bill Haines at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver

Continued on page 104



# The Screen in Review

A critical summary of the latest photoplays.

By Sally Benson

Caricatures by John Decker

**I**F there weren't any celebrities the rest of us couldn't sit around complaining that they weren't as good as they used to be. It hardly seems fair that an experienced and conscientious person should reach the top of the ladder only to have a lot of warped natures, mine included, sit at the bottom watching meanly for the first slip. Maybe the critics are too critical, and then again, possibly the artist is too much an artist.

When I went to see Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," I went remembering him in "The Kid," "Shoulder Arms," "The Pilgrim," and many others, and just as old men will say that the girls aren't so pretty as they used to be or the songs not half so tuneful, I will say that "The Gold Rush" isn't nearly so funny. In fact it is called "a dramatic comedy" which in itself is a mean trick to play on an audience. It isn't fair to tell them in advance that things are both dramatic and funny, because instead of relaxing to the fun or bracing themselves for the drama, they sit perfectly miserable wondering whether to laugh or to bite their finger nails.

"The Gold Rush" has a plot and a happy ending. I didn't like the story and I did like the happy ending. Seeing Charlie a multimillionaire with a valet and two fur coats, both of them on at once, cheered me immensely. One of the coats had an embroidered lining to prove that he was even more ultra than plus.

The picture lacks pep. If this weren't such a nice magazine, I might be even more Anglo-Saxon and say what I really mean. Mr. Chaplin used to be a funny man first and an artist unintentionally, now he is an artist on purpose and a funny man only when it's absolutely necessary. However, I don't think this is entirely his fault. It is the fault of the people who, not content with being hilariously entertained by him, had to label him an artist to justify their own laughter. If a funny man happens to fall funnier and harder than other funny men, some one is sure to say that he is really great, and by calling him great, they have made him important, and important things are taken seriously, which is not good for a comedian.

Chaplin used to be a ridiculous little man who every now and then seemed a little sad. Now he is a sad little man who every now and then seems a little ridiculous. Personally, I don't like my comedy with strings

to it. The Pagliacci idea of the clown whose hollow laughter hides a broken heart has been used so often that I can scarcely go to the circus and see these pitiful creatures through my tears. I don't want to be amused if it's going to be painful.

To be sure there are wonderful things in "The Gold Rush." I liked the fight in the log cabin over a gun with the gun always pointing at Charlie. I liked his beautiful politeness when he danced with Georgia at the dance hall with a rope tied around his trousers to keep them up, and a large collie dog at the end of the rope.

I liked him when he was being ingratiating. In fact all his comedy is superb. There is only one person who comes near the standard he has set, and he is W. C. Fields.

But Chaplin was mostly too pathetic, not because he couldn't help it, but because he meant to be, and if a man can make an audience scream with mirth, it is a waste of time for him to go about looking wistful. My cry is, "Louder and funnier."

In his direction, Chaplin made effective use of the name "Georgia." Every time Georgia Hale entered a scene, the name "Georgia" was thrown on the screen. It had the effect of making her seem something very rare and desirable, and not just the heroine of a story. Miss Hale is pretty and graceful. Mack Swain is good as *Big Jim McKay*.

I think Charlie Chaplin is much more important being funny than he is being poignant. I don't want a big fine thing made of

my coarse and loud laughter. I feel a little like a lady I know who complained, "That radio music is getting so refined that you can hardly hear it."

## A Spectacle with a Moral.

"The Wanderer," the new Paramount spectacle, is one of those pictures that point a moral and have lots of fun doing it. There is more time taken to show the downward path than there is the upward one. Vice reigns throughout a greater part of the picture with time out every now and then for a mother to put a lamp in the window for her boy's return.

It is the story of the prodigal son, or as the advertising posters have it, "The first boy who went wrong and the girl who led him astray. Both in 'The Wanderer.'" Well, it does show him going wrong, just about as wrong as I have ever seen, and while in the end he



Chaplin has more pathos and less comedy than usual in "The Gold Rush."

does admit it, it was not impressive.

William Collier, Jr., is *Jether*, the son. It is a difficult part to play and he does it as well as any one could. There were times when he hung a bashful head a little too often, but I liked him when he wasn't taken up with being just a boy.

Greta Nissen is indeed the girl who leads him astray. There was no doubt about that. She was photographed to every possible advantage, and she justified it. She is not pretty when she smiles, but I don't think any one noticed that.

Ernest Torrence is by all means the best of the picture, as *Tola*, the first bad egg. Wallace Beery comes in for his share of the sin, too.

Toward the very end, there is one of the very best disasters I have ever seen. The entire city falls as punishment on these pagan people. The photography during these scenes is really fine, and the coals of fire coming down from the heavens were beautiful. There are some lovely pictures of shepherds and sheep, too.

Frankly, I see no point in a picture of this type. I see no need to jazz up Bible stories with a lot of girls from the ballet schools and the beaches. The story was no more than a country boy out with his first chorus girl, and no amount of long beards and Biblical subtitles could make it anything else. Not only that but there was one unnecessarily disgusting incident in it. I am no moralist, but I think things should be labeled correctly. They make them do it on the tomato cans.

Raoul Walsh directed it. Kathryn Williams, Tyrone Power, and Snitz Edwards were also in the cast.

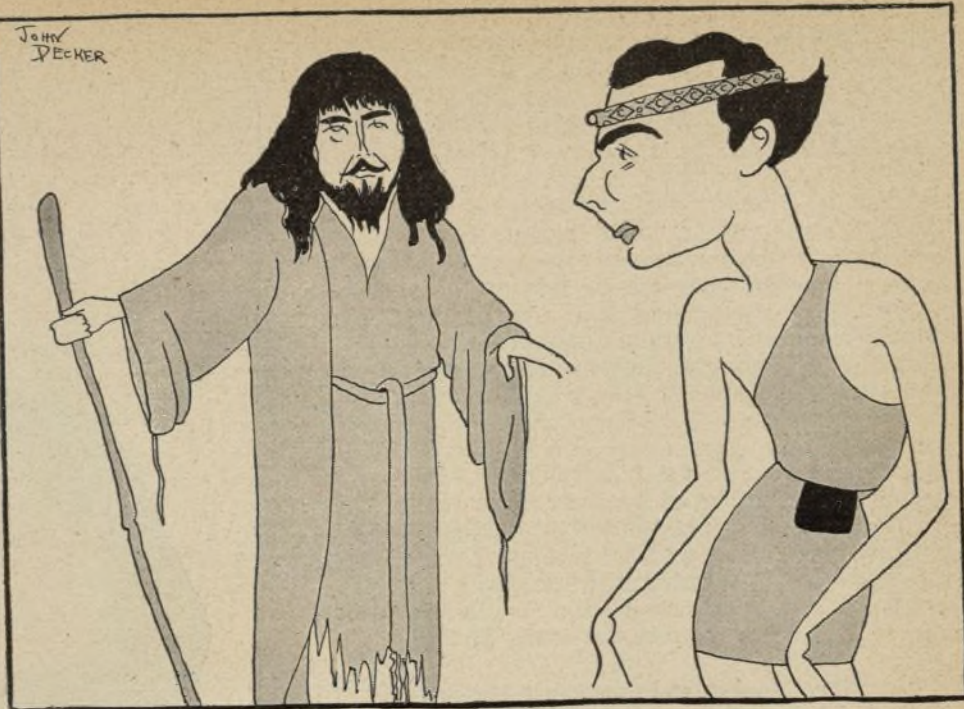
#### Some Intelligent Acting.

"The Goose Woman" is something new in pictures. It has for its principal character a woman who is dirty, not young, and depressingly drunk. Many pictures have had heroines touch bottom in such picturesque places as opium dens in Shanghai, or dens of vice in Paris, but few of them have the courage to be as realistic as this one.

In "The Goose Woman," a Universal-Jewel picture, Louise Dresser plays the part of an opera singer, *Marie de Nardi*, who, having lost her voice when her baby is born, succumbs to the tragedy and seeks forgetfulness in hundreds of cases of synthetic gin.

She lives in a filthy shack, raises geese, and collects empty bottles, until a murder brings her before the public eye again. Her son, whom she blames for her bad luck and hates accordingly, is accused of the murder. Just when things look pretty black, her love for him comes to the surface, a minor character confesses to the murder, and everything is pretty and pink at the end.

Louise Dresser gives a performance that is better than a good one. You will have to figure that one out for yourselves. Her reform seemed a little too sudden, but that was undoubtedly due to the fact that there was nothing more to be done about her. I couldn't help but wonder if, after all the excitement of reforming was



William Collier, Jr., is "the first boy to go wrong," in "The Wanderer."

over, and with her voice still gone, she wouldn't backslide a little bit on the longer winter evenings. It is lovely to have people urging you to see light, but it must be quite a let-down, after you are finally saved, to be left alone again. I always sympathized with Huck Finn's pa who signed the pledge, and immediately got drunk, fell off the roof, and broke his arm.

Jack Pickford seems to enjoy being cast as a son. Perhaps it is because he is one in real life. Constance Bennett is again exceedingly attractive and well dressed.

The big disappointment of the picture for me was when they killed Marc MacDermott in the first reel. I can think of lots of others they might have conveniently sacrificed instead.

#### Old New York and Betty Bronson.

"Not So Long Ago" is a rather tedious picture, with Betty Bronson as the principal attraction. The rumor is that she has indeed arrived successfully, but in "Not So Long Ago" I do not see that she does anything that any capable young person could not handle equally well. The Gishes and Mae Marsh, as embryo stars, had twice her charm.

This picture was taken from the stage play by Arthur Richman. It is the story of an innocent New York with its volunteer firemen, placid streets, and tandem bicycles. Sidney Olcott evidently attempted to make it a miniature "Little Old New York," but it seems a little too affected for my taste.

*Betty Dover's* father is a poor inventor, who is struggling to invent a carriage without a horse. Necessity forces her to take a position as seamstress at the wealthy *Ballards'* home, where young *Billy Ballard*, the son of the house, soon fires her romantic fancy. She makes up beautiful lies about his attentions to her until her bluff is called. Of course he really does fall in love with her, and the horseless carriage does run a while before it blows up.

Ricardo Cortez is handsome and stilted as *Billy Ballard*. Laurence Wheat was the other young man. He had one of those comedy parts. I thought Jacqueline Gadson, as *Ursula Kent*, both pretty and worth seeing. I haven't seen her before but I hope I shall again.

There was a lot about mortgages and "just one week more and I will pay the note." The picture isn't nearly as nice as the play. That had the beautiful line in it, worthy of Booth Tarkington's young folk, "I was a moth, attracted by a flame; I was a mouse, attracted by a piece of cheese."

#### Wild, Wild Horses.

I had a fine time at "Wild Horse Mesa." Wild horses seem to have taken the place of the covered wagons. The only thing left for next year is to get a wild horse in a covered wagon, or train it to pull one. They seem as plentiful as the "Elsie" books.

This time we have the horses in Arizona with some superb scenery and plenty of thrills. The story is about the attempted capture of the herd, with all the Indians, horse thieves, and romance that would naturally follow.

Jack Holt is in it and he is a superb rider. Seeing him mount and dismount en route is as much fun as anything I know. Billie Dove is the girl, chased, but not caught, by Noah Beery and a company of wild horses.

This is a splendid Western melodrama with a fine cast. There is a lovely grandmother in it, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is fine as the lovesick young brother.

#### Two Topsies and Sometimes More.

"Winds of Chance" is the gold rush taken seriously. It is directed by Frank Lloyd of "Sea Hawk" fame, and adapted from the novel by Rex Beach.

There isn't enough room in this magazine to tell the plot. Ben Lyon is the hero and he finds everything but the gold he started out for. The program says that there are twenty-two hundred extra characters, including one hundred and fifty original gold-rush sour doughs, gamblers, Indians, Mounted Police, dog sledgemen, and so forth. I don't know what the "and so forth" stands for except possibly Ben Lyon.



Betty Bronson is not at her best in "Not So Long Ago."



Louise Dresser gives better than a good performance in "The Goose Woman."

Instead of one quaint old character, there are four of them. Two of them are dear old men, rough and all that, but with hearts of gold, and the other two are confidence men, also with hearts of gold. There is no end to the antics of these four, absolutely no end. Claude Gillingwater and Charles Crockett are the old cut-ups, and John T. Murray and Fred Warren are the young ones.

There are two heroines, the *Countess Courteau*, played by Anna Q. Nilsson, and *Rouletta Kirby*, played by Viola Dana. Miss Nilsson wears charming dresses of the late 1890s, but she has a tendency to handle every one within reach. I have never seen people pat and clap one another about so except in pictures. And must a lady, to be attractive, keep a firm hand on a manly arm?

Viola Dana simply can't convince me that she is just a slip of a thing. She looked more natural when she took a hand dealing faro.

There are three bad men in it, and a French Canadian. If you ever want to suffer, you must have the man behind you read the subtitles in French-Canadian dialect out loud. They were pretty bad reading in the fastness of my mind, but when "Poor leetle seek bird, 'Poleon weel tak' care of you," is actually said, it becomes almost unbearable.

There is one of those fights in the dark in it, and some wonderful pictures of boats shooting the rapids.

The fur coats made it look just like a Yale-Harvard football game.

#### Interesting But Lukewarm.

"The Home Maker," adapted from the story by Dorothy Canfield, is a good picture injured by too much baby talk.

It is the story of an efficient woman and a husband who can't live up to her. Fortunately, he becomes



Alice Joyce has a cold rôle in a very interesting picture, "The Home Maker."

crippled and has to stay home while she, just as fortunately, is forced to earn a living for the family. She succeeds in business where he has failed, and he makes home a pleasant place to be.

It is an interesting story, not badly done. I thought most of the home scenes were excellent. It was the kind of house where a spot on the floor looked larger than it should.

Alice Joyce was very cold as the wife. I have seen a great many women like her and I thought she was as good as she has ever been. Clive Brook was the easy-going husband.

The two older children were all right, but there was a great deal too much of the little tot. Yes, he was a tot.

"Sun Up," was one of the pleasantest pictures of the month. In the first place Lucille La Verne is in it, and in the second place Conrad Nagel is entirely rejuvenated in it. I expected Miss La Verne to be excellent, but I wasn't thinking about Conrad Nagel one way or the other. He is usually such a neat, polite young man, but as *Rufe Cagle* he has humor and pep.

This is the story of the Carolina mountaineers. The *Widow Cagle* and her son *Rufe* live in a little shack shut off from civilization by the hills. Her father and her husband having been killed by "revenooers," she spends most of her time hating the law and wondering when *Rufe* will avenge their deaths. *Rufe* isn't nearly as interested in the feud as he is in the little girl next door, *Emmy Todd*. When the war breaks out, *Rufe* goes to fight for France which he says is "about forty mile t'other side of Asheville." He is reported dead,

but, of course, he comes home again with a brand-new set of ideas as to how things should be run. In fact he gets to be a sheriff himself.

There is a sheriff who has designs on *Emmy*, and he comes to no good end.

Lucille La Verne plays the part of *Ma Cagle* which she played in the stage production in New York. She is a finished, capable actress. There is a delightful scene between Conrad Nagel and Miss La Verne when he returns home from France, chewing gum and all, and tells her how he won the war.

I can't say enough about Conrad Nagel's work in this picture. He was always excellent. Pauline Starke, as a little wild thing, looked more like Gloria Swanson than ever, and seemed almost too cute at times.

#### Constance—Not at Her Best.

The most artificial picture I have seen lately is "Her Sister from Paris," starring Constance Talmadge. I think it is just about as tawdry as anything I have ever seen.

Evidently, a great deal of money has been spent on the production and on Miss Talmadge's clothes. It would have been better spent buying fur-lined cuff links for the Java coffee pickers.

The story by Hans Kraely is supposedly laid in Vienna, and while the signs around the sets were undoubtedly in German, I was never for one instant transported any farther than Broadway and One Hundred and Tenth Street. *Joseph Weyringer*, a young Viennese author, and his wife, *Helen*, do not live amiably together. They are shown in good old funny-paper fashion, breaking the china. *Helen* leaves him, and he decides to throw off dull care for wine, women, and song. *Helen's* sister, *La Perry*, is a famous dancer and it is with her that the abandoned husband and the family friend seek diversion. Luckily, she is a twin sister, and *Helen* takes advantage of this to impersonate her gay, gay twin and win her husband back. She wins him by backing him into corners where there is no escape.

There is the longest, crudest, dullest, bedroom scene in captivity in "Her Sister from Paris." Constance lives up to such subtitles as "How that man can kiss!" and "A woman's glory may be her hair, but it's her ankles that get her there."

Ronald Colman is not so good in a light rôle. If he is a comedian, Jackie Coogan is a big silent Dane. He doesn't seem happy doing it, not even when he crushes a pencil in his hand under the fervor of Miss Talmadge's embraces.

The friend of the family is George K. Arthur, who had a small part in "Sun Up," which he handled fairly well. In "Her Sister from Paris," however, the bad witch has cursed him, too, because he acts and looks like an anxious spaniel.

#### One with Lots of Acting.

"The Ranger of the Big Pines" is notable principally for the superb performance of Eulalie Jensen as *Lise Weatherford*. She is a stunning-looking woman, and plays with vigor.

The story is pretty bang, bang. Kenneth Harlan is as neat as a pin as a great big ranger, who is pretty well protected throughout by his womenfolks, who won't let any one harm a hair of his head.

Helene Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, is the daughter. There was a bit of excitement when Eulalie Jensen sent her daughter out to rescue her lover, saying, "This gun was your father's. In my day women fought for their men." Or words to that effect.

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## A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

### WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

**"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.

**"Freshman, The"**—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's "latest and best." College football from an uproarious angle.

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

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

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

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

**"Last Laugh, The"**—Universal. A German 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.

**"Shore Leave"**—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

**"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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**"How Baxter Butted In"**—Warner. Matt Moore in an amusing farce about a clerk in a newspaper office.

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

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

**"Kivalina of the Ice Lands"**—Pathé. Another picture of life among the Eskimos. Not as good as "Nanook," but interesting and educational.

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

**"Limited Mail, The"**—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of

gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.

**"Lost—a Wife"**—Paramount. An adaptation of the French play "Banco," which doesn't mean much except for the screen début of the lovely Greta Nissen. Adolphe Menjou plays the suave husband.

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

**"Lucky Devil, The"**—Paramount. Another chance for Richard Dix to look graceful and winning in an automobile. Good entertainment, with Esther Ralston as the pretty heroine.

**"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 Life in New York"**—Paramount. An amusing and authentically set story of an Iowa's adventures among the bright lights. Rod La Rocque is good as the "Western sap," while Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence also contribute some fun.

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

**"Paths to Paradise"**—Paramount. Raymond Griffith does it again. Smooth, expert comedy on a crook theme. Betty Compson appears as a lady crook.

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

**"Pretty Ladies"**—Metro-Goldwyn. Mostly glorifying the Ziegfeld "Follies." Famous stage personages are represented, while Zasu Pitts gives a good performance as the plain and lonely comedienne of the show.

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# Hollywood High Lights

Surveying the adventures, both intimate and incandescent, of the film folk.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

**H**OLLYWOOD has a new mystery, and it may surprise the world to learn that it surrounds Lillian Gish. Where does she go? what does she do?—are the questions that everybody has been asking. She has remained in virtual isolation ever since she came to California, and this is not in accord with the newer rules of the colony. These prescribe that one be gregarious—we believe that is the word—or else utterly unusual. Lillian spends much of her time, as is her wont, reading and studying, and seldom goes to social affairs, except to those at which Doug and Mary preside.

Miss Gish has also upset other precedents. She rehearsed her production of "La Bohème" in its entirety in the accepted Griffith fashion. She was busy for weeks acting out her tragic rôle before the camera ground a single time. When there were no settings ready, she went through the action on a bare stage with a table and a chair for props, just as is done in the spoken drama.

Lillian has always worked on her pictures that way, but her method is practically unknown in the Western studios. It is the custom to rehearse each scene separately, and photograph it immediately. Some of the time the actors are lucky if they know what the story is about. More than a few have confessed to us that they never see the script on certain pictures in which they play, and that they have only a very hazy notion of the character they are supposed to interpret. Miss Gish's method, while it may be thought too expensive for universal adoption, is considered excellent, because it puts the player so thoroughly in the mood of the picture, before the filming itself begins, and doubtless goes far to explain the heights she has attained as an actress.

## Younger Bushmans Arrive.

Directors will have to sit up nights soon trying to find places for the second generation in the films, if the present influx of sons and daughters of the famous keeps up. Dolores and Helene Costello both have their dainty feet on the first rung of the ladder leading to fame, and now two new arrivals, Virginia and Lenore Bushman, have expressed their desire to achieve a career. They have been playing bits in "The Masked Bride," star-

ring Mae Murray, in which their father has the lead. It was just a vacation trip that brought them to California, as they have been going to college in the East. Now, however, they want to stay on, if their father, who desires them to continue with their education for another year or so, will permit them to do so. At latest reports, Mr. Bushman was weakening a little, and one cannot blame him, for the two girls are very charming and have been very companionable to him, and to his son, Ralph, who is now starring in a series of independent productions.

We suspect it will be only a comparatively short time now before the older of Irene Rich's daughters makes her début. No producer can be long oblivious to her bright personal attractions. The girls now accompany their mother nearly everywhere, and one of their principal joys is the days that they have spent at their beach home this summer. Frances Rich is an excellent swimmer, and won a cup recently offered by the Beach Club.

## Colleen a Linguist.

Trust Colleen Moore to do something clever whenever she has the chance—and it isn't always on the screen, either.

She and her husband, John McCormack, had an amusing experience while traveling to Basel, Switzerland, while on their recent European trip, and one which indicates Colleen's humorous turn of mind.

They were traveling in a compartment, and several Frenchmen got aboard, finding seats beside them. The Frenchmen were immediately attracted, and desired to make an impression. They successively talked in French, German, Italian, and English, hoping to get a response from Colleen and John, who smiled inwardly at their efforts.

Then of a sudden, Colleen leaned forward, and said to her husband:

"Awt-way oo-day oo-yay ink-thay of-ay ees-thay eeple-pay?"

Whereupon John in his best pigeon English answered: "Ere-thay ee-thay unk-bay"—meaning, if you can't happen to translate—

"What do you think of these people?"

"They're the bunk."

"I-ay ink-thay o-say oo-tay," answered Colleen, while



"Please! Dad, let us stay!" That's what Virginia and Lenore Bushman are begging of their famous father, after playing a bit in a picture during their summer vacation. What chance do you think he has to send them back to college?

the Frenchmen stared and stared at them, trying to make out what outlandish nationality was theirs.

#### New Double Trouble.

Only one disconcerting circumstance has arisen to disturb Dorothy Mackaill's peace of mind since she has been making "Joanna with a Million" in California, and that is the suddenly discovered resemblance between her and Marion Davies. It is most astonishing, but Dorothy does really look exceptionally like Miss Davies since she has bobbed her hair. A clerk at the Beach Club recently even insisted on giving her a telegram belonging to the other star, saying, "Why, I know you're Miss Davies."

Such resemblances were once supposed to be very damaging to a star's professional future, but they do not seem to make so decided a difference now. Jacqueline Logan and May McAvoy look quite a bit alike, as do Anna Q. Nilsson and Greta Nissen. Their talents have never been confused on the screen, however, nor do we believe that those of Miss Mackaill and Miss Davies could possibly be, either. The former's success has been chiefly won in emotional and dramatic portrayals, whereas Miss Davies is essentially the comedienne.

#### Barrymore Will Stay On.

Pictures have evidently captured a real hold on John Barrymore this time, for instead of making two features for Warner Brothers as originally announced he is to do three. He will probably be in the West until well along in the spring. The third film has not yet been decided on, but may be directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Barrymore's wife and four-year-old daughter are to join him in Hollywood during his stay. It is their first visit to the Western film metropolis. Mrs. Barrymore, known professionally as Michael Strange, and a writer of note, has lately been appearing on the stage in Salem, Massachusetts, and Barrymore is quite proud of the fact that she has been making a success of this venture which is new to her.

"She entered into this activity quite independently, and willingly took any small part that offered with the company at the start for the sake of the experience," he said. "I have not the least doubt that she could make a great success on the stage if she desired. I rehearsed her in one or two plays, but I have never given her any actual instructions, as she has her own ideas about acting, and I think that that is a splendid thing."

Barrymore also speaks enthusiastically of the companionship that he derives from his little daughter, and ventures the opinion that a girl provides much more enjoyment in this respect during her childhood years than a boy. Which may or may not meet with a unanimity of opinion from the readers of this column.



*Ernest Torrence is no doubt a prouder and happier father than this picture would indicate, for he's having the pleasure of appearing with his son, Ian, in "The Pony Express," in which the latter makes his bow as an actor.*

#### Near-domestic Drama.

Just by the merest chance, Barbara La Marr and Jack Daugherty came within an ace of meeting at the railroad station, when Barbara arrived on the Coast a few weeks ago. Jack, you know, is now one of Barbara's numerous ex's, although they are not divorced but merely separated. Jack had no expectation of meeting Miss La Marr, but was waiting for another train to come in. Unfortunately for the interested group of onlookers he did not stay until the arrival of Barbara's train.

Miss La Marr was badly laid up the first few weeks after her return, owing to an infection of the throat; and the start of her picture, "Spanish Sunlight," in which she is to be cofeatured with Lewis Stone, was consequently delayed.

#### The Hollywood Hoodoo.

The jinx is still at large in Hollywood.

Players have never suffered so many accidents and injuries as this year. Zasu Pitts is only just recovering from a fractured skull, an injury that she sustained as a result of an automobile wreck that occurred while she was on the way to visit her former home at Santa Cruz, California. The driver of the machine in which she was riding lost control apparently on a steep mountain road, and the car plunged down an one-hundred-and-fifty-foot embankment. For a time it looked as if the accident would be fatal.

Cullen Landis is another recent victim. He was driving a small car on the road to Santa Barbara. His machine was forced off the road by the careless driver of another big car, and overturned in the ditch. For a time it was thought that his spine had been injured.

Norman Kerry, on location in Oregon with the company making a big Western special, was severely hurt as a result of a fall from a horse, and was taken to a hospital in Portland. "Hoot" Gibson had to replace him in the cast. Anne Cornwall had to replace Gertrude Olmstead in the same picture, owing to the fact that Miss Olmstead underwent an

operation for appendicitis.

#### Connie a Foreigner.

Those who have always referred to Constance Talmadge as truly typifying the American girl in pictures, must have suffered a jolt recently when Miss Talmadge announced her intention of taking out citizenship papers.

The fact has been overlooked by nearly everybody that John Pialoglou, from whom she was divorced two or three years ago, after a brief marriage, was a Greek subject. Connie lost her American citizenship by the marriage, but being a true red-white-and-blue girl, this fact eventually became very irksome to her, and she

made up her mind to go through the necessary formalities to recover her right to vote and other prerogatives. It is said that the undertaking was carried out as simply and expeditiously as possible, but that it was none the less *impressive*.

#### E. K. Lincoln Returning.

Any one who has been curious as to the whereabouts of E. K. Lincoln, who was frequently seen as leading man in the films a few years ago, may be interested to learn that he is shortly to return in an independent film called "The Perfect Crime." Wanda Hawley and Mary Carr are other featured players. Miss Hawley, by the way, is in private life now Mrs. J. Stuart Wilkinson, having recently married her manager, who is also noted as a racing driver.

Lincoln has been devoting most of his time to farming in the past few years. He has a large estate in the East, and also a home in California. He divides his time between the two.

#### A Surprise.

Little Marian Nixon surprised quite a few of her friends by her wedding to Jose Benjamin, the lightweight prize fighter. They eloped and were married at Riverside, the bride giving her name as Elsie Nixon, of San Diego, and her age as twenty. They tried to keep the wedding a secret.

Miss Nixon, who was one of the baby stars of a season or so ago, has lately been playing leads with Reginald Denny.

#### Versatile Von Stroheim.

We have always felt that it was very regrettable that Erich von Stroheim's talents as an actor have so rarely been given to the screen of late, and it is a great satisfaction to know that Joseph Schenck is sponsoring his reappearance as a player in "East of the Setting Sun." Even in the most despicable portrayals, such as the one in his own "Foolish Wives," Von Stroheim always exhibited an incomparable vitality in his every action. He is really one of the finest of screen Thespians. Von is also to direct "East of the Setting Sun," not to speak of writing the script for the picture.

#### The Other Von, and Still a Third.

The other "Von"—that is, Josef von Sternberg, of "Salvation Hunters" fame, if you want to call it that—has been having his troubles. "Too much supervision" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios is what he has objected to, and he tendered his resignation during the making of "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray. Rumors of a row between him and Mae were vigorously and emphatically denied by both parties.

One day in a fitful mood during the time that both Von Stroheim and Von Sternberg were working at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Marshall Neilan had a sign painted on the door of his office, which read "Marshall von Neilan."

#### Two Wise Decisions.

Bouquets and felicitations are going to two players these

*Bare legs are out—on the bathing beaches—according to those who set the styles in the European watering resorts. And so the bathing girls in "The Trouble with Wives" will appear in silk stockings.*



days, who have made very correct decisions regarding their future, according to the consensus of opinion in Hollywood. One is Mildred Davis who has decided to return to the screen in a Paramount production, "The Spoils of War," and the other, Charles Ray, who has accepted a featured rôle in "A Little Bit of Broadway."

Mildred has been wavering for a long time trying to make up her mind whether or not to continue her career, but Paramount, by offering her a very "fat" contract for a big lead, that of a romantic French girl of the war period, settled her doubts temporarily. And now, if the picture is a success, she may soon make "Alice in Wonderland."

Charles Ray's fans on the other hand, will indeed welcome a change for him which will identify him with a rather pretentious production. Charley happened to be just the chap to fit the part of the country boy who falls in love with a Broadway chorus girl, and everybody is predicting a really big hit for him this time. Incidentally, he is receiving a very high salary for this feature.

#### Harry Carey's Enterprise.

Harry Carey, the popular star of Western pictures, is the new host extraordinary. His ranch, located about thirty miles from the studios, is the scene now of regular Sunday parties that are attended by the film folk.

One of Harry's diversions is the trading post that he owns at the ranch, and he has made a reputation for the authentic Navajo rugs and other Indian goods which he sells. Carey has been doing a rushing business for some months there because it is a Mecca for the tourist.

#### Saying It with Radio.

A new form of entertainment has been tried out lately at some of the theaters in Los Angeles, and that is the combining of radio with motion pictures. At the première of Charles Chaplin's "The Gold Rush," Fred Niblo introduced the various celebrities over the radio, instead of from the stage as has usually been the custom.

Various glimpses of the stars, including Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, and others, preparing to attend, were shown on the screen while Niblo made kidding and apropos remarks about them, appearing himself on the screen from time to time as introducer.

More recently Norma Shearer and Lew Cody, at the first showing of "A Slave of Fashion," talked over the radio, during the unreeling of views taken of them in their respective homes. Simultaneously the same film was flashed on the screen at various other theaters throughout Southern California with the radio accompaniment.

It is possible perhaps to vision the same thing being done all over the country in the not-far-distant future.

#### Castles in the Air.

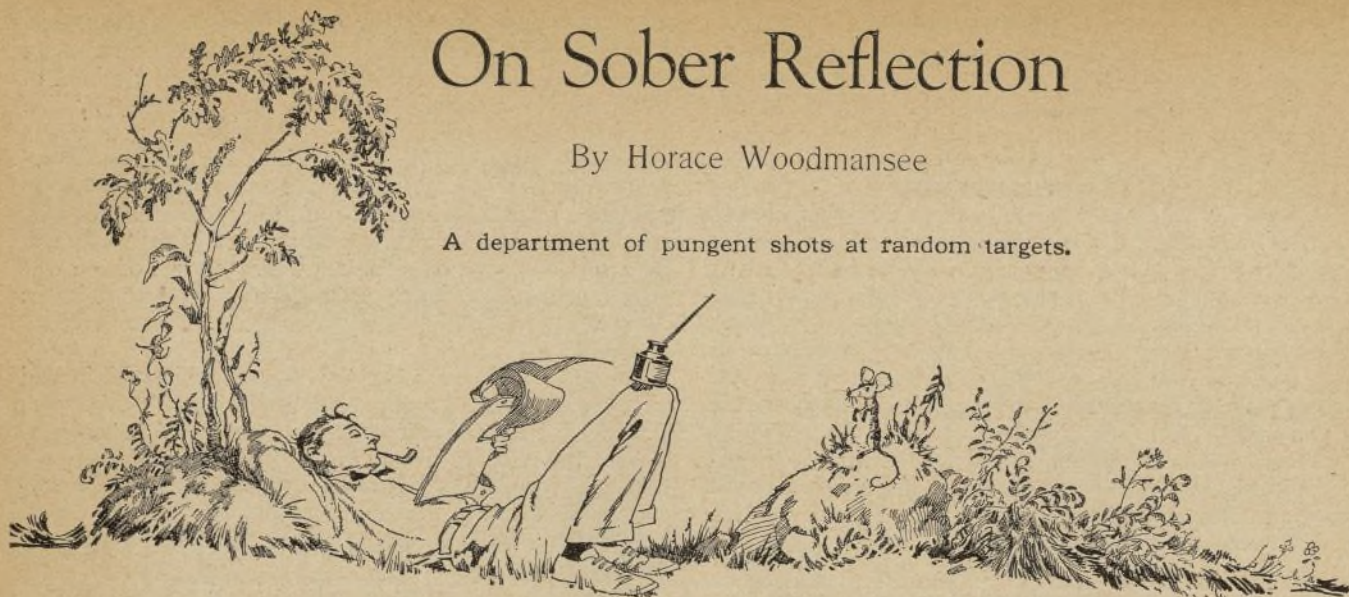
Los Angeles newspapers have been telling of the plans of Doug and Mary for a huge

*Continued on page 92*

# On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

A department of pungent shots at random targets.



## Have You Heard—

**T**HAT Our Mary will celebrate her eightieth birthday by playing little *Goldilocks*—and getting away with it?

That Jackie Coogan's grandchildren will get a lot of fun out of a revival of their granddad's childish pranks?

That little Helen Rowland is giving considerable promise of stepping into Jackie's outgrown shoes?

That one of the reasons animal stars are so popular with the public is that success doesn't go to their heads?

That up to date four hundred and ninety-three actresses have been called "the most beautiful woman on the screen" and yet some fans still think their favorites are slighted?

That "Kiss Me Again" was not filmed on a fishing smack?

## Half a Loaf.

An acquaintance of mine can't see any reason why he should pay a dollar or two dollars to see a big picture when he can wait and see the same production at his small neighborhood theater for a quarter. By his policy of watchful waiting he manages to see most of the important films for next to nothing, but even then he feels he has a grievance.

One day he announced: "Just came from seeing 'The Five Commandments.'"

"You mean 'The Ten Commandments,'" I suggested.

"Ten Commandments nothing!" he retorted ruefully. "When they finished cutting that film down to program length there were only five of 'em left!"

## Tweedledum and Tweedledee?

In the course of Alice's adventures in Wonderland, if you recall, she fell in with a very odd pair of brothers named Tweedledum and Tweedledee, who were exactly alike in every way except that Tweedledum responded to every remark with "Nohow!" and Tweedledee with "Contrariwise!"

The modern Alice in the course of her explorations of cinemaland has encountered another pair of brothers named Wallace and Noah Beery. Because they look a good deal alike and appear in the same kind of rôles, she assumes they are as alike as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Is she right?

It appears to me that little Alice suffers from astig-

matism. Superficially their talents are the same, but fundamentally they are quite different. The ideal rôle for Wallace is that of a primitive brute, simple in his reactions as a child, while the best part for Noah is that of the cunning, sardonic tyrant. Instances are Wallace in "The Devil's Cargo" and Noah in "The Light of Western Stars."

## Again That Movie Influence.

Once more fact proves itself stranger than fiction.

Last month in this department I invented some fantastic episodes by way of showing the sinister influence of the films. Now a Brooklyn school principal who for many years has fought the evils of rum, cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, and the movies, has come forward with some instances of the horrible effects of seeing pictures which, she says in all seriousness, really happened.

She has heard of a man who became so unnerved by the realism of a screen shooting affair that he jumped up from his seat and shot himself. So did another moviegoer who couldn't stand watching the exciting pursuit of an ex-convict, probably much to the annoyance of the ushers who had to carry him out.

Worst of all is a harrowing account of how the films are corrupting our youth. Some Cape Cod boys who had witnessed exciting pictures of the old whale harpooners were spurred on to emulate the seafarers' exploits, she says. What do you think they did? They attached table forks to coils of ropes and sallied out to harpoon the neighborhood tomcats. Can you beat it!

## MOVIE MAXIMS

Where there's a will, there's a stunt man.  
Barking villains never bite—off the screen.

He who laughs last is the hero of the comedy.

Haste makes a serial film.

A cut in time saves nine—when the censors pass on the film.

Every rose has her husband.

When the cat's away, the extras will play.

Make hay while the fans write.



Try it on Your Piano.

Song for movie heroes leaving one fair siren for another: "You Made Me What I Am To-day, But Now I'm Being Re-vamped."

Noted in Passing.

Reed Howes, the original collar model, is romping through melodramas, scaling fences, crawling under things, punching villains, and otherwise showing us how to wreck clothes. There's more than one way of boosting the sale of collars.

Some of our leading comedians who were brought up in the Mack Sennett school of custard art are said to have been born with silver spoons in their mouths. It would be more accurate to say that they were born with silver pie plates in their faces.

The tragedy of the double's life is that he never gets a chance in the really dangerous scenes. For instance, a happily married actor would never think of allowing a substitute to go through an impassioned love scene with a screen siren. He's willing to take all the risks himself.

Ho-hum!

Leading man: I hate these confounded retakes.

Director: But this is your love scene with Marylyn LaVamp.

Leading man: Well, I suppose I'll have to go through with it, but this overtime is tough.

Why Rome Burned.

Rome was in flames. The great Nero, who had ordered the conflagration, stood at a safe distance and watched row after row of buildings burst into flames, while thousands of people rushed through the streets, dragging their household possessions after them. It was a scene of indescribable terror and confusion, and Nero watched it with considerable satisfaction while his small but well-chosen string orchestra rendered appropriate music.

At length Nero wearied of the spectacle and motioned to his strumming musicians to be silent.

"I'm getting a bit tired of these super-special-epic-master pictures," he announced, reclining in the director's chair, which was labeled "SPQR." "True, Petronius tells me that I am Von Stroheim, De Mille, and Griffith rolled into one, but next time I'm going to do one of those simple little domestic dramas with lots of heart throbs."



News Notes from Merton's Home Town.

Jerry Hobbs, the town wise-cracker, was ducked in the horse pond last night by indignant citizens.

During a discussion of the nationality of

Ben Turpin, Jerry said he thought Ben must be an Eye-talian.

A designing stranger in these parts who tried to sell motion-picture stock to our townsfolk, representing himself as John Bunny, was foiled by the vigilance of Luke Wiggins, our most skeptical movie fan. "Why, that feller's dead!" said Luke.

"So are the people of this town!" retorted the stranger, as he was led away to the lock-up.

Luke spent the hot season with his nephew in the city. Luke noticed that all the theaters had signs saying, "Twenty degrees cooler inside."

Luke's suspicions were aroused and he made an investigation with his own Sears-Roebuck pocket thermometer and found the temperature was only eighteen or nineteen degrees cooler.

"It's a crime the way those city fellers take in the darn fools," Luke commented.

Miss Beth Potson, the village belle, created quite a deal of excitement hereabouts

when she was found sitting on three of her jealous admirers and pounding them vigorously.

"The matter?" Beth said, in response to questions. "They said that (whack!) Rudolph Valentino (whack!) is a stuck-up dude."

Laura Bugbe's scenario, "The Life History of Sarah Kent," has just been returned from Hollywood with the notation that a picture continuity with such a title is not available. Laura has changed the title to "The Whirl of Folly" and expects to sell it right away.

The local citizens were all agog when Cecil B. De Mille, whom Harv Whittleby, the editor of *The Weekly Argus*, calls The World's Greatest Director, passed through this town on his way to Hollywood. Harv climbed aboard the train to interview him.

"What do I think of your town?" said Mr. De Mille in reply to Harv's queries, as he took a look at Main Street through the dusty car windows. "There's not a presentable set nor costume on the lot—besides, those people are not the type. This town is out."

"Yes, Mr. De Mille," Harv said.

Harv says his talk with Mr. De Mille convinced him that the movies are really getting to bigger and better things. It seems that Mr. De Mille is producing a picture about a country girl in a gingham dress, and—would you believe it—he has sent to Paris for the finest creation in gingham that has ever been seen.

Deacon Brown says that the kind of wild West movies The Little Gem Theater shows are degrading

Continued on page 105





Photo by Muray

**S**ELDOM has there been seen such a complete change in the attitude of a screen actor as has taken place in Joseph Schildkraut since he first appeared in Hollywood two years ago. It will be remembered that he burst upon the colony like a gayly colored, scintillating skyrocket. He came condescendingly, a conscious suavity of manner cloaking an almost childlike arrogance of spirit. He came, fresh from the laurels of "Liliom," to teach Hollywood, to show its rather blind and slow-witted screen puppets the real essence of acting, the divine spark of ability. What before had been considered flames of screen romance he would prove to be mere smolderings in comparison with the fire of his own impassioned love making!

proaches conversation of a critical tenor with a side-long glance and, in a deft manner, quickly excludes himself, or changes the topic.

More than merely a superficial change is this, yet whether it is deep enough seriously to affect his work and consequently improve it, is as yet a highly debatable question, even with Schildkraut himself.

"Heaven knows I've never really had a chance before to show what I can do on the screen," he says in explanation. "Oh, yes, the Griffith picture\* put me before the public, and my rôle was a splendid one beyond doubt. But I think a costume picture would not give even the

## Pride Precedeth a Fall

Joseph Schildkraut, humbled by his previous disappointing sallies into the movies, wonders if he is fitted for the screen, but feels that now, under the direction of De Mille, he may at last find success.

By Mona Gardner

Thus he came; but he left Hollywood even as an extinguished skyrocket, stealing away in the darkness of comparative ostracism, no one knowing or caring just when he left, and followed only perhaps by a few pitying remarks and "I told you sos."

Never having been an ardent enthusiast about motion pictures, the young Joseph had in reality spent most of his time on or near the stage. The few pictures he had seen, now and then, were poor, very poor. And he made the mistake of judging the whole output by the infrequent, but bad ones he saw. He had heard the remark about "beautiful and dumb," and either in ignorance or conceit, believed it and included in that category nearly all screen players, as many others have done before and since.

So it is interesting to note the change in this young actor—for actor he is, beyond gain-saying—during his second trial of Hollywood and pictures. Gone is the old imperial arrogance, at least to all outward appearances, and in its place is an eager interest in the affairs and work of others. Like a child burned by touching a set of highly ornamented fire tongs, he ap-

\*"Orphans of the Storm."

(Continued on page 98)

# Charlie Chaplin Wins His Derby

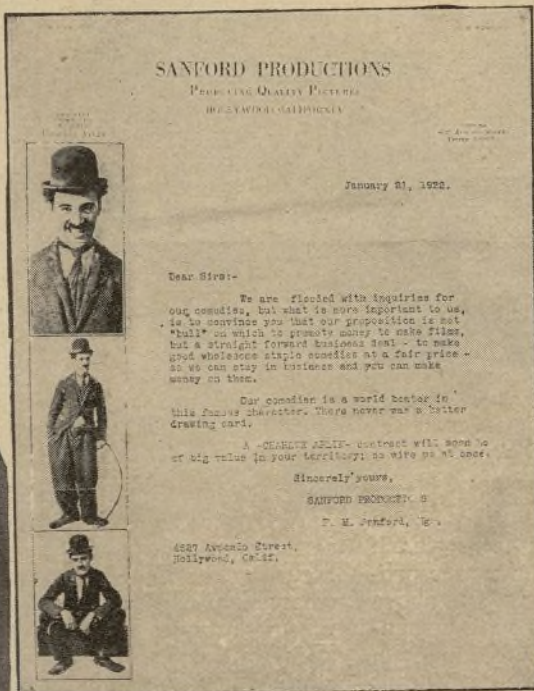
And in winning his fight in the courts, he has established a precedent which Hollywood believes will protect the fans against future imitators of other stars.

By John Addison Elliott

EVERY fan who has ever come out of a movie theater, disgusted at having seen a poor imitation of one of his favorite stars, will be interested to know that Charlie Chaplin's successful fight to keep his imitators off the screen will do much to discourage that type of effort in the future.

Chaplin's suit was to restrain one Charles Amador from adopting his style of dress and mannerisms and from appearing on the screen under the name of "Charlie Aplin."

On the witness stand Chaplin told of his years of effort to develop an entity that would be known by sight whenever shown on the screen. He told, with becoming modesty, how he had succeeded to the point where virtually every child of kindergarten age and older, not only in this country but throughout a major portion of the world, recognized the man wearing the baggy trousers, outrageous shoes, threadbare coat, dented derby, and funny mustache, and carrying the flexible cane, as Charlie Chaplin.



Compare the three small pictures of the Chaplin imitator with the larger ones of Chaplin himself, and see how closely the famous comedian was copied in appearance and posture.

"I got my walk—or at least the idea of it—from an old cab driver in London. That shrugging movement of the shoulders came from him, too, I think. My trick of sliding around corners on one foot came out of my own head—occurred to me on the spur of the moment.

"I really don't know how I came to use the grimaces I do. I don't know that I am making any special grimaces. I just do what the situation and the moment seem to suggest. The mannerisms I use are something automatic, something psychological. They are just a part of the natural being of the character I have created. When I am before the camera, I just try to act out the character with the big shoes, ill-fitting clothes, goose-walk, and grimaces."

There was no braggadocio, no pompousness, no egotism in his recital. He appeared to be battling not so much for himself as for the quaint character which has become so widely known on the screen. That character was *his*—his creation. Attorneys of Amador sought to show that it was not. The names of Will Pulaski, Harry Weldon and Albert Bruno



"It's not the apparel or the clothes you wear," he said to Judge John L. Hudner. "It's the attitude and philosophy in the characterization.

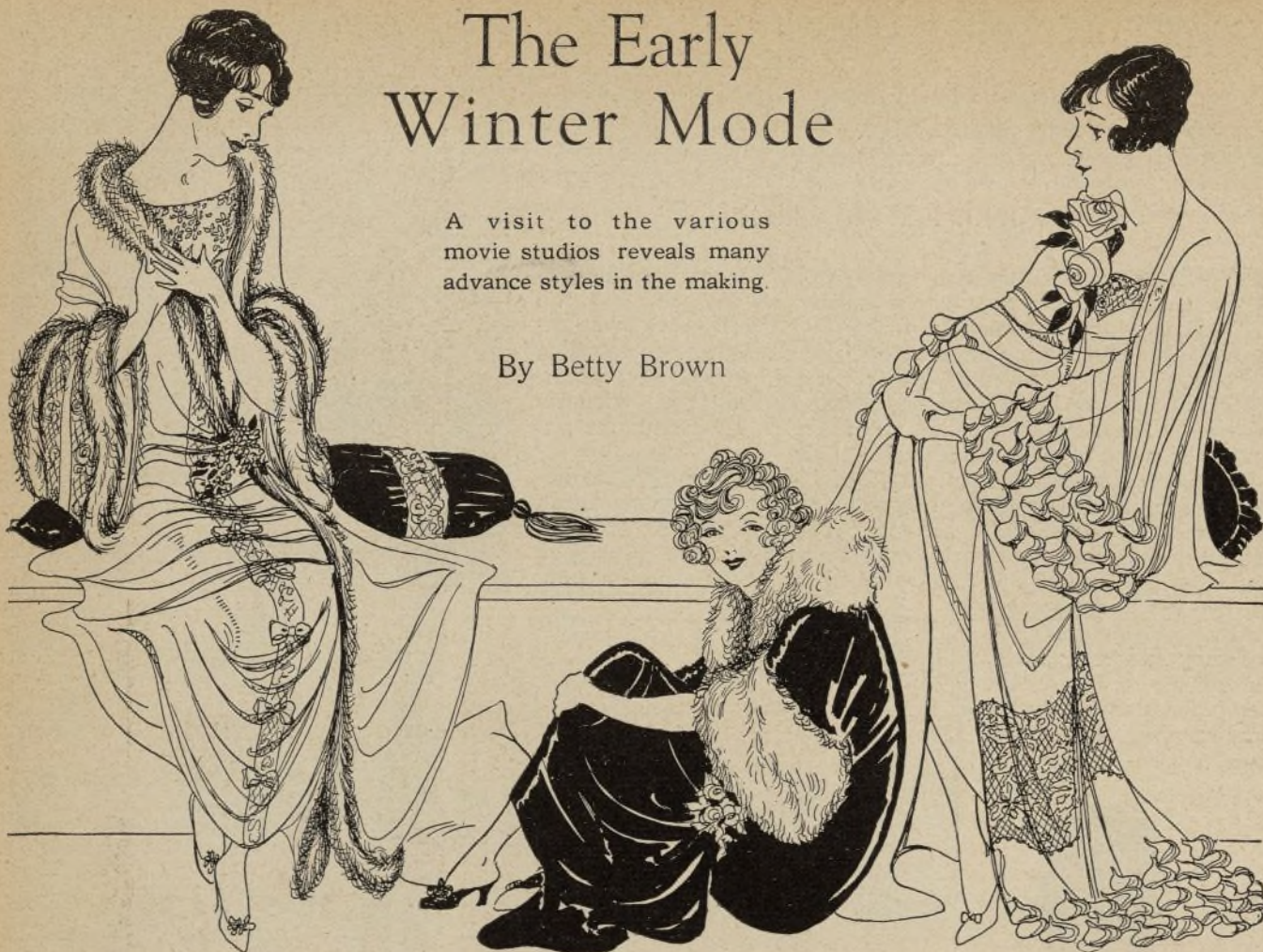
"I got the whole idea for my movie characterization from the pageantry of life. All of my character is a symbol gleaned from humanity, a kind of satire on mankind. I originated the character from my own mind, out of my fund of experience with life.

Continued on page 114

# The Early Winter Mode

A visit to the various movie studios reveals many advance styles in the making.

By Betty Brown



At the left is a gray chiffon negligee worn by Bebe Daniels in "Lovers in Quarantine;" in the center sits Joyce Compton in a lounging-robe of black satin; while on the right is a costume of flesh-colored satin and pink soufflé de soie worn by Florence Vidor in "The Trouble with Wives."

SCREEN fashions, like the flickering films upon which they are shown, never stand still. Each inspection of the "stills" of any of the newer productions, each viewing of the current releases, and above all each visit to any of the great studios with its enchanting glimpses into the workrooms of the designers, shows the careful attention given to each significant change of the mode.

Time was when nobody expected a screen star to be particularly in keeping with the current styles. The play was the thing, and as long as the heroine was clad in garments even remotely approximating that state in life to which it had pleased the scenario writer to call her, everybody was satisfied and nobody dreamed of complaining.

Then, subtly, a change was upon us. The dowdy heroine in palatial surroundings looked out of keeping; costumes even a few months behind the times—and this, by the way, was a condition hard to remedy, owing to the length of time between the making of a picture and its final release—were criticised and ridiculed, and the makers of pictures realized that something must be done.

Something *was* done, and the result is apparent upon the screen. Such designers as Gilbert Clarke, once connected with the famous Lucille, and Erte, the well-known French artist, are now fashioning garments for our screen stars which anticipate the current mode by many months, so that even though a picture may consume months in making, at its final release the costumes worn are strictly new and even in advance of the mode.

A visit to the workrooms of Mr. Gilbert Clarke, at the Paramount Studio on Long Island, is a revelation to one accustomed to the small scale operations of the usual smart shop or dressmaking establishment. The designing of costumes for the forthcoming production of "A Kiss for Cinderella" was in progress when I visited the studio recently, and hundreds of quaint, bouffant-skirted frocks fairly filled the great rooms. These gowns were made of an oddly glazed material, the invention of Mr. Clarke himself, which, when photographed, will have a transparent effect. Most of the costumes made for this production were too fantastic for practical use, but other things were under way, one of which is sketched at the lower right of the opposite page. It is of navy taffeta, with a broad border of varicolored stripes at the bottom of the full-gathered skirt and a narrow one on the shawl collar. A feature of the dress is the quaint, puffed sleeve with inserts of the striped border.

A trip down the corridor to the dressing room of Miss Bebe Daniels revealed so many lovely things that I wanted to sketch every one of them but had only time for the dainty negligee at the left of the picture above. It is of gray chiffon, bordered with marabou and silver lace, and fastened with a cluster of orange blossoms. This is worn over a "nighty" of gray chiffon, with sequin-embroidered yoke of silver. A strip of silver lace wanders merrily down the front, dotted at intervals with demure little bows. Miss Daniels wears this negligee in "Lovers in Quarantine."

As this month's excursions into filmdom have turned

up an unusual number of smart street and afternoon gowns, I think it more interesting to concentrate upon these at this time, leaving the evening gowns until the next issue; especially, as most of us at this early date are giving more thought to daytime frocks than to gowns for elaborate evening affairs, which usually come later in the season.

The two satin gowns sketched in the center of this page are both worn in the First National production "What Fools Men." The one at the left is worn by Miss Ethel Grey Terry, whose gowns throughout this picture are charming in their simple good taste and smartness. This one is a splendid example of the ever-popular, black-and-white combination. It is of heavy black satin with a

circular, draped skirt of uneven hem line, and an unusual crossed bodice effect; the wide lower portions of the sleeve, and the lining of the skirt drapery are of white satin.

The gown at the right, which is worn by Miss Joyce Compton, is also of satin, which, by the way, is a most popular material this fall, and is made most effective by its quaint fichulike drapery and its dainty touches of plaited chiffon ruffling.

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Continued on page 108



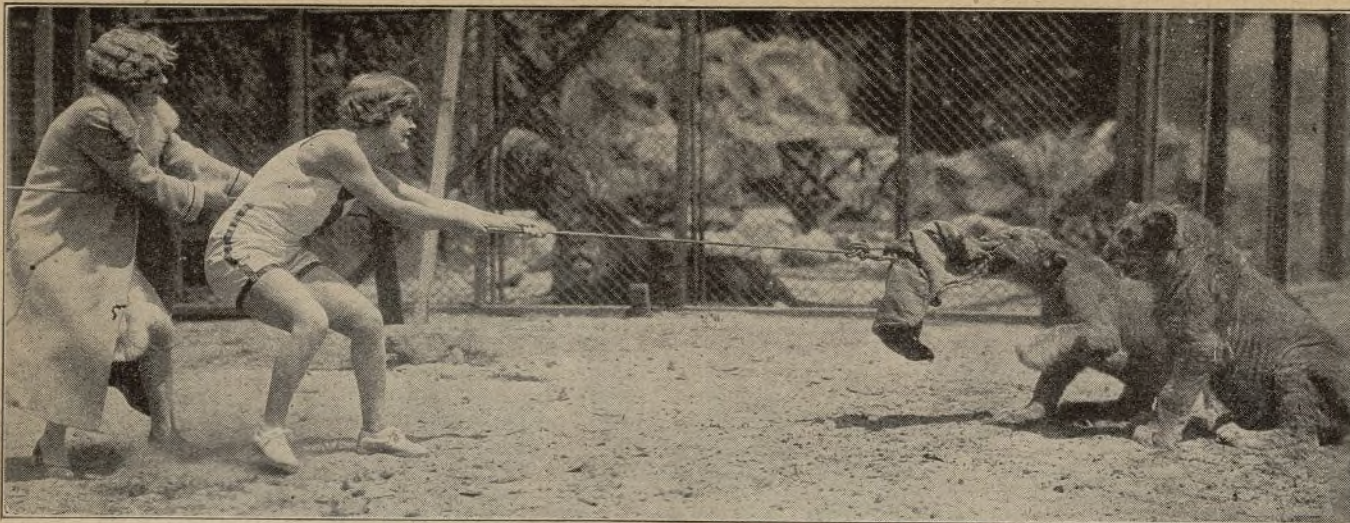
Two smart, black satin gowns to be seen in "What Fools Men." Ethel Grey Terry wears the dress on the left, and Joyce Compton is sketched on the right.



At the left is shown Hedda Hopper as she appears in "The Silver Treasure," in an unusual afternoon gown fashioned of ecru lace and brown velvet.

A navy-blue taffeta costume seen at the Paramount Studio.





How would you like to play tug of war with a lion cub? That's the pleasant diversion in which Laura La Plante and Edna Marion are engaged, in the picture above, while waiting to be called for a scene, at Universal City.

## In and Out of the Studios

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



If you don't know how to dance the Charleston, the movies will show you how. Eleanor Boardman obligingly demonstrates one of the steps, in the picture at the left.

Patsy Ruth Miller tries teaching a young dog some new tricks between scenes in the Warner Brothers picture, "Hogan's Alley."





"Lights of Old Broadway" is to have some very interesting sets. The one above shows Fifth Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street, New York, where millionaires' mansions now stand, as it was fifty years ago.

Ann Pennington has deserted the "Follies," for which the movie fans may be thankful, as they will all be able to see the famous dancer this winter, on the screen. Here she is with Natalie Joyce.



Jack Conway, who directs Elinor Glyn's productions, is the possessor of one of the finest prize-winning Russian wolfhounds in Hollywood.



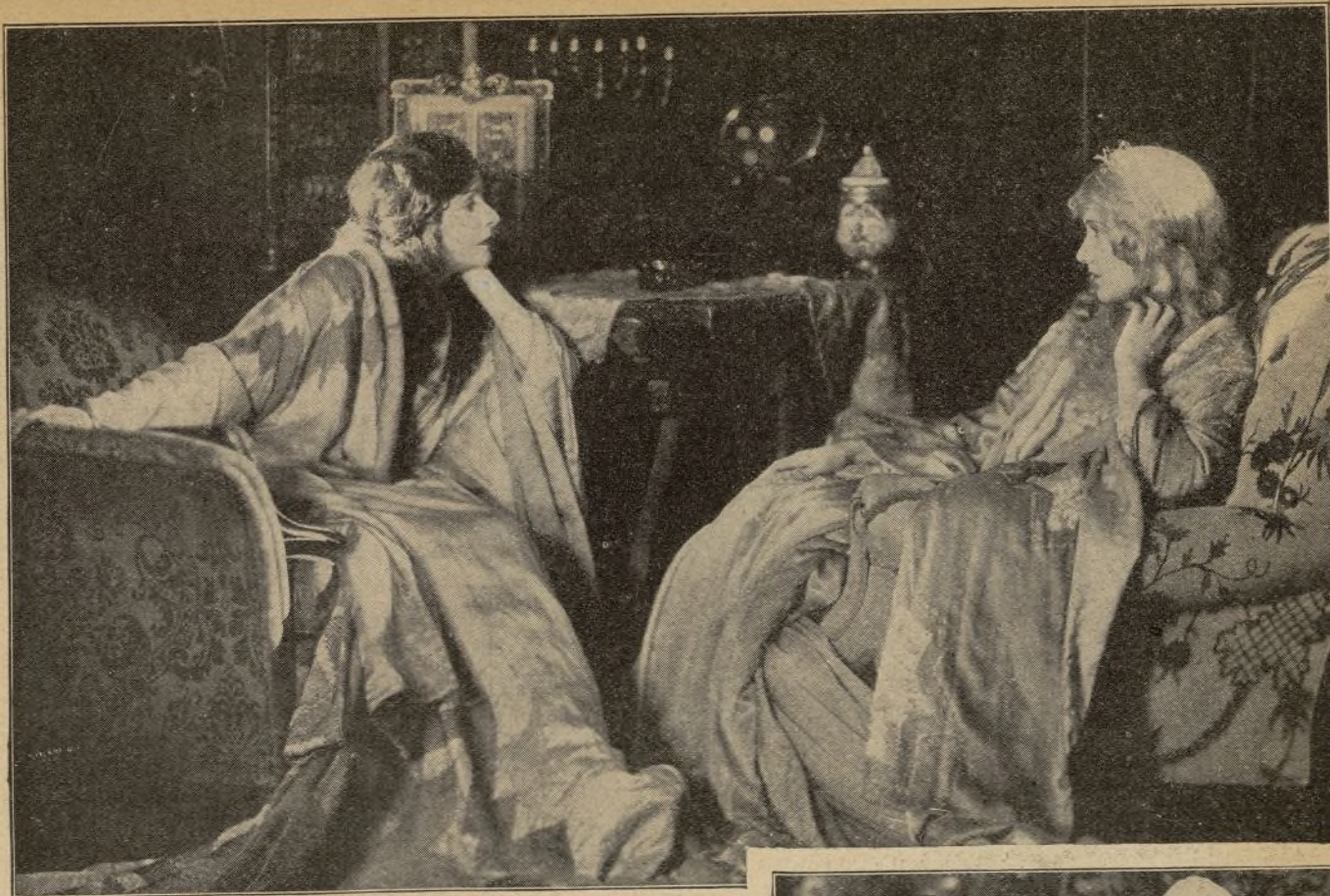
Another interesting scene from "Lights of Old Broadway"—and one that will cause many a sigh for the days of old.



Here are the two principals of "Mare Nostrum," Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry, snapped at Nice, where the picture was made.



A novelty introduced by Erte, the Parisian designer, is a band of gray hair. It is demonstrated for you by Kathleen Key.



Norma and Constance Talmadge, having an informal family chat, in the quiet of their home.



Carmel Myers stops her swim at Santa Monica long enough to imbibe a lemonade.

\* Ibáñez, the author of "Mare Nostrum," took a keen personal interest in the filming of his story, and had several consultations with Rex Ingram, at the former's villa near Mentone, France.

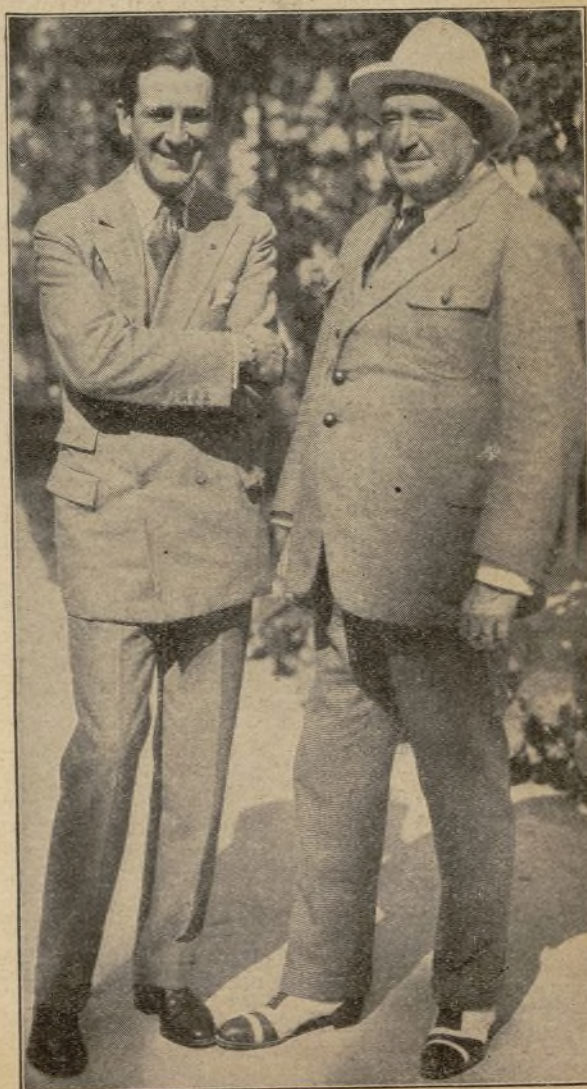




Photo by Muray

*Though not always so lovely on the screen, Esther Ralston, if seen in person by the public, would be picked as a beauty.*

“WHERE have you been?” I demanded of Fanny as she sank limply into a chair at the Algonquin and beckoned a passing waiter to give her some one else’s iced tea. My remark was made quite without rancor, for after all, the later she is the more she has to tell.

“How can you ask?” she gasped in a hoarse whisper. “Don’t you ever read the papers? Don’t you know that Charlie Chaplin has come to town to open his picture and give a party, that Dick Barthelmess has been entertaining at his studio and imploring his friends to help him find a leading woman for his next picture, that Lois Wilson has been here on a flying trip on her way to Ireland, that Gloria Swanson is off to Virginia to start ‘Stage Struck,’ that Mabel Normand is in town, that—”

Her voice died away to a whisper.

“Just pretend that I don’t know anything,” I begged of her eagerly. She always does anyway. “And tell me all.”

# Over the

The tongue of Fanny the social activities in motion- and the Eastern studios

By The

So Fanny, fortified with a sandwich and one last layer of powder on her nose, held forth.

“I never thought I’d live to see another Chaplin picture,” she began. “He worked so long on ‘The Gold Rush’ that I thought he had decided to ignore this generation completely and belong to the ages. But at last the great day of the opening of ‘The Gold Rush’ came, even as dawn has a way of coming in the subtitles, and a thousand or so hot, weary people surged up to the Strand Theater with an air of ‘It had better be good.’

“Who but Chaplin,” she continued, “could keep confirmed week-enders in town on a hot Saturday night waiting until midnight to see the opening of a film?”

“W. C. Fields,” I wagered heavily, but my cries were drowned out as she raised her voice so that the people at the next table, who were obviously interested, could hear her without leaning on our table.

“A few thousand people gathered at the stage door of the Strand expecting to see Chaplin arrive. They’re hardened to the way these celebrities steal unnoticed into back doors while the crowd waits in front, and they didn’t intend to be fooled. But Chaplin outguessed them. He drove up to the front door in the conventional black-and-white taxicab, alighted, let his companion pay the fare, and started into the theater before an onlooker’s shout brought the

crowd from around the corner. Twenty policemen appeared as if by magic, did the daily dozen at the crowd with their clubs, and got him in. Once inside, he started down the aisle quietly enough, but almost every one there was an old friend of his, so in a minute he was surrounded and a roar of applause came from the balcony.

“Then Will Rogers came in, got a big hand, and the picture started. The picture is marvelous in spots. I’ll leave description of it to Sally Benson, who has bigger and better adjectives. There is just one depressing thing about it.”

In an effort to be original Fanny *would* find something depressing about a Chaplin picture.

“When I think of the thousands of imitations that are going to be done at dinner parties this winter of his Oceana Roll, I almost wish he had never thought of it.”

“But what about—” I began.

# Teacups

Fan wags the faster as  
picture circles pick up,  
hum with production.

## Bystander

"Go no further," Fanny commanded, "I know what you're going to ask. You want to know the truth about what happened to Chaplin and I don't know it. It's just one of those mysteries that will probably never be solved. Some of the scandal papers printed a story to the effect that a 'Follies' girl tried to kiss him, he turned his head away and she bit him. He was confined to his room for a few days, seriously ill, but all I can say is that the night his picture opened he appeared with a face unscarred except by emotion. I wish the girl named in the stories would sue the papers for libel and then perhaps the truth would come out."

"After all," I remarked, trying not to appear interested, "the only thing that matters is that he has made a great picture that is going to entertain thousands of people."

"Then why did you ask me what happened?" Fanny demanded. "I'll never tell you anything again."

But I knew she would and in a few minutes she did.

"Mabel Normand arrived in town to start rehearsals of her stage play and some of the newspaper editors got so excited that they sent a whole army of reporters down to meet her. Her old friends say that she looks marvelous and is quite herself again, and the catty ones say, 'Look at Mabel; you can't go through all she has lived through without showing it.'"

"Well, how does she look?" I asked, quite eagerly.

"Perfectly glorious," Fanny raved, allying herself stanchly with the old friends.

"Originally, her play was called 'Diana of the Movies,'" she went on, "but for some reason that I don't understand, they have changed the title to 'The Little Mouse.' That seems in rather questionable taste and I've no doubt they will change it again. For, 'The Little Mouse' is the epitaph on the grave of the first Chaplin baby.

"Mabel attended the premiere of 'The Gold Rush,' but she didn't stay to the party afterward. She is keeping early hours now. The party was a last-minute affair held in the rehearsal room of the Strand Theater. Mr. Chaplin's manager and a few others had little cards of invitation that they pressed into the hands of a few favored ones as they came into the theater. But somehow, 'Tammany' Young, the famous film comedian and gate crasher, got a handful of them and invited his



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

*Madeline Hurlock is all upset because nowhere in "Lord Jim" has Conrad told how the native girl, whom she plays, should be dressed.*

friends, too, so I wouldn't go so far as to say that the party was exclusive.

"Dick Barthelmess had an original idea for a party the other day. Dick firmly believes that critics like to see actors suffer, so he invited the New York film critics and a few other friends—yes, he has made their work so easy, the critics are his friends—over to the studio to see him and Bill Powell do the big fight for 'The Beautiful City.' All those who had any pet illusions about film fights being faked promptly lost them.

"The scene was in a Chinese theater, a replica of an old one down near the Bowery, and before the fight scene was taken, a Chinese company gave a play. Maybe it wasn't all profanity, but the singsong lines of the Chinese actors sounded like the most daring Broadway plays.

"Dick is looking for a leading woman for his next picture, 'Just Suppose,' and is imploring every one to help him. Betty Jewel, Edna Murphy, and Dorothy

Knapp, the Atlantic City bathing beauty who has been in the 'Follies' all season, are the leading nominees so far.

"I'm pulling hard for one of them, but I won't tell which one. The girl I most want to see playing with Dick wouldn't be suitable for this particular picture. That's Ann Pennington. She would be so cute opposite him, some one really ought to write a story for them, called 'The Country Boy and the City Gal,' perhaps. Another picture I want to see will be written around the trials and tribulations of a sister act in vaudeville, and the two leading rôles will be played by Ann Pennington and Bessie Love."

"Perhaps you'd like to see Ann as *Juliet*, and *Thais*, and *Brunhild*, too," I suggested acidly.

She merely raised her eyebrows slightly.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

According to a New York newspaper writer, Betty Bronson has given one of the two greatest screen performances of the season, the other having been given by Carol Dempster.

ing beauty of her would probably leave the twinkle of humor out. Maybe the camera can catch her just as she is.

"She is making 'Invisible Wounds,' you know. Howard Higgin has evolved a really original idea for that picture. He is going to have an all-star cast really made up of stars and not has-beens. There is Blanche and Ben Lyon, Holbrook Blinn, Claire Eames, Effie Shannon, and then, just for good measure, Diana Kane and Betty Jewel.

"Ben Lyon's next picture is going to be 'Bluebeard's Seventh Wife' and they plan to have seven of the screen's most

Doris Kenyon, in "The Unguarded Hour," has at last found her most becoming costume—a one-piece bathing suit.

Photo by Kenneth Alexander



"By the way, did you hear that Bessie Love won a Charleston contest out at the Sixty Club in Los Angeles? She should do it in a picture some time, and probably will when she makes 'The Song and Dance Man' for Famous Players. It is about time the Charleston swept through every picture, the way it has through plays and vaudeville acts. I've heard that the Warner Brothers have put a scene in one of their coming pictures that depicts the collapse of that dance hall up in Boston that was shaken to ruins by the persistent vibrations of people dancing the Charleston.

"Well, while Bessie is getting modern, her friend Blanche Sweet is getting quaint, and simply dazzlingly beautiful. I went up to the studio to see her the other day and found her dressed in an old Empire costume that was wonderfully becoming. She was supposed to be posing for a portrait that Pedro de Cordoba was painting, but really she was a picture no artist could paint. She moved with all the grace and airiness of Pavlova doing her famous gavotte. Any artist who caught the ravishing

beauty of her would probably leave the twinkle of humor out. Maybe the camera can catch her just as she is.

"She is making 'Invisible Wounds,' you know. Howard Higgin has evolved a really original idea for that picture. He is going to have an all-star cast really made up of stars and not has-beens. There is Blanche and Ben Lyon, Holbrook Blinn, Claire Eames, Effie Shannon, and then, just for good measure, Diana Kane and Betty Jewel.

"Ben Lyon's next picture is going to be 'Bluebeard's Seventh Wife' and they plan to have seven of the screen's most

beautiful girls in it. They couldn't get the most beautiful ones, of course, because they are stars in their own right, but I wonder who they will have."

"Who are the seven most beautiful?" I asked idly.

"All a matter of personal opinion," Fanny granted. "My choice would be Corinne Griffith, Alma Rubens, Greta Nissen, Madeline Hurlock, Norma Shearer—and after that I'm stuck."

"That's better than I could do," I admitted. "I'd choose Lillian Gish and then I'd be all through. There are lots of girls who are interesting looking and stunning, but they don't live up to my requirements of beauty. I wonder who the public's choice of beauties would be."

"Esther Ralston," Fanny assured me at once, "if they ever saw her in person. On the screen she isn't always so lovely. By the way, she is coming East to play in 'A Kiss for Cinderella.' At first, Herbert Brenon considered using some one else in

the rôle, but as long as Betty Bronson is playing the lead and the picture is going to be the second Brenon Christmas gift to the screen—'Peter Pan' having been the first—he thought it would be nice to use another 'Peter Pan' graduate in it.

"I went over to the studio to see Betty and found her in one of the most fascinating sets I ever saw. The scenic artist over at Famous Players has constructed a London slum street that is worthy of Barrie. The day before, a New York newspaper writer had announced in his column that the two great screen performances of the season had been given by Carol Dempster and Betty Bronson. So when she finished work on an adjoining set, Carol came over, eased through the barriers around the set—and eased is the word with Carol's figure—and watched Betty work. She found about one hundred other watchers already there and marveled at Betty's seeming unconsciousness of their presence. Carol doesn't like crowds watching her except in a theater.

"She had a lot of fun the day she and W. C. Fields went down to the Strand to make a personal appearance with 'Sally of the Sawdust.' A delegation of two or three hundred 'Follies' girls, members of the Lambs' Club, and what not, marched from the New Amsterdam Theater, where Fields is playing in the 'Follies,' to the Strand where the picture was shown. It was a gorgeous day to see the show because every one was so enthusiastic. When Carol and Mr. Fields came out on the stage, she just clung to his arm and made him do the talking. And he was so overcome by his reception that he wasn't funny at all. He just made the usual speech about how happy he was. He didn't say coyly, though, that the whole company was just like one big family, so he is to be forgiven everything else.

"Carol took me back to the Griffith set to watch Mr. Fields work, when I was at the studio, and Mr. Griffith let me have the fun of throwing confetti at Fields while he was making a close-up. These side-line rôles, where you feel that you are playing a part in the picture and yet don't have to get in front of the camera, are the most fun of all. Some day, if Providence is good to me, I will arrive at a studio when they are making rain scenes and will be allowed to hold a fire hose while it plays on one of my non-favorite actors.

"It's really a shame for actors to be working indoors when it is so glorious



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

*Greta Nissen, in Fanny's opinion, is one of the screen's seven most beautiful girls.*

*Nita Naldi is idolized by all in the studio where she works.*

*Gloria Swanson went off to Virginia to make a picture.*



outside. I went up to the Benedict estate at Greenwich, Connecticut, the other day—the place they always use when they want an Italian castle. Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills and Dolores Cassinelli were there making scenes for 'The Unguarded Hour.' At last Doris has found her most becoming costume—a one-piece bathing suit. She is going to amaze every one in this picture. Just wait until you see her swim. You'll be surprised, just as Doris was. She stood on the porch watching her character from the story swim from the mainland to a distant island with easy, powerful strokes. To her keen delight none other than Lora Winberg, champion, and trainer of such champion swimmers as Gertrude Ederle, had been engaged to double for her.

"That reminds me of a cruel joke.

Continued on page 94





Ramon Novarro as the devilish German RUPERT in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which brought him instantly into fame, and, in the oval, as BEN-HUR, prince of Jerusalem.

HE has appeared in but seven pictures and yet covered more ground than any star of his time.

His characters encompass seven different nations, and range in time from the year one to 1925.

He has traveled half a million miles, halfway round the world, and hit the peaks of stardom in the space of three years.

In the days of mythical gods they would have called him Proteus, but in the days of the movie idols he is known simply as Novarro.

"Genius," says Lombroso, "demands constant change."

In so saying he might have had Novarro in mind.

Born in Mexico, with Spanish blood tinged by Aztec, he is a thorough American, and yet by profession, as well as inclination, he is a citizen of the world.

When Rex Ingram was casting about for some one to play *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda" he declared he must have a German type, six feet two, and blond.

He engaged a youth of Mexico, five feet ten, and decidedly brunette.

"Genius," laughed Ingram, along with Lombroso, "does not come in shades and patterns. We take too much account of externals, whereas all that matters is the inner spark."



in "Where the Pavement Ends," and, at the right, as a disgraced Spanish soldier in "Thy Name Is Woman."

# Join Novarro and

He has covered seven nations, and nineteen hundred Novarro outrival those of Cook, and his range of

By John

Thus Novarro came instantly into fame as the German *Rupert*, springing full born a star.

With high belief in him, yet with Missourian insistence, Mr. Ingram set out to test the youth's talent in the widest range of characters conceivable:

A South Sea Island boy, of gentle lyric mood, in striking contrast to the devilish *Rupert*, Novarro proved himself in "Where the Pavement Ends." Then came the French hero of "Scaramouche," romantic and daring; the wily Arab dragoon of "The Arab;" a Parisian apache in "The Red Lily," a disgraced Spanish soldier in "Thy Name is Woman;" then—as a triumphant reward for his versatility—*Ben-Hur*, prince of Jerusalem; and finally—to bring him up to the present—the typical American youth in "The Midshipman."

Certainly no star in the same space of time has covered as many periods and nations, or depicted characters so widely apart.



As a South Sea island boy of gentle lyric mood

# See the World!

years in the space of three. The tours of Dragoman characters vies with those created by Emil Jannings.

Addison Elliott

"Join the Navy and See the World," the navy posters read, and perhaps that's the line that lured Novarro to Annapolis, though he already had seen the world by joining the movies—Cuba, Tunis, France, Spain, and the far reaches of the Sahara in Africa.

So his choice for the leading rôle in "The Midshipman," treating of life at the U. S. Naval Academy, was thoroughly in keeping with the luring line, "Join the Navy and See the World." Incidentally, the officers and men of the academy voted him so good that his picture will appear next year on navy posters, along with the invitation to travel.

As though tutored by fate, Novarro was educated for his traveling career when a child, studying French, English, and Italian, in addition to his native Spanish. He says the first song



Novarro as a Parisian apache in "The Red Lily," and, at the left, as the romantic and daring French hero of "Scaramouche."



his mother taught him was in the Italian language, which later was to prove so useful to him during the year spent in Italy on "Ben-Hur."

His first rôle on the stage, which was a brief prelude to his début in pictures, was as a Japanese bird seller in "The Willow Tree." For his next small part he had to learn the dialect of the American negro. And when Ferdinand Pinney Earle engaged him for the leading rôle of a picture, which is still tardy, it was to appear as the Persian son of Omar! "About all that's left for me to do is Scandinavian and Turk," laughed Novarro. "And I hope to play both—especially the Turk, for I believe in plenty of leading women."

When Novarro steps from his rôle of *Ben-Hur*, prince of Jerusalem, it will be to play the prince in "Old Heidelberg." In the meantime we hear that Franz Molnar, the Hungarian dramatist, is writing a play for him.

Thus a citizen of the world, and an actor protean, Novarro sees the world and shows it to us. And who wouldn't prefer the handsome dragoman Novarro to Mr. Cook and his tours?

Some predict that "Ben-Hur" will make Novarro the greatest idol the screen has ever had.

"I hope not," says Novarro soberly. "To take the highest



As the wily Arab dragoman of "The Arab," and, at the right, as the typical American youth in "The Midshipman."

position is to make of yourself a target. Not only that, but you hamper your freedom.

"Naturally, I am made happy by appreciation of my work as an artist, but I have no ambition for popularity as a personality. It is dangerous. It limits.

"Once you are established in a definite character you are stuck as fast as a fly on fly paper. I couldn't endure being a type. It is not my *milieu*.

"There are personalities for which I have the highest regard. They serve a definite purpose. But my aim is simply different. I never want to be labeled 'Novarro.'

"There was virtue in the early scheme of pictures when players appeared anonymously on the screen, only to be known through the various characters they assumed.

"My ambition is to play as many different characters as time and my ability permit me. Characters of history particularly, for through them you give something more than entertainment; you convey a light upon an entire epoch, as Mr. Emil Jannings has done so admirably, as Madame Negri did by her *Du Barry* in 'Passion,' and Mr. Barrymore in 'Beau Brummel.'"

In view of this attitude, there may be policy in Novarro's reserve, though it is actually innate to him. He is withdrawn, his interests being of the theater, music, books, travel, rather than of society.

There is too much in the world for him to waste time in chatter. He wants to go on the stage eventually. He would like to make but one great picture each year and devote the rest of his time to travel, developing his interest in music and the other arts—to see life and be a part of it.

With this in mind he intends next year to occupy his two-month vacation with a trip to Europe, concentrating on a tour of Spain, the Mediterranean countries beyond, and Greece in particular.

He will not go as stars go. He is going third class, he declares—"to see life from the lower decks," as he expressed it.

"There's nothing but monotone above," he observes. "Every one following the same pattern. This is killing to the artist. He loses his individuality and finds little to absorb.

"This is the age of specialization, and much is accomplished by it; but it is not for the actor, the artist, the musician, if he wishes to achieve versatility and consider the whole world his stage."

Novarro comes of a distinguished family. One uncle is a Spanish writer; a cousin is a prominent painter in Paris. But there is another type of greatness more immediate to him. Two of his sisters are nuns—beautiful girls, who have dedicated their lives to nursing the sick.

"Their greatness is a model beside which my work is petty," he remarked, quietly. "*They have volunteered to nurse lepers.*"

Then with quiet conviction he added, "The greatest art in the world is this, the art of living."

Possibly no star has been given so many biographical versions as Novarro. He personally is not revelatory. An interviewer garners little regarding his private affairs, for with the instinct of the Spanish aristocrat he

regards family life as a proud and sacred matter to be guarded by high walls and iron grilles.

"The ideal state," he smiles impersonally, "is obscurity."

"For genius?" you ask.

"Particularly for genius," is the quick reply.

He came to this country when he was seventeen, eluding a band of Villa's bandits who were carving off ears. He tells, humorously, of crossing burning bridges in the cab of a railroad engine in order to escape them.

His mother's family owns great estates in Mexico, and his father's family, likewise of wealth, holds a prominent position in affairs. But revolution after revolution made conditions so unstable that his father, suffering ill health, decided to follow his son to the United States, where he had received his education at the University of Pennsylvania.

Novarro was educated as a youth by tutors, later attending Mascarones College in Mexico City.

It has been said that he was previously a dancer. As a matter of fact, he could not dance at all when he was chosen by Marion Morgan for the pantomime, "Attila and the Huns." His athletic physique and pantomimic gifts earned him the part, and as he was eager for the stage he accepted. But dancing was not the career of his ambition. He appeared for a brief season with the act and then entered a stock company for training. He served both as stage manager and actor, and earned the special attention of Mrs. Fiske, who encouraged him heartily.

Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the artist, gave him the leading rôle in a version of the life of Omar Khayyám. He appeared as the son of Omar, and Rex Ingram was so impressed by his work that he immediately received him upon receipt of a letter on Columbus Day from Mr. Earle, which read:

MY DEAR MR. INGRAM: Columbus made a great discovery on this day. I believe you will, too. Here is an artist.

Ingram in a burst of enthusiasm heralded Novarro as a genius, the greatest actor to come to the screen. This was unfortunate in that too much was expected of the youth at the outset, while some expecting "another Valentino," were disappointed to find an individuality quite apart.

Novarro is but twenty-six, remarkably young for his achievements, yet remarkably balanced for his years. He has detachment both toward his work and the world so that he knows real values. He has enthusiasm, wit, and a high sense of loyalty. There is not a drop of envy or malice in him, and he regards the world with optimism curbed by common sense. His friends are few but his interests many—music, books, travel, art—and dogs and horses. He makes no pretensions to being a sportsman as do most of his colleagues, yet he is an expert fencer, and a school champion in track and swimming.

It is too early to write Novarro's biography, for his promise is even greater than his achievement. That he will ever attain to his ideal state—that of genius in obscurity—I doubt very much, for I believe the world is going to proclaim him.

## EVERY FAN

who has ever dreamed of becoming a movie star—and that includes a good many fans both young and old—will be interested in watching the experiment that Famous Players are conducting in their Long Island studio, namely, the new Paramount School. The methods employed in the conduct of this institution are thoroughly described elsewhere in this magazine, by a writer who visited the school for several days, after it had got into actual operation.

But we are not going to drop the subject after one article. Our staff members will keep watching its progress, and just so long as it continues to offer information that will be of interest to our readers, we shall keep presenting that material. Another article on the school will appear in an early issue.



### AN IDYLLIC INTERLUDE

This charming scene from "The Big Parade" shows Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in a tender moment snatched from the din and havoc of the war.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## Where Shirley Lives

Shirley Mason's home is not one of those pretentious affairs, but a nice, comfortable place free from austerity. If visitors don't see Miss Mason around the gardens, they know they'll most likely find her writing in her den.



## Another Charming Home

Diana Miller, a fairly newcomer, has been so successful lately that she has been able to acquire this lovely home in which to relax after her hard work at the studio. She has huge windows all around, which look out high above Los Angeles.





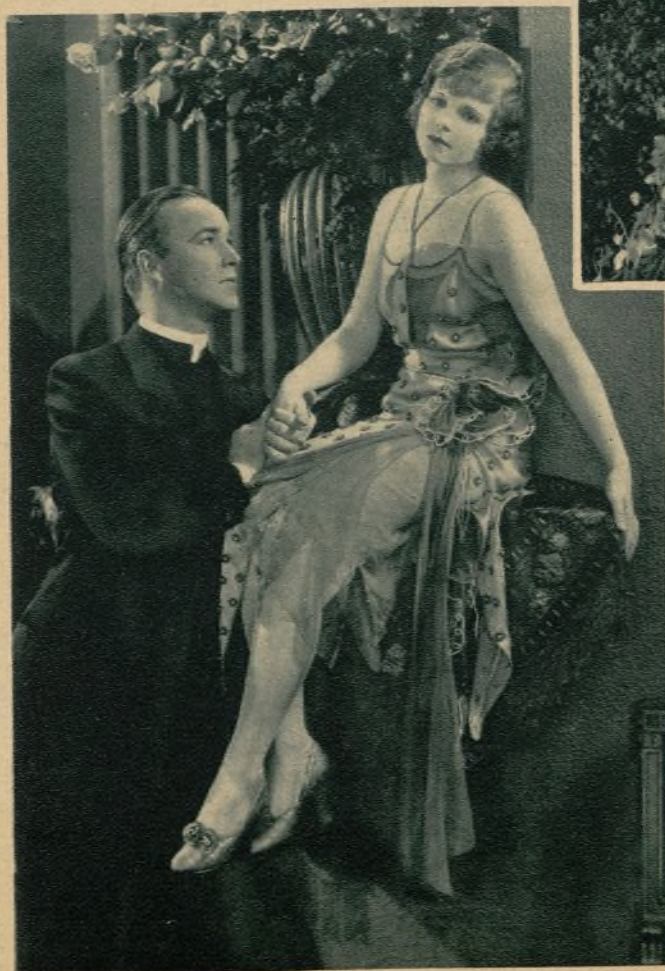
## What De Mille



Since going on his own, Cecil De Mille has been so taken up with organizing his stock company and supervising his various units that he has had little time to do any directing himself. But in "The Road to Yesterday" he will, for the first time since leaving Paramount, give his personal direction to a film. As these scenes show, the production will have the modern splendor and the romantic flashback so characteristic of De Mille.



is Doing . . .



In "The Road to Yesterday" there are two romances. Joseph Schildkraut and Jetta Goudal, shown in the modern episode on the opposite page, play one pair of lovers, while William Boyd and Vera Reynolds, shown here, play the other. Trixie Friganza and Casson Ferguson also have important rôles. The story, which begins as a modern tale and then flashes back to medieval times, is based on the play which was so popular some years ago.

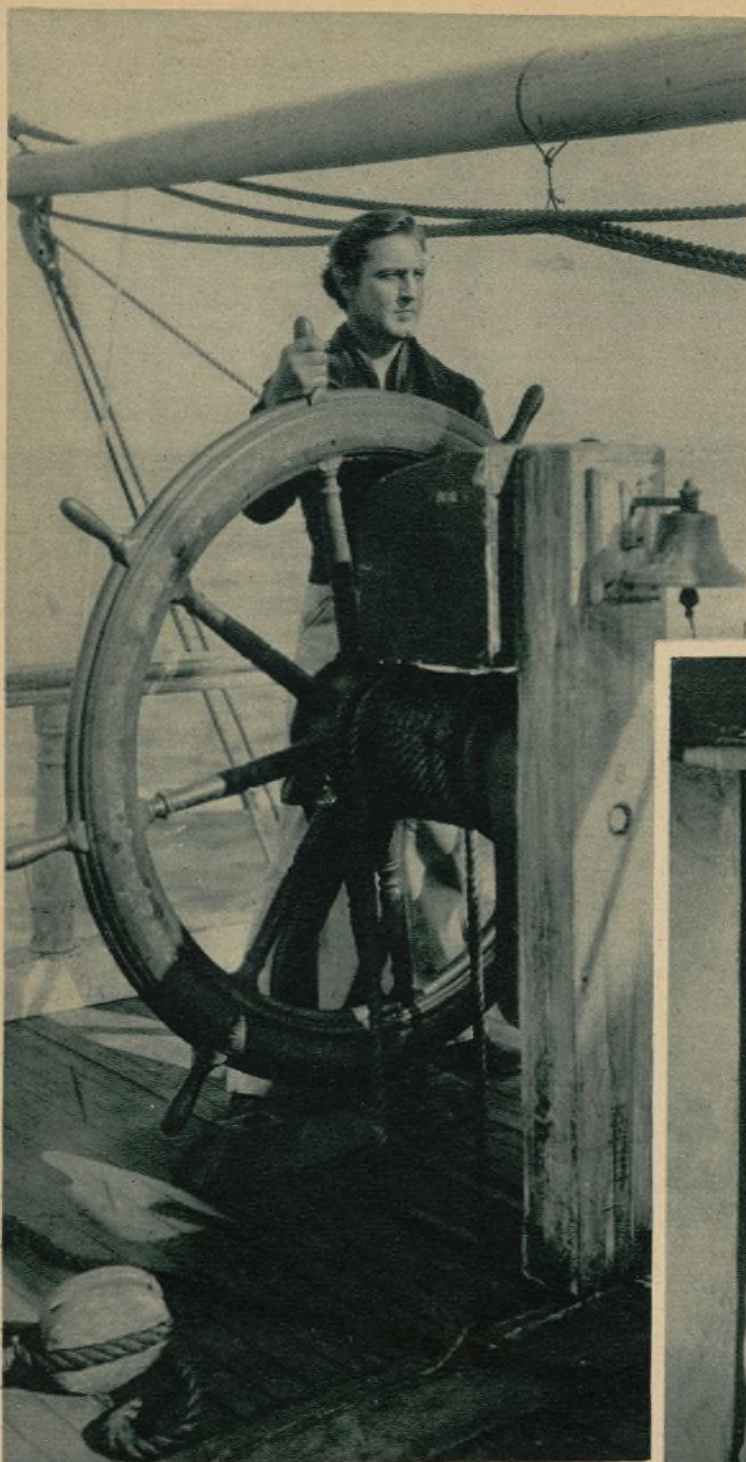


Photo by John Ellis



## Fulfilling a Wish

John Barrymore was happy when he went back to pictures and started "The Sea Beast," for he had long wanted to make a picture of the old whaling days in New England. The story is one of the simplest that Barrymore has done, and deals principally with a young whaler's battles at sea and his romance at home. Dolores Costello appears as his sweetheart.



## "The Skyrocket"



These scenes show the blond and internationally known Peggy Hopkins Joyce in the title rôle of Adela Rogers St. Johns' popular story. The part, that of a lowly born girl who reaches the heights of fame and stardom in Hollywood, only to whirl down again, will mark Miss Joyce's first work for the camera, and it will be interesting to see what comes of it.





## Night Life in Vienna

Though "The Viennese Medley" will bring out an unknown director, Kurt Rehfeld, it will have two of our most expert troupers in the principal rôles. Anna Q. Nilsson plays a lovely but knowing lady of somewhat blurred morals, and Conway Tearle, in a new military hair cut, appears as her soldier lover.





The three Francisco sisters are all well started on screen careers. From left to right, they are Margaret, Betty, and Evelyn.

## Keeping Up the Sister Tradition.

Introducing the new group of players who have entered pictures in the footsteps of the earlier sister combinations.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

A COUPLE of years ago a vivacious little blond actress led a very pretty girl up to a casting director at one of the large studios in Hollywood and said, "This is my sister. She wants work as an extra."

The director took one good look, then another, and finally said, "You're hired!" That was how Betty Francisco got her sister Evelyn into pictures.

And so long as there are pictures and so long as players have sisters, there is likely to be a continuous procession of these young girls coming into films in the wake of sisters who have already won a foothold in the studios.

From early motion-picture days, when the Pickfords and the Gishes and the Talmadges were caught in turn by the success and enthusiasm of the first members of their families to try the screen, the example of a famous and high-salaried sister has served as a challenge to the ambition of a younger one. And there is no denying that such a personal connection is a decided help in gaining an audience with casting directors.

In the past few seasons alone a considerable number of sister-players have come into pictures. And they not only have helped one another to get in, but have, as a rule, continued to be affectionately devoted to each other's interests. It may appear rather odd that, in a business where there is so much competition and jeal-

Enid Bennett, at right, has played leading rôles for years but her sister, Katherine, is just beginning to get good parts.



## Keeping Up the Sister Tradition



*Ivy Livingston, at left, was brought to Hollywood by her already established sister, Margaret, and now plays bits.*

ousy, members of the same family who are doing the same work should be so untouched by envy toward each other. But so far as I have been able to discover, sisters in pictures are more than ordinarily loyal and affectionate.

When Margaret Livingston ran away from her home in Salt



*Helen Taylor, at right, is trying for some of the film success won by her sister Estelle.*



*Laura La Plante, left, helped to get her sister Violet started in pictures.*

Lake City and became a movie extra, she struggled along for a while with mediocre success, then finally went back home because she felt that her sister, Ivy, needed her. But when Ivy, who really had been ill, got better, the Livingston family moved to Hollywood and Ivy began going to the studios with Margaret. She watched every scene, every move. The slightest little frown told Margaret that she was not getting over her part. A sweet little smile likewise told her that she was scoring. Ivy began appearing in some of the long shots for Margaret and then one glorious day Universal offered her a bit in "Phantom of the Opera." She is working pretty regularly now, but I think that no success, however great, would supersede the interest these two sisters have in one another.

Another pretty picture friendship is that which exists between Enid Bennett and her sister, Katherine. These two came to New York from Australia, where Enid appeared with Otis Skinner on the stage. There, the late Thomas Ince saw her and offered her work on the West Coast. For seven years she has played leading rôles.

A few months ago, Louis B. Mayer saw Katherine as an extra in one of Enid's pictures and, singling

her out, offered her a contract. Her enthusiasm increased when F. B. O. requested that she be loaned to them to play opposite Fred Thomson in a Western production.

Though Marie Prevost and her sister, Peggy, arrived in Los Angeles together, Marie had a considerable start on Peggy. She was visiting at the Mack

Sennett studios when Ford Sterling, then directing, saw her.

"Don't you want to work in pictures?" he asked her.

"Of course I'd like to," Marie replied.

Sterling introduced her to Sennett and next day Marie was in a ballroom scene. Her first part was that of a colored maid. When Peggy finally decided to follow Marie she went out entirely "on her own." She had learned to dance, knew something about pictures, and bravely buckled into the studios alone. She landed, and has appeared in numerous productions, including a lead in one of Charles Ray's pictures.

Then Lois Wilson has two sisters—Constance, who played in a couple of pictures with her—and Diana, who is just coming into prominence now as Diana Kane. The Franciscos are another family who can claim three sister players. Besides Betty and Evelyn, there is Margaret, who left the musical-comedy stage for pictures when she saw how well her sisters were progressing. And

Helen Taylor, along with the other sisterhood, is seeking the favor won by her sister, Estelle.

Both Laura La Plante and her sister

Violet were practically lifted into good parts, within a fairly short time of each other. When a friend of her mother's saw Laura, she took the little blond girl with the charming dimples to Al Christie, who told her to come back and see him again. On the third trip he signed her to a contract at seventy-five dollars a week, and she went right into stock.

Later, when Laura was playing leading rôles for Universal, Director Edward Sedgwick saw her sister, Violet, and said to Mrs. La Plante:

"You have another actress in your family. Wouldn't she like to work?"

Violet would! That was just a year ago. Violet was selected as a 1925 Wampas Baby Star, and is now under contract to make eight pictures for an independent company.

In the production side of the industry, Isabel Johnston rapidly is taking rank with her eminent sister, Agnes Christine Johnston, as a scenarist. Agnes sent Isabel through Vassar and then encouraged her to write. Under her sister's tutelage she quickly grasped the idea. Her first work was with Fox, doing stories for Shirley Mason. After that, she wrote several stories for Charles Ray, then went to England to write for the Stoll Productions. While there, she collaborated with H. G. Wells on a screen treatment of his book, "Marriage," which Fox will soon produce.

The Johnston sisters come from New York. Agnes is the older of the two and got her start at the old Vitagraph studios in the East. She started as a typist in the scenario department and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who was making comedies for Vitagraph at that period, happened to be the person for whom she typed most of the time. It was through this association that Agnes was given her initial opportunity to do a continuity by herself. "Daddy Long Legs," Mary Pickford's production, was her first real big continuity, and since then she has done many important scripts.

The only two sisters I recall who started in pictures at the same time in recent years are Helene and Dolores Costello. Warner Brothers signed them on long-term contracts a few months ago, and it appears that they will have an equal chance to make good.

Of the older sister combinations, the Gishes and the Talmadges are the best known. The devotion of Lillian and Dorothy Gish is one of the most beautiful sister loves in pictures. They started trouping together when Lillian was six years old and Dorothy four, traveling with their mother. Lillian grew very fast and early became too tall and awkward to play child rôles, yet too young for work as an ingénue.



*Helene and Dolores Costello were signed for the screen at the same time by Warner Brothers.*



*After Marie Prevost became so successful her sister, Peggy, at right, started in and now plays in pictures regularly.*

So she looked up Mary Pickford, who had played with them on the stage and had left it to go with Biograph. Lillian was put in the Biograph stock company.

Though she was kept busy, working every day and nearly every Sunday, she missed the companionship of Dorothy. But presently, Dorothy, too,

*Continued on page 103*



*The Johnstone sisters do not act, but are successful scenarists. Agnes is at the right and Isabel at the left.*



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

*Though Helene Chadwick is among the highest paid free lances, she is not yet a great popular favorite.*

**Y**OU see a number of free-lance players in so many varied types of rôles that they have no definite typification in your mind. They are not specialists; they play what might be termed repertoire.

Some of them, perhaps, are as unable as you are to account for the fact that they may appear in one film as uncouth mountaineer types and in the next as society leaders. They play what the producers decree, content that their weekly honorarium is of sizable sum, that they appear often on the screen, that they have fans, and do not attempt to analyze or understand the currents which shape their careers. The ways of producers are not for them to fathom, so long as the wages of acting are theirs.

## Whom Should an Actor Please?

Helene Chadwick goes into the question in a very definite way, and makes clear not only the difficulties of her own career but those of other players as well.

By Caroline Bell

Helene Chadwick, however, has definite reasons for accepting varied rôles. She is an experimenter. She is trying to figure out in what manner she may best succeed in this business of motion pictures which has so many contrary elements.

Her career has been annoyingly uneven. In those delicious comedy-dramas for Goldwyn, particularly the Rupert Hughes stories, she and Richard Dix first attracted attention. Since, she has appeared in every sort of rôle, free-lancing from studio to studio. Never chancing to make a big hit in a special production that won great acclaim, she has ambled along in what, to the casual glance, might be termed lackadaisical fashion, apparently accepting any part so long as the producers would meet her salary terms. Her remuneration is listed among the highest paid free-lance-featured actresses, and yet she is not a popular favorite.

Knowing her to be a sensible, matter-of-fact young woman who had given much attention to her career, I wondered every now and then why she appeared in certain films which, to my way of thinking, failed to advance her appreciably. Could it be, I pondered idly, when my thoughts chanced to dwell upon her, that she too was drifting, without consideration of her future?

An interview on the subject set me right, and I perceived in the not exceptionally beautiful but certainly fair Helene an unsuspected astuteness.

"Granting that they possess a great degree of talent, brains, and personality, I often puzzle over the continued success of some of our biggest stars," she began.

"They make hits in a particular type of rôle and play that, with variations, or most of them do, ever afterward. How, I wonder, do they manage to satisfy everybody, or even the majority?"

"And what of us who fail, through circumstances or our own lack, to strike fire in some instantaneous hit? Our careers are not shaped for us free lancers by a company's executives. We more or less hold the reins and must guide them ourselves, with problems that cause us a lot of worry.

"What to do? What to do? That is my complaint when:

"The movie fans beg me not to play in any more sex pictures—

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Since Helene Chadwick started running her own career she has found how hard it is to manage it so that every one is pleased.

"And producers offer me lucrative parts in such plays—

"When theater owners ask that I appear in a comedy-drama—

"And the directors cast me as a sad and saccharine heroine.

"When such cross demands pour in daily, I pray you, tell me, what will I do? What *can* I do?

"There are so many people we must try to please. It surprises me, considering their varied and oftentimes contrasting tastes, that we manage to satisfy *anybody*. Taking my own case, which naturally interests me more than abstract examples, whose approval must I strive to win? Only that of—the public, exhibitors, producers, the film salesmen, directors, censors, critics, and myself.

"Trying to make my every screen rôle fit the requirements of each individual group is like attempting to divide one lollipop among eight youngsters. Perhaps a geometrician might solve my riddle, but I'm only a movie actress equipped with the ordinary girl's quota of brains. And I admit that it often baffles me.

"To begin: an actress, meaning me, for that is the actress in whom I am most interested, wins fans through her portrayal of a certain type. They indicate their approval in letters and box-office returns. After a couple of years, it is fairly easy to gauge what they expect.

"I build up a public following. I think, 'This is what they want to see me in; I will continue to do this and I will be sitting pretty.' Then the producers say, 'Now, we know what's best for you.' They have some pet idea or fad that they believe will be a hit, whether or not it is of my type or suited to my capability.

"I could cite many incidents of actors being ruined by injudicious casting after they have become known. The producers too often contend that personality alone

will hold a public, that the fans will like a favorite regardless of the type in which she is cast. I think they are wrong. The fans want a certain actress in a particular kind of picture; in something different she is out of her metier and they are disappointed.

"The exhibitors' opinions are uncertain, because an actress has little opportunity of getting definite and complete returns unless she makes a personal appearance tour and, by talking with them, learns their attitude first hand. I read the trade papers and magazines and have an idea of what is demanded of the exhibitors, but all sections of the country are not represented. Beside, many exhibitors have different ideas as to what constitutes a box-office success, depending upon their individual views and the demands of their localities.

"The directors, who have their own ideas on every subject, often insist that I play characterizations that seem insipid and meaningless. If I refuse—I do not work for a while.

"And I must obey them. Not long ago I was working at the Warner Brothers' studio with Huntley Gordon in 'The Golden Cocoon.' There is a sequence in which I am leaving Huntley and am very sad. I had an idea for adding a touch of pathos to the scene which I thought would improve it and make it more realistic.

"My director vetoed it. He was a very charming man and we had no actual quarrel—but there we were, he thinking one way and I another. I had to do the scene as he dictated, but I still insist that, knowing a woman's feelings in a moment of such stress, my way of interpreting it would have been better.

"I can only wait until the picture is shown to know if I was right or wrong. When that love scene is witnessed by the fans, I will receive letters telling me that

Continued on page 96



*Joseph von Sternberg, who is an interviewer's paradise, refused to pose with a mule because he figured the temptation to title it "Two Jackasses" would be too strong.*

## "Good Copy"

Why some players gladden the heart of an interviewer and others make her job a difficult and wearisome thing.

By Dorothy Manners

**A**FTER nearly three years spent in sharing close-ups and long shots—mostly long shots—with some of our mutual friends, the motion-picture players, I had acquired a repertoire of prejudices that would have made H. L. Mencken look like an amateur. It is true I liked some of them very much but it is equally true I liked others of them not at all. Those I liked were "nice" and those I didn't like were not "nice"—*nice* in this case not being defined in its strictly correct sense which implies exactitude or aptness, but rather as good-fellowship. Amiability, sociability, conviviality, and a little small talk for over the holidays was all I required of my friends.

At the end of one year spent in writing about the complexes and complexions of celluloidions I find that I am becoming warped. No longer do I cultivate gracious souls and warm myself at their conventionality. The barbarous, the ruthless, the exotic and erotic, the haughty, the insolent, the eccentric, the individual—only these intrigue me now, for with the tenacity of a villain in a melodrama I am out gunning for "good copy"—a colorful interview material—something, *anything* that will work up into a good story.

Naturally, all of the more prominent players are good copy in a certain sense, for achievement is in itself usually worth recording at least once, but some of the personalities are so much better subjects for being written about than others that they pale the others into insignificance. But before taking up the more glamorous exponents in more detail let's get a few of the horrible examples offhand and save the good ones till the last, thus ending on a note of cheer and good will toward movie actors.

Generalizing for a moment—a great many motion-picture stars, in spite of the exceptional charm and poise which is inherently theirs, do not quote well. Which reminds me of a certain young player with whom I spent an afternoon recently and who will serve as Exhibit A of what the Wampas Baby Stars should not do when being interviewed.

Me (in interview fashion): Do you really want to come back to the screen?

Pretty Lady: "Oh, well, I don't know—sometimes I think I do and sometimes I think I don't. I really couldn't say."

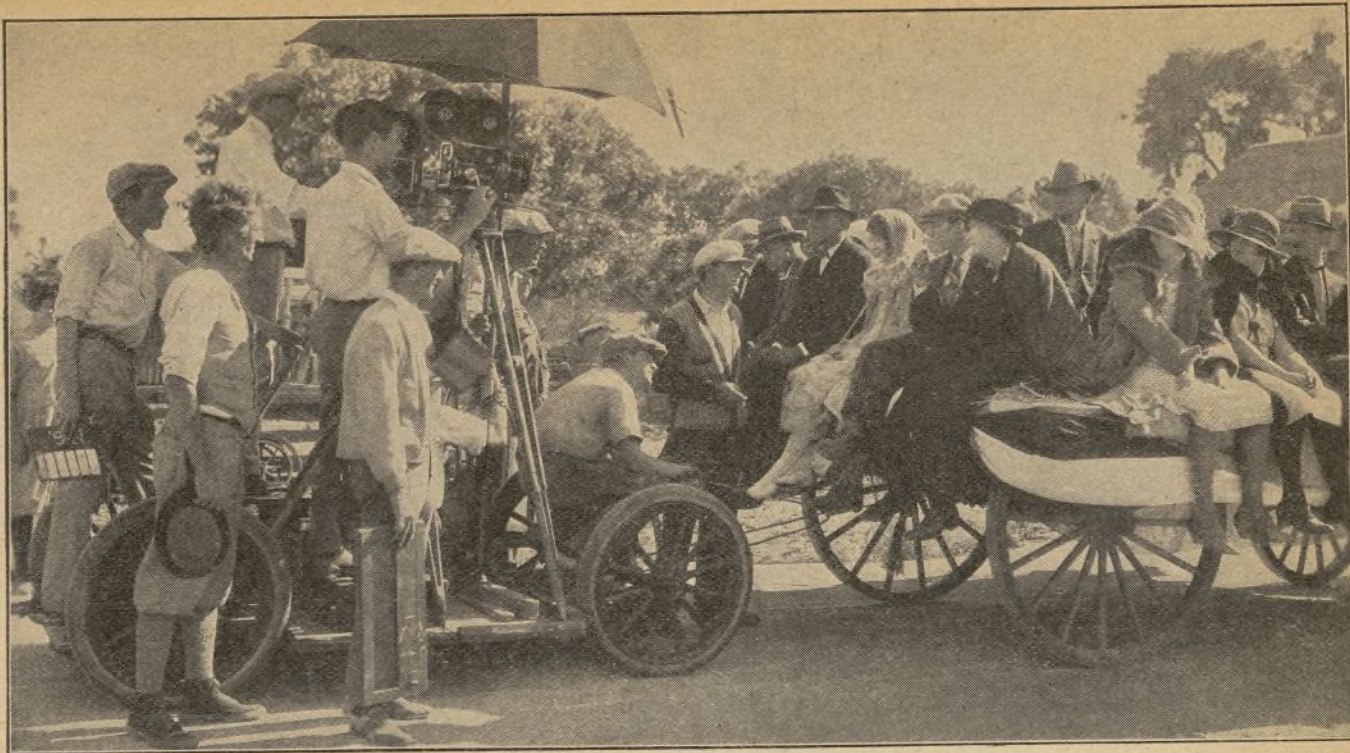
Me (faintly discouraged): But I've heard you were going to make "The Spanked Darling." Isn't that an ideal rôle for you—couldn't be better!"

The pretty lady shrugs. Now that shrug could mean anything. It could be taken as "Yes" or "No," but any way you quote it she invariably meant it the other way and swears she has been misquoted. Another difficult interview subject is a young man who talks brilliantly but none too charitably about his associates in the profession. This listens entertainingly for a couple of hours and you may even find yourself agreeing with at least some of his caustic observations, but in the name of diplomacy it is best to detour from that unless you are contemplating suicide anyway.

All this makes me think of Mary Pickford. She is so different. Of all the players I have ever known Mary Pickford is the most consistent talker. I mean by that—she says what she has to say on a subject definitely and concisely before she drops it and starts on another. It would be almost impossible to misquote Mary, unless it were done intentionally. When some one says black is black and white is white there is little to be misunderstood. Mrs. Fairbanks is the scribblers' delight. She talks in sentences and paragraphs that are all but punctuated for you. The only difficulty Mary offers is to get a new angle on her. Everything that could possibly be said about her has been said ten or twelve dozen times before. In spite of that, she is excellent copy.

This is true, too, of Joseph von Sternberg, who made the sensational "Salvation Hunters." Mr. von Sternberg, with the possible exception of Von Stroheim, is the most colorful copy in Hollywood. That is meant liter-

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## A Letter from Location

Madge Bellamy writes of the drowsy village life she experienced in a small town while making "Lazybones."

To Myrtle Gebhart

KERNVILLE, California.

DEAREST MYRTLE:

I've been having a marvelous time, poking around and seeing all the sights. Mother came up with me and we brought my two adorable puppies. One is a peke and the other is a wire-haired fox. The management of the hotel did not take kindly to the pups at first but finally gave in and let me have them with me. I guess they think I am one of those actresses you read about who always travel with a flock of dogs, secretaries and French maids. I am guilty of the dogs but that's the extent of it.

Now I will take you on a personally conducted tour of Kernville. Main Street runs from the "city limits" through the "business district" to the cemetery, and is all of four blocks in length. There is a "board walk" in front of the Odd Fellows Hall and the store. Much to my surprise, there isn't a movie show in the place. Some enterprising person ought to get busy and build one for the benefit of the motion-picture people who come up here. I really believe that members of the movie colony like to see pictures as well as any one in the world.

But we have excitement—a dance every other Satur-

*Madge Bellamy as she appears in the rôle of KIR, the adopted child of LAZYBONES, and at the top of the page, the whole company set for a scene.*



day night and a Western thriller in the town hall on the alternate Saturday, and we certainly get a kick out of both. Lots more fun than dances and shows in Hollywood.

The best thing in town, that is, the most fascinating to me, is the store. It's the center of activity for the simple reason that you can't get anything any place else but there. It's the meat market, grocery store, dry goods, shoe store, post office, automobile agency, and public library, all rolled into one. And, honest, you can get anything from a pin to a plow and some of the merchandise is the original stock put on the shelves when it was opened fifty years ago.

I just about live in the store and I've found more adorable things to buy than you'd ever imagine. The other day I went in looking for a mustache cup—several of the handsome males in the company have gone in for those old-fashioned drooping lip adornments, in the interests of art—and would you believe it, they actually had a beautifully decorated one there on the shelf!

The village school is another place I wouldn't have missed for a ten-year contract. I was invited to visit a class room by one of my most ardent admirers who gazes upon the world—and me—from under the brim of a huge black sombrero and comments on the state of

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# A Prophet of the Cinema

Hobart Bosworth, who has already seen some of his early screen predictions fulfilled, makes a few more.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

IT is a wonderful thing to be in on the beginnings of things. There is something thrilling about the première of a new play, the galley proof of a novel, or a preview of a much-heralded motion picture. Even I, who still have all my teeth and can walk without the aid of a cane, have seen some interesting phases in the development of that unruly Topsy they call the cinema. I have seen the stars of yesteryear go back to ribbon counters; I have seen obscure extra girls step out into the full glare of the Kleigs. I have seen—but who cares? This story is about what Hobart Bosworth has seen. Compared with his experiences in cinema land, I can say with Al Jolson that I ain't seen nothin' yet.

He was in a reminiscent mood that day at the First National studio in New York, where

they were filming "Chickie." I think it was because he frankly disliked the tawdry story with its moral that the wages of sin is a millionaire husband; for he started in by telling that in "the old days"—those days being away back in 1909, the men at the head of the then new industry really believed that the motion pictures had an educational mission. They filmed two-reel classics, crudely, perhaps, but sincerely. There were thrillers, too—"Westerns" and serials. In all of them a very simple and wholesome morality was taught; that right is right, and wrong is wrong. Those who sinned were punished. There were no suave, likable villains of the Adolphe Menjou type in those days. You knew the villain the minute he came on the screen. He started in being wicked with the first reel, and never gave up until the hero pushed him off the cliff in the final thrilling fight.

Hobart Bosworth views the present-day movie with the same feeling which parents regard the younger degeneration. He thinks it should be spanked and put to bed.

"Elephantiasis, that's what's the matter with it," he said. "It has grown too fast. It has suffered from wrong handling. It has been like a Frankenstein brought to life from the simple imaginings of a child. Why, when I started in pictures—"

He was off. I had gone out to the studio to interview some one or other, and I forgot about them. I had lunch with Mr. Bosworth and we talked—or rather, he talked—about the dim beginnings of that giant child, the movies. It seems strange to look back on as recent a year as 1909 as an historical date. Yet such is the case. We are very near the molding of that history. Hobart Bosworth had an integral part in its first life struggles. But most interesting of all, it seems to me, is the fact that he realized at the time how vast and important the new industry would be. He prophesied it to all who would listen. Most people smiled politely and wondered if Mr. Bosworth wasn't just a little "off." He lectured before the highest-browed of the Los Angeles women's clubs and urged that serious consideration be

given the groping idea of the movies. At the close of his talk one of the ladies said to him with a charming and tolerant smile. "Oh, come, Mr. Bosworth, you don't really believe that moving pictures will be anything more than a child's plaything, do you now?"

At that time, Hobart Bosworth was a blond-haired giant who had made a name for himself on Broadway. Forced out West by ill health, he became a teacher of dramatic art. And when Frank R. Boggs, one of the very first directors, approached him with an offer to help him make pictures, Mr. Bosworth was as insulted as only an established star of the "legitimate" can be.

"Why, I very nearly threw the man out of my office," he said. "But he kept on talking, and somehow

his description of what this new art was going to be like, fired my enthusiasm. I

played the lead in the first two-reel

Western that was ever filmed in Los Angeles. I still have the saddle I used in that picture, and the guns.

I believe I have shot more motion picture Indians than any man living. We got a Chinaman to let us have the back yard of his laundry for a 'set.' He was considerably worried at our actions, and was much relieved when we took ourselves elsewhere."

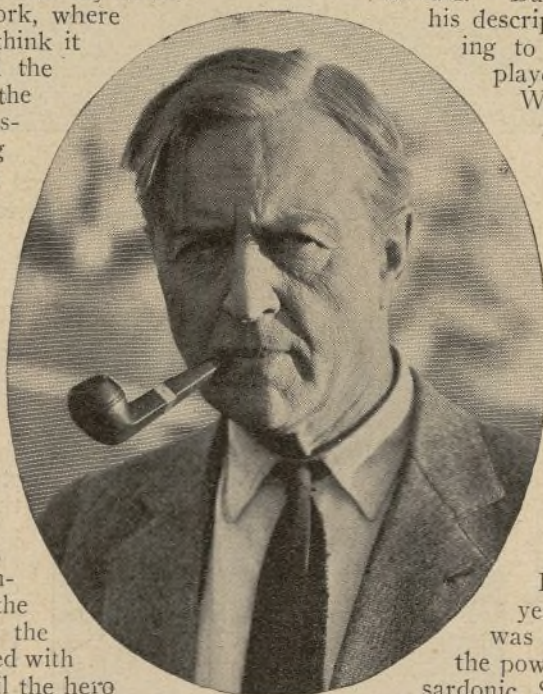
Hobart Bosworth became famous first as a leading man, and then as a portrayer of sea types. His *Sea Wolf* was the greatest character he ever played, and was such a tremendous sensation that Lasky reproduced the picture some years later. The latter production was a weak echo of the first because the powers that be decided that the grimly sardonic *Sea Wolf* should become a stock

villain, filled with brutality and lust and ferociousness. I need hardly say that Mr. Bosworth did not play the title rôle of the second adaptation.

He laughed as he talked about the many sea pictures he has made. "If any one had told me in my boyhood days before the mast—I went to sea when I was twelve—that those smelly, dirty, creaking ships would ever spell romance for hundreds of thousands of people, I'd have thought them as crazy as they thought me when I said that motion pictures would become the world's greatest artistic industry. *Romantic?* Lord! But I dare say the time will come when our descendants will look back upon this 'quaint' age of automobiles, and talk about the 'romance' of motors!"

Here is a man with a strangely impersonal viewpoint, which he turns on himself as well as on people and events about him. He has known the heights of popular acclaim, he has known the depths of sickness and neglect. It is a heartbreaking thing to drop from stardom into complete obscurity. To see the industry which meant so much and to which his best efforts had been given, pass by without a backward glance for the man who had been the idol of thousands of picture fans. He

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## Gloria, the Versatile

**I**T was not so long ago that they called Gloria Swanson merely a "clothes horse," those critics who did not care for her.

But of late, every new picture in which she has appeared has shown unsuspected abilities along many and varied lines.

In "The Coast of Folly," her next picture, Gloria will appear in the four guises—running the gamut from youth to age—shown in the four pictures on this page.

Her principal part is that of a young woman, *Joyce Gathaway*, as seen in the picture at the right.

At a costume party, she goes as *Pollyanna*, in the "Pickford" make-up shown in the oval.

But she also plays the part of *Nadine Gathaway*, the mother of *Joyce*. Below you see *Nadine* as a young woman, and in the lower right-hand corner, as a woman well advanced in years.



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friends tells me that I am merely posing when I say I don't like the designation. Well, that is a problem for the psychoanalysts and too deep for me.

Having arrived at the position of stardom, I feel a desire to remain there. This imposes upon me a regimen of living far more rigorous, I believe, than is imposed on the average successful business man.

While working on a picture I arise at five o'clock in the morning and am at my studio riding ring by six. I ride horseback for an hour under the tutelage of Mario Carillo, a former captain of Italian cavalry, who is putting me through the same course as though I were in training to become an army officer.

At seven, I go to the dressing room and am rubbed down by my trainer. Then I don my costume and make-up and am ready for work at eight thirty.

Acting before the camera, and attention to the hundreds of details which attend picture making, take up my day. I seldom leave the studio before seven at night. You will believe me when I say that I am in bed at nine. On the evening before a recent holiday, I planned to celebrate by going to the theater. After dinner I was so sleepy that I decided to forgo even that mild dissipation.

Fortunately, this program does not last continuously for fifty-two weeks in the year. I am mindful of what all work and no play does to Jack, and am anxious that the same should not apply to myself. So, between pictures, there are glorious holidays with motor jaunts in Spain, and return visits to Italy, my native land.

In connection with the conduct imposed upon a star, I might add that it is easier to become a star than it is to remain one. Once the spot-

light begins to play upon the actor, he is like a specimen under a microscope. Under the magnifying glass his wings frequently look singed and sometimes they are not visible at all.

This spotlight follows him after he leaves the studio wherever he may go. If he should arise late some morning and neglect to shave—this has no reference to my own recent beard—the report is circulated that So-and-so, always so immaculate on the screen, is really unkempt in private life.

If he mistreats his wife, he is a brute, and should not be allowed on the screen. If he loves her, he is supposed to sacrifice some of his romantic appeal to the feminine theater patrons.

If he appears at a café with a jolly crowd, he is dissipating terribly.

I was invited to attend a New Year's Eve party at a public place. It was to be a perfectly respectable celebration such as were attended by good people all over this country, which does not mean, however, that all of the eighteen amendments would be kept absolutely inviolate. I had heard reports that the dry law enforcement agents would be unusually active, so I stayed at home, for I knew that if any liquor were found on any one at my table, headlines from coast to coast would read:

#### VALENTINO CAUGHT IN LIQUOR RAID

The only place I can find any privacy is in my own home, so for that reason I stay there most of the time that I am not in the studio.

But if the star's private life is an open book to the public, his professional life is even more so. He is held responsible for many things.

If the story is bad, the star is blamed. He didn't write it, but the public reasons that he should know

better than to appear in bad stories. In many cases the star has no say in the matter, but must appear in the stories assigned to him. This does not apply, however, to such players as Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Charles Chaplin, who produce their own pictures and therefore have complete authority.

If the direction is bad, the star is blamed. It is almost an impossible matter for the spectator to decide whether excellence or failure on the part of the actor to make a scene effective is due to the player or to the director, but the latter is so remote a figure that the public points its finger of scorn at the person it can see.

By the same token, I suppose that good work on the part of author or director reflects credit on the star and that he receives praise which he does not deserve. But the slings and arrows of criticism seem to strike the cuticle harder than the roses of applause.

So the star finds himself the focusing point of both the camera and the picturegoers. If he steps to one side, or is too forward or too backward, he gets out of focus. So he must keep in the one position. But even so, if he remains there long enough, he will find the spotlight wavering and seeking other targets. That spotlight is a fickle jade. There are fixed stars in the firmament but none in the motion-picture skies. All of my energies will be devoted to keeping such position as I have attained, and I want to remain in pictures as long as I can, for if ever a man enjoyed his work, that man is myself.

In closing, I might borrow a line from the Gilbert and Sullivan policeman and sing that the star's life may not be a completely happy one, but for me, it is the happiest I hope to find on this earth.

## Hollywood High Lights

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Spanish hacienda, built on a ranch by the sea, which is to be their future home. The ménage, as outlined, is to be a veritable dream castle designed to take a person back to the days of a hundred years ago, when California was composed of vast estates ruled by the Spanish grandees. Even automobiles are to be barred from the premises, and the hacienda will be a historic show place, the scene of fiestas, rodeos, and other old California celebrations. Doug and Mary

plan to live there "the life of the don and donna of old Spain."

All of which indicates no doubt that the locales of the popular pictures in which they appear are bound eventually to exert an influence on the minds of stars.

Doug particularly has enjoyed two of his greatest successes in "The Mark of Zorro," which was laid in old California and "Don Q," which has the setting of Spain.

For contrast to this news, Joseph Schenck has recently announced that he will build a big amusement park, with scenic railways, shoot-the-

chutes, and other Coney Island effects.

#### Strong on Headwork.

Through a typographical error, an item in one of the daily newspapers, instead of saying skillful, referred to Henry B. Walthall and Mary Alden as "skullful" players. And that's quite O. K., pronounced like "oak" in the colony, with us.

The next telephone girl in the studios who says "allrighty" to us, however, we're going to gag with a powder puff.

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The writer has mentioned that all of the students are not present at the classroom sessions. A few are out on the bridle paths or suburban lanes, learning that horseback riding for the novice is often a painful proposition. A few are learning how to operate an automobile without incurring the wrath of every traffic policeman they meet. They are not larking while the rest are working, they are merely picking up those accomplishments which are in common demand in the films. Every pupil of the Paramount School must learn, if he hasn't already, how to fence, drive a car, ride horseback, and dance. They must learn to do these things gracefully and well, for fans who are willing to overlook mediocre pictures and acting will not stand for awkwardness in the everyday pursuits which they themselves have mastered.

Perhaps the final examination is the most unique thing about this school. Imagine an examination to which the students look forward all through their course! This final is a motion picture in which members of the class are cast. Those who have shown the most pronounced ability and the most faithful application to duty will be given the leading rôles, and the others will receive parts according to their merits in the eyes of the school heads. Those who pass the examination with high honors will be given "diplomas," that is, personal letters of indorsement by Mr. Lasky together with selected film cuttings and still pictures, which will serve as a recommendation for employment in the studios of other companies. But those who have completed their course with a "summa cum laude" degree will receive contracts for one year with Famous Players-Lasky. If in that time they make good with the public as they have made good with the studio officials, the contracts may be extended four more years. Thus that dream of a million fans, a screen career, will have been realized.

But interesting though the fates of the score of student actors in the first school of film acting may be, the outcome of the great experiment is more absorbing. If even one Betty Bronson develops from the first class, the new system of making players may be considered a success and other studios may adopt it. Perhaps it will no longer be necessary for the film aspirant to pack up his belongings and what few dollars he or she possesses and journey to Hollywood or New York to beg for a chance which may never come.

The route to a screen career may soon be the filling out of an application blank for admission to a school, the submitting of photographs, a film test, and an interview with an official.

What are the qualifications which may place one among the lucky men and girls selected for a motion-picture school? First, exceptional beauty of face and figure, and youth. There are fine character actors and actresses on the screen who obviously do not qualify in this respect, but the stage offers a great reserve of players of histrionic talent and few novices can compete with them. The demand is for new, young blood.

But there is a joker in that phrase, "exceptional beauty of face and figure." Many of the candidates selected for the Paramount School from thousands of applicants seem quite like other boys and girls, in the flesh. But in their photographs they are sublimations of their real selves. Ravishing beauty, charm, arresting personality stand out in their film tests. The camera must have its little joke. It delights in obscuring the beauty of sought-after people and in creating rare charm in others who pass unnoticed. You can never tell your possibilities for success in the films until you have faced the capricious camera.

Of course, the picture-school aspirant must have latent ability to act. He or she must have versatility, for the insipid, dumb-dora school of film acting is going out. There must be good health, for motion-picture acting is trying, with occasional overtime work, exposure, and other hazards. Advanced education is not required, but general intelligence is. So also are good principles, ambition, coupled with patience and perseverance, and a happy disposition. If the candidate for film honors is confident of the possession of all these qualities, and is between the ages of eighteen and thirty, if a man; or between sixteen and twenty-five, if a woman, the chances are that he—or she—may be one of the lucky ones enrolled in some future film class.

The charter members of the Paramount school are an interesting lot. Thelma Todd, a Massachusetts girl, was going to normal school to fit herself to be a teacher when she was summoned to the Astoria studio. Dorothy May Nourse, a sixteen-year-old girl from Roxbury, Massachusetts, is the baby of the class, while Charles Brokaw, staggering under the weight of his twenty-six summers, is the oldest.

Claud Buchanan was recruited from the ranks of the medical students, while Charles Edward Rogers forsook a university course in jour-

nalism to test his abilities as a film actor. Walter J. Goss was a practicing New York newspaper man and Mona Palma and Ethelda Bernice Kenvin were models. Jack Luden holds several athletic records.

Several have traveled widely and have absorbed the atmosphere of other lands and peoples. Harriett Siega Krauth spent her early years in the British West Indies, Lorraine Eason was in Panama for many years, and Greg Blackton has spent long periods in the Argentine, Cuba, and Europe. Irving Hartley seems to hold the championship of the class for all-round experience. He has been a radio operator, a ticket clerk, manager of a department in a steamship line, a press photographer, and an actor. La Verne Lindsay has composed music and Wilbur Thomas Dillon has served in the technical branches of picture making. The ancestry of the students runs largely to English and Irish, with some Scotch, German, French, and Spanish. The majority of them reside in New York City. The Hollywood sector is represented by three or four, Massachusetts by the same number, while the homes of the others are widely scattered.

Perhaps one of the most significant facts about the school is that many of its pupils have been striving for recognition in the studios with no particular success. The chance to prove themselves which has been denied them through the old system is now theirs. They are installed in one of the largest studios in the world, they are being developed and watched by capable instructors and their lights cannot remain hidden under a bushel. If this spells opportunity to those who have struggled long for recognition, how much larger a development it is for those who have had no experience with the studios whatever!

The Paramount Picture School is a development worth watching. It may revolutionize the whole business of selecting players for the screen and bring the chance for a screen career close to every one's door.

## THE NEARLY PERFECT MOVIE THEATER.

It will consist of the following:

Padded seats that do not make us feel, after a half hour, as if we were sitting upon a tree trunk.

An arrangement in the ceiling by which a cannon ball will drop upon the head of any one who starts reading the subtitles aloud or who, having seen the pictures before, starts elucidating the plot to the person beside him.

## The Baby Spot

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won't be any extras left in motion pictures!"

The machine is saving the producers at this end just a bit to offset the three million dollars squandered on "Ben-Hur" in Italy.

### When Torrence Was Tough.

"I was punching cattle then, in the State of Chihuahua, old Mexico. Didn't see a white human for a year. That was twenty-seven years ago. I was trying to get a start in the world."

David Torrence, his square Scotch frame in a sweater and knickers, smiles as he reminisces.

"It's surprising how tough you get under such circumstances," he continues. "I remember Lord Delvel Beresford, who was on the ranch next to ours for six years. He grew a beard and got so tough he would eat raw meat. I suppose I looked pretty much that way myself. Well, I lost my little pile in ranching and decided to go to New York."

"Nature had given me a decent baritone voice. I had been well educated in the University of Scotland. My voice had been cultivated. So I decided to try to get into opera. I remember going into the old Casino Theater in New York to see the manager of the opera troupe. Fresh from the ranch, burly, tanned, dressed in rough clothes, I suppose I looked tough enough to bite nails. And acted that way, too."

"For the manager shook his head. He said: 'You've got a voice all right, but great heavens, man! You've got to go somewhere and learn stage deportment. You must look like a gentleman in opera. You're too uncouth.'"

### Ironies of Chance.

David Torrence and his brother Ernest came to Hollywood three years ago. Ernest had tried very hard to get into the movies in New York. They told him he was too tall. But David had a chance to work for Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country," so he brought his brother along.

"It shows how much this business depends on chance," the character actor continues. "Ernest got his chance—the one rôle that fitted him perfectly—that comic heavy in 'The Covered Wagon.' I don't suppose they dreamed what a hit 'The Covered Wagon' was going to be. In fact, I understand that it was not intended for a big feature at all. But you know what happened. Biggest success in years. Ernest was famous overnight. To-day my brother's salary is scandalous—simply scandalous."

He grinned good-naturedly.

"And I know any number of good actors out here—trying to get into the movies. They can't even get their heads inside the gate."

### Exploiting the Highbrow.

It came to me the other morning as a revelation that I am being ex-

ploited. Not only I, but a large class of Americans—it would be a large class if you could get them all together—are being exploited by those who purvey our amusements. Those who read this outburst have undoubtedly said with me—after being inveigled into a particularly dull evening:

"By Heaven, I'll never go to another play! They're all trash!"

Or:

"By Heaven, I'll never go to another movie! They're all trash!"

And then along comes a "Beggars on Horseback" or a "Last Laugh" and we see them and our faith in the theater or screen is restored. Now what happens?

We go gayly off to see the next play or the next movie at the same theater. Perhaps we sit in the very same seat in which, a few days before, we were thrilled, uplifted, and enlightened. And we see an "Abie's Irish Rose" or a "Her Love Song."

I am now convinced that the occasional appearance of a good play or a good movie is not just an accident as I once imagined. I believe it is deliberate. The producers are baiting us. They recognize the existence of this large class of Americans—and our money looks just as good to them as anybody else's money. So they throw us a morsel now and then, merely enough to keep us coming to the theaters in the hope of more. It is just another variety of exploitation: the pernicious exploitation of the so-called highbrow.

## Over the Teacups

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When a director does not want to use a double for a star, instead of getting a slim graceful girl like Lora Winberg who really looks like Doris at a distance, he gets the clumsiest, bulkiest person he can find. Then the star willingly does her own stunts.

"Dolores Cassinelli wears one of those smart, high-necked, satin bathing suits in the picture. It's a pity the film won't be shown until after the northern outdoor swimming season is over. But never mind. Even if it's too late to copy her suit for swimming, it's a great pattern for a dress. No schoolgirl's wardrobe will be complete without one like it this winter."

Speaking of clothes, I don't intend to buy any until all the screen stars now abroad come back home and display the latest styles. Hope Hampton is getting dozens of frocks to use in those fashion films she makes every once in a while; Lois Wilson is going to skip over to Paris to do

some shopping when she finishes working in the Meighan picture in Ireland; and Carmelita Geraghty and Virginia Valli will be coming home some time during the fall. They are in Munich now, having the time of their lives. Studios abroad can't work as efficiently as the ones here do, because the girls always have plenty of time to go shopping between scenes over there.

"Speaking of clothes, Madleine Hurlock is all upset because nowhere in 'Lord Jim' does Conrad tell how the girl should be dressed. So she doesn't know whether to go in for gingham-à-la-mail-order grass skirts, or one of those gaudy things a native wraps around and pins."

"Worry about that if you like, but if I were in her place I'd go in for the long, slinky, plain things like Nita Naldi wears."

At mention of Nita Naldi Fannie suddenly recalled the startling news about Nita's close friends, the Valentinos.

"What do you think of their separation?" she exclaimed. "Here is Rudolph, in Los Angeles, stoutly denying that it is a permanent break—only a marital vacation—and then Natacha, on arrival in New York, bursts into the papers with tales of how the Sheik was too simple and domestic in his tastes to be a romantic enough husband. What will the Valentino fans think now, I wonder? Well, at least, Rudie manages to keep them supplied with something to talk about."

I could see from the determined way that Fanny was assembling books and vanity cases under her arm that she was about to run.

"Seeing some one off for Europe?" I asked.

"Don't bother to come along," Fanny murmured, reading my thoughts. "I'm just seeing Gloria Swanson off for Virginia. There will be too big a crowd there anyway. And I'll tell you all about it when I see you."

## A Test for Mary Philbin

In "Stella Maris" her work must stand comparison with what is generally regarded as Mary Pickford's finest picture.

MOTION-PICTURE critics were unusually interested when it was announced that Mary Philbin was to make, for Universal, a new version of "Stella Maris," the picture which is generally conceded to have been Mary Pickford's masterpiece from an artistic point of view. In that picture, Mary, for the one time in her career, stepped into a real character part, and created a type radically different from any she has ever done before or since. This was the rôle of *Unity Blake*, the little London slavey, whose

The two smaller pictures on this page are of the two Marys as STELLA MARIS, the one above being Mary Philbin.



The larger pictures show the players as UNITY BLAKE. The one above is Mary Philbin and the one below, Mary Pickford.

twisted mind and body required the ability to create a repellent characterization.

The character, as played by Mary, would have been a splendid piece of work on the part of any character actress, and because many persons had claimed that Mary was limited to the conventional type which she had always played before that, her rendition of the rôle caused much comment, and a great deal of praise. Persons interested primarily in the art of acting hoped that the picture would be the forerunner of many others in which Mary would extend her versatility farther and farther along artistic lines. But that has not happened.

Now, however, comes Mary Philbin, willing to be put to a test of a comparison with Mary Pickford's finest picture. Like her predecessor, she is playing both rôles, that of the sweet, fragile *Stella*, and the embittered, twisted *Unity Blake*.

The admirers of Mary Philbin, who feel that she has not had the right sort of vehicles in some of her recent pictures, will look forward with a good deal of interest to Universal's production of "Stella Maris."

## Whom Should an Actor Please?

Continued from page 87

they do or do not like it. If they do not, I will be in a position to cross my fingers and cry to the director, 'See, I told you so.' It is human nature to say, 'I told you so,' isn't it? But in this case will I? I will not. We seldom say that to directors.

"I might sit back in my home and wait for only the parts with which censors could find no fault, but I would make little money. And even the censor elements are constantly at war among themselves, unable to decide upon what is objectionable and what isn't, certain things being taboo in one section or city and acceptable in another, so how am I to know what will please them?

"The critics demand art—but how is one to give it to them? Because such pictures as 'The Enchanted Cottage' fail to reap great financial harvests, the producers are averse to making them and the opportunities to play in artistic films of which the more cultured persons, approve are few.

"That brings us," Helene continued in her definite, businesslike way, "to myself. I dislike the 'wholesome' rôles that are so often given me. Because I happened to interpret one or two such parts in pictures that proved successful from the financial standpoint, several producers believe that I should do nothing else. I had such a rôle in 'The Recreation of Brian Kent' and hated it from the day I started work until I completed it.

"But now the producers inform me that 'Brian Kent' is a popular picture, that it is making money. Therefore, I should play similar rôles.

"Personally, I loathe sex pictures. They are not only unclean but most of them are such silly junk. They are well patronized, however, so in order to please the sensation-loving element of the public as well as the producers who find them paying propositions, I have to forget my own dislike of them and play in some.

"I much prefer a film in which I can wear old clothes and interpret an individual characterization, rather than display fashions, but many of the fans demand that an actress adorn herself in all that is of the moment's mode and step onto the screen in resplendent glory. In reply, I sometimes do what they ask.

"I am trying to get a perspective on my problem, to achieve a happy medium—if there is such a thing. At least, I can set my foot down on some points. I refuse absolutely to appear in a film that I think will hurt the morals of the children who will see it. I won't play a definitely despicable and unclean part. I might have become a more popular actress, if I

were not so particular, but after all respect is worth more than momentary sensationalism.

"When I started free-lancing, I determined to run my career in accordance with my own convictions. But after struggling for some time to play only parts that I liked, I reached the conclusion that I could not draw the line too severely. I must, unless the rôle is quite offensive, obey the producer and keep discreetly silent.

"I must please the director by enacting the scene as he thinks best, and keep to myself all thoughts that he has the wrong viewpoint. I must attempt to do my work in such a fashion that it will win the approval of the men who sell the pictures, so that they will write and suggest that the producer call me for other films.

"I must remember that the critics who will review the picture will be watching for flaws in my work, so I must be careful of my technique. I must bear in mind that the theater owner has to make money, so I must be a little daring, to please the portion of the public that likes it, and yet not so risqué as to arouse the censors' ire and have them cut out many of my scenes.

"And, more important than all else, I must not forget that the public makes or breaks those who act in the movies. If I fail to please the majority of these varied fan classes, my screen life will be brief."

Helene Chadwick does not always keep up a steady, even pace as do some featured players who continue in the same sort of things and retain a regular popularity. This she explains by the fact that she has been experimenting, "trying to figure out if any consistent success in pictures is possible for the majority of us, this regiment between the unknowns and the big stars."

She was at her best, I have always thought, in those Goldwyn comedy-dramas, particularly "Dangerous Curves Ahead," "Scratch My Back," and "Brothers Under the Skin." And of them she highly approved.

"I am not a weepy, sentimental heroine. I am not inclined that way myself, and I feel ridiculous acting so before the camera. I would like to do comedy-drama, but good stories in that field are rare. Only very clever people, with a delicious sense of humor and ability to translate that into delicately satiric scenes, like Rupert Hughes, can write them.

"They made money—there is the producers' and exhibitors' answer. And yet we see so few of them now, aside from an occasional one of Lubitsch's. Pictures are getting too heavy, I think. All publics like humor. It is human nature to want to

laugh and be amused. In that respect, we are all kin. The dearth of comedy-drama must be due to lack of stories.

"I had a reason for doing each," she explained her acceptance this past year of varied types of rôles and her appearance in some pretty poor pictures. "I did not have any illusions that 'The Recreation of Brian Kent' would be an exceptionally fine thing, but I knew there was a strong public for the outdoor movie. Men and boys like Westerns. I had noticed that most of my fan letters were from women and girls, and I wanted to interest the men of those families.

"Free-lancing has two advantages. It gives me a better pick of rôles, restrained though I am within certain restrictions in trying to please so many varied tastes. At least, I have the privilege of refusing to do something that I think would be really injurious to my career.

"And it enables me to get on all of the programs. For years I played only Goldwyn programs, was seen only in forty houses; then I was on the Paramount release and did pictures for other studios who have various exhibition systems. I had never been on the Universal program, and I knew that they had a string of houses and were particularly strong in the smaller towns in sections where I was practically unknown to the fans.

"That is why I signed for the picture I'm working on now, 'The Still Alarm,' which I do not expect to be anything extraordinary, nor is it intended as a world-beater or sensational success. For one reason I like it: it takes me away from those tiresome 'wholesome' parts. The plot orders me to leave my husband and run away with another man, though my actions are motivated by what I believe will be an understandable revolt.

"Probably the censors will throw up their hands in horror. No doubt the critics will say, 'An old idea done over.' Maybe the public will not like it. But it gives me a chance to be different, so I am making the gamble, which I think will bring me new fans.

"It resolves down to one thing," she summed up, "I must try to give the majority of the public what they want, for they, after all, are the final judges whose opinions are most influential, but I must use tact in dealing with the other factors. You can please some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time. You can merely—try."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## Watch Out for this Boy! Leslie Fenton, a new juvenile signed by Fox, seems to have all the possibilities of film success.

By Caroline Bell

**R**EALIZING a while ago the scarcity of juveniles, the producers began scouting around for new faces to fill that gap in the male ranks, and on the wave of this favorable attitude toward young men of promise Leslie Fenton has sailed into a five-year Fox contract after a short training.

Les, however, has had a rather varied experience, playing with one profession only to discard it when his interest in another was aroused, all of which, in his changing contacts with life and people and their accomplishments, may be influential upon his picture career, now that he thinks he has found his anchor.

He has been student, poet, tramp, actor—and a couple of other things. To each he gave his whole-hearted—if only momentary—boyish enthusiasm. Each at first

colored his imagination with the possibilities of romantic adventure, and while each held him his dreams soared to the heights of attainment in that particular field. He has vacillated, but in so doing has accumulated some knowledge of young men of different temperaments and environment.

You are conscious of this assortment of interests in his inquisitive young mind, that he is qualified to enact the problems of his own generation with which he is so much in tune. He seems less an actor than those of many years in the theater whose thoughts and instincts run constantly to this one form of expression. His boyish eagerness first impresses you, and then the great amount of fun that he gets out of it all.

*Continued on page 109*

Continued from page 60

most sublimated of opportunists a wide field for development or portrayal of his real artistry. The public is too prone to concern themselves with the beauties of costumes or sets, and critics apparently judge solely by the seeming reality or historical truth of the plot structure, being unable, because of the lapse in time, to give a true criticism as to the realistic portrayal of the character of a human being who may have lived in previous centuries."

A somewhat changed viewpoint is also found on Schildkraut's rather distressing experience with the Goldwyn studios and Victor Seastrom's "Name the Man." It will be remembered that Schildkraut was engaged to play the leading rôle in this production, but that three weeks later, after his sudden return from location, he found himself outside the studio gates with a terminated contract in his pocket.

"I blame myself as much as the Goldwyn company for that fiasco," he says. "I should have read the script before I signed the contract but, you see, I thought I could play anything then! And when I got out on the Coast, I found that I was scheduled to enact a reserved, thoroughgoing Englishman!"

"How in Heaven's name could I do that when in the first place I don't look anything like an Englishman or have any conception of how an Englishman thinks or feels or acts? Tell me that! Why, it was a mistake in the first place and we all realized it as soon as we began to shoot the picture.

"And right on top of that came another bloomer—that part with Norma Talmadge in the 'Song of Love.' I am ashamed even to mention the name of the thing, it was so terrible! True, I had read the script in that case and loved it. I was in my element, a Frenchman masquerading as an Arabian, a part that called for temperament in sympathy with mine. But when we began work, what a difference! The story was changed daily; it was rewritten until I was a mere jack-in-the-box.

"I, myself, will always think the real reason was that one day, in the projection room, some one saw a love scene between Miss Talmadge and myself and said I looked like her son instead of her lover. From then on, I found my part dwindling, and in the scenes already finished, the cutting room did the rest!"

Coupled with this new and rather modest naïveté, one can see a great difference in Schildkraut's deportment on the set itself. It has been

said that while making "Orphans of the Storm" his pompously arrogant parade, both before and behind the camera, once angered the studio workers to the extent that one gang of electricians threatened to drop several tons of floodlights on him unless he behaved. Now, while not having attained the camaraderie of Richard Dix or Monte Blue, he gives and receives the same friendly and unrestrained greetings as dozens of others. In other words, instead of his absorbing the studios, the studios have absorbed him. Whether this may or may not be due to some subtle influence exercised by one Cecil De Mille, Schildkraut's new patron, is not thoroughly apparent. But it is certain that De Mille has had a great effect upon the artistic side of Schildkraut, and has gained an ardent admirer thereby.

"I don't know whether I'm really designed for a screen actor," says Schildkraut. "But if I am, I shall certainly show it under the direction of this man De Mille. Why, I find him as sensitive as a violin string! He fairly tingles with emotion. I find we are attuned, perfectly attuned, to the same note. I know before he speaks what he is telling me, and when he moves away from the camera while I am still making a scene, I feel it so keenly that I can hardly go on! It is just as if a taut wire had been broken between us. He utterly dominates my personality and I love it! He is so masterful!

"I figure, of course, that his is the intellect that is governing the picture, so why shouldn't I let his mind dominate mine during the scenes? He surely knows how he wants the trend of thought and action to be shown!

"However, I can readily see also how it would irritate and hamper a person with an individuality not attuned to his to enter into close contact with him. He is, of course, temperamental, and clashes of temperament will always produce discord. But in my case, our relations have been perfect. When I first came here, I went to 'Paradise,' his country home, and for two days we talked art, literature, life, and the manner of its living; and we coincided and coördinated to a marvelous degree! His thought and mine grooved perfectly, so how can I doubt but that we both will gain a great deal from our mutual relations?"

With his earnest and eager manner, as he bends toward you, his dark eyes intently serious and apparently blind to everything but your belief in his remarks, and his slender, overly sensitized fingers more expressive in their graceful, catlike move-

ments than either his lips or eyes, Schildkraut, under ordinary circumstances, would attract confidence even if arguing on the texture of the moon. If analysis should fail you, you'll undoubtedly become a willing victim to his almost hypnotic eyes; but if it doesn't, you may suffer the disappointment of realizing that he well knows the talents which gained him fame on the stage, and is perhaps using them to subjugate another victim, off of it.

De Mille, in speaking of Schildkraut's probable future on the screen, fails to approach the danger line of hysterics, probably because of an ingrown habit of expressing himself guardedly, but he is not uncomplimentary.

"Schildkraut is undoubtedly a type," he says, "and as such cannot be used indiscriminately in all kinds of pictures. Great care must be used in placing him in the proper story setting, but once that is secured I have a premonition that Schildkraut will bring the same element of stark, dramatic reality to his screen characterizations as he did in 'Liliom' and 'The Firebrand' on the New York stage. He is not and never can be superficial, and for that reason makes his portrayals more elemental than the majority of film players. For this same reason, though, he will probably never prove to be a dish which can be served continuously on the amusement menu."

But withal, Schildkraut's somewhat unusual and decidedly individual characteristics have not been entirely submerged. He still delights, for instance, in the vigorous osculation of all feminine digits within his reach. His pointedly foreign accentuation in ordinary speech has apparently suffered no improvement despite the preciseness of English called for in his various stage rôles. He is still adept in the collecting and memorizing of the first names of all the fair sex in the studio. And he still assumes the rôle of Joseph Schildkraut upon awakening in the morning and discards it not until his eyelids drop in slumber late at night, if you get what I mean.

He's working harder these days also. He gets to the studio at seven thirty every morning. At eight, he takes a fencing lesson, and after that is over, he must ride for an hour to improve his horsemanship. Both these accomplishments are requirements for his new picture, "The Road to Yesterday," in which he has a rôle which others say, and he believes, is particularly suited to him.



**T**HIS probably looks like another of those almost ridiculously elaborate movie sets that some critics are always bewailing as being untrue to life. But it happens that it is not a movie set at all, but an actual section of the lobby of the Commodore Hotel in New York.

When they decided to film "Night Life in New York," the Paramount company felt that they wanted to make the atmosphere as authentic as possible. So for some scenes they arranged to set up their cameras and their lights in the lobby of the Commodore. You should easily recognize it when you see the picture on the screen.

## The Girl Who Waited

Continued from page 28

Jimmy. As soon as we got to know each other, she took me right to her heart. Oh—I'm almost afraid to breathe, for fear I'll wake up and find it all a dream.

"Work, that was all I knew. All day in the studios, reading a little and fixing my clothes in the evening, Sundays at the beach, occasionally a movie and, on rare occasions, a party. I couldn't fit into this Hollywood crowd that runs around and dances until all hours. And the men I met—so many men out here seem to regard an actress cheaply. I couldn't be the sort of person they wanted, entertaining in a light, superficial way, sparkling with animation, bubbling with chatter, and they had no time for wallflowers. Until Jimmy came. I knew I liked him right away—he was a big brother, sort of. But I thought he didn't care. I was miserable, but I couldn't make any overtures."

From a friend of Jimmy's I learned the reason for Ruth's mistake about his feeling, and it expresses the boy—he is over thirty, but is very boyish in manner—better than can be done by any words of mine. His partner and pal had been presented to Ruth first, had admired her, and Jimmy thought, for three years, that this other chap was in love with her. A mutual friend invited them down to her beach parties on Sunday afternoons and at dusk they would light a fire and have wienie roasts.

All that time Jimmy worshiped from afar, but made no effort to gain her attention, not even telephoning or asking permission to call, thinking that his chum had a prior claim. When the other chap moved away and he realized that there was no possibility of a romance in that direction, he hopped to it and in a whirlwind courtship of three months won his bride.

"I was in a daze at first, it was all so new and wonderful, having some one to really care, some one so sweet and clean. I didn't know there were men like that—unselfish, strong, and yet with a spiritual quality.

"It hurt, a lot of times, to stay at home when other girls were having a good time. I wondered why I couldn't be popular and receive candy and flowers and have the men crazy about me, like So-and-so, and—"

been the center of attraction during those years when she felt the sting of loneliness. "But when I tried it a time or two, I saw I couldn't, so I gave up, and resigned myself to a vague hope that some day something would change things for me. I never dreamed that love would come, and so beautifully, so perfectly. I'm just beginning, after seven months of marriage, to feel that it is all real.

"Wait, I'll write you my definition of happiness." She busied herself at the green-and-gold desk, and then showed me what she had written:

"Some one to love—something to do—something to look forward to."

"I'm glad you didn't say, 'Some one to love me,'" I mused.

"Why, that is wonderful, but the biggest and most precious thing is loving, for that means service. This covers everything. The affection and consideration for another without which any life is incomplete, the work that we all need to keep us busy—and the 'something to look forward to'—you can guess what I mean by that. Then I'll have *everything*. And So-and-so, and the others, whom I used to envy, where are they now? What have they?"

Where are they, indeed? Broken little moths that played too excitedly about a flame that was bound to burn them, or at least scorch their freshness. Trampled little flowers, their petals dirtied. Tired little girls, blasé and cynical at twenty, faces that should be young and eager, already worn and beginning to show lines through the paint and powder. Cheap popularity doesn't last long.

Ruth pitied herself a few years ago, because she couldn't be a part of that light fun, because some queer thing in herself kept her at the side lines. She didn't understand then that it was a selective instinct in her, waiting for the thing that is truly worth while.

Where are they? Oh, some are still "running around." You see them at the theaters and the cabarets, dancing to the jazz, trying to kid themselves that they are having a grand time. But their mouths droop, their eyes are restless, discontented. Sometimes I think the greatest tragedy of Hollywood is not the down and outer, but the girl who keeps up her show of tinsel, her pretty little display, through which brave and desperate effort you can see the emptiness of her heart, the knowledge that she has cheapened something that should have been kept priceless.

As the wife of Jimmy Cornelius, Ruth moves in a circle in which most picture actresses are taboo. There is,

to be sure, a lower rung of society, the newly rich, who welcome movie girls and who lionize—and sometimes patronize—them. But the Cornelius family is of that upper segment where tradition rules, where money has been so long that it is taken for granted and is seldom thought of, of that breeding which is expressed in utter naturalness and simplicity of manner. No definite lines are drawn; but there is a tacit barrier which, though vague, is as invincible as granite.

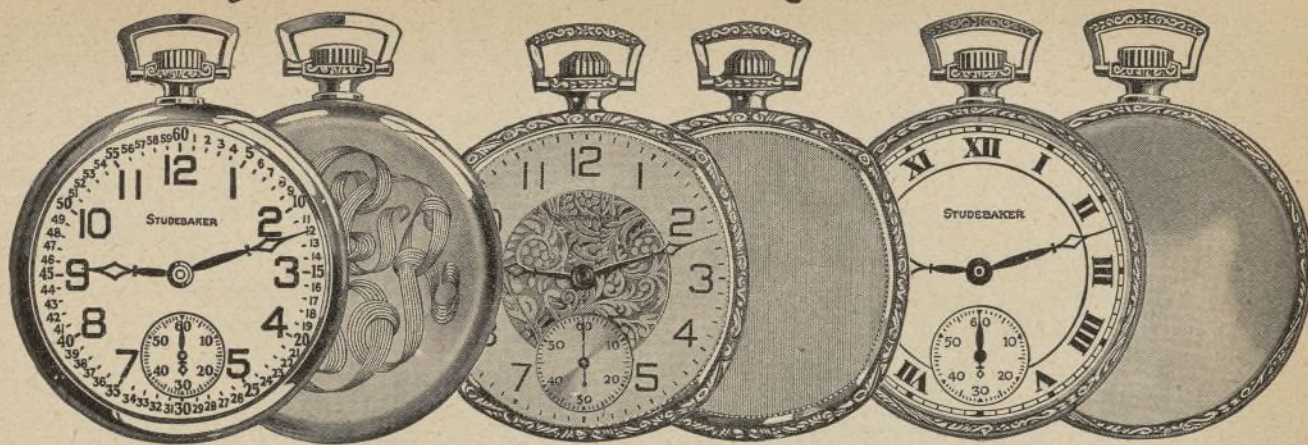
And in that quiet, charming society moves the young Mrs. Cornelius. Her work is mentioned only quite casually. It is relegated to a comparatively unimportant place. The family had no objections to her returning to the studios when it was seen that she had nothing with which to occupy her days. As Jimmy says, "It isn't fair, when a girl has worked for years and is interested in it, to take her out of all that and give her nothing but pink teas with which to fill in the long hours."

Since her return she has played in three films—"As Man Desires," "The Love Hour," for Warner Brothers, and "The Titans," with House Peters. She will take a vacation between each picture, working only often enough to occupy spare time, or when it may amuse her to do so. Realizing that the career to which she devoted years, because she had nothing else, is relatively unimportant compared with what she has found in marriage, she regards it now as a sort of toy or hobby.

As a rule, a picture actress declares that marriage "awakens one to the seriousness of life" and teaches one "how to enact dramatic situations," and all those high-sounding theories. It has had just the opposite effect upon Ruth Clifford. It has given her a new and thoroughly delightful lightness of spirit, as though a sparkle of sunshine, long imprisoned, had been let out to play.

It has made her much more independent. As a struggling actress, who must appear on the screen often to keep up her value to the producers, as well as to earn her living, she did not have much choice of rôles. With the Cornelius money back of her, she has a new self-assurance. If a rôle does not interest her, she smilingly shrugs it aside. The producers are amazed at this new confidence in her. It isn't upstaging. It is simply—and this, to my amusement, bewilders them—that she has realized that for her—compared with the realities of life—the movies aren't so terribly important!

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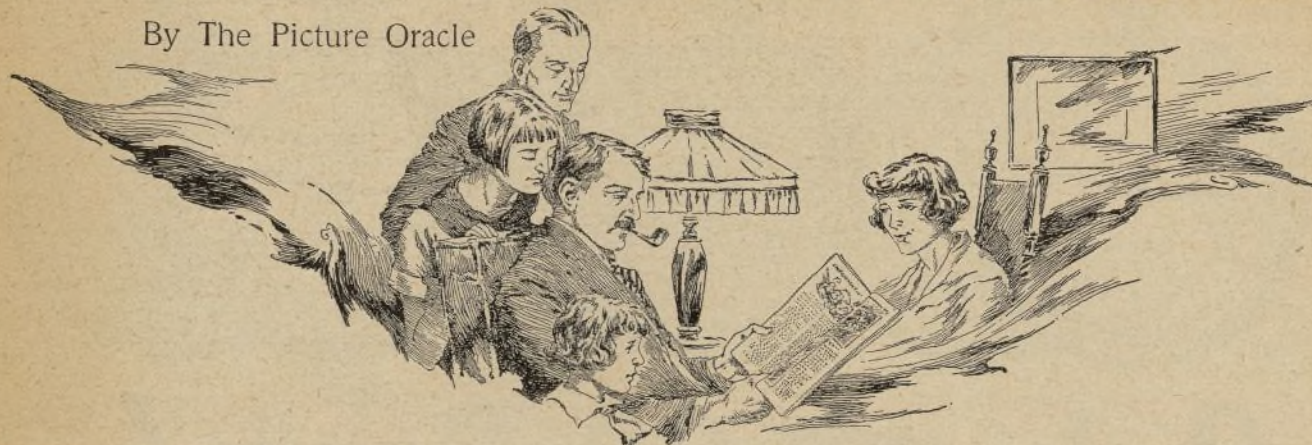


Latest Style  
Thin Models

# 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



**NANCY.**—How do I know so much? That comes from hard study and the fact that I was born with an inquiring nature. When but a mere child, as the saying goes, I stuck a stick in a beehive to find out what would happen. P. S.—I found out. Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties. Her newest pictures are "The Coast of Folly" and "Stage-struck." Robert Agnew is twenty-six, Viola Dana a year older. Mae Busch doesn't give her age. Neither Lois Wilson nor Raymond Griffith is married.

**THE GREEN IMP.**—If you keep right on asking questions, you won't be green long. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck; Constance is divorced from John Pialoglou. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is about fifteen; he seems to be considered a pretty good young actor. Renee Adoree is Mrs. Tom Moore. Betty Bronson is seventeen; I believe that is her real name. The reason you haven't seen Wesley Barry's address is the list is that he doesn't give a home address and he isn't connected with any particular company just now. I am including the other addresses you ask for.

**PAULA WADE.**—So you're a very retiring young lady? That's right; get your eight hours' sleep every night. I don't think Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron have ever got a divorce. The addresses you want have been added to the list at the bottom of this department.

**DIXIE BOY** asks me to tell the fans of the formation of the Richard Dix Pal Club, care of Harold Devine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

**MARGIE.**—It's too bad if you went to all the trouble of expecting an answer in September PICTURE-PLAY, because that is one of those expectations it's impossible for me to live up to. The actress you describe may perhaps be Barbara Bedford. She was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and was married to Albert Roscoe after her divorce from Irvin B. Willat. I am not sure whether or not she has a child.

**MISS SWEET SEVENTEEN.**—Good for you! Never let "sixteen" get all the credit; there's no reason why one can't be just as sweet at seventeen as at sixteen. Raymond Griffith was born in Boston in 1890 and was at one time a scenario writer. And he became a comedian more or less accidentally. He used to play "straight" rôles in pictures, but he was always making such clever suggestions to the director as to

something that would make a good laugh that finally Famous Players decided to try him out in comedy pictures. And you know the result! Did you see his "Paths to Paradise?" That is one of the funniest pictures I have ever seen. I don't know whether or not that was Peggy Eleanor who played the first bride in "The Night Club;" her name is not mentioned in the cast. Pauline Starke is not married and neither is Bessie Love. I should say Lila Lee is not separated from James Kirkwood; they are a particularly devoted couple, and Lila left the screen and went onto the stage so she wouldn't have to be sent out of New York on location, leaving the husband and baby behind.

**CREY Z. LOON.**—Well, well, you must be quite a personage; New York has a lake named after you—Loon Lake. Or was that named for your sister Panta Loon? Jackie Coogan is eleven years old. Farina of "Our Gang" is a boy, named Allan Hoskins.

**DOT AND GIN.**—That's a combination I haven't tried yet. How is it? I don't know Marian Nixon's exact age, but she isn't much more than twenty. Her early pictures include "Rosita," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Lewis Sargent comedies, and the "Hall Room Boys" series. She has now signed a contract with Universal, and has become quite a successful actress. Margaret Quimby has also signed a contract with that company. She has been playing the heroine in the serial, "Perils of the Primitive"—which, translated, means "Swiss Family Robinson." Hereafter she will play rôles in Universal-Jewels calling for skill as a dancer, which heretofore was Miss Quimby's profession. Merna Tibbetts is not sufficiently well known for me to have any record of her.

**TRY'N'FINDOUT.**—Well, if one works hard enough at it, one usually does find out. Richard Dix is thirty-one, Phyllis Haver twenty-six, and Vera Reynolds nineteen. It never seemed necessary to give the address for this Information column, as the address of PICTURE-PLAY is given in the front of the magazine. Your addresses are listed at the bottom of The Oracle.

**A FLORENCE VIDOR ADMIRER.**—I won't keep you wondering long as to whether I'll answer your questions; it's such a lot of work, having to wonder about things. Barbara Bedford has dark hair and eyes—see Margie. Edmund Burns was born in Philadelphia in 1897 and is not married.

Yes, he used to play on the stage before appearing in pictures. Buster Collier is the son of William Collier, a well-known Broadway star. William, Sr., does not play in pictures, however. Yes, Buster's hair is curly. Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas. She and King Vidor have got their divorces; Florence seems to have no present intention of remarrying.

**JEANNE.**—No, indeed, I don't mind answering a lot of questions—and even if I did, I'd have to answer them anyhow, because I get paid for it. Betty Bronson is seventeen; yes, she is making pictures constantly. Since "Peter Pan" she has played in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess"—her first starring picture—and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Malcolm MacGregor is in his late twenties, Doug Fairbanks is forty-two, and Esther Ralston twenty-three. The others you ask about don't give their ages.

**TROUBLESOME.**—It's better to trouble some than to trouble everybody. Zasu Pitts has one daughter about three years old, named Zasu Ann. Doris May MacDonald has no children. Alice Day is still under twenty and is not married.

**EASY.**—Quite right; if every one's questions were as easy as yours, life for me would be very simple. Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, in 1897. She is five feet seven, and is a blonde with brown eyes. Wallie Reid was a blond, six feet tall.

**A. K.**—Yes, you with your ninety-one photos of screen stars seem to have beaten "Quizzy's" record of sixty-one. Where do you keep them all? Have you a special museum for them or do you paper the room with pictures? Now that you mention it, I don't think Marie Mosquini is playing in pictures any more; I haven't heard of her in some time. I have added the addresses you ask for to the list at the bottom of The Oracle.

**ALICE.**—I would just love to tell you what you want to know, but Victor MacLagen is so new to the screen world that I know almost nothing about him. He used to be a professional "strong man" before playing in pictures. I don't think he is married. The cow-puncher you refer to in "Sun Down" was evidently just an extra whose name is not recorded in the cast.

Continued on page 121

## Keeping Up the Sister Tradition

Continued from page 85

was working in pictures. Their presence was an inspiration to each other, and in 1921 Lillian enthusiastically directed Dorothy in a comedy, "Remodeling a Husband."

Of similar beauty is the devotion of Norma and Constance Talmadge. When Norma left high school in Brooklyn at the age of fourteen, she joined a group of girls going down to the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush for a lark, and was so charmed by the studio atmosphere that she enrolled for extra work. On that very first afternoon she was selected for a tiny part in a hectic one-reeler called "The Household Pest," which dealt with the adventures of a camera fiend. Her face didn't appear once in the whole picture. Every time the camera was turned that way she had her head under a focusing cloth.

But fired, nevertheless, with that experience, she determined to continue the work. And from the evening Norma went home and told her family about her first engagement in the movies, Constance was consumed with an ambition to follow in her footsteps. Morning, noon, and night she teased her mother to be permitted to leave school and join Norma in pictures.

"Finish your schooling first," her mother said, "and then you may try."

So the afternoon that Constance completed school she hurried to Vitagraph and watched Norma work. While there she made friends with a fat boy named "Billy," and over in a dark corner of the studio put on a strenuous imitation of Flora Finch for his entertainment. She was in the middle of her impromptu performance when Ralph Ince, director, and Anita Stewart happened by. Constance stopped immediately but Ince begged her to continue. He watched her closely, and when she finished, offered her a job as an extra. Constance confessed to me that she never had had a thrill like that!

A little later, when Norma received an offer from D. W. Griffith to go to California, Constance decided to give up her engagement in Flatbush and go with her.

Another devoted couple whom all the fans know as sisters are Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. Their other sister, Edna Flugrath, played in pictures for a while but later when she married, gave up her screen aspirations. Then there is Anita Stewart and her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart. And Jane and Eva Novak.

And so the sister tradition has gone on, and probably will go on, as long as the lure of the studios lasts.



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# The Motion Picture of the Future

Continued from page 21

more unity. As in the stage drama, the whole action is centered about one spot.

The modern camera is also a marvel of technical development. It not only photographs but develops the negative and prints the positive in a few seconds. And the positive, reproducing faithfully all natural colors, runs directly from the camera to the broadcasting apparatus.

There are established powerful, movable broadcasting stations everywhere, using various wave lengths. Many productions are staged at the same time, staged as a whole, after weeks of rehearsal, and not piecemeal, scene for scene, as in the old days.

The news of the day forms part of the New Coliseum's program, of course. There is an earthquake in the West. We see it and seem to rock with the earth, for the sending apparatus is rocking. The Olympic games are in progress in Chicago. We see the events as they take place. The President of the United States is making a speech in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. We see and hear him. A gentleman occupying a seat near us utters a little startled cry, stands up and leaves hurriedly.

His home is being destroyed by fire; he has just seen it, there, on the screen!

Have telephoto news done away with newspapers? Not at all. One cannot stand all day before a screen and watch the earth's events unfold. Newspapers are still a necessity, and they get out news so much faster than they used to! Keen to meet the competition created by the telephoto news service, newspapers have sought novel methods of production. The cumbersome printing press has been done away with. Newspapers print news and pictures—many pictures—by means of the N-ray on sensitized sheets of paper, thousands of copies at a time, and thus manage to issue reports of events almost as fast as they appear on telephoto screens.

Of course, many persons sit in their homes and watch the news or a movie on their own telephoto set. When the home apparatus was first introduced, exhibitors were panic-stricken and believed that their days were numbered. They soon realized, however, that the majority would not be satisfied with midget performances. So they created the contrasting Giant Super Motion Picture—which we have just seen at the New Coliseum, in the year 1950.

## It's All Fun

Continued from page 49

City a few weeks ago and heard him laugh in glee at the adversities which have cluttered his path since he ran away from home eleven years ago.

He didn't have much time to talk. He was working in three pictures at the same time, just then. Mary Pickford had borrowed him from Metro for as much time each day as he could spare, to be her leading man in "Little Annie Rooney." Victor Seastrom was grabbing him an hour or two to play the lead in "The Tower of Lies." In between times, he played the juvenile lead in Hobart Henley's "Nothing to Wear."

Six feet tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-two pounds, built like an Apollo and, as the flappers would say, "handsome as a Greek god," this twenty-five-year-old, rollicking, laughing, Virginia lad was bubbling with the joy of life, confident of himself and ready for a battle with any adversity—provided they'd allow him to smile while he fought. Some persons have been unkind enough to say that Miss Pickford asked him to play the leading male rôle in her picture because he looks like Douglas Fair-

banks. There is quite a resemblance. But Bill says Mary got him because Hugh Allen, whom she had selected for his rôle, had been hurt in an accident and she had to have some one at once.

"She wanted a truck driver," said William, "and I guess I look like one. That's why they sent for me."

But that isn't what Miss Pickford says. She sent for him because she had seen his work in some pictures made in squalid, obscure "Poverty Row."

William Haines has been in pictures three years and has suffered enough vicissitudes to dishearten and discourage nine out of every ten actors who ever sought a career.

"Life has been just one up and down after another for me, but, golly! what a dandy time I've had."

"I've had the fun. I don't think I am an actor, yet. 'Rotten!' I'd say, just as Metro did. But they keep bringing in work and they've signed me up to a new two-year contract and Miss Pickford has borrowed me and—well, I'm not idle much these days with three pictures in the making."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

# How Many Film Celebrities Do You Know?

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- |                       |                      |                        |
|-----------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Stuart Holmes       | 26 Lon Chaney        | 51 Ronald Colman       |
| 2 Vera Reynolds       | 27 Alma Rubens       | 52 Lillian Gish        |
| 3 William Haines      | 28 Betty Bronson     | 53 Dorothy Gish        |
| 4 Jetta Goudal        | 29 Herbert Brenon    | 54 James Rennie        |
| 5 George O'Brien      | 30 Fred Niblo        | 55 Aileen Pringle      |
| 6 Estelle Taylor      | 31 Enid Bennett      | 56 Claire Windsor      |
| 7 Jack Dempsey        | 32 Lillian Rich      | 57 Bert Lytell         |
| 8 Tom Moore           | 33 Lewis Stone       | 58 Zasu Pitts          |
| 9 Rockcliffe Fellowes | 34 May McAvoy        | 59 Erich von Stroheim  |
| 10 Mae Busch          | 35 Malcolm MacGregor | 60 Bebe Daniels        |
| 11 Eugene O'Brien     | 36 John Gilbert      | 61 Richard Dix         |
| 12 Mae Murray         | 37 Norma Shearer     | 62 Tom Mix             |
|                       |                      | 63 Ben Turpin          |
|                       |                      | 64 Jack Holt           |
|                       |                      | 65 Wallace MacDonald   |
|                       |                      | 66 Percy Marmont       |
|                       |                      | 67 Agnes Ayres         |
|                       |                      | 68 Antonio Moreno      |
|                       |                      | 69 Eleanor Boardman    |
|                       |                      | 70 Adolphe Menjou      |
|                       |                      | 71 Corinne Griffith    |
|                       |                      | 72 Conway Tearle       |
|                       |                      | 73 Colleen Moore       |
|                       |                      | 74 Anna Q. Nilsson     |
|                       |                      | 75 Ernest Torrence     |
|                       |                      | 76 Ramon Novarro       |
|                       |                      | 77 Rex Ingram          |
|                       |                      | 78 Richard Barthelmess |
|                       |                      | 79 Mary Hay            |
|                       |                      | 80 Ralph Graves        |
|                       |                      | 81 Charles Ray         |
|                       |                      | 82 Lois Wilson         |
|                       |                      | 83 J. Warren Kerrigan  |
|                       |                      | 84 Mae Marsh           |
|                       |                      | 85 Lenore Ulric        |
|                       |                      | 86 Thomas Meighan      |
|                       |                      | 87 D. W. Griffith      |
|                       |                      | 88 Carol Dempster      |
|                       |                      | 89 John Barrymore      |
|                       |                      | 90 Douglas Fairbanks   |
|                       |                      | 91 Milton Sills        |
|                       |                      | 92 Alice Terry         |
|                       |                      | 93 Gloria Swanson      |
|                       |                      | 94 Ben Lyon            |
|                       |                      | 95 Barbara La Marr     |
|                       |                      | 96 James Cruze         |
|                       |                      | 97 Betty Compson       |
|                       |                      | 98 Mary Pickford       |
|                       |                      | 99 Natacha Rambova     |
|                       |                      | 100 Rudolph Valentino  |
|                       |                      | 101 Nita Naldi         |
|                       |                      | 102 Marion Davies      |
|                       |                      | 103 Charles Chaplin    |
|                       |                      | 104 Will Rogers        |
|                       |                      | 105 Carmel Myers       |
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KEY TO CARICATURES ON PAGE 32

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|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 13 Alice Joyce        | 38 Cecil B. De Mille  |
| 14 Monte Blue         | 39 Reginald Denny     |
| 15 Raymond Griffith   | 40 Ernst Lubitsch     |
| 16 Lew Cody           | 41 Pola Negri         |
| 17 Conrad Nagel       | 42 Rod La Rocque      |
| 18 James Kirkwood     | 43 Harold Lloyd       |
| 19 Lila Lee           | 44 Mildred Davis      |
| 20 Marshall Neilan    | 45 Norma Talmadge     |
| 21 Blanche Sweet      | 46 Buster Keaton      |
| 22 Neil Hamilton      | 47 Constance Talmadge |
| 23 Wallace Beery      | 48 Glenn Hunter       |
| 24 Lloyd Hughes       | 49 Mabel Normand      |
| 25 George Hackathorne | 50 Madge Bellamy      |

## On Sober Reflection

Continued from page 59

the public. To prove that our young folks prefer something wholesome and educational, the deacon showed a picture called "The Unfolding of the Flower" at the last church entertainment. That evening The Little Gem Theater, which was showing Tom Mix in "Biff, Bang, Zowee," had a record crowd.

### A Tongue Twister.

Yetta Letz, of 150 Governor Street, Paterson, New Jersey, contributes the following twister:

"Pickford picks pictures and pleads to the people to please pick pictures, too."

Practice on that one a while, then see if you can't make up a twister yourself. Any twister sent in will be printed in this department with your name and address.

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# Would You Trade Places with Frances Rich?

Continued from page 34

was awfully thrilled. I don't always get to go to such things, but she brings us her favors and place cards.

"How many girls' mothers are recognized on the street by total strangers?" Frances' eyes, brows, and entire self became an animated question mark. "You just show me another. But when we go shopping, somebody is sure to follow us, staring at mother, and I feel so proud."

No lachrymose story of a child's sacrifices for mother's career would the sharply clipped words of young Frances spin for me. Irene had told me how the kiddies had been such good little soldiers during the hard early days of her picture work, how they in their little ways had given up pleasures when her acting interfered.

"Well, sure, there were some things that we missed, that other children had, but what of it?" Frances shrugged. "I didn't mind her not being here all day cooking and doing housework. Once I remember I thought it was funny that other mothers stayed home and baked cookies, but grandmother made pretty good ones, so it wasn't as if we didn't have any. Mother doesn't like to cook and I don't either. I'm going to make a lot of money so I won't ever have to."

"Lots of times we're disappointed, when we plan to do something and she can't go with us, but we know she works hard to give us a nice home and a good education, so we don't complain."

"It comes in handy to have a clever mother, when we're doing school dramatics," Frances reminded, as she recounted her little stack of handkerchiefs. "She coaches me, and when we have costume parties I win the prize. For four years I have won, with the things she designed for me, always more original than the other mothers could think up."

"Course, sometimes she can't come to things we invite our mothers to, like school plays. Last week we put on 'David Garrick' and I was disappointed because she had to work. But when we did 'Twelfth Night,' she was there, and the girls were so thrilled at having her back-stage."

Following their year abroad, Frances will spend four years at Vassar. She is enthusiastic over her future, but regards it from a much more common sense and practical viewpoint than do most girls upon graduation from prep school.

"Now, don't say, 'And after all that education you will go into the movies!' It makes me boil. I'm not crazy about acting, but if they were

dumb-bells my mother wouldn't work with them. No matter what I do, it will always be there, and what you've got inside your head will come in handy some day."

"Mother lets me have my own way about a lot of things," Frances replied when I sought to compare an actress mother's discipline of her children with the manner by which a home mother enforces obedience. "When she started to work, I was only eight, but she used to say, 'Frances, I am holding you responsible for Jane and I want you to do what you think best about everything and not bother grandmother unless it is necessary.'"

"Sometimes she sets her foot down and when she does it's no use arguing or begging. Several of the girls drive their own roadsters and I wanted one. I knew we could afford it. I thought up all the nicest reasons why it was necessary—like taking the copy for the school magazine down to the printer's, and I could drive her to the studio and come for her in the afternoon, and that would help when she's tired, wouldn't it? But she said I couldn't have one until I earned it, so I guess I'll walk or take the street car for a long time."

This most individual young person proceeded next to knock into a cocked hat my half-formed theory about the irritability of a tired working mother in the evening.

"When she has had a hard day she goes to bed early, but she's never unreasonably cross. I've heard stay-at-home mothers act more cranky than she ever does. She's got a pretty good disposition, for an actress. Most of 'em, they say, are temperamental. If she is, it must be only at the studio because she never is around the house."

"It's fun, going to the studio sometimes, and waiting for mother to come home about six o'clock. She's always so glad to see us. Maybe," behind Frances' laugh there was a shrewd truth, "that's because she is away all day. I've noticed where the mothers and daughters are together so much they often get on each other's nerves and quarrel over petty things. The girls want to get away from their mothers, and I think that's queer."

"Mother has lots to tell us about what happened and we are popping full of news. That makes dinner jolly. We take turns telling it."

Altogether, I gathered that Frances Rich considers herself one lucky girl and highly approves of having our well-liked Irene for her mother.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

## A Prophet of the Cinema

Continued from page 90

told about it very simply, without any heroics, even with an impersonal humor such as the *Sea Wolf* might have shown. It would have broken some men—but not Hobart Bosworth. He resolved to “come back”—and come back he did. It has left some scars upon his inner spirit. His blue, alert eyes look very tired at times. But the experience gave him a perspective that many a rising young star might take a lesson from. “I learned that you are only as big as the real you—inside—measures up. Fame? Why that can pass in the night. It means nothing; less than nothing. Money, applause, fair-weather friends—they don't count. It is when you are stripped of everything, even your health, that you find out how big the universe is, and how small the individual is. You learn that you have to begin building again—inside of you. If you can do that, nothing can hurt you again.”

Now Hobart Bosworth has reestablished himself as one of the screen's best character actors. He brings to every characterization a sincerity, a finesse, that is the result of his triumphant fight against fate. There is a bigness about him that sets him apart. A wonderfully sympathetic voice, a virility, a graphic trick of using gestures to illustrate whatever he is saying. His pictures are extremely popular in Japan. Even the old “*Sea Wolf*” has been reissued many times over there. A Japanese actor told him the reason for his Oriental following:

“It is because you always struggle so hard for what you believe to be right. Even the *Sea Wolf* died fighting—his spirit was never beaten.”

“Since I am to be billed as a prophet,” he said, “I'll make another prophecy. The pictures of the future are going to swing back to simple, sincere portrayals of life. Just now the influence is coming from the Continent. Emil Jannings' picture, ‘The Last Laugh,’ is a wonderful example of that. Look at the theme! Just the bare portrayal of an aging man's losing fight. Yet it swept Broadway off its feet. If I had taken the script of that story to any producer in America and said, ‘Look, this would make a wonderful picture,’ I would have been judged insane. But sooner or later it will come. Pictures of filth and sordidness will pass into the discard. When? Oh, ask me something easy. I wouldn't risk my reputation as a prophet by setting a definite date. The people who said the world was coming to an end got into trouble that way.”



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## Brushing Off the Welcome Mat

Continued from page 29

her life at all but was merely a matter of turning on and off a switch—a trained artisan rather than an emotional actress, Dorothy Phillips.

I never could find an adequate explanation for this contrast between her type of characterization and herself, and she had no reason for it other than the fact that she had scored in a tempestuous rôle and thereafter found herself cast in them.

She was a college girl of Baltimore, had had some stock experience in the George Fawcett company, and had created the title rôle of "Pilate's Daughter" on the stage before, with her husband, she turned to pictures. "Hell Morgan's Girl" was, I believe, one of the first films of a dynamic heroine in which she played.

That route, however, has now been abandoned. Her return, in "Every Man's Wife," for Fox, has been followed by a featured rôle in "Without Mercy," a George Melford production which depicts the rise to financial power of a clever and cold-hearted woman. To avenge herself in business deals upon those who have injured her, is her aim. Probably there is the usual finale, but it promises a more distinctive heroine than is customary.

"I am through with daggers and climbing the rigging of ships and shooting popguns," she smiles, in retrospection. "I never cared much for that, even then, but it seemed to be what was desired of me. Now I want to do the sort of thing that has brought Pauline Frederick back so gloriously—women, not girls, women of experience and depth, who are capable of genuine emotion."

"These heartaches, this loneliness, perhaps it has all been of value to me in a mellowing sense. I feel that I have more of feeling in me now to give to my work than I had before, and I want to come back if," her lips twisted ever so little, "I am still wanted."

Though she has returned to the studios, her life continues in those vague, remote backgrounds which to a great extent she affected even during her husband's lifetime. She has discarded the black of grief now for the brown which she used to wear so much, and it is a shade that seems best to express her withdrawal from the vitality of life into shadowy corners.

She does not seem to care a tremendous lot about the things that most women make such a fuss over. One gathers that from her manner only, for she is very reticent. But an interest is flickering in her brown eyes, and occasionally a sparkle of quiet humor. Life and work and people, are beginning to awaken her laggard attention.

Just what reception she will meet from the public remains to be seen, together with what those two years may have added to or detracted from her ability. I am rather under the impression that they have been fruitful years, that they have given her a new and more real emotional power in place of the vitality which was the form of her expression during her earlier days. At any rate, because I like her and appreciate her genuineness, I am glad to brush off the welcome mat for Dorothy Phillips.

## The Early Winter Mode

Continued from page 63

sketched an unusual afternoon gown, which is worn by Miss Hedda Hopper in her rôle of Mrs. Gould in the William Fox production of "The Silver Treasure." The skirt is of brown velvet, and the blouse is fashioned of écru lace, the design ornamented by beadings of tan wooden beads. Miss Hopper is a strict believer in dressing to suit one's individual type. She never affects the short skirt, in spite of the fact that it is now the mode, as she thinks the long slender line is more becoming.

Although negligees are perhaps rather out of their element in an article devoted chiefly to afternoon wear, still I was unable to resist the ones which I have sketched at the head of the first page. That at the

right is to be seen on Miss Florence Vidor in the Paramount production, "The Trouble with Wives." Over flesh-colored satin, a robe of pink soufflé de soie is worn, trimmed with many rows of rose petals that shade from pale pink to a deep rose.

The piquante young lady in the center is Miss Joyce Compton, wearing a simple and practical lounging robe of satin, with wide shawl collar and cuffs of clipped marabou; it is fastened by a knot of silver rosebuds.

N negligees are more easily made at home than any other garment; and any of these, though at first glance they may appear elaborate, are really of simple construction and could readily be copied by any girl with clever fingers.

## Watch Out for this Boy

Continued from page 97

He was born in Liverpool, but shortly before the war the family, parents and six sons, came to America and settled in Columbus, Ohio, where a shoe factory was established and soon became a thriving business. Several of the boys went back to England to take part in the conflict, all returning except the eldest.

Les longed for an adventurous life. After graduating from high school, he had entered the State University but of a sudden tired of school and departed, neglecting to take leave either of the university or the family.

It was just a notion, he says, laconically. He thought it would be rather romantic to be a tramp, and New York was the place where things happened. Walking was his only available means of locomotion, considering the state of his pockets. Perhaps his adventures as hobo were quite prosaic, but he tells them with color and imagination. At any rate, a tired and hungry boy reached the city of his dreams three weeks later.

For a while he lived in a Salvation Army hotel and that organization obtained a job for him. After a time, still possessed of that restlessness, he gravitated to Greenwich Village, went in for the literary art intensively and actually had some poems

published. Through his contact with professionals in the Village, he was offered a rôle with the Bellamy Players and appeared in a number of their productions.

The stage then was to be his goal. During his third season he experienced his most serious disappointment. For once, and to his rather pained surprise, things failed to work out with charming ease. He understudied Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies" and spent the entire winter praying that the star would sprain his ankle. But Glenn remained disappointingly healthy and capable, and Les never had a chance to play the rôle.

A year ago he embarked upon a new adventure—Hollywood and the movies. His atmospheric work in two Fox films interested Rowland V. Lee, who cast him in a rôle in "Havoc." That completed, he was given the part of *Richard Hare* in "East Lynne" and his contract. His next appearance will be in "Lazy-bones."

Les is a likable youth, possessing such a keen interest in everything that crosses his horizon that his conversation is spiked with eager comments and his acting mirrors that vital enthusiasm.

## The Wife's Story

Continued from page 19

member this is a woman's story and women are always inconsistent."

"It's not a woman's story," I replied, pulling on my hat preparing to go, "it's a successful wife's story."

Genevieve went with me to the door. Very chic, very smart, is Genevieve. Well groomed. Well cared for. She has a quick wit, a keen mind, a keen interest in everything. She is very happy, which is no more than she should be. That is her reward.

As I walked down the street I

passed the kitchen window of the woman who had walked down the road a little earlier—the one with the shopping bag in one hand and the child clinging to the other. And through the window I could see her stewing over a hot stove. All the curl had been steamed out of her hair. Her face needed powder. You could tell she knew all about cabbages—but kings were out of her ken.

I wonder if she will stick for the fun?

## The Clouds Roll By

Continued from page 43

But that will probably remain the one cynical public utterance of the pretty blond ingénue who is the belle of the college boys in New York. For there aren't any three-day rests any more for Edna between pictures.

There comes a moment in every reporter's life when she wishes she hadn't used the words "wholesome"

and "sweet" and "sunny" in a derisive or critical mood. That moment is when she gets acquainted with Edna and realizes that she has no other words with which to describe her. For Edna is wholesome and sweet and sunny and she makes you consider those attributes quite the most important a girl can have.

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If you are suffering from excess fat you should today get a package of SILPH Reducing Gum which sells for 50c—That is enough for one week or you can send in a dollar bill and get a full two weeks' supply which is a sufficient amount to see wonderful results. If your druggist cannot get it for you send direct to the Silph Medical Company, 9 West 60th Street, Dept. 35, New York City. Silph is also recommended for stomach troubles. BEWARE of the imitations which are bound to spring up—Remember that to "CHEW SILPH IS TO BE SILPH-LIKE," that's New York's latest slogan.

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light auburn (light red)....blonde....

Name.....

Street.....City.....

## If It's for You—You'll Get It

Continued from page 16

off to a great start along came the war.

And that brings us to the first side-tracking.

John Roche went to war. He would. I forgot to mention that in addition to ambition I think he has "ideals." He had a dependent, a mother, to support, and like a lot of actors he could have pulled that old one about being of more benefit at home cheering up the home folks than in active participation—the moral being that any one can get killed but an entertainer is greatly to be desired—and not treated rough. But John went to war. Because it was intended that he should live to be a movie actor, the Heinies missed him and in due time, after the Armistice he came back to Broadway and picked up where he had left off.

He played in "Deburau," "R. U. R.," and with Doris Keane in "The Czarina," among other hits. He had his heart all set to the stage, to the cultivation of his voice, when Destiny, in league with a motion-picture producer, lured him to Hollywood to play in an adaptation of "Lucretia Lombard," rechristened, as Mr. Roche tells it, "Flaming Passion," or "Tongues of Passion," or just plain "Passion"—I forget which.

"So," went on Mr. Roche, "that thing was shot and finished and mother and I drove over to Pasadena to attend its preview." Mr. Roche made an odd noise. A sort of groaning noise. When he got back his powers of speech he said: "You can't imagine—I can't tell you how awful I was—never in my life have I seen anything so terrible. My mother and I sat and watched it out because we were too weak to get up and walk out.

"After it was over we drove home in silence. I didn't ask her how she liked it and she didn't tell me. As soon as we got home I dragged out the trunk and started packing. 'What are you doing?' she asked. I said, 'Going to New York on the first train out.' 'Fine!' mother said.

"I don't know whether I slept through the night or whether I was merely unconscious but when dawn came I was down buying tickets to New York on the night train. I sold my car to a friend—called up a transfer company to get my trunks at

three thirty, and sat around killing time.

"At two thirty the phone rang. It was First National wanting me to come over for an interview. 'Thanks just the same—awfully kind of you,' I said, 'but I'm leaving for New York to-night.' But First National was insistent. Mr. Roche could at least drop over and hear their proposition. He might change his mind about the New York trip. Mr. Roche said "Ha-ha!" to that, but he borrowed back his car from his friend and drove over—just to kill time. He was through with the movies. He was leaving for New York that night.

"I found that they were casting 'Flowing Gold' and had me in mind for the part of Anna O. Nilsson's brother," says John. "In fact, they not only had me in mind for it—they offered it to me. 'Sorry,' I said, 'I'm leaving town.' I was firm on that. But did that faze First National? It did not. They said something to the effect of 'Don't be silly,' and went on. When I saw that my immediate departure meant nothing to them I started on another angle. I told them I wasn't the type at all. That I had read the book and knew the character and that personally I couldn't see myself in the rôle. That I wasn't interested in pictures and particularly not in *that* picture.

"First National said, 'What's your salary?'

"I told them what I got in the Warner Brothers' picture. 'Well,' said F. N., 'we'll give you that and a four-week guarantee.' I was beginning to get a little huffed by then. I told them I wouldn't touch the part for less than a hundred dollars more than the figure I had originally named.

"O. K.," agreed F. N. 'We won't quibble about a hundred dollars. Go home and unpack your grease paint.'

And he's been here ever since. That just goes to prove what I said: "If it's for you—you'll get it." After all, you can't cheat the movies out of as good a character actor as John proved himself to be in "Kiss Me Again." I don't agree with him about playing leads. Characterization seems to be his forte. But maybe I'm wrong. If it's written in the cards that he is to play leads—he'll get them!

## TO A STAR.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

That we gaze on so fondly to-day

Were to change by to-morrow, you'd find to your sorrow

Scant chance in the movies to play!

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

## A Letter from Location

Continued from page 89

things with great wisdom gained from seven years of life's experiences.

He is the champion spitball thrower of the town and was playing hooky the day I met him. He urged me to play hooky with him and go fishing but I was afraid of Frank Borzage, my tyrant of a director, but I did promise to go before we leave.

The school is one of those you read about and never dream of finding. The youngsters are adorable. They look like something out of "Huckleberry Finn" or "Tom Sawyer" and all eight grades are in the same room. The girls are seated on one side and boys on the other, to preserve the teacher's peace of mind.

My young friend beamed when I came in and immediately began demonstrating his ability to shoot small moist wads of paper at selected points, to the great satisfaction of every one but the teacher. I had to leave in a hurry for fear I would disrupt the morale of the place by cheering his unerring aim. Since then he has offered to teach me the art and guarantees to make me as good as he is.

In my spare moments I've been fishing—that is, every fish in the Kern River has dined on nice, fat, juicy worms since my arrival but they have not been noticeably appreciative. I have not pulled one in yet.

We're giving a big dance in the town hall this Saturday and the boys from our company are going to play for it. We have a good orchestra with two ukes, a banjo, a violin, and one of the boys can double on a mouth organ and the piano. I do wish you could have come up, Myrtle. Zasu Pitts, Jane Novak, Edythe Chapman, Emily Fitzroy, and I, are going to doll up and look our best.

For the last dance, two weeks ago, people came from miles around. There is one long bench at the door where the babies are parked to sleep while their parents cavort around. The only objection that the people had to us was that, coming from wild Hollywood, we all wanted to go home a little after midnight. Parties in Kernville don't usually break up until breakfast time.

Another novel institution up here is the tag dance, which is piles of fun. You start out with one partner but by the time the number is over you have danced with half a dozen men. Like our cut-in system, but more exciting. And great to make a girl feel popular. Zasu and Jane and I are planning to introduce it to Hollywood when we get back.

While we are on the subject of Saturday nights, let me tell you that I'm sure the time-honored custom of weekly immersions originated here. The hotel is modern—it has two tubs, one on each floor, with faucets for both hot and cold water. But I dare you to try to get into the bathroom unless you sneak up from location by yourself at some odd hour—and even then you're sure to find some one else has had the same bright idea.

And when we come in after a day's work in the sun with the temperature hovering around one hundred, you should see the wild scramble for baths. The whole company is getting in training to challenge Nurmi.

I have developed one talent which mother never knew I possessed. I am a really remarkable laundress, if I do say it myself. I was teased terribly the other day because I went down and borrowed a big washboard from a dear old lady and started in to do my own laundry. Some one must have told on me, for just as I was going good the whole company gathered around, giving suggestions by the yard. I finished what I started and I'm very proud of the job.

But here I've gone and written you a young novel without even mentioning the picture we are making. I wouldn't make a good publicity writer, would I? It is an adaptation of "Lazybones," and you know that I am under contract to William Fox. This location is ideal and we have used the local inhabitants for the crowds and for some bits. The scenery is gorgeous, the most beautiful trees around the hotel, and the desert when the sun is setting is something I shall never forget.

Buck Jones is playing *Steve Tuttle*, who is known as *Lazybones*, and I am *Kit*, the little girl whom he adopts and falls in love with. It is an entirely different sort of part from anything I have ever done and I could write pages about it. I had to gather a crop of freckles and then Mr. Borzage wouldn't let me use any make-up. I will ask the still man to send you some pictures so you can see how funny I look.

I could ramble on for a long time but it is nearly stage time so I am going to call it a day. We connect with the outer world twice a day by means of the stage. The mail goes out in the morning at eight and comes in as an event at night around six. In fact, the arrival of the stage, dinner, and the rushes are our usual evening entertainments.

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BEFORE-AFTER

## "Good Copy"

Continued from page 88

ally. His caps, his scarfs, his canes, his spats, and his manner of wearing each and all of them is a story in itself. In addition to this he is an unusually interesting conversationalist. His wit is keen and doesn't have to be diluted. For instance, some one once asked him to have a publicity picture made with a trick mule they had been using in a scene. He looked the ambassador coldly in the eye for a moment and replied: "I will never pose in a picture with a mule. The temptation would be too strong to caption it 'Two Jackasses.'" Von Sternberg is an interviewer's paradise.

Erich von Stroheim is the interviewers' wildest enthusiasm, and if you are observing you can see it in their work. He fires them with something of his own intensity. I can truthfully say that I have never read an interview of Von Stroheim that has not been an excellent piece of work. Von Stroheim never waits for you to lead off with an assortment of third-degree questions. He talks freely and without self-consciousness.

On the other hand, information has to be pried out of Reginald Denny. Our talk reminded me of a district attorney grilling a murder witness. Mr. Denny not only seemed reticent about the facts of his life—he seemed determined not to tell them. But, at that, he is very likable and talks well about everything except himself—of airplanes, motor cars, motor boats, and such.

Mae Busch is another prize pupil in Von Stroheim's class. She is frank and outspoken and aboveboard. I understand that Aileen Pringle shares this distinction. An interviewer told me that if Aileen could be quoted verbatim it would read like a page from the most scintillating of the English novels.

Conrad Nagel speaks when he is spoken to. I mean, he will respond wholeheartedly to any topical suggestion you make but he never forces his opinions on you. He, too, is very frank and never seems to be afraid you are going to betray him. Conrad talks enthusiastically of his new home in Beverly Hills, the new plays,

the new pictures, casting pro and con, and anything else you care to bring up.

Elinor Glyn talks past you directly to the public. In the course of a talk she will interrupt to say, "Will you kindly mention—please do say for me—will you kindly not forget," et cetera, and then advises you to emphasize this or that in your story. She also insists on seeing all articles on herself before they go out. In a story of mine called "Madame, the Malignant," which was submitted to her, she had her secretary correct my spelling. If every one were so considerate what a lot of wear and tear it would save the editors—or the proof readers. Mrs. Glyn, or Madame Glyn, as she prefers to be called, is always gracious and never fails to make some sort of startling remark that is food for thought. I sometimes believe she does this deliberately, but whatever her reason the subjects she brings up are pertinent, and backed by her strange personality and glamorous background, make interesting reading.

One of the most amusing things in the world is an interview that is deliberately "set." There is a little ingénue in Hollywood who is famous for this. I had been warned about this beforehand and naturally I enjoyed it all the more. She had prepared her little speech and, believe me, she was going to say it. The speech she had in mind for this particular occasion concerned her books. That one is so old it is more to be pitied than scorned, but that was her story and she stuck to it—like glue. I had my revenge by not mentioning a thing she had said about her books in the article.

In this very brief résumé of who and what constitutes good copy, I have necessarily omitted many stars; the "necessity" being that I have never interviewed them—but in coining a slogan it might be safe to say, in general, that "the brightest are the best." The qualities and characteristics which carry them to the top of the ladder are the very qualities and characteristics which make up "good copy."

## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 53

### The Big Explosion.

"The Halfway Girl," with Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, is the picture with the ship explosion in it. I suppose you read all about that in last month's PICTURE-PLAY.

It is about a girl who is neither good nor bad, but just medium. As a member of a theatrical troupe, she is stranded in Singapore, and the only honest labor left her is a job as

Continued on page 114

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 225, St. Louis, Mo.

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IF I SEND YOU A SUIT made in the latest style from the finest goods, will you keep it, wear it, and show it to your friends as a sample of my sensational \$25.00 suits guaranteed regular \$50.00 values? Could you use \$3.00 an hour for a little spare time? If so, write me at once for my wonderful new proposition. Just write your name and address on a card and mail to Dept. 900, Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., 133 So. Peoria St., Chicago.

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FREE BOOK. Start little Mail Order Business; beginner's outfit furnished. Pier, 995 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

BIG MONEY—fast sales; every one buys gold initials for their auto; sell \$1.50, profit \$1.44. Ten orders daily easy. Samples, information free. World Monogram, Dept. 12, Newark, N. J.

## Agents and Help Wanted—Continued

LATEST MANUFACTURING SPECIALTY Formulas. Money Makers. Southern Trading, Dept. 71, Flushing, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT \$96 A WEEK, A BIG, permanent business, an honest company and an Essex coach without a cent of expense, write now. I need 100 men and women quick to take orders for Jennings hosiery. Don't delay. Send post card now for details. The Frank B. Jennings Co., Dept. M-223, Dayton, Ohio.

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ALL Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 65 willing to accept Government positions \$117-\$250, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 308, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-28 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

SILVERING MIRRORS, French plate. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

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HERE'S YOUR LAND! \$10 down and \$10 a month buys 20 acres of my best land in Cent. Mich. for \$400 or 10 acres for \$250. Write at once for free 48-page picture book. G. W. Swigart, X1265 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

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MEN—Experience unnecessary; travel; make secret investigations; reports; salaries; expenses. Write American Foreign Detective Agency, 114, St. Louis, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Travel. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, New York.

## Patents and Lawyers

PATENTS. Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 223, Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS—Write for free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of invention for inspection and instructions free. Terms Reasonable. Victor J. Evans Co., 767 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS—Write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent" and evidence of invention blank. Send model or sketch for inspection and instructions free. Terms reasonable. Randolph & Co., Dept. 412, Washington, D. C.

## Educational

RAILROAD POSTAL CLERKS start \$155 month, railroad pass. Send stamps for questions. Columbus Institute, B-3, Columbus, Ohio.

## Stammering

ST-STU-T-T-TERING And Stammering Cured at Home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 80 Arcade, 1126 Granville Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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OLD MONEY WANTED. Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty head (no Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Co., Dept. 440, Ft. Worth, Tex.

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PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDIES, and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 132, Chicago.



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Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema; that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subdues fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and after two or three applications, the eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or disfigurement. Mentho-Sulphur always heals eczema rash, skin eruptions and pimples right up.

A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

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Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

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is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneedness, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 3 years by physicians everywhere.)  
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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 112

hostess in the hotel there. Here she meets the shell-shocked Mr. Hughes who is getting over an unfortunate love affair, and seems to be going from bad to worse. The two melancholy young people sit around and cry in their glasses. Forgetfulness seems a dreary affair with them.

It takes a shipwreck to bring them out of themselves, and it's really a peach.

Mr. Hughes is hiding on the ship under a false charge of murder. Luckily the policeman who finds him is his own father and he tears up the warrant.

There is a fight in the dark in this picture, too. It saves the wear and tear on the actors. Hobart Bosworth is the father and Tully Marshall is the evil old thing who gets killed.

### Two that Strike Twelve.

"A Woman's Faith" is a good melodrama, adapted from the novel "Miracle," by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

The hero, blinded in a fight, is led to the Cathedral of Restoration by the girl who is accused of murder. She ascends the long staircase, praying, while the blind man awaits her below. As she reaches the last step his sight is restored.

It is a legitimate, well-handled picture with Alma Rubens doing some pretty fine acting at times. Percy Marmont is a little stilted.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet" explains everything right in its title. It is adapted from the story by Peter B. Kyne, and deals with the romance of Tamea, the Hawaiian queen and a young American.

Tamea is the daughter of an Hawaiian mother and a French father, a sea captain. While his boat lies in the harbor at San Francisco, he discovers that he has leprosy, and leaps

overboard, rather than face the tedious death that awaits him. His daughter is left with an extremely young guardian, and complications arise. Eventually he follows her back to Hawaii, where in almost no time at all he goes native. She sees his downfall and sends him back to the white girl who loves him. He has a friend, however, who stays behind, so things don't look too black for little Tamea.

Anita Stewart is softly interesting as Tamea, and Bert Lytell is the young fellow who can't stand raw fish. Huntley Gordon is the boy who can't be found when the boat sails for the States.

### Matrimony Once More.

"The Trouble with Wives" is another funny story about marriage. This one is pretty cheap stuff handled so well that it really is amusing. The audience loved it.

There is a mother-in-law in it, a best friend, a suspicious wife and a beautiful stenographer—everything, in fact, to break up a little home.

Ford Sterling as the best friend is hilarious. His amazed reactions to broken conventions are wonderful.

Tom Moore is the husband and Florence Vidor is the wife.

### The Younger Generation.

"Wild, Wild Susan," is the story of a little hoyden who should have been spanked. It is adapted from the story by Stuart Emery called "The Wild, Wild Child," and Bebe Daniels is Susan.

She is just one of the younger generation who make prankish ways a profession. It makes dull going for a long picture.

Rod La Rocque is the young man who chases about with her.

## Charlie Chaplin Wins His Derby

Continued from page 61

were mentioned as comedians who had worn a part at least of the Chaplin ensemble, and it was claimed that European clowns had used it in many stage plays. Billy West went on the witness stand and admitted he had worn the Chaplin make-up but had done it openly, as an imitation or burlesque of the great comedian. Rob Wagner testified that others had copied the outward technique of Chaplin but were unable to build up a spiritual entity.

"The costume was essential in establishing the character," Wagner

said to the judge. "But around it Chaplin built up a distinctive type that is something more than a man in funny clothes, big shoes, and flexible cane."

It was a peculiar problem that faced the jurist. Could a person copyright a suit of clothing, a dented derby, a pair of preposterous shoes, a little dab of a mustache, and a cane, to such an extent that no one else could wear them and be pictured on the screen? Is Charlie Chaplin an institution in himself upon which no one may infringe? Must the

screen character, "Charlie Chaplin," die when he quits the screen? Shall no one use his mannerisms, his funny little walk, and grimaces without placing himself in legal jeopardy? In other words, could Charlie Chaplin build a wall about his characterization which would bar all imitators?

Judge Hudner has at last handed down his "findings of fact and conclusions of law" in the case and, in general, has barred all imitators of Charlie Chaplin from encroaching upon his domain. Judge Hudner found that an actor is entitled to the full benefit of a characterization he has made nationally or internationally famous and that no one shall attempt to portray that character in any way that might tend to deceive "the or any people."

And that little clause, "the or any people," is held to be the main point in the decision. If a child who cannot read advertisements or titles sees an imitator of Charlie Chaplin on the screen and believes it to be Chaplin, the child is being deceived and comes under the appellation "or any people."

The screen colony in Hollywood believes the court has thrown a protecting arm about the motion-picture stars and said "Shoo!" to imitators who might seek to enrich themselves through shadows of reflected glory. There is to be no opening in screen work for any Floria Swansun, Merry Tickford, Nola Pegri, or Orma Fal-madge. A restraining order awaits the advent of any such name.

### What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

sweet, and Marie Prevost has the cutest mouth in the world. Clara Bow is a regular flapper with red, red curls all over her head, and she's very sweet. Agnes Ayres is very beautiful and, oh, so very blonde. Rudolph Valentino is so dark, so polite and so different than on the screen, much more human. I think Mae Murray is cute, but she is no youngster. Walter Heirs is a dream and so is Ricardo Cortez. Lois Wilson has a wonderful smile and Madge Bellamy has the cutest voice and most beautiful eyes. Billie Dove is sweet, too, and Laura La Plante is like a breath of spring air. She is very, very blonde and has small twinkling eyes, and a heavenly smile—and so that's that. Oh, yes, I want to say that I think Renee Adoree is so pretty. Why don't we see more of her? Her picture on your cover is beautiful.

FANNY, THE FLAPPER.

San Francisco, Calif.

### Look Out for Grant Withers.

Just a line suggested by a recent letter in your column stating that John Roche is the first Wallace Reid successor. In my estimation, Roche, although a fine performer, does not fill that classification at all. I think he will sooner or later succeed Norman Kerry.

A real follow up for Reid, however, is Grant Withers, one of the handsomest of

## At Last He Told Her The Truth!

So that was why he had hurried her home! The distracting loveliness of her radiant young cheek had spoiled his pleasure in their autumn walk. Jealous of the admiration that she had aroused on every side! And now, in the cozy firelight, he frankly confessed his misery at sharing with any other the clear vividness of her youth.

Always aglow with a magnetic beauty, she owed her vivacious charm to Pert compact Rouge. She had tinted her cheek with its lasting flush, applying it before powdering to make it waterproof. She enjoyed the feel of this smooth handmade rouge. It is delightfully fine to the touch and its texture is like satin on the skin.

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**N**OW comes a new accessory of feminine dress, the new **Velvet Grip Girdle Garter** which does not in the least retard circulation and permits entire freedom of movement. Worn around the hips instead of at the waist line, the Girdle Garter is so comfortable that you hardly know it is there, and the stress is so planned that it cannot possibly slip down. The Girdle Garter comes in different styles of webbing and shirred ribbon, in dainty colors and combinations of colors to harmonize with the prevailing shades in lingerie, and is equipped with the new Velvet Grip clasp, having the Oblong Rubber Button with no metal stud in sight. Prices range from \$1.25 to \$2.50.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON

Makers of Velvet Grip Girdle Garter  
Patented Feb. 10, 1925

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**BEAUTIFUL EYES** owe their depth and brilliance to the shadow of luxuriant lashes. By nourishing your lashes with LASHLUX, you can quickly enhance the size and expressiveness of your eyes.

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the younger screen players. He has been doing some great Western leads which should eventually get him something much better. Elinor Glyn has picked him for a winner and Elinor guesses pretty well, I've noticed. More boys like Withers and I fear for the continuance of Latin popularity.

FAYE PAUL.

928 Brond Boulevard, Glendale, Calif.

## The Spirited Appeal

I often wonder why so much attention is paid to the so-called sex appeal, and so very little attention given to that appeal which takes us out of the material up into the spiritual.

This latter appeal is possessed by some of our biggest stars. A few have it to a very high degree; notable among these are Irene Rich, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, and Ernest Torrence—and the late Wallace Reid.

These stars have the power and ability, when given suitable rôles, to carry their audience into the very gates of heaven. This, to me, is the supreme test of true artistry.

I have been so exalted by exquisite bits of acting done by the above-named artists that I seemed to dwell in a different world for days afterward.

While each of the above-named actresses and actors possess a goodly amount of attractiveness from a material standpoint, this, of itself, is of small importance. The appeal that these artists have is something far deeper and finer than the mere physical could possibly have.

A FAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

## More Impressions.

Letters have been printed frequently in PICTURE-PLAY listing impressions of numerous movie stars seen in person. As I had the advantage of living in Hollywood for a period of time, I was given the opportunity of seeing and meeting a large number of stars. I am, therefore, writing my impressions with the hope that they may prove a source of slight entertainment to some of your readers.

Norma Talmadge—A tiny person with gorgeous eyes and a possessor of a very pronounced individuality. She appears oblivious to the curious and staring people about her.

Constance Talmadge—Tall and thin. To my mind she affects too much make-up for the street. She is Norma's opposite in respect that she notices her surroundings and every one about her.

Conrad Nagel—The image of his screen self. Medium height, thin and very blond. Does not appear so boyish as the screen would lead one to expect. One of the most natural and unaffected persons of the movie colony. His devotion to his wife is superb.

Mae Murray—Owns a perfect figure and has the most beautiful legs and feet I have ever seen. I was surprised to find how exceedingly blue her eyes are. A showy dresser and one who plays to the public continually. She has a charming voice but in general is too affected to suit me.

Pauline Frederick—Has one of the strongest personalities in the movie world. Appears a great deal younger in real life, but seems to be of a decidedly nervous temperament. She is unusually gracious and as for her voice—words fail me. It is a real treat to hear her speak.

Reginald Denny—Very masculine indeed. Rather ordinary looking and speaks with a noticeable English accent. Has a nice singing voice.



## "Can I Reduce?"

### Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months! But this big reduction is not imaginary—Marjorie Crawford, 6710 Merrill Ave., Chicago, did it.

She used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method.

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### Anybody Can Reduce by This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records. Many more have used them for lesser reductions. Such cases ordinarily take less than a month. If you weigh too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this relief.

### Free Proof to Anyone

Send name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything; this free trial means free.

You'll enjoy the use of this demonstration record. You'll commence to reduce the very first week. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! The coupon brings everything:

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Bert Lytell—Very handsome and a good dresser.

Claire Windsor—A beautiful girl, but too thin in my estimation. She also affects a great deal of make-up.

Clara K. Young—Say, fans, she is not tall at all, and here's another surprise—she is also thin. At least, she was when I last saw her. A handsome woman, but oh, she has such a high voice.

Eugene O'Brien—Just the same as he appears in the movies, crooked smile 'n' all. Ever notice the springy little way he walks and the habit he has of raising himself on his toes?

Pola Negri—The most stunning of them all. No one else is the least bit like her.

Lila Lee—Very ordinary and not a very good dresser.

Douglas Fairbanks—The darkest tan complexion imaginable. A snappy dresser and always there with his ever-ready smile.

Norman Kerry—Dashing looking. Also very much tanned. Has a splendid physique.

Mary Philbin—Diminutive and doll-like with beautiful hair and gorgeous eyes.

Laura La Plante—A dear little girl and, oh, so sweet. Pretty as can be, too.

And last but not least—

Ben Turpin—A small man maintaining surprising dignity.

Knowledge of the increasing proportions of this letter limits my naming countless others. Perhaps some day, if the fans wish, I would like to write again.

HARRIET M. GLADSTONE.  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### A Word from Australia.

Why is Pola Negri given such pictures, and why is she kept so groomed, repressed and "tight?" Tight is the only word which seems to fit. Her hair is plastered tightly in position, her face through excessive use of make-up has a tight, strained look about it, her very gestures have lost that beautiful pantherlike grace so noticeable in her Continental-made films. Only once have I seen the wonderful, wreckless Pola of old, and that was the early part of her characterization of the gypsy in "The Spanish Dancer."

Most of the actresses of the present day, for that matter, suffer from over-grooming. Why so much fuss over Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer, Mary Philbin, and Colleen Moore? Their work never impresses me as being "anything to write home about," while on the other hand, Doris Kenyon is very good and most natural in her acting. I sincerely hope she does not have her hair cut off. In these days of universal bobbing and shingling, it is absolutely delightful to see an actress who looks the way woman was intended to look and not like a poor second edition of man which seems to be the aim of most actresses and indeed most women these days.

A girl to watch is Jane Thomas. She just sparkles. She is going to be very popular in the future if she retains this sparkle.

ESTELLE J. THOMPSON.  
663 Stanley Street, S. Brisbane, Aust.

#### Theater Managers Who Offend.

A few weeks ago I saw Charles Ray's latest picture advertised as follows: "Charles Ray and Betty Blythe in 'Percy.'" Now, I thought from this ad that Betty Blythe was the heroine and had an important part in the picture. Because I do not happen to care for Betty Blythe I did not go to see it. Recently I found out that she is only a dance-hall girl in "Percy" and has a comparatively small part. Barbara Bedford is the real heroine, and as I like both her and Charles Ray, I am sorry now that I didn't see the picture.

About a year ago when I saw "Wine of Youth," the same thing happened. The signs in front of the theater read: "Johnnie Walker in 'Wine of Youth.'" Being an ardent Walker fan, I went to see the picture. Johnnie was in the picture for about half a minute. He was in the part that depicted an old-time party which was then compared with a party of to-day. He didn't appear in the picture again, and if Pauline Garon and Eleanor Boardman hadn't been in the picture, I would have walked out on it. Another example of this is "The Folly of Vanity," in which Betty Blythe was advertised as the main attraction. Her part in the picture was no more important than some of the others, and why she was spread all over the ads I don't know. Something should be done about this. Theater managers should not so impose upon the public.

E. REINHARDT.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

#### The Debate Continues.

Yes, the debate continues! Marion Delahey's cynical words filled me with rage.



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By Edna Wallace Hopper

I wish every girl and woman would send this coupon and see the results of Clay. You will be amazed. I have seen countless women seem to drop ten years with a single application. I have seen multitudes of plain girls gain a rosy bloom in one-half hour.

Clay did more to make me a famous beauty than any other help I found. It does more now, at my grand old age, to keep me looking like a girl.

Noted beauties have for ages relied on Clay. So have women famed in history for their long-extended youth.

There is now a super-clay, white, refined and dainty. It is the final result of 20 years of scientific study. It combines two clays with other factors to bring multiplied results. That is the clay I now use. All toilet counters supply it as Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Clay. The price is 50c and \$1.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin, so every use leaves a rosy bloom. No lover of beauty who once sees these results will ever again go without them.

Send the coupon for a sample tube. I will also include a sample of my Youth Cream. That should always follow Clay. Learn what White Youth Clay—my new-type clay—can do. You will always thank me for supplying such a beauty help as this.

### For Trial Tube

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c for postage and packing. I want to try White Youth Clay. 4 PP

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The Misses Delahey, Kilmer, Austin, and Kinkead telling us what we should and should not like! In fact, calling the average fan absurd for idolizing actors. I must say there is little enough in the world to love without being told—very untruthfully—that our idols have feet of clay.

I, for one, consider Betty Ruth Janright childishly loyal and sincere. Why should she grow up? It's ever so much nicer to be like *Peter Pan* who never grew up than an old fussy person thinking wrong of everybody.

It would be good to keep in mind that actors are not the property of the public as the determined three in the July issue seem to think. We owe them a debt which we cannot repay for having helped to while away many otherwise weary hours by their entertainment. True, by amusing us they earn a great deal more money than many of us can hope for. Yet, why seem jealous? If you are, don't spread it.

No, we do not have to adore them but we may if we wish. Why not? What right has any one to tell fans what they should or should not like? None!

EDNA SWAN.

492 Sprague Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

### Some Suggestions for Producers.

There are a few things I should like to see in the movies. They are:

1. Ramon Novarro and Lillian Gish in "Romeo and Juliet."

2. Ramon Novarro and Lillian Gish in the picturization of a story called "Jingle Bells," which appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal* a year or so ago.

3. Ramon Novarro and Anna Q. Nilsson as *Sir Percy Blakeney* and *Lady Blakeney* in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

4. Valentino as *Vincius*, Mary Philbin as *Lygia*, and Ramon Novarro as *Petronius* in "Quo Vadis," with Rex Ingram directing.

5. Betty Compson as *Joan of Arc*.

6. Ronald Colman as *Sir Ralph Wellstone* and Anna Q. Nilsson as *Gelda Rhos* in Berta Ruck's "Sir or Madam."

7. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as *Stalky* and Wesley Barry as *McTurk* in Kipling's "Stalky and Co."

8. Ramon Novarro as *Christ* and Lillian Gish as *Mary* in the "Life of Christ."

V. E. CORNETT.

429 Short 7th Street, Santa Rosa, Calif.

### A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 54

"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.

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

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



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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.  
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My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR 14-DAY TREATMENT FREE. If you send a DIME toward expenses, (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only. Madame D. P. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

**"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.

**"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.

**"Chickie"**—First National. Dorothy Mackaill's performance seems too good for this cheap story of a poor but beautiful working girl and her romantic experiences.

**"Cloud Rider, The"**—F. B. O. Not much on plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

**"Crackerjack"**—First National. If you like Johnny Hines, you'll find this one of his best comedies.

**"Cyrano de Bergerac"**—Atlas. An Italian version of the Rostand classic that is sometimes beautiful, but, on the whole, pretty dull. There is a good performance of *Cyrano* by a French actor, Pierre Magnier.

**"Deadwood Coach, The"**—Fox. Typical Tom Mix Western, with the usual amount of fast action.

**"Dixie Handicap, The"**—Metro-Goldwyn. Frank Keenan as the impoverished Southern gentleman whose horse wins the race in the nick of time.

**"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.

**"Grounds for Divorce"**—Paramount. An adaptation of the stage play, minus most of its flavor. Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are lost in the general dullness.

**"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.

**"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.

**"Lady Who Lied"**—The First National. One of those pictures where the hero discovers his heroine after she marries some one else. Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi play the principal rôles.

**"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.

**"Making of O'Malley, The"**—First National. Milton Sills as the policeman who has to choose between love and duty. It is the usual hokum, but well done.


**"Man and Maid"**—Metro-Goldwyn. More Elinor Glyn stuff, but not up to her usual box-office standard. Harriet Hammond returns to the screen as the heroine, and Lew Cody is converted to the 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.

**"One Year to Live"**—First National. An imposing cast and elaborate gowns and settings fail to make this count for much. Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Mackaill, and Antonio Moreno are some of the principals.

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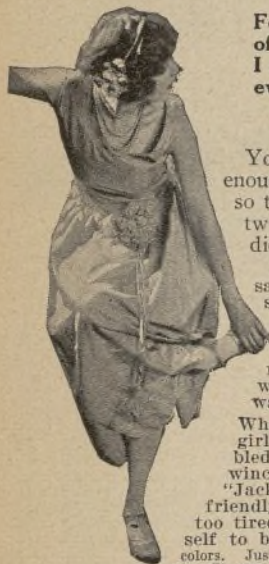
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# How I Was Shamed into Popularity!



For some reason I could never get out of the wall flower class. But one night I had a bitter experience that changed everything. Here's what happened.

By JAMES PRESTON

You know, I once thought nerve alone was enough to get by anywhere. That is, I thought so till I met Olive. You never in your life saw two people take to each other the way we did. If only that dance party hadn't come—

But dances are what parties are made for. I sat out two or three fox trots watching Olive spin around in the arms of other men and then I decided to take a turn with her myself. At the very first notes of the orchestra I swallowed a lump of fear and taking a hold that must have been screamingly funny if it weren't so pathetic—I started what I thought was dancing.

Wherever did I get my nerve? Where did that girl ever get her patience? I must have stumbled twenty times—and then in the middle, she winced with pain and stopped to rub her toes. "Jack," she said, her voice tried hard to be friendly—"Jack—let's not finish this dance. I'm too tired anyway," she added, struggling with herself to be nice to me. I guess I turned a million colors. Just then I wanted the ground to open and swallow me up. It was quite a while before I saw Olive again.

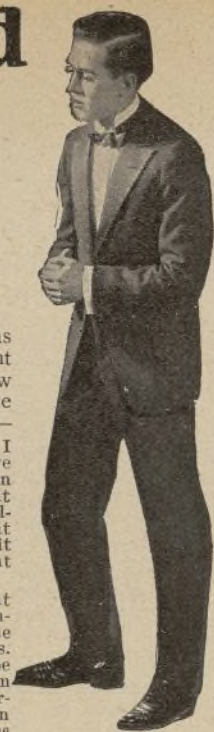
But that night I sat up and thought—suddenly it dawned upon me why I was so rarely able to make a date with the girls of my social set. Equally suddenly it occurred to me that there was a remedy—a quick, simple remedy that I had seen time and time again yet never heeded.

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Now the girls are just too glad to accept whenever I ask for a dance. I haven't known what a lonesome evening is since I mailed the coupon.



Whether you've had an experience like mine or not—take a tip from one who knows—avoid the possibility of embarrassment—this easy, pleasure-giving way. Mail the coupon at once and enclose only 10c to cover postage and mailing. ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 519, 801 Madison Avenue, New York City.

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 519,  
801 Madison Avenue, New York City

Without obligation please send me—absolutely free—the Arthur Murray booklet, "A Short Cut to Popularity." Also, your Test Lesson. I enclose 10c to cover postage and mailing.

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City .....

State .....

"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.

"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.

"Smooth as Satin"—F. B. O. A story about blundering crooks, with Evelyn Brent the one bright spot.

"Sporting Venus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save this hackneyed plot based on misunderstandings from being unbearable. Lew Cody is in it, too.

"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.

"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.

"White Desert"—Metro-Goldwyn. Claire Windsor roughing it in the snow country, with Pat O'Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

"Wings of Youth"—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Clayton is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.

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## Information, Please

Continued from page 102

ADELAIDE.—Yes, Lillian Gish's troubles seem to be over for the moment. Her suit against Charles Duell was won and now she has signed up with Metro-Goldwyn to start making pictures again. Ricardo Cortez isn't married, but if you believe in signs, it looks as if he and Alma Rubens may change all that, when her divorce decree from Daniel Carson Goodman becomes final, and when Ricardo's current contract with Famous is up. It happens to forbid his marrying—having in mind the Valentino case. If it weren't so trite I might spring that old one about the course of true love. Ricardo has been playing in "The Pony Express," which James Cruze is directing, with Betty Compson—his wife—in the leading feminine rôle.

## Addresses of Players

Lawrence Gray, 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 Kathryn Williams, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sally O'Neil, 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.

Bessie Love, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, 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 Universal 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.

Red 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 Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Madge Bellamy, 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.

Don Alvarez, Helene Chadwick, 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 and Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Constance Bennett, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Priscilla Dean, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Lila Lee, at the National Theater, West Forty-first Street, New York City.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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# How a "Crazy Invention" Ended My Baldness

Sixty days ago they called me "Baldy." Now they're amazed at my new growth of hair.

"GEORGE, don't be foolish. You ought to know there's no help for baldness. You're just throwing your money away."

"But listen, Bill—"

"Nothing doing. You can't convince me that anything will grow hair on that bald head of yours. And especially that crazy invention! Take my advice and hang on to your money."

That was how my friend, Bill Jenkins, felt. I had been telling him about a new treatment for baldness I wanted to take. He just wouldn't listen to me. He was all against it. And in a way I didn't blame him. For I certainly had wasted an awful lot of money on other treatments with no results. I had tried countless tonics and salves. I had tried singeing and massages. I tried crude oil and even mange cures. But every new thing I tried actually seemed to make my hair thinner.

Still, this new treatment was entirely different from anything I had ever tried. Other methods treated only the surface skin. This one consisted of a new invention which provided, for the first time, a method of getting right down to the dormant roots and nourishing them. The results it was bringing seemed really astonishing. Men who had been partially bald for years, who had long given up hope, were getting brand new growths of hair in surprisingly short times. Women, too, were using it with equally remarkable results.

But the best part of it all, as I later learned, was this—I didn't risk a penny in taking the treatment. The discoverer of this new method—Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—absolutely guaranteed an entirely new growth of hair in 30 days, or the trial would cost me nothing.

I just couldn't resist such an unusual offer. I had nothing to lose, and perhaps



At the theatre I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me

a lot to gain. So I sent for the treatment.

## The Biggest Surprise of My Life

When I first saw this new invention I laughed out loud. My friend Bill had called it a "crazy invention." It almost looked the part. But that didn't keep me from trying it.

The first two or three days, nothing happened. True, my scalp felt very much invigorated. And I didn't see anywhere near the amount of hair on my brush that I used to. Then, a few days later, I looked in the mirror. What I saw almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking thru, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every day I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair.

## Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

## New Hair in 30 Days or No Cost

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that noth-

ing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether you pay or not.

To be bald is certainly a real misfortune. In my own case it was more than embarrassing. Most of my well-meaning friends called me "Baldy." At the office they were always "kidding" me. And at the ball game or theatre, I

always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me. I never felt comfortable. So when I saw Merke's offer of new hair in 30 days or no cost, I determined to give it a trial anyway.

And without a doubt in the world, I will always consider the day I sent for the Merke treatment one of the luckiest days of my life.

## Coupon Brings You Full Details

I was once skeptical. And I suppose you are, too. But no matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how thin it is—no matter how little hair you have left—I certainly advise you to at least learn more about this treatment.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is the title of a vitally interesting 34 page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the Merke treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 3511, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in. I preach your system to everyone."—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker, and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—Tom Carson, Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file in the Institutes.)