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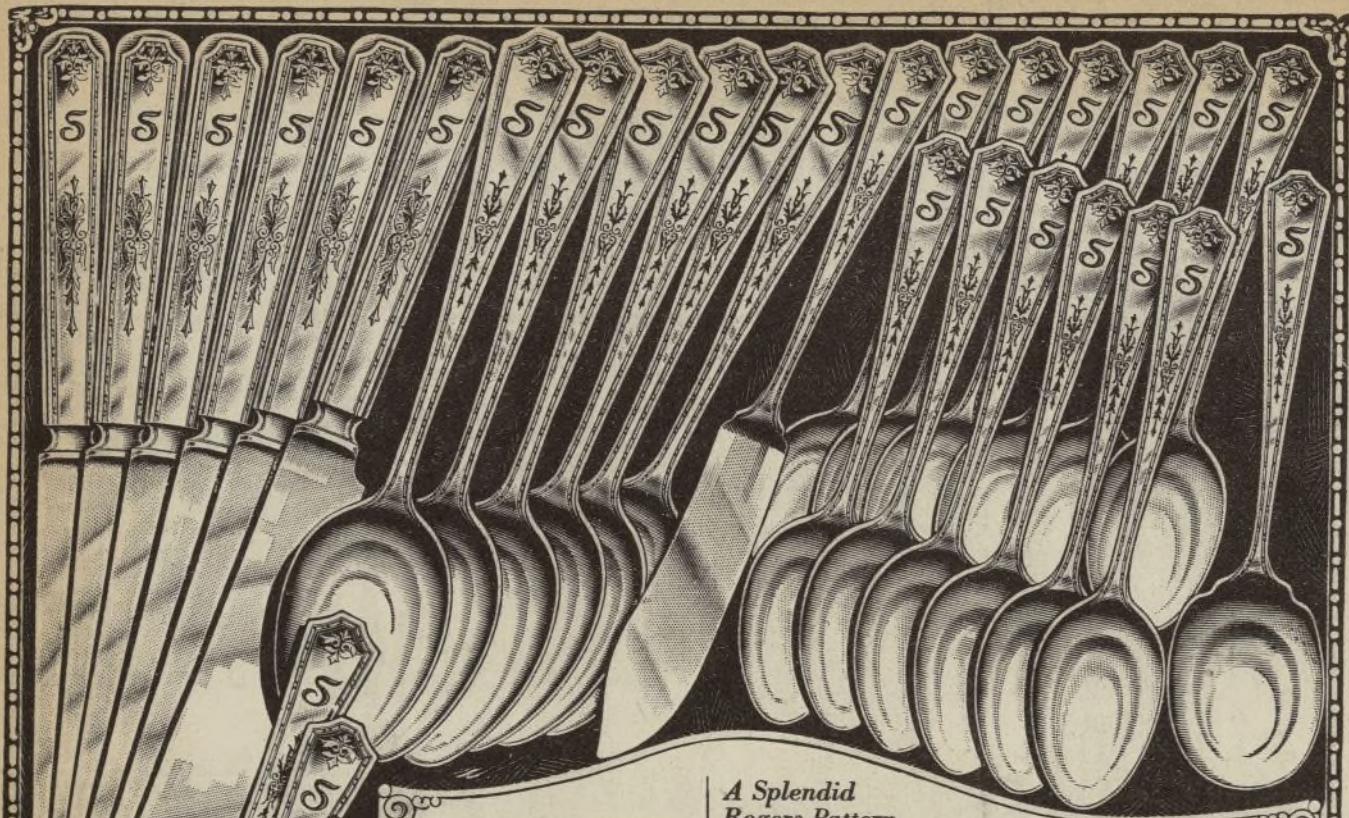


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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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The Revelations of a Leading Man



THAT is the title of a story which will appear in our next issue. It is one that will interest every fan. The leading man is Wallace MacDonald, and what he reveals are the methods and means which different female stars and leading women have used in "vamping" him on the screen. His observations, as related to Dorothy Manners, are extremely bright and amusing.



What a Pair of Newlyweds Think of Each Other

is the substance of another set of confidences, made to Myrtle Gebhart, by the newlyweds themselves, two players who are well known to every movie fan—Helen Ferguson and William Russell. In this article they tell what they see in each other—the faults as well as the good qualities, and every reader who is married, or ever expects to be married, will find a good deal in the way of interest and enlightenment in what this couple have to say.



These are but two of the many interesting and novel features that we are preparing for you next month. There will be some thirty other articles and departments, and we are sure you will find the issue one of the best of any fan magazine that you have ever read.





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What the Fans Think



From Two High School Flappers.

BY the letter from "Two High-school Fans," we take it that they think themselves rather important. They started out by saying, "We are going to tell you what the *average* high-school student thinks about the stars."

Well! do they think that because *they* like and dislike certain stars, all other students think the same? Not by far! As for Gloria Swanson, we'll agree with them that she's a real actress. But as for Ben Lyon not being the berries! Of all the nerve! It's absurd. We'll bet that if a vote was cast among the high-school students as to whether Ben was liked or disliked, about ninety-nine out of every one hundred would be in favor of him. The writers claim that they like Novarro, Valentino, and Cortez. Give *us* the Americans like Ben Lyon. They're lots better.

We sincerely love Lloyd Hughes, Colleen Moore, Marion Davies, Harrison Ford, and Pola Negri. And, of course, Ben Lyon. He's best of all. Betty Bronson, Greta Nissen, and Mary Brian, newcomers on the screen, are wonderful. And how wonderful Greta was in "In the Name of Love" and "Lost, a Wife." Connie Talmadge is a dear, too.

TWO HIGH-SCHOOL FLAPPERS.

Denver, Colorado.

An Amateur Detective.

A funny thing happened the other day that made me think Alberta Vaughn had quite a case on George O'Hara. I received a picture from her but instead of my name on the envelope it had George O'Hara's, with my address.

She *must* have been thinking of him!

MISS HARRIETT WETZLER.

828 Linn Street, Peoria, Illinois.

The Movies at Eton College.

At Eton College most of the boys like the motion pictures. Some just to go to them when they have nothing better to do, and others as an amusement which they place above many others.

However, this only applies to vacation. At school, we are not allowed into any picture palace in the neighborhood—or anywhere else! But for the last two years, on Saturday nights, during the winter only, we have had a cinema show at school. It is, however, not much of a show. The films are all British and mostly poor, while the projection machine has a habit of going on strike at critical moments. Every time this happens, there are howls and jeers from members of the audience, who, being at their own private show, feel it their privilege to liven up the performance.

I remember a nature study, where a poor insect of sorts was painfully working its way out of its old shell to appear in the end as a May fly. All through the process cries of encouragement came from the boys and shouts of "Hea-a-ve!" When the insect at last administered the final push and emerged exhausted but free, loud cheers broke out that lasted several minutes!

This cinema is not much yet, but it is a start, at any rate, and I, for one, hope that a few years from now, not only Eton, but all English public schools will be showing the boys good pictures once a week.

At universities the men are, of course, already allowed into the town cinemas.

EDWARD HUTCHINSON.

Les Cytises, Villennes s/Seine,
S. et O., France.

An Ardent Fan, Indeed!

To say that the fans don't collect pictures of directors as well as players is not true, for they do. I have a little sister who just *adores* Cecil De Mille. She thinks he's a wonderful director, but it is Cecil himself and not his directing that she likes so well.

Recently, in one of the movies magazines, there was a very nice picture of Mr. De Mille. As soon as she saw it she cried, "Oh! There's my Cecie! Isn't he *grand*?" She never tires of talking about "her Cecie." She has said that same thing every time she saw a picture of Mr. De Mille. And it is never anything but "my Cecie."

She is a very ardent movie fan, but *non* can compare with Cecie!

AMBER RENAUD.

145 6th Street, Apartment 5,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

From an Exacting Fan.

My text is taken from Aldous Huxley's "On the Margin." "However much we may admire the 'Chromatic Fantasie' of Bach, we all of us have a soft spot somewhere in our minds that is sensitive to 'Roses of Picardy.' But the soft spot is surrounded by hard spots; the enjoyment is never unmixed with critical approbation."

I had long heard Richard Barthelmess praised and lauded. In fact, he seemed the critic's idol. I went to see him in "The Bright Shawl." After seeing it, I wearied patient friends with eulogies on Dot Gish, William Powell, and Jetta Goudal. I was brought up with a start when, in answer to the question, "How was Dick?" I realized I had hardly noticed him at all!

A year or so later I saw "Classmates." I liked it. For the reason, please read Mr. Huxley's comment; my

Continued on page 10

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Pathéserial

In Ten Weekly Chapters,



ASK YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

soft spot was touched, my feelings tallied exactly with his description. Eagerly, then patiently, I sat through "New Toys," in which Mr. Barthelmess gave a perfect imitation of a fish out of water. Gathering up the scattered bits of my optimism, I went out to "Soul Fire" in the hope of a few more moments such as I had had a glimpse of in "Classmates." Alas! "Soul Fire" proved a great disappointment. For all the melodrama and "big moments" in it, it never penetrated through my hard spots. I left the theater, all belief in critics gone and only a vague faith left in Mr. Barthelmess.

Now for the prodigal son business. I saw "The Enchanted Cottage." My very best bow do I make to Richard Barthelmess! It was a masterpiece of perfect acting. Only Clive Brook could have equaled it, of all the actors of filmdom; which, sad to say, holds very few who really deserve that title. Now, why can't we have more pictures like that from Mr. Barthelmess? I know it is hard to find great stories or to make only great pictures, especially when they turn out financial failures. But just as a treat, after the mediocre, flabby affairs we have had all year, can't we have something to rouse us, something to show us what heights the movies can reach, something to make us cry "Our Dick is back again?"

I am sorry to have talked so much, but my earnestness carried me away.

BARBARA FORSYTE.

Fort Tyron Hall, 774 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

What a Thrill!

I had the thrill of a lifetime last Saturday when I saw handsome Lloyd Hughes in *person*! I cannot describe my delight when he smiled at me. I was thrilled to death! To me he is "the perfect handsome actor." No one can compare with him. He was splendid in "Sally" and "The Desert Flower," as well as all of the rest of his pictures. He has and is making a wonderful success as the handsome young, clean, versatile actor. Keep it up, Lloyd!

For a case of "blues" I advise any one to see one of Mr. Hughes' pictures. His handsome face and bright smile will cheer you up any time.

JUNE MINTER.

2402 N. Harding Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Star System.

"The star system" to me is one of the most important branches of the screen. Stardom should be the coveted goal of all featured players, and the stars should also be proud of their position and make each picture a sample of their best. But stardom is broken up terribly in several instances. Recently while glancing through a trade journal I was struck by this advertisement:

Von Stroheim's

"THE MERRY WIDOW" with
JOHN GILBERT—Mae Murray.

I am not wild about Miss Murray and I like John Gilbert, but is not Mae Murray a better-known name, a star of longer standing, and the actress playing the principal rôle? Why then should he be billed in larger type?

Another instance: The theater which I attend specializes in "First Pennsylvania Showings," so when "Sackcloth and Scarlet" arrived our paper had it:

Dorothy Sebastian

with

Henry King and Orville Caldwell

in

"Sackcloth and Scarlet."

Neither Miss Sebastian nor Mr. Caldwell meant anything to me, so I did not attend. I received a trade journal later. On the front, in glaring capitals, was:

Henry King presents
"Sackcloth and Scarlet"
starring

ALICE TERRY.

Alice Terry is my favorite actress, and for the first time I missed one of her pictures since "The Four Horsemen." Miss Terry and Miss Murray had worked hard only to be put back for new talent. Was it just? Maybe it was the exhibitor's fault. If it was, can't the picture companies impress upon them "who's who?"

A LLOYD HUGHES AND ALICE TERRY FAN.

Bellefonte, Pa.

We Want Mae Murray!

Last night I saw Mae Murray in "Made-moiselle Midnight," and was more convinced than ever that she is the most thoroughly delightful actress on the screen.

That woman made over a thousand gestures, and one could not point out a single one which was meaningless; she moved her eyes, her mouth, her hands, but every one of her movements had a particular meaning, all its own.

I think the most remarkable thing about her is that she is as natural as she is expressive; she is never forced, she makes you feel that she *wants* to do whatever she does, whether it be to laugh or to dance. Her spontaneity is a joy, and the fact that she is the cutest and most graceful figure on the screen to-day makes her the most enjoyable one as well.

We do not want her changed. We want her to stick to the things she is doing now, just as much as we want Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin to stick to theirs.

Milford, Del. MRS. W. H. ROBERTS.

Mary, as We Like Her.

Fans, what did you think of Our Mary in "Little Annie Rooney?" Wasn't she wonderful?

In a recent interview, Mary stated that she desired to play more mature rôles. Perhaps it is selfish of us to continue to want Mary, the child, when we know she prefers other rôles but, fans, who but Mary can portray a beloved impish little gamin, whom we all love, with more genuine pathos, more feeling? Who but Mary can gladden our hearts with a single smile? Who—but why go on?

We need Mary!

True, we found *Dearest* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" a beautiful character; *Rosita*, a lovable screen singer; *Dorothy Vernon*, a charming, lovely maid. But what are these compared to the mischievous little East Side gang leader she portrayed in "Little Annie Rooney?" You who agree with me will rejoice to learn that Mary is to play a child of twelve in her next picture, "Scraps."

Mary is truly "America's sweetheart." No other can ever take her place in the hearts of her faithful admirers. And I, for one, am glad Mary has returned to parts we all love her best in.

DALE ATHERTON.

960 Iglehart Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Continued on page 112

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First National

Richard Barthelmess in "THE BEAUTIFUL CITY"

ANOTHER "Tol'able David" character! For years Barthelmess fans have been asking for it. It's the Lower East Side of New York—not the Kentucky mountains—but the sincerity, flesh and blood human qualities that made "Tol'able David" the outstanding picture of the year, are present in "The Beautiful City."

Dorothy Gish plays the feminine lead opposite Barthelmess' role of Tony Gilardi. Time and place dwindle into insignificance with the unfolding of this "David" of the East Side. It's a story of genuine emotions that only an actor of Barthelmess' proven ability could screen effectively.

Edmund Goulding, who wrote "Fury," supplied this original script and the picture was directed by Kenneth Webb.



Richard Barthelmess in his big picture of the year, "The Beautiful City."



Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

SKILLED picture producers who have read this story by Margaretta Tuttle, declare that Sills, as Duke Andrea d'Arona, has the most chivalrous, picturesque role of his career. With lovely Doris Kenyon as his leading woman he sweeps into step with modern romance in the atmosphere of Italy.

Society's million dollar waterfront estates have been used to make this picture. It's a lavishness of setting that fits this lavish story of romantic intrigue.

Claude King, Dolores Cassinelli, Cornelius Keefe, Jed Prouty, Charles Beyer, Lorna Duveen, Vivian Ogden and J. Moy Bennett comprise the balance of this excellent cast. Lambert Hillyer directed under Earl Hudson's supervision.



Count Andrea (Sills) with Virginia (Miss Kenyon) in "The Unguarded Hour."

Pictures

Edwin Carewe presents
"WHY WOMEN LOVE"

EDWIN CAREWE'S imprint on a picture is as unmistakable as a Tiffany trade-mark on silverware. In "Why Women Love," an adaptation of Willard Robertson's play, "The Sea Woman," he has again engraved his distinctive, entertaining touch.

Surrounding the stern splendor of a rock island lighthouse—with Blanche Sweet as Molla, and Robert Frazer, Dorothy Sebastian and Russel Simpson in featured roles—and with an emotional drama of sea faring hearts, Director Carewe has produced another picture of unusual strength.

The story's dynamic force lies in a girl's fulfillment of her pledge to protect the daughter of a dead man, even to love's oblivion. From such a problem the spectacular burning of the lighthouse blazes the trail to ultimate happiness.

"Cheer-io!" Blanche Sweet as Molla, with a scene from "Why Women Love."



John McCormick presents
Colleen Moore in
"WE MODERNS"

DAINTY COLLEEN'S first picture in five months is from Israel Zangwill's stage success, "We Moderns," directed by John Francis Dillon with June Mathis, editorial supervisor.

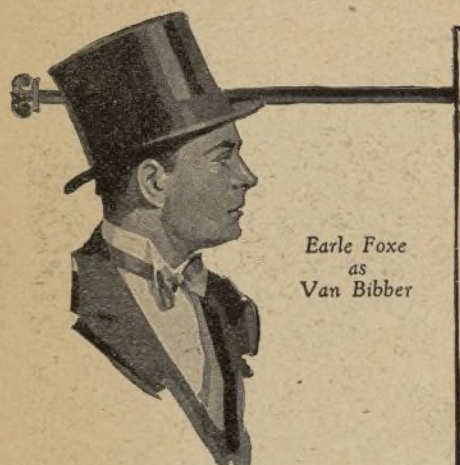
Mary Sundale, played by Miss Moore, and her brother, are leading exponents of a smart young set that scoffs at anything savoring of Victorianism. How they learn their lesson through a cloud of whirling gaieties, seared ambitions and near tragedy is a story that will give father and mother their inning.

Topping the plot is Miss Moore's dominating, whimsical personality and her adeptness at naive, humorous characterization. "We Moderns" holds rank with the best she has ever done.

Mary Sundale (Colleen Moore) breaks in on her first big party in "We Moderns."



Little things of large importance from the William Fox studio



Earle Foxe
as
Van Bibber



Hallam Cooley
as
Warren, the Groom
Kathryn Perry
as
Helen, the Bride



Every
O. Henry
Story
has an
O. Henry
Girl



The Sun
Never Sets
on the
FOX NEWS
Cameraman



Eight Expeditions
are in far lands
seeking FOX VARIETIES

IT OFTEN happens in the theatre that the long picture on the program has failed to please you, yet you are delighted with one or several of the "short subjects" that complete the bill. WILLIAM FOX has given the greatest care to these little "Gems of the Picture Program."

Van Bibber Comedies

Richard Harding Davis wrote the celebrated Van Bibber stories from which is made the series of short "society comedies" in which Earle Foxe has won just renown. Van Bibber Comedies have been ruling favorites in high-class theatres for the last two seasons.

Married Life of Helen and Warren

The stories by Mabel Herbert Uner published in the newspapers for fifteen years under this title have now been secured by Fox—a new treat for lovers of the little good things of the screen. Kathryn Perry and Hallam Cooley play Helen and Warren respectively throughout the series.

O. Henry Stories

You will see them live and move on the screen—those entertaining characters created by America's greatest short story genius, O. Henry. William Fox has made a series of new comedy dramas from these "Gems of Fiction." Never before screened—these little masterpieces visualize for theatre patrons stories and characters long beloved in thousands of American homes.

Imperial Comedies

The old "slap-stick" comedies are things of the past—so far as Fox is concerned! No custard pie or glue-pot messiness mars the entertainment that ceaselessly rolls through these, the cleanest, cleverest and most zestful comedies of this kind. Pretty girls galore, real plots, many clever animal actors—and brains used in the mixing!

Fox News

A vivid, stirring, gripping presentation of the great events of the world unfolded before your eyes. The scenes of today that will be the history of tomorrow, caught by the all-seeing eye of the camera, brought to you with speed, sincerity and truth—and a wonderful feeling for the human angle!

Fox Varieties

New, novel, charming and beautiful bits of romance from the far places of the world. Pictures that push back the walls of the theatres and take you through the lands you dream of seeing—that give you the feeling of far and brave adventures of your own.

They add spice to your favorite entertainment

Fox Film Corporation

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XXIII

DECEMBER, 1925

No. 4



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Surely this picture will arouse the eagerness of every fan to see Metro-Goldwyn's forthcoming picture version of "La Bohème." A story of poignant romance—the atmosphere of the Latin Quarter of Paris—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert—it looks as though a great treat were in store for us.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

*Have you ever had a movie crush?
Have you found yourself falling in
love with a screen actor or actress who
typified the ideal of your dreams?*

*Have you mentally given to your idol
more of yourself than you have ever
dared to give to any one in real life?*

*Probably you have been ashamed of
this, but if you read this article, you
may find that it was the best thing in
the world for you.*



TO begin with, I want to tell you about three people, three different cases that will illustrate what I want to say later.

The first is a girl who, in spite of the fact that she has money, friends, everything that one would think she'd want, is perfectly miserable—or was until she found out what lay at the bottom of her difficulties. People didn't like her. She was decidedly unpopular. She was pretty, entertaining, seemed to have everything that would bring her the happiness that she wanted and yet she was lonely, misunderstood, and finally, ill. Her family said she had a nervous breakdown and sent her to a sanitarium and she stayed a month and came home feeling just as she did when she went away.

She told me frankly what it was that made her most unhappy.

"I wish I could fall in love," she said. "Something's wrong with me, I guess, for I just can't. And that isn't the worst of it. Nobody falls in love with me. People don't seem to care, after they meet me once, whether they ever see me again or not. I have friends, but they aren't close friends—and they're my friends because I call them up and go to see them and make an effort to keep in touch with them. They don't really care anything about me."

She went on then and told me other things—about how she'd always been hungry for love. She'd never confessed it to any one else.

The answer to her problem was very simple. As a child she had learned not to allow herself to express affection, except very moderately. She had been ridiculed by her older brothers when she ran to one of them and threw her arms around him. As a result, she had thrust love into the background of her life even then, made it a thing to be ashamed of, denied it any outlet.

Naturally, when she got older, she could not give out even the warm friendliness that makes people like us. She might as well have tried to drag a shy child into the midst of strangers and bade it entertain them. What she needed was an outlet for her own power of love.

The Movies

The influence of movies on the emotional conservative people, but it is told in may be in offering an outlet to pent-up

By Louise

This is how she got it. I asked her to describe her ideal man. It wasn't hard for her to do. He was dark and romantic looking and a wonderful lover. I found later that she was describing her eldest brother, whom she had adored as a child. Valentino might have posed for the word portrait.

We went to the movies, to see "The Four Horsemen," which was being revived at a neighborhood house. I did not sit with her; she did not even know that I went into the theater. I told her to let herself go, to imagine anything she liked about her hero on the screen, to let her desire to love some one go out to him.

She went to the picture several times; later she looked up some of his other pictures and saw them over and over. She began to let the love that was being released in that one way, come out in other ways. The inner irritation which she had felt, unconsciously, and which had made her nervous and hard to get along with, and finally ill, began to seep away.

Valentino, as she imagined him, was not at all as he is in real life. She made him a symbol. She endowed him with all the qualities which she liked most in a man, the qualities which had attracted her in her brother. There was no barrier placed in front of that love, as there was between her and real people. She could feel perfectly free, you see. For the first time in her adult life, she could be herself.

Before that, she had been embarrassed when she met strangers, particularly men, because the ridicule which she had suffered as a child had made her so self-con-



Or perhaps, you have been thrilled at the sight of some one on the screen doing what you yourself have always yearned to do, but never known how to do, or never dared do.

And perhaps, like some of the people in the accompanying story, you have realized for the first time your own possibilities, and have been encouraged to put them to the test.

and Love

tions has been strongly condemned by this story how beneficial this influence feelings that have long craved expression.

Williams

scious. She grew awkward in the presence of new people, said things she didn't mean to, or else relapsed into what seemed a sullen silence, that really filled her with rage at herself.

When she realized the way in which she was coming out of that self-hypnotism she was heartily amused, and as soon as she began to watch her own progress intelligently, she improved much faster. She recovered her health as the strain on her inner self was dispelled.

The second case is of a woman who had been strongly devoted as a child to her father. To her he had seemed perfect. He died when she was sixteen. She did not get over losing him for years. She kept remembering him.

There were several men who were very fond of her, one who was madly in love with her, for whom she cared a great deal. She realized that he would make her happy, that the marriage was suitable in every way. Yet somehow she could not feel that she loved him. Something seemed to stand between them. And against her will, she kept turning to another man. He attracted her strongly, and she could not tell why.

She was annoyed at herself, disappointed at the way her life was turning out, yet she felt helpless.

She and I talked things over, and as we talked I asked her how she amused herself. She said that of late she couldn't read because she was too nervous; she loved to go to the movies. She particularly liked Richard Barthelmess' pictures.

"The first time I saw him was when he did 'Tol'able David,'" she told me. "That was shortly after my

father's death. The country in which the action took place reminded me of the country where my father was brought up. That is, I suppose the two places were alike; I've never seen the place where my father lived as a boy."

Later, in trying to explain her feeling for the man who seemed to come between her and the man who loved her, she said that he had taken her to that picture, shortly after they first met.

It developed that what she had done was to identify him with the background of the picture which so strongly reminded her of her father's life, and so of her love for him. A tiny thing, but, upset by her grief, she had seized upon it, unconsciously, and then transferred the feeling which the association of the picture with her love for her father made, to the man. When our emotions are seeking an outlet they often will take even so slight a thing as that to help them.

As time went on, she had begun to feel that there was something inexplicable that was drawing her to this man, in spite of herself, and by thus believing in it, she gave it power over herself. Although she knew that if she married him neither of them would be happy, she was on the verge of marrying him, feeling that somehow she was in love with him and could not be happy with any one else. But finally, by analyzing the reason for his attraction for her, she overcame it.

The third case is that of a woman who was unhappily married. There seemed to be no reason for her irritation with her husband; he was kind to her, very much in love with her—yet they could not get along. She could find no fault with him, specifically—but she did not want what marriage had brought her. He was no better satisfied than she was. Incidentally, they were both motion-picture actors, near the top of their profession.

The woman's childhood home had been a turbulent one. Her mother was a very excitable woman, one of those little, dark women who are never happy unless there is excitement all about them. Everything that she did was done vehemently. The woman's father

humored her mother, treated her like a spoiled child, saw to it that she had the excitement which she craved. Life was a party or a fight, always.

The woman herself, when she fell in love, picked a man who was married, and became engaged to him. His marriage had not been a success, but his wife had refused to free him, when he had asked her to—before he had met the other woman. Consequently the entire period of their engagement was shadowed by the need for deception. He and she were like actors in a thrilling drama. Their moments together were stolen, never as prolonged as they wished, fraught always with the danger of discovery.

The man's wife finally conquered her jealousy and divorced him. He and the woman were married. The excitement, the thrills were gone. All was plain sailing.

It was too peaceful. Without realizing it, she missed the turbulence that in her childhood had been associated in her mind with love. Her idea of happiness in married life was not perfect peace—although she had always supposed that it was. The period before her marriage had been perfect because it had had the excitement which marriage dispensed with.

She could hardly believe that it was too much peace that was making her and her husband unhappy. When she realized it, the unhappiness vanished.

That is nearly always the case; when people see what the hidden bugaboo is, they can laugh it to scorn, just as the scarecrow in the moonlit cornfield no longer frightens the small boy when he sees that it is not a ghost, but merely a scarecrow.

One of the things that made her realize what was the matter with her life was the fact that the rôles which she liked best to play were those in which she portrayed a wife who was having some kind of trouble with her husband—either because he had become interested in another woman or because some other man had come between them. She actually yearned for conflict in her married life. She liked pictures of that type best, when she went to the movies.

There are many cases similar to the first one I have cited. The majority of people do not fully release the love which is within them. By shutting it off from other people in their childhood, they shut it off from people and from their work and their play, in adult life.

This is one reason why the movie crush is a thing that should not be discouraged. Many a young girl makes of Valentino or Richard Barthelmess or Ramon Novarro a symbol of what she wants when she falls in love. She endows her screen hero with the qualities which she wants her ideal to have. By pouring out her emotions in his direction, she keeps them from being dammed up within her.

This symbol becomes part of her life; the cruelest hurt that she can suffer, she knows when some one makes fun of him. This is because he is a symbol, an idol, and not himself, the man. The wise mother makes no protest because her daughter has a screen crush. Rather, she encourages it, realizing that the girl is in this way giving vent to the love which must have release, and which might far more unwisely pour itself out less successfully in real life.

The vampire type of heroine has been successful on the stage and on the motion-picture screen because she answers a need of many people which is involved in their every-day life. Knowing that they are not using all of the ability which they feel they have, most of the people in the world to-day are—unconsciously, as a rule—reaching out toward the thing that will help them.

Women go to see actresses of the Pola Negri type because of two reasons. They want to know what it is in these other women that gives them the power of

attracting men, all men. Even while they know that the enchantress of the screen is irresistible to all the men in the story because the scenario says that she is, many of the women in the audience accept her for what she is supposed to be, most of the time. Thus it is curiosity, partly, that takes them to see Barbara La Marr and Pola Negri and Aileen Pringle in such rôles.

It is also an unrealized desire to see a woman triumph over a man. They themselves may be irresistible to some men. But they like to think that it is possible for woman to attract man always. The screen vamp gives them what they want.

In this country, however, the seductive woman, who is just that and nothing else, cannot hold her popularity on the screen. Pola Negri's pictures, for instance, have not the success that Gloria Swanson's have. This is partly a matter of race. In this country, we do not take the Continental point of view about love outside the marriage bonds. In France, for example, it is an accepted thing that a man and woman may make a marriage of convenience, and then seek love elsewhere, but not so here. For this reason, Pola Negri's German-made pictures were a sensational success over here, for in them there was much comedy, much opportunity for her to do other things than play the siren.

The young girl who dreams of having all the world fall in love with her, puts herself in the place of the vampire on the screen. The older woman to whom life has not brought satisfaction enjoys the vamp because she can't help feeling, "Well, I might have done it, too—if conditions had been different, if I'd had the chance." And the young boy or the man is likely to enjoy such pictures because it flatters him to feel that he might be the object of just such affection as he sees displayed between the people on the screen.

The power of love, if rightly directed, can make those who feel it accomplish their desires, because it makes them go into whatever they want to do, wholeheartedly. For instance, I know a young actress who has achieved great success in a certain kind of rôle, because she likes so well to play it. She has been acclaimed as a great actress—in that one kind of part.

Not long ago she signed a big contract. Her first picture was one in which she had a rôle which seemed to lie well within her powers—but her work in it fell far below expectations. When she stopped to analyze her own feelings about it afterward, she said that, although she had felt that she *ought* to play it, since the story was one by a well-known author and had been much advertised, she did not *want* to play it.

There is the secret. If you are going to do really good work, your best work, you must fall in love with it. You must care tremendously about doing it.

Such men as Edison have succeeded because they could let themselves be carried away by love for their work. Such success can come in no other way.

It is quite possible that by going to motion pictures you can find out where you are holding your own love back from your life, and why.

For instance, I knew a girl who was a stenographer in the offices attached to the studio of one of the big motion-picture companies. She was secretary to one of the heads of the firm, was very well paid, and had every reason to expect promotion. Yet she was not contented with her work.

"I just haven't any desire to go on with it," she said to me one day. "When I wake up in the morning I don't care about going to work, don't have any desire even to get up."

She was energetic, ambitious, the kind of girl who needed a position that would take her out of her home.

Continued on page 100

Don't Be Discouraged!

Thus speaks Harold Lloyd to girls and boys ambitious to break into the movies, and goes on to tell of his own troubles as a youngster and how he overcame them.

By Harold Lloyd

WHILE it is true that Hollywood is filled with ambitious youngsters who may never get their chance to make good in motion pictures, I do not believe in discouraging a single one of their ambitions. The movies literally are a game of chance. If you combine luck with ability, you stand a splendid gamble of making good, in my opinion. Discouragement is the worst enemy of every youngster trying to get ahead in the screen world, and if you can't stand a lot of hard knocks it's useless to try to succeed in the field of motion pictures, or in any other sphere, for that matter.

Several times, in the last eighteen months, I have been requested to write an article advising the youth of America to keep away from Hollywood, saying that there is no chance, except for a favored few, for them to make their way in motion pictures, and that if they *must* come to the West Coast, they should come prepared financially to spend at least a year in idleness.

Always I have declined to appear as the author of such an article, for I consider my own case, and wonder what would have happened to me, where I would be to-day, had I been discouraged from coming to Hollywood. After I landed in the Mecca of filmland, I had a mighty difficult time getting as far as the inside of a studio; but I do believe that for the boy or girl with acting ability, who is persistent, and is prepared to stand some hard knocks, there is plenty of opportunity in the motion-picture field. Certainly, the successors to the Fairbankses, the Pickfords, the Swansons, and the Meighans must come from somewhere. Just where is that somewhere, presents the great problem. A portion of them will come from the field of the legitimate drama, the vaudeville stage, the musical comedy; others from farms, or from offices. That at least, has been the history of the motion-picture industry so far.

Its recruits have come from every walk of life. You can glance through the biographies of the principal stars of to-day and you will find that is true. Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge are developments of the screen exclusively. They came from nowhere, figuratively. But they are exceptions.

As for myself, I had quite a little dramatic training before I ever thought of going into motion pictures. In fact, I just literally drifted into them. From the time I was twelve I was on the stage, playing with stock companies in the Middle West and in California.

In San Diego, I was an assistant instructor in a school of dramatic arts, and in the evenings, played character

THEY SHOULD KNOW

If any one can tell whether or not it's difficult to get into the movies, it should be the stars themselves. They got there, and so ought to know just how hard it was. And you'll usually find that they, who have had more firsthand knowledge on the subject than any one else, also have more encouragement to offer to beginners than is the rule.

Only last month, the *Observer* noted that Ben Lyon was championing obscure extras, and now Harold Lloyd comes forward and with his own pen, advises young movie aspirants to take discouragements with a grain of salt, and not to allow themselves to be bluffed by tyrannical gatekeepers. He says, in effect, "I, too, was once told that I hadn't a chance, but if I had believed everything that was said to me, where would I be to-day?"



Photo by Gene Kornman

rôles with a local stock company. I was then about eighteen. A company of Edison players were working at Balboe Park, and needed a number of extras to play Indians at a Spanish fiesta. I was engaged for one of the parts. That was my first introduction to work before the camera.

Later, when we decided to move to Los Angeles—Dad and I—we had our hard battle trying to break into the film game. At first it was like breaking through a ring of steel. It seemed as though everything and everybody was pitted against me. And I believe it is the same way to-day for the youngster trying to break into the game, unless, of course, you can exert a little inside influence. If you waver or lose hope, you are absolutely lost. I certainly should have been, had I let every little discouragement I met weigh very heavily with me. I will admit, however, that I was pretty sorely tried before I finally managed to break through and get my start with Universal.

Day after day, as I visited the Universal studio, which at that time was the main one on the West Coast, I met with rebuff. In fact, I never was able to get past the gatekeeper, who still stands out in my memory as a demagogue supreme.

Finally, I pitted my wits against his, and I won—by a narrow margin. Across from the Universal lot was a little restaurant, where most of the actors lunched. I noticed that the people in make-up came and went at

Continued on page 105



Bebe's entire world would crumble if the Kleig lights went dark and the studios shut down, and her pale, wan ghost would probably haunt dressing-rooms grieving over the lost mascaro and grease paint.

The Sketchbook

Intimate glimpses and impressions of some of the stars, encountered here and there about Hollywood.

By Dorothy Manners

Revelations of a Former Domestic.

BEBE DANIELS is back in California making "Martinique" at the Lasky Studio after several years in New York. I saw her the other day and almost bobbed her a curtsy out of sheer force of habit. Which reminds me of something.

I used to prance up to Bebe on the average of two or three times a day and say "M'lady, the carriage awaits without—" or words to that effect.

And Bebe would say, "Ho-ho, Hortense, without what?" or some such. Then I'd hold her coat and make a snappy little bow as she flew off the set in the direction of the carriage awaiting without.

Or maybe I was one of those uppity maids who giggled at Bebe, the poor little country girl, who wasn't on to our elegant, city sophistications. It all depended on the scenario. But you can count on this—if it was a Bebe Daniels picture, I was the maid. I used to maid it for Wanda Hawley, May McAvoy, and other Realart stars on rare occasions, but Bebe was, you might say, my permanent employment. I don't know why, unless it was because they were featuring her in clothes extravaganzas at the time, and wardrobe symphonies are always good for at least one maid.

Bebe's pictures were scheduled like sausages. She used to go from one scenario to another, all formulated, stereotyped, patterned, sure-fire stuff. I used to marvel at her enthusiasm. She began each one as though it was the story of her heart's desire. She played those little lightweight rôles with the same enthusiasm she would have lent *Zaza* or *Carmen* or *Du Barry*. I have seen

other actresses so bored with a part, it was all they could do to drag around the ermine. But Bebe, never!

I don't know what would happen to Mrs. Daniels' daughter if the Kleig lights went dark and the studios shut down. Other players can be imagined trotting off to Europe, or settling down to the lives of country ladies and gentlemen. But with Bebe it would be something terrible. She would probably haunt the dressing rooms, a beautiful, wan ghost, grieving over dusty mascaro boxes and pink, grease-paint sticks. It's in her blood.

I know that if I had to go back to domestic work, I'd rather work for Bebe than anybody.

DOROTHY MANNERS,

who, as our readers know, has been a player of experience, a leading woman to several of the well-known male stars, begins, with this installment, a department of her own, in which she will present, in brief, chatty form, her impressions of the stars whom she knows, not merely as an interviewer, but as a fellow professional.

You will find, in her comments, an unusually interesting point of view, and one differing from that of any other writer on screen topics.

Romantic Interlude.

Now that Charlie has left on the first lap of his trip to Europe, Lita Gray Chaplin has seemingly secluded herself again. For a while she and Charlie were extensively entertained by Mary and Doug, Marion Davies, the Talmadges, and others. Maybe little Charles, Jr., is taking too much of her time. Or maybe Lita doesn't care to go around without Charlie.

Just a few days before he left for New York, I saw the Chaplins motoring along Sunset Boulevard. Charlie was driving his blue roadster and he and Lita were quite chummily alone except for a chauffeur marooned out over the tail light. Charlie was gazing at his wife with what appeared to be all the affectionate ardor of a schoolboy. And Mrs. Chaplin was something to look at. She was in pale-blue sport clothes, and with her black hair and eyes, looked very striking indeed. Also very happy. The dove of peace was conspicuously present.

Mr. Dix, on the New York Shows.

People used to say to me, "You know Richard Dix, don't you?" and when I'd say "No," they were always polite about it, but a little put out. I got the impression that you hadn't lived life fully unless you knew Richard Dix.

Having met him just recently, I might say that he is all he was cracked up to be. He is, by turns, witty, serious, convivial, philosophical, fanciful, and practical.

If I found him a little more of a play boy than "The Christian" had led me to expect, it may probably be accounted for by the spur-of-the-moment impression of a first meeting. Both of us said "How do you do" simultaneously, and neither answered. I once read that Mr. Dix said it was one of the handicaps of this game—meeting people—"especially lady interviewers." I agreed with him. So by way of an opening, I suggested that interviews were rather stupid—and didn't he think so? "Not at all," smiled this hero of a million picture frames, not knowing that I knew better. But at that, it was the only gallant thing to say. The well-conducted young man doesn't look even a lady reporter in the face and tell her she is about to be a bore.

He has since returned to New York, but at the time I met him, he was under the impression that he was going to be in California for several months. California, he said, was a marvelous country. He was smoking as we talked and he might have been burning incense to the weather. New York had its plays, of course.

"But at the present," he said, "they are a little embarrassing for mixed company. You take a young lady to a popular hit and before the first act is half over, you begin to hope she is a little hard of hearing. Not that some of them aren't perfectly wonderful. 'What Price Glory'—Lord! I haven't any words for it! It is a masterpiece. But it is typically a man's show. Very few women like it. It is war without its glamour, and women aren't used to that phase of fighting. The language is far from pretty, and that goes for 'They Knew What They Wanted,' too. That is also a powerful thing, but when the man in the piece begins to call his wife everything under the sun but a lady, you begin to wish you had come by yourself."

Knowing the way Richard feels about it, I hope they have cleaned up the New York shows for him so that he won't have to go alone. That would be tough on the "debs," or the baby stars, or whoever it is he escorts to the theaters, wouldn't it?

The Puzzling Mr. Nagel.

If you were to get past the gateman at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and find yourself at liberty to browse around the lot, leisurely, it is more than likely that before long you would run across a tall, fair young man, in pink make-up, on his way to work on one of



Photo by Eugene Robert Riches

Richard Dix finds it a little embarrassing to take a young lady to any of the current New York stage hits, and begins to hope before the first act is over that she is a little hard of hearing.

the various stages. He would be very intent on his destination, and unless you stood on your head or flipped a handspring or something, he probably wouldn't notice you. This would be Conrad Nagel.

Now, because you have always admired Conrad on the screen, you might go up and tell him so. Whereon, Conrad would grasp you by the hand and assure you in almost boyish enthusiasm that he was glad to meet you. As you chatted for a while, you might think how unlike an actor he is. So interested in his new home in Beverly Hills—in his wife—in their little girl. Just like that young Mr. Thompson who married Bessie High—the second High girl, you remember. Like folks. Even as you and I.

You would think these things about Conrad Nagel and then you would go away thinking you knew him. Which would be a little joke on you, because you wouldn't know him at all.

Ever since Conrad flashed on the screen in "Little Women," I have been reading that he is just like "average folks," but either I am all wrong or else every one

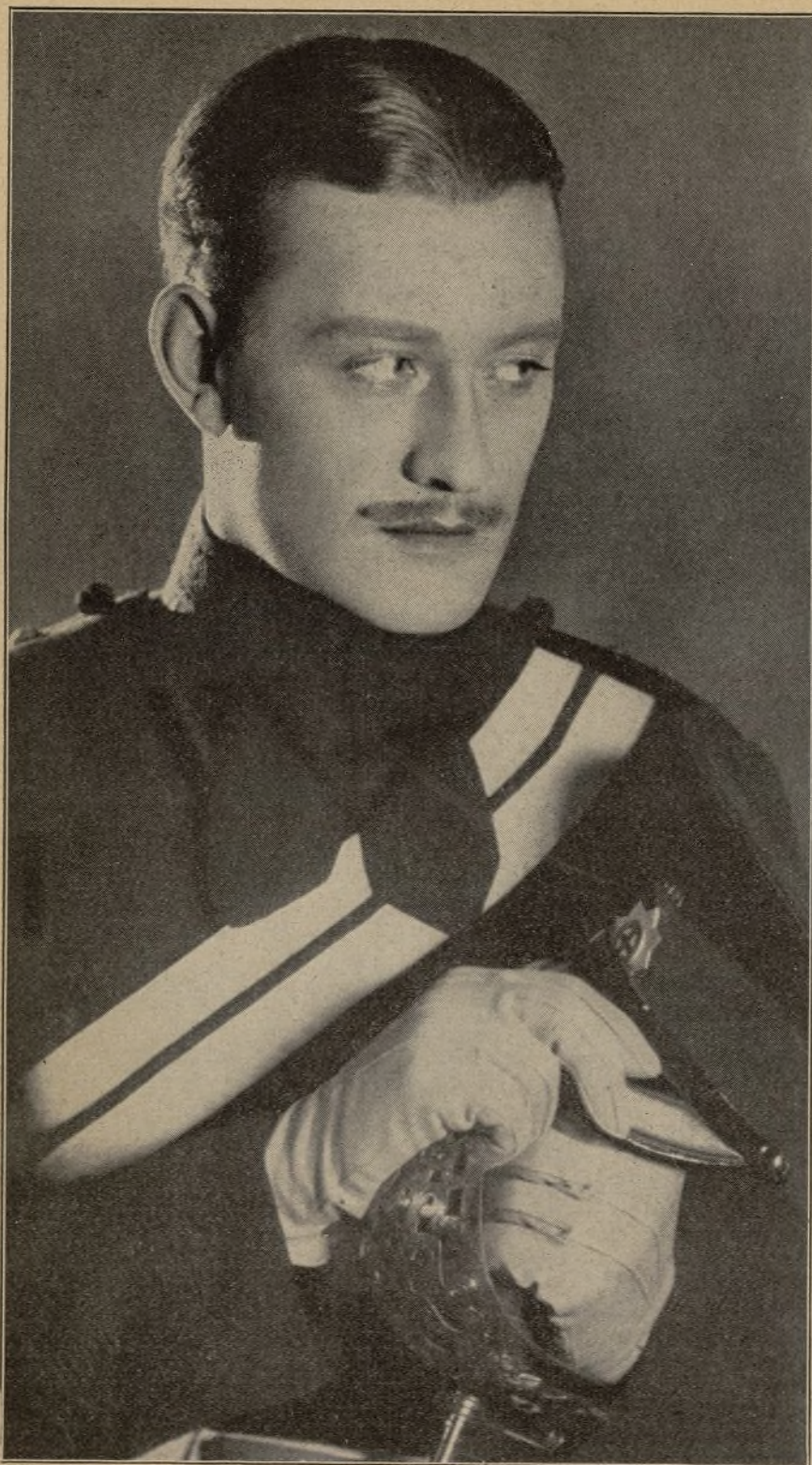


Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Conrad Nagel is said to be just like "average folks," but Dorothy Manners thinks him the most puzzling young man in the studios.

is out of step but me, for I have a sneaking suspicion that he is the most puzzling and enigmatic young man in the studios.

Our casual acquaintance—Conrad's and mine—has extended over three years. I have been on location trips with his companies. Several times between scenes we have had long chats, yet I feel that I know him no better than I did the first time I saw him swinging across the Lasky lot. There is always that barrier of his tactful cordiality.

For instance, he is a person of decided views one

way or the other. You sense this quality instinctively. Yet ask him what he thinks of some one or something, and this is what happens:

He looks you amiably in the eye for a moment as though mentally debating whether you are worthy of his confidence. Deciding briskly that you aren't, he flashes one of his illuminating smiles, and says, "Oh, great! Isn't he (or she, or it)?" when you know all along he thinks he, or she, or it is a perfect dud.

I have always felt that Conrad is a person who lives in his mind. A few people do. Most of us live in the body, and a scattering few, in the spirit. But Conrad, having established residence in his own head, has isolated himself from petty contact. Few people would be invited to his confidence. He is lavish in his acquaintanceship, being on speaking terms with every man, woman, and child in Hollywood, including the Scandinavians, but I believe his friendship would not be lightly given.

I never think of him as having continuity in his personality in the way that I think of Mary Pickford as being always "wistfully gracious," or Percy Marmont as witty and friendly. Rather do I think of him as the central figure in a series of disconnected tableaux—standing in the light of a stained-glass window, as a congregation sings hosannas to God—kidding and squabbling with Renee Adoree over a game of mumble-the-peg between scenes—reading popular novels in a quiet corner of the set. Disconnected things like that.

But if I were to try to express the keynote of his personality into a few words, they would be "sympathetic detachment." No shoddy cynic, Conrad. A believer. Even if his trust should betray him, I imagine he would arise to dust his suit in the face of whatever it was, and continue to believe.

These are all just so many surmises and suppositions on my part, and should be taken for such. For a fact or two, he is now working on "Memory Lane," with Eleanor Boardman, which you and all may see.

Since California has had rain out of season this year, also earthquakes and forest fires, Walter Heirs says the R. S. V. P. on smart dinner invitations means, "Rain, snow, and volcanoes permitting."

This Charming Person.

I had always wanted to meet Corinne Griffith but I had heard she was a lady so I put it off indefinitely. I had met Hollywood "ladies" before. Besides, I am never at my best near too much refinement and I wanted Corinne to think well of me. She is one of my particular favorites.

On the screen she has always stood so definitely for good taste. It is said around the studios that she won't do this, or that, in her pictures if it borders on the vulgar or the cheaply sensational; and that her professional policies are merely reflections of her personal taste. In Hollywood, where you have to make up your mind one way or another, Corinne was unanimously a lady.

I might have gone on letting her good name stand in the way forever if I hadn't read that she liked beer. I figured that any lady who liked the kind of beer you get *now*, couldn't be without a sense of humor.

So, by appointment, I called on her at her home in Beverly Hills. Hers is one of the loveliest places in a suburb of nothing but lovely places. Its charming English dignity is an ideal setting for Corinne Griffith. Tall trees fringe the outskirts of her property in wavy formality, and on this particular sunny morning nurserymen were busy with other foliage which will border the footpaths and a new swimming pool. Later, Corinne told me she had spent the morning superintending the planting of some of these trees. "Not that I know anything about planting trees," she explained.

She had thoughtfully sent her car for me and when I arrived, she was waiting. Evidently the lady doesn't care anything about making entrances for effect. But why should she? Corinne Griffith is her own effect. At ten o'clock in the morning, she was looking perfectly lovely, which is no time for any woman to look perfectly lovely unless she was born that way. She wore an utterly enchanting face, framed softly in brown hair and elegantly ornamented with the clearest gray eyes I have ever seen. But I was prepared for her beauty. It is an institution in Hollywood.

It was when she opened her mouth that I got the surprise of my life. And it wasn't what she said, because all she said was "Good morning, how are you?" It was the way she said it.

There she stood, that orchid of the screen, talking to me in a lazy language I hadn't heard in years. Not since the last time I had been home. That particular intonation means just one thing: that ones English has summered at some time or other in west Texas where it is so hot that consonants melt on the tongue and the "r" is dropped, out of sheer fatigue. Right then and there, we launched into a half-hour discussion of the cities, finances and tamales of our mutual State which couldn't be of much interest to the world in general. But Corinne told me something about herself which proves without a doubt that I was right about that sense of humor.

"My sister in Texas had a birthday not so long ago," she said in drawly humor, "and I slipped down home with a little car as a gift. It was just a tiny little thing, looked like a little bug. But the first night I was there, the whole family decided to go riding in it. You know



Corinne Griffith—a "lady," but not without a sense of humor—encountered some Ku Kluxers on a lonely Texas road.

those Texas roads? You get started on them and they are so bad you can't turn around. We kept right on going toward the end of the world until we ran right into a Ku-Klux Klan meeting. It looked like just a nice social affair but my family was scared to death. My sister was so nervous she couldn't turn back. *Somebody* had to. So I took the wheel and turned around on a space about as big as a dime between two ravines. I haven't driven a car in four years which probably accounts for the skill. Any one who knew anything about driving couldn't have done it. From the way we scooted home, the dust must still be flying."

Corinne, the aloof, the unattainable, scooting down a rotten Texas road in a little bug of a car, fleeing from the Ku-Klux Klan was too much for my sense of humor. I had to laugh. And Corinne had to laugh at herself.

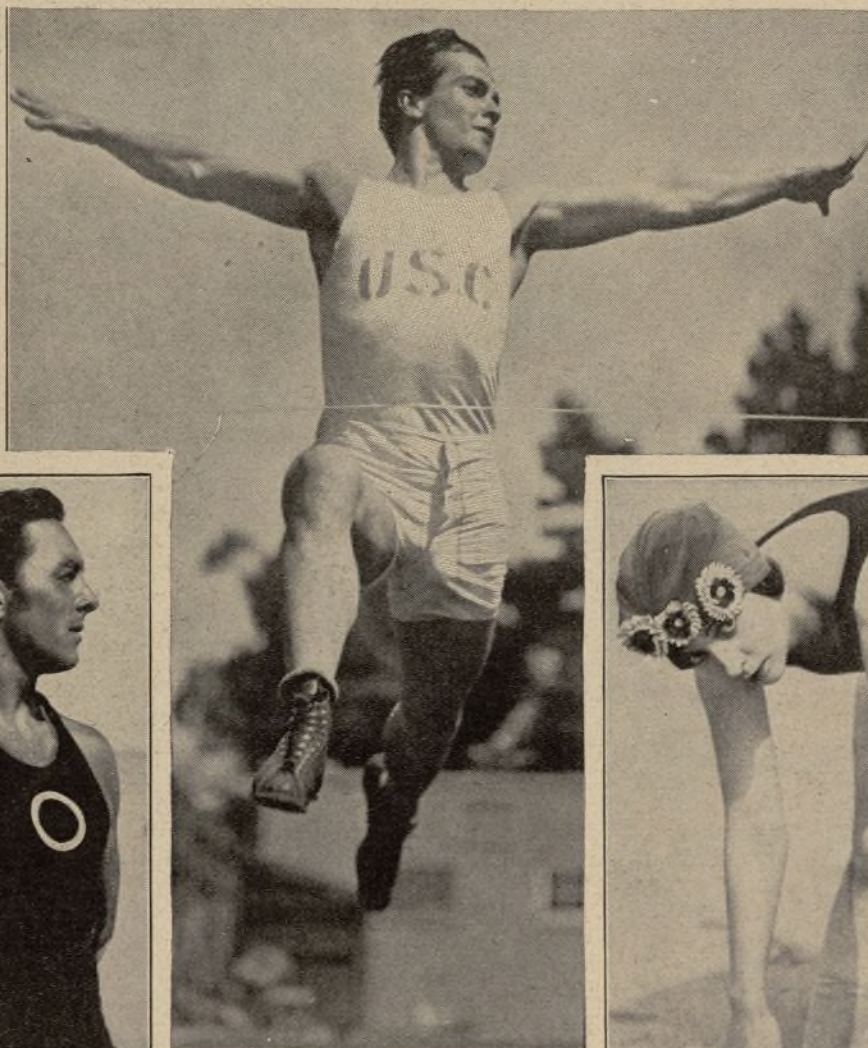
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Keeping Fit

Tremendously wearing is the life of a movie player, with its long, irregular hours and its drain on the emotions, and unless he makes a point of squeezing in all the physical exercise possible, he may find himself breaking under the strain.

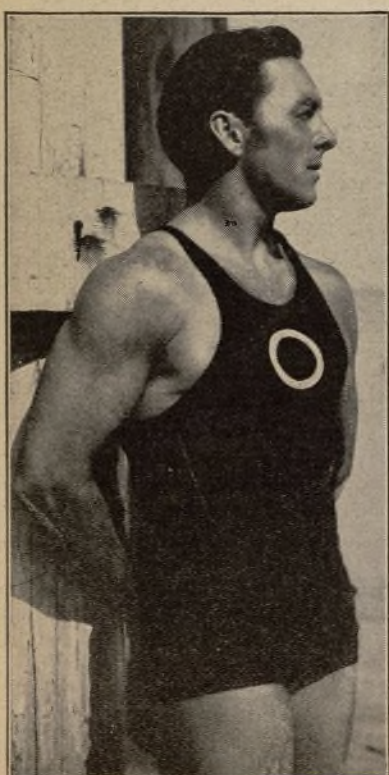


Ramon Novarro always plays such virile parts that he's bound to keep in shape for them—not that he wouldn't keep in shape, anyway, for he loves sports as much as any young man in the movies. His attitude at the right is characteristic of his daily activities.



It's never too soon to start, and at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, even the extra girls have begun to train for the strenuous career ahead of them.

Kathleen Key, shown below, never fails to take time off for setting-up exercises.



George O'Brien, at the left, is a great outdoor man, as can be seen from the heavy coat of tan that he has acquired. He is one of the finest athletes among all the screen stars of Hollywood.



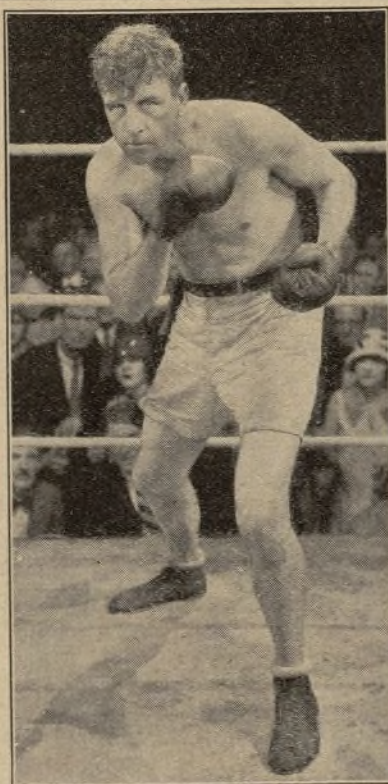


When Leatrice Joy, above, returned to studio work after having taken a little time off for maternal duties, she found it even more necessary than

Photo by William Davis Pearsall
ever to watch her health and figure. You will see her, by the way, at her rowing machine, in her next picture.



Kenneth Harlan, above, had a severe illness a few months ago, but as soon as he was able to be about, he began exercising so conscientiously that he soon got his strength back. It's not at all unusual for him to start the day off with a long, cross-country run with his trainer.



And Pauline Starke, at the right, gets up bright and early every morning, just as regularly as clockwork, and devotes an entire hour to calisthenics of every description, topping it off with a plunge into her swimming pool.

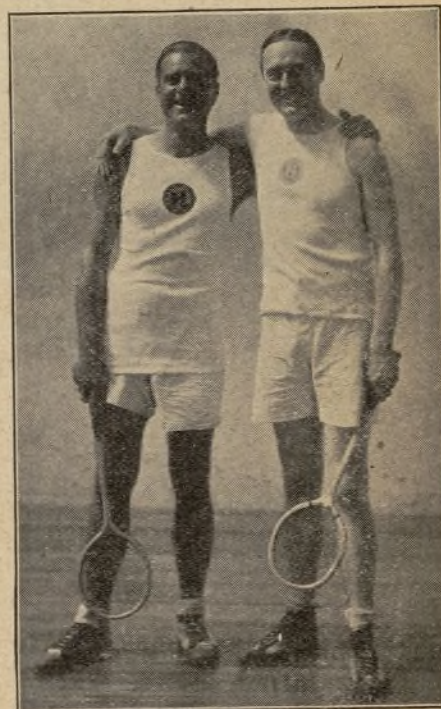


Photo by Fidler
Bert Lytell and Edmund Lowe, above, have become famous opponents in squash, and there is much excitement over the competition between the two. Ed has got a slight edge at the moment on Bert, but they are very closely matched.

Milton Sills, in the picture in the center, looks as though he is fighting in earnest, but he's really just limbering up for another long spell before the camera.



Colleen Moore's eyes would not be so sparkling and expressive if she didn't keep them clean and refreshed with frequent applications of eye lotion.

ONE day last winter I sat in the pale-gray salon of a famous beauty specialist, discussing special treatments with her. A woman swathed in luxurious furs came in, spoke to her, and went on to one of the smaller rooms. There was something familiar about that fur-wrapped figure, and I wished that I had seen her face.

Some time later, when she left, I saw her again. It was Clara Kimball Young.

For years she has been famous as a beauty, as well as for her ability as an actress. And remembering that she was coming back to the screen, after being away from it for a while, I was curious about her appearance in that temple of beauty. It was fitting enough that she should be there, certainly, for this was not one of the freak places where you pay thousands of dollars

Where Do the

No matter how much they have to begin with they usu

By Violet

for treatments that give you a new face in place of the old one you've had a chance to grow accustomed to, but one of those where you are given beauty health, to coin a phrase. It's like a beauty rest cure, in other words. And no doubt Miss Young had dropped in for one of the cleansing treatments, or rest treatments, for which this establishment is famous.

If you're as much interested as I was, you'll want to know what sort of treatments these are.

The shop is high above Fifth Avenue, whose rumble faintly reaches you, as you take off your frock in a lovely, little gray room and sit down in a big morris chair that is covered with light material. An attendant—a graduate nurse, in my case—sees to it that you are protected by towels so that no oil or cream can get on your clothing, and binds your hair in a towel.

You know the procedure of the usual beauty treatment—cleansing with skin tonic, with cold cream, with skin food; so much has been said and written about the care of the skin that every one knows it. But there were special features about this establishment's treatments. For instance, there was an eye cream—a fine, fragrant, pale-yellow cream that was lightly rubbed into the skin beneath the eyes. A sure sign of age, those telltale wrinkles that come under your eyes, and another one is the puffy look that is so likely to appear with the years.

But this cream really feeds the skin, makes it look young. I know a young motion-picture actress who some time ago was laid up by an accident. Like most young actresses, she wouldn't waste time, even while she was convalescing. Twice a day she rubbed cream under her eyes, very lightly, so that the skin would not be drawn. When she went back to work all the sun wrinkles that she had had were gone, and she photographed so much younger in the scenes of the picture that still had to be taken that some retakes were necessary!

Another feature of the treatment I've just been telling about is the use of an eye lotion—and incidentally, the best eye lotion in the world is diluted boric acid! It is used with an eye cup. Afterward small, thin, curved pads of absorbent cotton are wrung out of skin tonic and placed beneath the eyes, and then you lie quite still for five minutes, with other pads of cotton over your eyes, just resting. Try it some time at home, and see how bright and clear your eyes are afterward. This is part of the daily beauty care of many an actress who can't afford to lose her looks—why not make it part of yours?

When the treatment has been finished, by the use of ice



The lustrous beauty of Alma Rubens' hair can be attributed to applications of hot olive oil.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Stars Buy Beauty?

ally want to get more, and to protect what they have.

Dare

wrapped in gauze that has been dipped into an astringent lotion, there's nothing but make-up to follow; vanishing cream as a powder base, if you want it, powder, rouge, and you're done.

Ten Dollars for an Egg!

Here's another beauty hint that I gleaned from a beauty shop further up Fifth Avenue, one that made me rage inwardly when I discovered it, but which has caused me to rejoice ever since, because it can be used with profit at home. Several motion-picture stars, whom I knew, had told me of this establishment, and urged me to go there—at five dollars a treatment, ten for a special astringent treatment. It was early in the fall, and summer is rather hard on one's complexion—so I had a ten-dollar one.

And what I got, aside from the usual cleansing treatment, was an egg. Not a whole egg, either, just part of one. The white—not all of it—was smeared over face and neck, and left to dry. As it dried, it drew the skin, making a mask. When it was removed—with cold water—and a light rubbing of skin food had followed it, I looked as if I'd bought a new skin for my old one. Raid the family egg basket and try it yourself!

Another carefully guarded beauty secret, the cleansing sachet, can be used inexpensively at home. Take two cups of white corn meal, two of oatmeal, three tablespoonsful of almond meal, three of orris root, and mix them together. Leave out the almond meal if your skin is very sensitive. Cut some white cheesecloth into pieces measuring three by six inches, sew them down two sides, fill with the mixture and sew the remaining sides, so that you have small bags three inches square. When you cleanse your skin, wash it with hot water and one of these little bags, letting the bag remain a moment or two in the water before using, so that the contents softens and the water turns milky. The action is both cleansing and bleaching.

Speaking of corn meal reminds me of Dorothy Gish. A few years ago, when she was working in "Orphans of the Storm," she made a number of scenes in which she had to trudge through the dirt after the cart in which Lillian was riding to the guillotine. The weather was unusually warm, and there was a good deal of dirt and dust everywhere. It seemed almost impossible to get clean.

Dorothy solved the problem by having a jar of corn meal in the bathroom opening off her dressing room. By scrubbing



The beauty secret behind such an exquisite complexion as Blanche Sweet's is perfect health.



When Dorothy Gish has been working in scenes on dusty roads, she solves the problem of getting clean by using cornmeal.

herself with that, instead of with soap, when she finished her day's work, she made the dust vanish so far as she was concerned.

The Gish girls have only one beauty secret—perfect cleanliness. A formula for cold cream has been handed down in their family for generations, and Mrs. Gish prepares it for them herself.

There is one rather drastic beauty treatment in which many of the stars indulge—I can't give you their names, because quite naturally, they don't want it generally known that they're like other mortals and have to keep on the beauty trail. Perhaps some day this reticence will vanish, just as the old one about a star's being married has disappeared.

This treatment is based on one perfected by a Viennese doctor. First of all, a brown ointment is spread over your face and neck. In a few moments it begins to burn. Before long you are enduring positive agony.

Continued on page 98



Though her films had never swept New Yorkers off their feet, Evelyn Brent in person did.

NOTHING like it ever happened before," Fanny announced breathlessly, and although I wasn't quite sure whether she was referring to the battle royal for the film rights of "The Green Hat," the surging mob waiting for a table in the café at the Ritz, or Mr. Lasky's devastating prediction that ample figures were coming into vogue, I didn't press her for details. Give her time and Fanny will let you know what she is talking about.

"I'm sure that no one else ever had the tremendous popularity that John Gilbert is enjoying now. Since 'The Merry Widow' came out, everything has changed. Even the blasé film reviewers simply gush about him, and as for my flapper friends—they tell me they have torn up all other male photographs that ever adorned their walls. And the striking thing about his popularity is that it hasn't a chance of dying. He won't go and

Over the

Fanny the Fan holds forth on the what and why, and on the strange

By The

get arty, and insist on playing the rôle of the *Angel Gabriel* or anything like that. He has another picture all finished that is said to be even greater than 'The Merry Widow.' It is 'The Big Parade,' and no less an authority than Paul Bern told me that he considers it the greatest picture ever made.

"Then after that, Mr. Gilbert—see how respectful his fame is making me—will be seen opposite Lillian Gish in 'La Bohème,' so I just can't see how any other player can even begin to race with him.

"The ironic part of it all is that Jack—the old familiarity just will crop out now and then—never really cared about being an actor. He wanted to write or direct. He did do both at one time, but some prophetic soul saw that he had a big future as an actor, and discouraged his other efforts.

"Just out of curiosity, I should like to see 'The Count of Monte Cristo' reissued. Maybe he was great in *that* and we were all too blind to see it."

"Are you going to talk about him all day?" I asked, merely out of curiosity, "Because if you are, I might as well go over to 'The Merry Widow' and listen to the audience. Their line is exactly the same."

"All day!" Fanny exclaimed in surprise, "I've been talking about him all week!"

"Well, maybe it would interest you to know that you've been so engrossed in him that you didn't even notice that Alice Terry is sitting right over there, and Lois Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty came in a minute ago, and——"

"Oh, and there's Dorothy Sebastian." Fanny recovered her interest in things other than Jack Gilbert sufficiently to notice.

"I can't figure out whether she is just lucky or whether she really is great screen material," Fanny ventured. "Certainly, none of the critics were moved to dust off their best adjectives to apply to her work in 'Sackcloth

and Scarlet' or 'Winds of Chance.' But Robert Kane thinks she has great personality and is going to give her every chance to prove it. Almost every girl in pictures yearns to play a Michael Arlen heroine, and she is to be the first one to do it. She is going to do 'The Dancer from Paris,' you know."

"And one of 'Bluebeard's Seven Wives,' too, isn't she?" I asked.

"Yes," Fanny drawled, "but from the number of girls who have confided to me that they are going to play in that picture, it will have to be changed to his seventeen wives, or maybe twenty-seven when the returns are all in. Blanche Sweet is to be one of them, and she and Ben Lyon are going to appear as *Romeo* and *Juliet*, though just what that has to do with *Bluebeard* isn't entirely clear.

"All that I am sure of is that when the director says

Teacups

incomparable hero, who is playing ways of motion-picture producers.

Bystander

he is going to have girls in it who are flawlessly beautiful, it means something, because the director is Al Santell and he has been directing Corinne Griffith, so his standards are high.

"Of course, you really can't tell much about a girl's work on the screen from seeing her in one or two pictures. Or a man's either. When you consider that Ricardo Cortez has suddenly bloomed out in 'The Pony Express' and made himself awfully well liked, then there is hope for every one. Maybe Dorothy Sebastian will be a great popular favorite by this time next year. I wish I knew her. Sometimes, meeting girls whose work in pictures has never impressed you as anything to cheer about, gives you tremendous faith in what they will do when they get just the right opportunity."

"For instance?" I asked, a hound for facts.

"Evelyn Brent," Fanny answered, without a moment's hesitation. "I've seen her in a lot of pictures that were just a little better than indifferent. She played crook rôles in a manner reminiscent of Norma Talmadge. But she came East a few weeks ago and I met her, and now I know that with half a chance she will distinguish herself. She is very beautiful and she has a crisp, breezy manner that is all her own."

"But speaking of Norma, let's all join in the chorus of 'Old Friends Are the Best.' If you ever read the papers, you know that her 'Graustark' broke the world's theater record when at the Capitol here. It played to more money during the first two days of its engagement than most pictures collect in a week."

"Major Bowes, the impresario of the Capitol Theater, gave a little party in his office at the theater, on Friday, to celebrate the picture's astounding success. The one flaw in the party was that Norma was thousands of miles away, but at that, a fine time was had by all. Evelyn Brent was there, and Christine Mayo, whom she is going to take back to Hollywood to go into pictures again, and Lois Moran, just back from Hollywood——"

"Stop!" I ordered. "Is it true that——"

But she didn't let me finish.

"Yes, Lois Moran is to be Dick Barthelmess' leading woman in 'Just Suppose.' There is a trail of broken hearts every time Dick picks a leading woman for one of his pictures. All the ambitious girls who are trying to get ahead want to play with Dick because his pictures are always so good and he gives his leading women such wonderful opportunities. But no one can think of any objections to his choice of Lois Moran, no matter how fond they are of the other try-outs. She is so young and cunning and quaint."



Photo by White

Her work in small parts convinced Paramount that Ruth Wilcox has a promising future, so they are sending her to Hollywood to make pictures for them.

"Motion-picture producers are strange people. Several companies made tests of her when she came over from London last spring, and just because she had individuality and didn't look like somebody who had



Photo by Woodbury

Almost every girl in pictures has yearned to play a Michael Arlen heroine, but Dorothy Sebastian, in "The Dancer from Paris," will be the first one to do it.

already made a success in pictures, they didn't engage her. Sam Goldwyn was the wise man who first gave her a chance in 'Stella Dallas.' *He's* not type bound."

"Whatever that may mean," I prodded her on to explain.

"Well"—Fanny hesitated—"being type bound is thinking that all ingénues have blond curly hair, that all sirens are tall and willowy and have sleek black hair, that all villains are foreigners with arched eyebrows, and all mothers white-haired. My favorite story about casting true to type is of the undertaker up at the funeral parlors where most actors end their careers. A perfectly normal, plain-looking corpse was sent there, and they wouldn't bury him because he wasn't the type."



Gloria Swanson had every one in the studio in an uproar over her slapstick comedy in "Stage Struck."

Photo by Eugene Robert Riehee

With her abundance of enthusiasm, Fanny turned from talk of death before I could remark that she came to praise actors, not to bury them.

"Are pictures really getting much better or am I in my second childhood?" she asked suddenly, and before I could remark that no one had ever observed that she had outgrown her first, she rambled on.

"For a while, all the motion-picture studios in town seemed just like factories. Every one was grimly intent on work, but lately, they have been real play rooms. Up at the Cosmopolitan studios, Leon Errol keeps the 'Clothes Make the Pirate' company in gales of laughter. On a neighboring set, Ben Lyon makes 'The New Commandment' people relax from work long enough for a general rough-house started as a game of tag. And over at Famous Players, mobs of people gather round every afternoon to watch Bessie Love dance the Charleston.

"How Bessie can dance! For a while she wondered if she really were any good at it or if her friends were just prejudiced in her favor. So, she went down to a little theater in Great Neck where they have amateur contests, entered under an assumed name, and won without a dissenting vote! I heard she was going to do the Charleston in 'The King on Main Street,' and I hope it's true.

"The Famous Players studio is a fascinating place to visit now. Betty Bronson, Tom Moore, and Dorothy Cumming, to say nothing of a mob of pretty girls, are finishing 'A Kiss for Cinderella;' Gloria Swanson has every one in an uproar over her slapstick comedy in 'Stage Struck;' Thomas Meighan and Lois Wilson are finishing the picture they started over in Ireland; Richard Dix and Esther Ralston are working on 'Womanhandled' out in the back yard; Carol Dempster and Harrison Ford and W. C. Fields are doing 'That Royle Girl;' and Monta Bell has the most glorious cast you ever saw in 'The King on Main Street'—Adolphe Menjou, Bessie Love, Greta Nissen, Edgar Norton, and Carlotta Monterey.

"I was over there the other day when there was a regular convention on Thomas

Meighan's set. Carmelita Geraghty came over with Virginia Valli—they had just returned from Europe, and were so beautifully dressed no one could be expected to like them. Bessie Love came for a few minutes. If Lila Lee had only been there, they could have started an even more exciting argument with Tom over which one was his favorite leading woman. But Lila and James Kirkwood are out in the dog towns somewhere trying out 'Edgar Allen Poe.'

"But speaking of try-outs"—Fanny's voice rose to a shrill crescendo of enthusiasm—"every one envies me, for I went up to Stamford and saw Mabel Normand on the stage in 'The Little Mouse.' Mabel is simply darling. She was nervous about making herself heard, but she needn't have been, because you can hear her even in the back of the theater, and her voice is quite lovely. She implored me not to come—she was nervous, and preferred appearing just before strangers. But I simply couldn't stay away. And when I went backstage to see her, instead of being annoyed, she chuckled, 'Oh, you darling!' and heaped my arms full of orchids that she had had sent up from New York for me.

"Just before the curtain went up for the first act, a woman slipped in unobtrusively and sat in front of me, and who should it be but Geraldine Farrar, who had come to applaud her old coworker at the Goldwyn lot! She had motored over from her summer home, forty miles away.

"Later on, when the play comes into town and settles down for a run, Mabel will make pictures again. In the meantime, people are simply flocking to see her. After all, no one else has ever been adored quite as Mabel is."

"But tell me," I demanded eagerly, "can you see her feet on the stage?"

"Yes, and they are just as cute and expressive as they ever were on the screen. They're never still for a minute. She certainly has exclamatory legs.

"I wonder sometimes if any of the new players, like Greta Nissen and Betty Bronson, will ever build up the tremendous following that Norma Talmadge and Mabel Normand and Mary Pickford had. It's hard to tell, because now you can't go to see your favorite in a new picture every four weeks, as you could in the days when fans were fans, and girls became bitter enemies because they disagreed about their favorite movie stars.

"Paramount has two new players for whom they have high hopes. I can see a future for one of them. That's Ruth Wilcox. She is a lovely looking girl, very reserved in manner and patrician in type. She has just finished playing a bit in 'Stage Struck,' and now she is being sent to California to make a picture for William de Mille.

"Incidentally, she and Dorothy Sebastian both came from George White's 'Scandals,' and now it is up to them to prove that the 'Scandals' is—or should it be—are—just as great a cradle of film talent as the 'Follies.' They roomed together and often used to discuss going to Hollywood to break into pictures. They couldn't both afford to go, so

Alice Laidley, otherwise known as Mrs. John Harriman, is playing in Griffith's "That Royle Girl."



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Bessie Love wondered for a while whether her friends were just kidding her or whether she really was good at the Charleston, so she entered a contest incognito and won it without a dissenting vote.



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Dorothy went, and with her success as encouragement, Ruth Wilcox tried her luck here. Neither of them has had any of the heart-breaking struggles that most beginners go through.

"Gloria was awfully nice to Ruth Wilcox, gave her every encouragement and lots of good advice. By the way—Gloria has been working simply frantically in order to finish 'Stage Struck' in time to go abroad for a three-week vacation with her husband. She may say that she is going

to Paris to buy clothes for her next picture, but I know that she is going to buy a box of games that Allan

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Because a Woman Believed

A true story of how a big director who had thrown away his career, was brought back; and how he made, on his return, one of the biggest successes of the present season.

By Myrtle Gebhart

ON the screen, four characters moved stealthily, covert eyes suspecting each other. A bent, hook-nosed old woman, who removed her wig and specs and disclosed the lined face of a master criminal, with craft and cunning in his eyes. A lumbering, knob-muscled, huge figure with the dull eyes of a dolt. A pigmy, pin-points of accusation squinting from his cherubic, baby face. A girl, hard-boiled, caustic, with bitter eyes that slammed at the others the truth about themselves and spared herself in scorn least of all, with lips that irony twisted, to disclaim the tenderness that lurked behind them.

The action moved slowly, hinging upon little details with an uncanny gauging of suspense, so that the spectators could scarcely keep back their screams; then of a sudden tensed and shot on to a quick and forceful melodramatic climax. The lights flashed on.

"The Unholy Three"—the mystery play that couldn't be done! Too strange, too weird and unreal, everybody said." Comments, staccato-like in surprise, struck my ears from roundabout, and cut into my own exclamations of astonishment.

For seven years that story has been a white elephant, banded about the studios. Everybody was afraid of it—and a director who "couldn't come back!" For two years nobody would take a chance on Tod Browning. Went to pieces, you know. One thing and another. Nobody knows the whole story. Except Tod. And, one should say, his wife. She just smiles. But—when he lost his grip on himself, she pulled him back into self-confidence. And now, he had turned out a picture that was going to be one of the big hits of the season.

"Please don't, please don't," the director disclaimed his right to the congratulations that an enthusiastic audience, partly public but mostly professional friends, showered upon him. "If this picture is a success, the credit should go to my wife. It should be dedicated to her. For it is a tribute to a woman's faith."

Those simple but sincerely spoken words interested me, and also the aggravating little rumors I had heard—those chance remarks that hint at a tale but half told, a story of how a plucky wife took hold of a man, when he was down and out, and virtually forced him back into the place that once he had occupied and that his own weaknesses had caused him to lose.

I knew, vaguely, what all Hollywood knew: that for seven years Tod Browning had been connected with the movies in various capacities, ranging from acting to directing, that he had held the megaphone on Priscilla Dean's best Universal pictures, that he had a distinct flair for melodrama. I knew that two years ago, when he seemed to be at the peak of success, he suddenly went to pieces, that he dropped to the ignominy of being refused a job, that he drifted without caring a rap, until his wife started gathering up the pieces and refashioning them into the man in whom she still believed.

It intrigued me. I wanted to know how she had done

it, to hitch together in sequence those scattered comments. So I sought Tod Browning at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where he is preparing to start production on an original story of his own. At first he was loath to talk. His reticence, considering the circumstances, was natural.

"I guess it's only fair that the truth be told, though it hurts a man's vanity to confess his own shortcomings," he finally reconsidered. "I want to give my wife every bit of praise that she deserves. When a woman does what she has done, you can't eulogize her enough."

So, bit by bit, he dug into the past that most men would prefer to keep buried from public scrutiny, that tribute might be paid to a woman who "stuck."

"The whole thing resolves into this: a woman's faith.

Men think they're so gol-darned important, but they're weak babies compared to the strength that a woman's belief in a person gives to her.

"I made an ass of myself—we can't use pretty words about this, because the facts are ugly—and why in the world she ever loved me and thought she saw enough worth in me to salvage, I haven't fathomed. But I'm not questioning the why of my good fortune. I'm just thanking Heaven that I've got a wife like that.

"Two years ago, I went to smash," he said slowly, with a candor that refused to gloss over his own imperfections. "Temperament, impulse,

wanting my own way, stubbornness—there were a number of contributing factors. I had rows with the company with which I was then associated. I may have been partly in the right, for at that time they were in a grand, internal mix-up, changing executives, each man bringing in ideas of his own. There were a dozen people a director had to please, with little chance of doing anything the way he wanted to.

"I had always got what I wanted before. I wouldn't listen to reason. I was as stubborn as a mule—wouldn't budge or make concessions, even when I knew inside that I was wrong. I quarreled constantly with the various and assorted swivel-chair bosses, and finally blew up and stalked out.

"I had earned the reputation of being contrary and temperamental and uncertain. The rumor got around that I had a nasty disposition—and let me tell you, it was true! It isn't easy to say these things about myself, but my wife has taught me to look facts squarely in the face instead of crawfishing.

"For two years I couldn't get a job. Nobody would hazard money on a production, with me at the megaphone. Once you're down in this game, the odds are strongly against your ever coming back or convincing anybody in authority that you're worth being backed up, even if your own inclination is to fight your way back—and mine wasn't. There's a funny Hollywood mind that rubber-stamps people and situations.

"It's queer psychology, that all these brilliant and individual minds, forceful and pioneering minds, should run in a parallel groove on some things. But let the

IF WE COULD ONLY KNOW

the human stories of stress and struggle that lie behind the making of the motion pictures we see, how much more interesting would be our visits to the theater! It is seldom that these stories come to light, but here is one, freely told by the man most concerned, and after reading it, you will have a keener interest in the memory of the picture he made on his "comeback," and a keener interest in the pictures which he will make in the future.

idea get around that a certain thing is so, and all those minds follow like sheep.

"I suddenly got sick of pictures, work, people, life, everything—and most of all of myself. I didn't care what became of me. I drifted without any interest in what was going on.

"Once I stayed shut up in the house, alone, for three weeks, with scarcely anything to eat, barricaded by a sort of self-hatred. At times, I would write feverishly—the melos I'd always wanted to write, with strange characters in unusual situations. Then, in a fit of disgust, I would throw them into the wastebasket.

"My wife had simply had to leave, of course. I can only realize now, partly, how deeply I must have hurt her. There is just so much that a sensitive, well-bred woman will stand.

"I thought that she had quit me, and it added to my bitterness. But now I see the intuition that motivated her action. She knew there could be no compromising, that only when I came to myself and was ready to stand on my own two feet and quit crabbing against the world, could I possibly pull myself together. And the only way to make me do that was to leave me alone until I began to do some constructive thinking again.

"I'm a queer cuss. I'll have what I want, no matter what it costs me. If I desired something, even though I knew it would pull me down from the top to the bottom, I *would* have it.

"She knew, this wise Alice of mine, that the only way to salvage me was to wait, and hope for me to *want* the right things again. Did she pray? Maybe. I don't know. Probably. I did—once. The night I realized what a fool I had made of myself.

"I missed Alice at first, in practical ways. When you've been married to a woman for seven years, you get to take her presence and her work for granted. It was vaguely annoying, after she had gone, that my clothes weren't in shape, the house disorderly, and meals irregular. When things are going well, you never realize the woman's efficient hand oiling the wheels out of sight. Men are animallike in the way they snuggle into comfort, but it seldom occurs to them to consider the work that goes into making their surroundings pleasant.

"It was that that I missed first—the disorganization of the household. Then I began to miss her in deeper ways—her helpful talk, her suggestions, herself. I wanted to ask her advice about stories, and she wasn't there. And I thought of our years together, of those fine dreams we had started out with, of her hopes in me and what a mess I had made of them.

"It struck me suddenly, one night, how much I wanted Alice. I was moody, sunk in gloom. I got out a bottle of whisky, and was just pouring a drink, when it suddenly occurred to me, 'No wonder Alice left a weak specimen like you.'

"I threw the bottle against the radiator, smashing it; said one brief prayer, 'God, help me to pull myself together!' and turned over and went to sleep. That

sounds like a scene from an old melodrama, but it actually happened.

"That was the beginning of what might be called a man's regeneration. That term is usually applied to moral ruckers. Fortunately, I hadn't any immoral tendencies, but I think the word could be used just as well to signify a man's getting a hold on himself when he has lost his self-respect from other causes.

"The next day I went to see Alice and told her my decision. But she is the 'show me' kind.

"If you want me,' she said, 'you've got to prove it. I'll help, but it's up to you. I don't care to go down with a sinking ship.'

"You see her method? Knowing me so well, she realized that the decision *must* be my own. Of my own accord, I had to want to come back. She was willing to back me up, but I had to prove that my inclination was real and deep, and not just talk.

"Though she wouldn't return to me for a while, she let me call to see her, and take her to the theater. I wasn't quite broke, and scraped together a little to 'court' her again.

"I was all keyed up over my high resolve. Alice intuitively understood that—the little boy that is in every grown man and that makes him like to dramatize emotions. I was anxious to resume our old relationship, suffering acute remorse, vowing reparation, highlighting my own humility, my faults. My trouble assumed, in my eyes, the proportions of a tragedy. Any one connected with the make-believe professional world is subconsciously an actor. I was sincere, mind you, but I was sensitized to feel things in an exaggerated dramatic pitch.

"She only smiled—that slow, lazy smile—and yawned, 'Why make a mountain out of a molehill, Tod? Surely, you'll make good. When you stop orating and get down to brass tacks again, I'll be waiting. In the meantime, let's have supper.' You see what I'm driving at? By making it all seem prosaic, she brought me back to realities—the actualities upon which the only really worthwhile life can be built.

"I'm beginning only dimly to sense the heartaches that she must have concealed in her effort to keep things on a casual plane.

They call them the 'weaker sex,' but I don't see where they get that," he mused. "Women are much stronger than men, only it's a different strength. We men, physically powerful, swagger in this masculine braggadocio, believe we control things. But a frail little woman can make or break any one of us. The strongest man is a child, compared to a woman's spiritual backbone.

"Alice is typically feminine—dainty, charming, pretty. She has a pleasant personality that immediately makes friends. From outward aspects, she is the sort that a man would feel needed protecting and babying. But under that sweet femininity, there is a firmness like granite, sure of her instincts, and unwavering. She determines what she thinks is best, intuitively figures out the way to achieve it, and sticks to the track.

"When she was convinced that I wanted to make good

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Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Tod Browning, director of "The Unholy Three."

A Nordic Eye Opener

Although no camera does her justice, Greta Nissen is undoubtedly one of the six beauties of the screen.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

FOR most people February 12, 1924, was simply Lincoln's Birthday, but to the thousand or more souls who attended the première of "Beggar on Horseback," at the Broadhurst Theater, it marked the dawn of a new blond era named Grethe Ruszt-Nissen.

That was a memorable first night. The four hundred and the fourth estate were both notably represented. Diamonds and wit sparkled brilliantly. During intermission the lobby buzzed with praises of the Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly: they had concocted a great satiric burlesque, a triumphant fantasy of the American scene.

Then came the second act with its superb pantomime, in the midst of which glowed a bewitching, delectable blonde, so exquisite, so piquant and beguiling, as to make the *Princess* of the interpolated masque a dominant figure. And as the curtain fell, the lobby once more rang with enthusiasm, but now the subject had changed. Kaufman and Connelly were abruptly forgotten. Grethe Ruszt-Nissen was the name on every one's lips.

"Where did they find her?" "What has she been in before?" "How did Ziggy miss anything that beautiful?" "Who is she?" "How will she photograph?" "She must be foreign: where from?" The play became secondary for the moment: the Norse star was in the ascendancy.

Rumors that were soon verified had it that she was a Norwegian ballet dancer imported to play in the pantomime. Thus it was that Norway involved us in debt.

For Grethe Ruszt-Nissen won Philadelphia and Chicago and Boston as she had captured New York. Before she had been in "Beggar on Horseback" a month, she was signed for the movies. Then, with the conclusion of the play's run, she departed for Hollywood to fulfill her new contract.

The first thing they did at Paramount was to simplify her name to Greta Nissen.

And the first thing Hollywood did was to acclaim her as the latest optical knock-out. She became what is known as the cynosure of all eyes at the Western first-nights, at the Hollywood parties, christenings, clam bakes, and other social events. Where celebrities of all sorts gathered, she rapidly became known as the newest beauty. In less than six months she was ranked with the reigning quartette—Claire Windsor, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, and Norma Shearer—making it, in fact, a quintette to stagger all comers.

Of all the blondes currently facing the camera, four stand out in my mind. There is Claire Windsor, typical of the American beauty. There is the spirituelle Lillian Gish. There is the alluring Helen Lee Worthing, in the Manhattan manner at its highest degree of charm. And now, there is Nissen, a fitting fourth, a dazzling beauty suggesting the Continent in all its sophistication, subtlety, and verve.

No camera will ever do justice to this sweet sister of the vikings. On the screen much is lost. Her coloring fades, and her perfect complexion is lost on the cold silver sheet.

Hers is a profile bespeaking defiance: the chin determined, the nose definite in its contour. But facing her, you are struck with her eyes, gray, saucy, daring eyes, capriciously screened behind exaggeratedly long

lashes. Dark eyebrows contrast effectively with the sunlight of her hair.

She is provocative and beguiling and distinctly Lorelei in her appeal. There is nothing one-hundred-per-cent American in her beauty: she is not "wholesome," in the Pickford fashion. She is obviously Continental, to be associated with Schnitzler rather than Sinclair Lewis, Molnar rather than Channing Pollock. Men will cheer her and women will wonder what cold cream she favors. She belongs, in short, in the category labeled "dangerous, not ingenuous." Although, to be sure, there is much that is naïve in her outlook.

"This is so much better than Hollywood," she asserted. "New York is beeg, and gay. Out there was no life. It was nothing to do—so—"

"Provincial," I suggested.

"I thank," she smiled. "Pro-vincial. That is so. Hollywood is not aware of anything but itself. You know? Everything there is limited and close. Small. So." Her hand daintily described a tiny circle. "They wait but for some one to talk about. Terrible!" Her eyebrows arched in distress.

It is not a simple thing to quote Greta. For you watch her, and you think of Dresden china and Della Robbia and spun glass and very rare porcelain, and you forget that she speaks. She is a figurante from a fairy tale, come to life. She is the princess of every legend brought to Broadway. She is the eternal heroine, worthy of any hero.

"I was a danseuse in Christiana," she said. "For many years I train and learn. Very hard. Then I am to dance in the opera, but my teacher wishes that I come to America to dance in New York. I do as he ask. 'Beggar on Horseback' was my first début here."

She speaks timidly, skipping lightly among the words, making quaint little additions and subtractions to the king's English. Her voice is well modulated, low in pitch, and possessed of a sympathetic quality that would probably register on the spoken stage.

When she talks, she chooses her subjects carefully, as well as her words. Some one has coached her in the ways of the press, and her native tact has furnished further guidance. Regarding her work, she was enthusiastic. It was all very wonderful. Yes; she had enjoyed "Lost—a Wife." Yes, "In the Name of Love" had been very interesting. Mr. Higgin was a kind director. She liked the foreign atmosphere. That had led naturally to her work in "The Wanderer," in which she donned a brunet wig, doffed practically everything else, and essayed the rôle of *Tisha*, a high-powered B. C. home wrecker.

Her eyes sparkled as she told me of the glories of that part, the splendors of that picture.

"Bad women," she vouchsafed, "are so much more interesting to me than good. You know good women are so—"

"Hard to find," I ventured. But this was lost. "Commonplace," I substituted.

"Yes," said Greta. "Yes, commonplace. It is so. There is about the good woman not enough of the color. You know? And the stage, if it is ballet or opera or picture, the stage needs very much color. Is it not? I think."

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Photo by Eugene Robert Riches

GRETA NISSEN is certainly stepping out. She was given another boost in salary while she was in New York for the filming of "The King on Main Street."



THOUGH Clive Brook has not been in this country long, the quietly attractive Englishman has made a great impression on movie fans. With Irene Rich, he's now making "The Pleasure Buyer."

Photo by C. Highton Monroe



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

FLORENCE VIDOR again has Adolphe Menjou with her in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," and it's said that the two of them have made a very entertaining picture.



IT'S whispered that great things are expected of Vilma Banky, the young beauty recently discovered in Budapest. Immediately launched into leads, she is now playing opposite Valentino in "The Eagle."

Photo by Albin



Photo by Sasha

VIRGINIA VALLI didn't even have a breathing spell on returning from her trip to Germany, but was rushed straight off to Portland, Oregon, to start another picture.



Photo by James N. Doolittle

DOROTHY MACKAILL has a wild fling with a mysterious legacy in "Joanna with a Million." Playing the rôle of a very beautiful girl, she couldn't be more suitably cast.



Photo by Melbourn Spurr

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is also making a Graustark picture, "East of the Setting Sun." Romance is a bit of a departure for Connie, but will probably be greatly enlivened by her priceless comic touches.



Photo by ABBE

MARY ASTOR'S story, revealed on the opposite page, is a strange one. The interviewer found her distinctly different from all the other players he had met.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Tale of an Old-fashioned Girl

Would you believe that there is a movie star who by her own choice knows nothing of night clubs, petting parties, or any social activities of the gayer sort? No, and neither would the interviewer have believed it if he hadn't talked with Mary Astor and her mother.

By Harold R. Hall

I STARTED out to interview Mary Astor.

Having interviewed many motion-picture stars, I naturally thought getting a story from Mary would be nothing very unusual.

But three hours of conversation convinced me that in Mary Astor I had met one screen star who is really different from all others I had met. The following facts are what led me to this conclusion:

Mary has never seen the inside of a night club.

She has never seen the "Follies."

She hates to be pointed out in public as "a screen star."

She can't be bothered with men under thirty.

She likes to play with birds and animals.

She doesn't believe in petting parties.

She leaves her own family fireside only two evenings a month—then only to attend a movie show with her mother.

She refuses to go anywhere without her mother.

Her mother is her only pal.

She will not even work unless her mother is within sight.

She will not be interviewed without her mother by her side.

Because of the last five statements one simply cannot write about this girl alone. Mother Astor, as her mother wants to be called, is almost as much a part of Mary as are Mary's eyes, or her auburn hair or charming personality. Such being the case, Mother Astor plays a big part in this story.

You might be inclined to infer from the above facts that Mary is a rather peculiar girl; that she must be quiet, lacks a sense of humor, or is uninteresting to meet. As a matter of fact Mary is one of the jolliest girls the writer has ever met, either in or out of screen circles. She is just a nice, beautiful, wholesome, fun-loving young woman, who gets a great "kick" out of playing a practical joke on a camera man, a director, an electrician, or a prop boy. In the studio, she is a favorite with everybody.

"I guess I'm just old-fashioned," is the way Mary put it when I asked her why she never goes to the night clubs to dance. "If I *am* old-fashioned, I like it," she added, "for no one enjoys life more than I."

"Other girls may like all these things that take up so much of the modern girl's time, but for me—well, I prefer the company of my mother to all of them. I stay home nights because I can't see any reason for running around with a lot of people who are not nearly as interesting as she is."

"There, what did I tell you?" exclaimed Mother Astor. A minute before, while Mary was on the set, her mother had whispered confidentially that she and Mary were pals.

Then Mary sat down and told me a few things about her early childhood, and I had a fairly good idea as to just why Mary loves her mother so dearly. There are not many mothers like Mother Astor; and few daughters like Mary.

Mary was born in Quincy, Illinois, in 1906. From that time on, Mother Astor has lived for one thing—her daughter. From that time, Mother Astor has struggled as few other stars' mothers have struggled, so that Mary might reach the position she now enjoys.

Mary's father was a teacher of German in the Quincy

high school. Even as teachers' salaries go, his was not a large one. Meeting the monthly bills and keeping the ice box filled, meant something in the Astor household.

"Do you know," exclaimed Mother Astor, "there were times when a ten-dollar bank note would have looked like a fortune. Mary's teeth were never spoiled with fine bonbons, for whether we wanted her to have them or not, we could not have bought them. We had all we could do to keep clothes on our backs, the rent paid, and sufficient plain food in the house to live on."

Neither Mary nor her mother are "high hat." They are not ashamed of past poverty. Both have a frankness that is delightful.

Mary has not been spoiled by her mother, either, even though that mother's life has been devoted to her daughter. She has always known what discipline is.

When Mary was six, her parents moved to a small farm on the outskirts of Quincy. There, for four years, she attended a little one-room country school during the winter. In the summer she spent most of her time in the woods and ravines with her two dogs. She loved birds and animals and spent hours with them as her only playmates.

"She never cared to play with other children," said her mother. "She liked animals better."

"And I am that way to-day," added Mary. "They're much more interesting than most people."

Mother Astor watched her little girl grow more beautiful day by day and decided that she should some day step out of the poverty which had handicapped her parents.

"I decided on the stage for Mary when she was a little tot, and all my plans were laid in that direction," declared her mother. "I had no idea as to how I should bring it about, but I kept praying, and saved a dollar here and a dollar there, hoping that when the time came, I could take Mary to New York. For there, I figured, would be the field."

When Mary was eleven years of age, America entered the World War, and the child's whole life was changed. German was banned from many of the schools, and there was therefore no work for her father in Quincy as a German teacher.

"Here's where mother shines again," said Mary as her mother told of the turning point in Mary's career.

"I decided we could do nothing for her in Quincy," continued Mother Astor. "So we took the little money I had saved and headed for New York. We got as far as Chicago, when the money played out. So Mr. Astor secured part-time work as a substitute teacher in the Chicago schools. He received eight dollars a day—when he worked. Pretty rough sledding in those days."

"Well, I wanted Mary to go to a private school, but we couldn't afford it. I heard a teacher of dramatics and English literature was needed at the Kenwood Loring School for girls, so I applied for the job and was given it. The next week Mary was in school."

"And this was my complete wardrobe," chimed in Mary. "Two cheap little blouses, one plaid skirt, and one cheap, but good-looking serge dress."

"I did the best I could for her at the time," added the mother, "but at times I did feel badly, for all the girls in the school were daughters of the very rich—and they dressed so well. However, Mary was such an attractive

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George O'Brien is one of the newer stars whose popularity has progressed by leaps and bounds, setting the pace for other arrivals.

THE hall of fame in filmdom is no longer a white palatial edifice presided over with royal dignity by a small group of established stars.

It is, instead, a modern apartment-house building with rapid elevator service to the top floors and accommodations for both permanents and transients. Think of the new faces that have shone forth upon the screen during the past season or so and you will admit the truth of the preceding statement.

A complete upheaval has taken place in the realm of stardom, and instead of the old-time "niches for none but the famous,"

The Wreckage

New rules are now in force affecting the

By Edwin

a brand-new sign has apparently been hung out at the entrance way to celebrity—"places for everybody."

Successively, we have seen the début and rapidly growing popularity of a Norma Shearer, a George O'Brien, a Dorothy Mackaill, and finally, of that most absolute of novices, a Betty Bronson.

We have watched the rapid advance made by an Adolphe Menjou, a Jack Gilbert, and a Ronald Colman, and in the comedy field, Raymond Griffith, Harry Langdon, and Sydney Chaplin. We have witnessed the growing power of a Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith, not to speak also of Ramon Novarro, Irene Rich, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, and Marie Prevost. We have heard the rumors of new arrivals and new successes in an apparently unending succession, and we have seen certain of the older notables torn ruthlessly down from their pedestals.

What is the meaning of this new rivalry, this overthrow of long-cherished customs and precedents, this placing of new idols before a public that seems only too glad to welcome them?

Many people, no doubt, have been striving to analyze the situation, to figure out the exact meaning of what has been regarded as one of the greatest shake-ups in screen history, which has always been rather chaotic. Does it mean the gradual overthrow of the old aristocracy and the advancement of a new democracy? Or is it just the perennial readjustment that has gone on ever since films began?

I, personally, have noticed the beginnings of a new order, and I believe that we shall see its complete fulfillment during the current season. The absolute reign of a few has passed, and in its place there has been gradually arising a hierarchy. There are

Of the older idols, Norma Talmadge keeps the steadiest hold on the fans.



Already a stage favorite, Lowell Sherman shows every sign of making a hit on the screen too, and is well worth watching.



of Stardom

destinies of popular idols on the screen.

Schallert

divisions and subdivisions; assorted groups of types ranging from the child, Jackie Coogan, to men such as Luke Cosgrave and Jay Hunt suited to play grandfather rôles. We are no longer to have on the star list only Pickfords, Fairbankses, Valentinos, and Talmadges, but are adding to it, gradually, such people as Lowell Sherman, Louise Dresser, Joseph Schildkraut, Lois Moran, Belle Bennett, and others, possessed of peculiar and specialized talents. Perhaps some of them will be featured in only a few pictures, but their names will glow for the time being in electric lights, and their individual achievements will be hailed and remembered.

This evolution is natural. The extensive production of the past season or so has made it impossible for the former limited number of players to carry all the prominent parts. The constantly increasing demand for variety in screen entertainment has made it necessary for producers to go farther and farther afield for talent.

The plots alone of pictures no longer suffice to hold the audiences. There is an increasing stress laid on the importance of *characters*, and diversity in the types of characters. Big pictures do not arrive nowadays in waves and groups similar in their general aspect; they are, rather, individual units, each requiring an entirely distinct cast. The actor or actress must be chosen not solely because of his or her personal influence at the box office, but rather because of a suitability to the part to be interpreted. Acting, characterization, and type are fast becoming the deciding factors in this new process of selection.

Not long ago, I was talking to a producer on

Mary suffered a slump when she tried to grow up and followed Doug into costume films, but she knows better now, and should regain her old popularity in her return to childhood in "Little Annie Rooney."



It was a happy day when some one discovered Raymond Griffith's comic possibilities; he is now the most outstanding of the new comedians.



Photo by Henry Waxman

Rudy is thought by some to have lost his box-office attraction because of the "Sainted Devil" flop, but if "The Eagle" proves to be good, he may come back with a flourish.

this subject, and he said, "Yes, we can afford to take a chance on a new player these days. Admittedly, one who is known to have a strong box-office attraction is to be preferred, for this always helps a production; but a new one will often do in a pinch. A few years ago, that was impossible.

"It is the production nowadays that is really the thing. The public is beginning to demand more than a personality. No star, consequently, can risk any falling off in the quality of his or her pictures. Audiences are becoming too critical.

The Wreckage of Stardom

"Say that we have a Gloria Swanson or a Norma Talmadge picture that is weak in interest—that the public does not like. It will open with a big attendance, of course. The past popularity of Miss Swanson or Miss Talmadge assures that. But after the opening, watch out!

"Mrs. Smith goes to see the picture, and she is disappointed. She tells Mrs. Jones that Gloria may be all right, but that the film is a lemon. Mrs. Jones may or may not go. If she does, and doesn't like the picture, she will stay away the next time that Mrs. Smith offers a similar unfavorable opinion. She may have gone the first time to see whether Mrs. Smith was right, but she'll take her word on the second occasion.

"A star can stand an unsatisfactory reaction to one picture, but he can't survive two in succession without quite a falling off in attendance, and even on the first picture, there is likely to be a drop of twenty-five per cent in the size of the audience due to the word-of-mouth information that is passed around following the opening."

I need not mention, perhaps, that various stars have suffered greatly from this state of affairs during the past season or two. Rudolph Valentino is perhaps the most striking example. He is thought by some to be dead as a box-office attraction, because "A Sainted Devil" was such a flop as a picture.

Hear the producer again on this point, though, and everything does not look so dark for Rudy:

"There is a bright side to the situation that I have described, and that is that while a star's popularity falls off very rapidly with bad pictures, a comeback can be made as soon as he or she appears in one good one. The real feeling of interest on the part of the public in a screen personality is not altered fundamentally. They are ready to forget all past disappointments as soon as a star accomplishes something new that is good. There is no need for a long campaign to reawaken their enthusiasm. They will come to the theater if the picture is worth it. But they want acting, nowadays, not merely an heroic manner, or a beautiful and interesting face. Our plays now make our players; not our players the plays—though there are still exceptions."

This statement explains much that has happened in filmdom during the past year. It is in a nutshell the new rule for stardom, and in so far as this new order of things provides a wider latitude for acting, as contrasted with mere personality—great as the allure of personality may be—it is broadening the horizon for pictures in general. There is no longer the evil of fitting plays to a small set of popular people on the one hand, nor on the other, is there the great danger to a star of vanishing completely just because he has suffered one or two disasters.

Various lines of development are suggested as a result of this condition. The first and most important is, perhaps, the future of the older and more familiar stars. They have their niches, and the main thing for them is to hold them.

In this respect, I believe that Douglas Fairbanks has accomplished the most. He has adopted a practice of not making his productions too frequently, and contrary to the criticism that has occasionally been cast his way because of the delays between releases of his pictures, I think his practice is very wise. He is fortunate, naturally, in being his own producer, and thus able to do this. If he makes one picture, or at the most two a year, he is doing well nowadays, and I do not expect to see him make them oftener than that during the remainder of his career.

Mary Pickford's problem is different. I think that she made a mistake by following Doug's course into the

costume type of features. I think, too, that she realizes this now, and consequently, has set about to correct the error. If she has suffered a slump, as she undoubtedly has, Mary is not deterred by this. She has been through slumps before.

No one, she declares, has really succeeded on the screen until he has been through one slump, and recovered from it. From what I know myself, I believe that this assertion of Mary's may safely be adopted as an axiom. Mary is now probably going to bring joy to her admirers once again in "Little Annie Rooney," a return to her little-girl type of characterizations, and I do not look for her to change very soon again from the type of photoplay in which she relies on comedy and pathetic, rather than decorative, appeal.

Norma Talmadge has been making pictures too frequently. That is practically her only source of grief. She retains altogether the steadiest prestige of the older favorites who are appearing consistently.

Gloria Swanson needs something lively to reestablish her. Popular as she is, she has slipped somewhat since "The Humming Bird" and "Manhandled." Here, for instance, is the opinion of a theater owner regarding "Wages of Virtue" that is perhaps typical of the reaction toward her recent pictures. It is badly stated but interesting.

"'Wages of Virtue' was an absolute flat tire at the box office. That finishes me with Gloria; they just simply won't come to see her in that foreign, ancient-history stuff."

And it is true that Gloria is most relished when she is doing light, bright comedy in the modern or the ultra-modern vein. For which reason, "The Coast of Folly" may be generally liked much better than others of her recent offerings.

But Gloria's fate will never be secure until she, like Fairbanks, Lloyd, and others can slow down sufficiently to allow for the careful picking of her stories. When they attain a certain height of fame, stars can no longer manufacture pictures, they have to make them, as somebody—I think it was Lowell Sherman—sagely remarked to me recently.

I have no desire to go through the entire list of stars, cataloguing their attainments, in this article. I can cite the success of Charles Chaplin in "The Gold Rush" as indicating that it doesn't matter how long a star stays away from the screen. If his work is popular, the fans will be on hand to greet him back.

Colleen Moore, on the other hand, has kept up a dizzy pace right straight through, and every picture of hers has seemed to find a greater audience. Richard Barthelmess, under similar pressure, has not fared so well. Neither, perhaps, has Corinne Griffith.

Constance Talmadge's recent gains are proof again of the comparative ease with which a comeback can be made in good pictures, although Connie has had quite a struggle. Tom Mix can bat the ball three hundred and sixty-five days in succession and everybody will like it.

Meanwhile, a host of new favorites are crowding into the spotlight, and they can do so without any great fear for their future. What with the slowing down in some of the older stars' activities, there is more and more space for their efforts. The public has no desire nowadays to see the same group constantly. The variety is much more satisfying.

Severally, Norma Shearer has brought a touch of rare refinement; Jack Gilbert, an overwhelming dash; Betty Bronson, the breath of new and vibrant youth. They have set the pace for other arrivals, as have George O'Brien, Dorothy Mackaill, Ronald Colman, and

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You Can't Ignore Her

Carol Dempster never inspires indifference and you can no more forget the girl herself than you can her characterizations on the screen.

By Helen Klumph

WHEN motion-picture history casts the present-day stars in an allegory and represents them as Luck, Shrewdness, Versatility, Beauty, and Lure, there will be no hesitation about the rôle assigned to Carol Dempster. She will be Miss Independence. For Carol, more than any one else in pictures, has gone her own way and you can love it or leave it. She won't change to suit the shifting tides of public fancy. And if your criticisms hurt her, chances are that you will never know it, for in all probability you will never know Carol. She is the lone star of picture-dom.

While the rest of the motion-picture industry has grown to be like a great public school, all sharing the same schooling and pleasures, and rubbing elbows with each other constantly, Carol has remained aloof. She is the pupil who has had governesses and tutors, and her training has been highly specialized to suit her requirements.

For years she worked in the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, remote from the other companies. But even now, when the Griffith pictures are being made at the Long Island Famous Players Studio, she has not met the players on near-by sets. Not that she doesn't admire them tremendously, but she is engrossed in her own work, and also, I think, diffidence is partly responsible.

Any other player who scored the remarkable success that was hers in "Sally of the Sawdust" would have made a grand entrance at the studio next morning. Carol slipped in as quietly as ever, and only Mr. Griffith, and one or two people who had long been with the company, knew her well enough to congratulate her on her triumph.

Carol reminds you of no one else you have ever seen on the screen and no one has ever copied her method of character portrayal. People are inclined to get maudlin over her, if they like her at all. I remember watching one of her pictures in a projection room, and in the middle of the projection, a reviewer spoke up, saying, "Can't she stop using her hands and feet like that? I've never seen any one else do it." Whereupon a voice emerged from another corner of the room with "Well, they're all out of step but Carol."

Carol has been in pictures for eight or nine years, ever since she was a mere child, in fact, and though there were people here and there who always thought she was exquisite on the screen, it was not until she made "Isn't Life Wonderful?" that she was universally acclaimed as a superb actress. That was stark, poignant tragedy and it seemed as though Carol were made for her rôle, or the rôle made for Carol. But then came "Sally of the Sawdust," with as delicious comedy moments as had ever been screened, and Carol was equally at home in them.

I can't see that success has changed her in the least.



I met her, first, some five years ago, when she was making "Dream Street," and found her a slender, flowerlike young person who sat and watched intently what was going on around her. Meeting her again only a short time ago, during the making of "That Royle Girl," it seemed as though the other meeting must have been just yesterday. She was still quiet, restrained, alertly following all that was going on.

I watched her make a few scenes for "That Royle Girl" and was interested in the ease and speed with which they were made. Apparently, the principals had been thoroughly rehearsed, for there were no spoken directions from the director, just "We'll do the scene now," and Carol Dempster and Harrison Ford proceeded to do it—expertly.

"Let's get some air," she suggested, walking off the set. "They won't need me for about three quarters of an hour." And so we went out to where her roadster was parked across from the studio. Carol scurried into a near-by candy store and emerged with paper cartons of ice cream, and we settled down for a chat.

With Carol, there is no exchange of studio gossip, no wise-cracking about current pictures. She sees few pictures, and then, not at first nights when a friendly crowd of reviewers and players and directors usually congregate and exchange views. It may be innate tact that keeps her from discussing the ins and outs of the picture

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The problem of make-up is very tricky. You think you have at last found the correct formula until you see the result on the screen—the camera can be awfully cruel sometimes.

IF any one had told me six months ago where I was going to be now and what I was going to be doing, I should never have believed that person. I still give myself periodic pinches to make sure I'm not dreaming. The reason for all this excitement, I should explain, is that I'm at the Paramount School studying for the movies, and am having the thrill of my life—not just the ordinary, futile sort of thrill, but one that I hope may actually lead to something. The way it all happened was really very strange, for I had long since regretfully, but firmly, put the thought of a screen career out of my mind.

Ever since I had been a kid I'd been movie-mad, and had, when little, been teased because I was always pretending I was a great star, but as I grew up, the movies had seemed so remote, and from all sides I had heard that it was so difficult for an unknown person to break in, that I just hadn't considered them as an actual possibility at all. I had done bits of stage work with a dramatic stock company in Atlanta, my home, but that was the nearest I had come to an acting career. What I was really getting ready to do, last spring, when the things began to happen

From the Pupil's

A student at the Paramount School
the movie world, and of things

By Marion

that landed me here, was something quite different.

I had begun to study commercial art, and was planning to go to Chicago this winter to an academy. Along in April or May, I had happened to notice in a newspaper an advertisement of this school, but had thought it was just some sort of publicity stunt, and hadn't paid any attention to it. I had forgotten all about the thing, when one day, about a month or so later, while I was in the middle of a piano lesson, a local newspaper man whom I knew, phoned me and asked if I should like to go into the movies.

"Uh-huh," said I.

"Then, come on over to the riding school right away," he said. "There's a man here from New York making screen tests of the people who applied for the Paramount School, and I think I can squeeze you in if you come on over."

I dropped everything, grabbed my hat, and tore from the house leaving my amazed music teacher in a state of rage.

My newspaper friend had more than once told me that he thought I'd screen well, but I had hooted at the idea, because I take such a poor photograph. I've learned since, however, that animated photography is quite a different thing from the still variety, and that a person who looks like nothing at all in a set picture, may appear to the greatest advantage in a movie. That's because a movie shows a composite of your facial expressions, whereas an ordinary photograph catches just one momentary glance of you, which is often not at all characteristic.

Well, anyway, I rushed over to the riding school, and was given a screen test, and was then told to come that night to one of the theaters for a more elaborate test. I was a little scared, but it was awfully exciting. I had to do an emotional scene, and I became so worked up that I began to cry, and cried so hard that the



Learning how to walk, how to stand, how to go up and downstairs, is all part of the game

Point of View

tells of her first impressions of that were revelations to her.

Ivy Harris

mascaro from my eyelashes—for I did have make-up this time—streamed down my cheeks so that there were great streaks of black all over my face. I thought that would finish me, that I couldn't stand a chance after that.

For two weeks, I lived in awful suspense. Then, late one Saturday night, I received a telegram saying that I had been chosen for the school, and that I must be in New York on Monday to see Mr. Lasky. I went absolutely wild with excitement.

After a night of fevered packing, I just managed to make the morning train for New York, arriving there per schedule on Monday, and was rushed off immediately to the Paramount studio to see Mr. Lasky. He was a great surprise to me. With my mistaken conceptions of the movie world, I had vaguely expected a huge, overpowering, brusque man, who would probably scowl and roar at me. The small, neat, gentlemanly person who greeted me was the exact opposite of the picture I had formed of a movie magnate.

Our interview was very brief, and after a luncheon that was given for all the applicants who had been sent for, we were shown our screen tests. You have no idea what a queer sensation it is to see yourself acting in a movie for the first time! You don't recognize yourself at all, and are thoroughly surprised at some of the things that the film shows that you did.

When I saw the one of me crying, with the mascaro running down my face, I asked Mr. Lasky how in the world he could have picked me after that, and he said that the main point was that I could produce tears, and that the other was just a minor detail of make-up that could be remedied.

One of his men came to me afterward and gave me some stuff to use on my lashes that wouldn't wash away with tears. It's just as well I learned about it, too, because I'm the worst one in the school for crying. I don't know whether it's a good or bad sign, but I shed tears on the slightest provocation, either before or



Photo by William Potter

A portrait of Marion Ivy Harris, taken at the Famous Players studio.

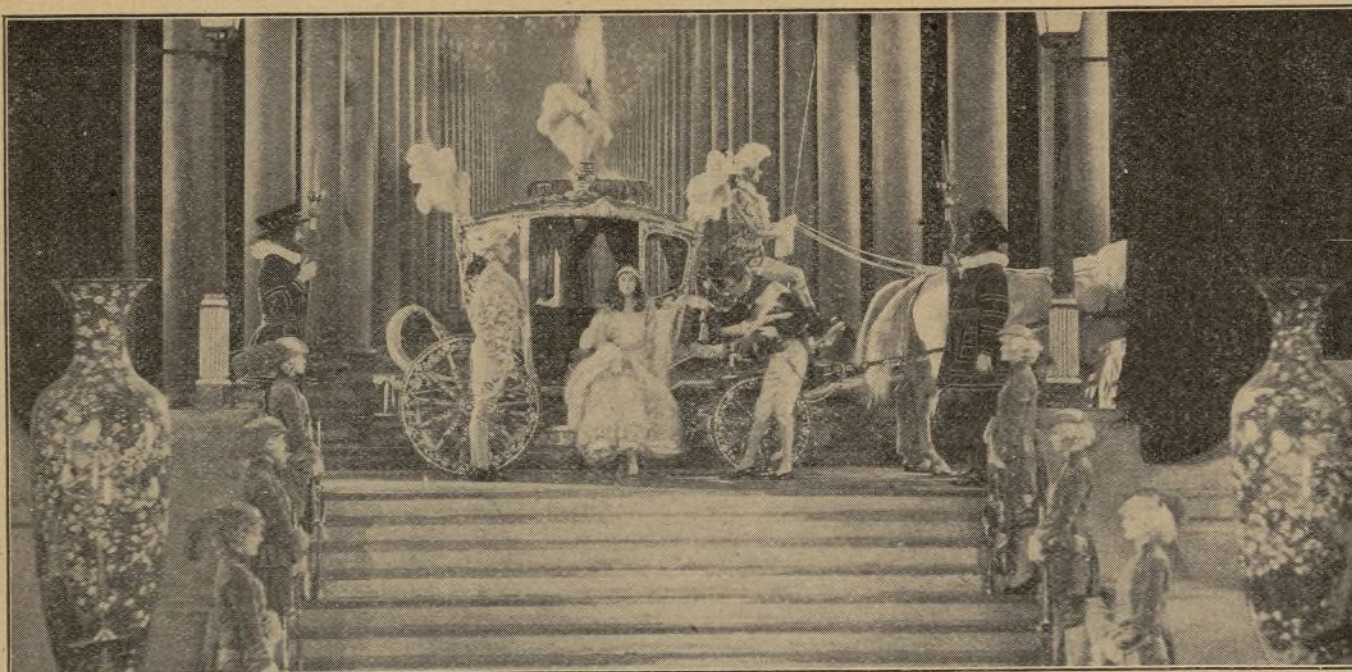


To fall downstairs backward and head foremost is rather a large order, but in the movies, there's no telling what may be asked of you.

behind the camera. One day, I was watching Carol Dempster rehearse a very emotional bit in "That Royle Girl," and she was sobbing as though her heart would break. The first thing I knew, I was weeping, too, and was having a fine time all by myself when, suddenly, Mr. Griffith caught sight of me.

"What on earth are you crying for!" he said. "Save your tears, child—you'll have plenty of use for them before you're through with this game."

One of the nicest things about the school is the chance it gives you of going about from set to set and watching the stars work. I wandered about in a trance during my first few days, I was so fascinated by it all and it was all so new to me. At the time that



A Fan Returns to Movieland

And sees "A Kiss for Cinderella" in the making

By Ethel Sands

THEY'RE like two kisses," said Cinderella as she clasped two tiny glass slippers to her breast.

"Like two love letters," added the policeman.

"No, they're—the kisses."

And the trilly laugh of Betty Bronson rang airily through the big studio. Betty and Tom Moore were repeating the last lines of "A Kiss for Cinderella."

A few years ago, I had gazed enraptured at this same scene as I watched Maude Adams on the stage of my home-town theater. This time, I experienced even more of a thrill, for instead of the curtain descending on her last words, the cameras stopped clicking and *Cinderella* climbed out of bed and came right over to talk to me!

Betty Bronson is *Cinderella* personified to us fans. Is she not the realization of all our daydreams of ourselves? Haven't you ever just imagined yourself stepping out of the nowhere right into some famous rôle—*Peter Pan*, for instance? Making a big hit, and becoming a star while you're really young enough to enjoy all the thrills and glamour, without having to attain them by weary years of experience and disillusionment? Why it's every fan's dream! And Betty Bronson has accomplished all of it.

So when I heard she was making her new picture here in the East, I thought maybe—if I just wished hard enough—And sure enough, the magic word came that I was going to be able to see her as *Cinderella* at the ball. I may not exactly be a *Cinderella*, like Betty Bronson, but, anyway, I feel like her half sister sometimes, the way I get some of my wishes as a movie fan.

The Lasky studio has always been the most fascinating part of all movieland for me. It was the first studio I ever visited. To the eyes of any fan, the interior of any movie studio seems a fairyland of make-believe.

But imagine stepping through the door and finding yourself right in the ballroom, with the ball in progress, and with *Cinderella*, the *Prince*, and all the guests in brilliant array! The illusion was perfect.

I have seen many beautiful sets, such as the ones in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," but I had to pinch myself, to make sure I wasn't dreaming, when I gazed on this splendor. It was an enormous ballroom, covering nearly the entire stage of the studio. Rows of tall pillars on each side

led up to a wide flight of marble steps, at the top of which a fountain played. On one side, a throne stood out, hung with red-and-gold velvet draperies. Over two hundred extras in satins and laces—some of them wearing the "Beaucaire" costumes—of lovely shades and colors, lent all the more glamour to the scene as they marched or danced around.

In this biggest of sets, where would one be able to find the smallest of stars, I thought, as my dazzled eyes searched around for the main figure of interest to me. But it wasn't as hard as I expected. Even

in the midst of all that array, the little figure of *Cinderella* in her trailing gown of silver lace stood out, as *Prince* Tom Moore led her around the ballroom.

Only when you see it yourself on the screen, will you be able to realize what a scene of beauty it really was to greet a fan's eyes, after coming from the plain reality of the everyday world. And then it will be lacking all its gay color.

If it was so thrilling to me just to be allowed to be a spectator, then how must a little girl like Betty Bronson feel, knowing she was the center of attraction in all that gorgeousness? The *Cinderella* of the fairy tale had nothing compared to this one of the movies!

OLD READERS

of Picture-Play will remember Ethel Sands, who has written so many vivid impressions of meeting the stars in both the Eastern and Western studios.

As her adventures in Movieland were, to her, a sort of *Cinderella* dream, we could think of no one better fitted to give to the fans an impression such as they would have had, if they had been able to enjoy the same experience.

They were shooting the action almost continuously, so I only had a chance to meet Miss Bronson and say, "How do you do?" She seems so tiny and childlike at close range, I felt as if I were shaking hands with some little fairy person like *Tinker Bell*, instead of with an important star. Her costume was so heavy she was anxious to get it off, and she was trying to find her mother in the maelstrom of people, so she could linger but a moment. The crowds of extras, the rushing around of assistant directors, and the general air of excitement wasn't exactly conducive to an intimate little chat with *Cinderella*. We decided that that had best be left for some other time. Besides, there was so much to be seen, I was satisfied just to feast my eyes on it all and try to take in everything.

Herbert Brenon, the director, and the cameras were perched on a high platform at one end of the set. Mr. Brenon was hoarse from shouting his orders, and even so, assistants had to be sent among the crowd of players to straighten things out. Yet it all ran smoothly enough.

The intense heat of the day and the fussiness of the elaborate costumes made comfort impossible, but nobody seemed to be complaining. "Grin and bear it" seems to be a slogan for movie extras. Even Betty Bronson, in her heavy gown with a long fan-shaped train, and with her fluffy hair hanging around her shoulders, was laughing and chatting with Tom Moore and dancing around quite undisturbed.

This ball scene is the dream of a little slavey. She is stricken with brain fever and imagines she is *Cinderella*. Her sweetheart, the policeman, and the four little orphans she has adopted, are all woven into the

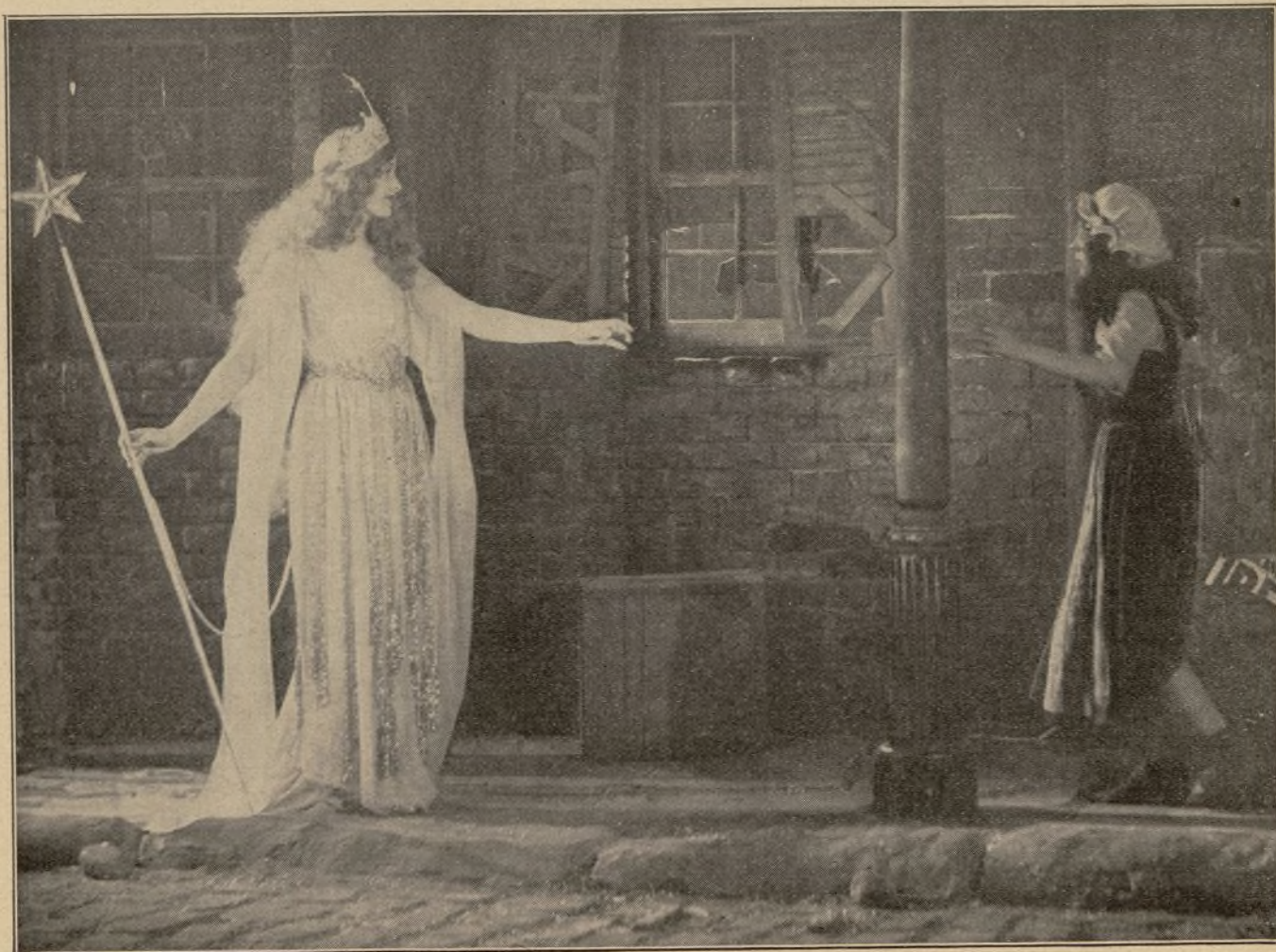
dream. Thus, the policeman is the *Knave of Hearts*—her idea of a prince. It seemed rather comical to see Tom Moore in such a costume and with bobbed hair, with that jovial Irish face of his. Refreshments were ice-cream cones, but because the cream melted too quickly, marshmallow was substituted. A street organ was her idea of grand music. So a crowd of organ-grinders stood at the top of the steps and merrily ground their organs. At the same time, off set, a full orchestra was playing, "I'll See You In My Dreams" for the players to dance by.

It took about ten days to complete the ballroom scene—with the cast sometimes working late into the night. Betty Bronson as well as the rest worked until two o'clock, instead of stopping at *Cinderella's* time limit of twelve.

The next time I saw her, the final episodes of the story were being made. This time the set was the interior of a little country hospital where *Cinderella* is recovering from her illness. The policeman comes to tell her he loves her, and the *Fairy Godmother* turns out to be her nurse. It seemed like "after the ball," all right. Everything was so different from the previous time.

Miss Bronson, in a dressing gown and bedroom slippers, came over to us when she had a brief intermission between scenes. I was glad to see that this time she seemed less like *Cinderella* and more like Betty Bronson. More little-girlish and friendly, as she smiled up at me when we shook hands.

"We didn't have much opportunity to talk last time,



The FAIRY GODMOTHER appears before CINDERELLA and invites her to the ball.



Betty Bronson as the little slavey, the heroine of the story.

did we?" she said. "Let's find some chairs where we can sit down." And we chose a corner alongside of one of the little portable dressing rooms.

She is not so beautiful as some of the movie actresses I have seen, but her big blue eyes gaze at you with the wide-eyed frankness of a child. The look of eagerness and hint of mischievous laughter that beams from her face, even when she is not smiling, is a refreshing contrast to the usual sophisticated or doll-like prettiness of many of the actresses.

I wondered how she could look so fresh and bright-eyed after having worked so long and steadily for the last few weeks.

"Well, do you know," she told me, "I don't mind those big scenes half as much as I do some of the smaller ones. You see, in such a large crowd they have to take quite a few shots of different groups and action in which I am not needed. So I get more breathing spells that way. But after this picture I am going to get a vacation."

And she seemed as happy as a schoolgirl over it. I asked her if she still continued her studies and she said, "Oh, yes; that's my teacher over there," pointing out a young woman sitting near by. "We have our lessons in between scenes and, of course, that only gives us snatches, but it's all the time we have."

If you knew what noise and confusion goes on in a movie studio, you might be able to realize what concentration it must require to step right out of a character you are portraying and put your mind on studies. How many of you fans would stick to that?

Her career seems somewhat connected with those of James Barrie and Maude Adams, so I asked her if she had ever met them.

"No, I haven't," she told me. "I've often wished Mr. Barrie would come over here so I could meet him, but I guess that's impossible, as he doesn't like the water."

"Does it seem very different for you to be working in the East, now that you're used to California?"

"Well, I started here, and I used to live in Long Island, and before that in East Orange, you know. But now California seems like my home. Still, when they tell me I am to come East, I'm always glad, because it's a change."

"I always wanted to go into pictures, and I started in when I was fifteen. But I only played small parts. I had to wait sometimes as long as six months for a bit in the days before I got *Peter Pan*."

Remembering how Mary Brian had told me what fun it was to work with all the young people in that picture, I asked Betty if she liked the youthful co-players, too.

"Yes, indeed, it was very nice," she said. "I love to work with Esther Ralston, especially. She is the *Fairy Godmother* in this picture, you know."

She has a quaint habit of ending her sentences in a questioning little, "you know?" and a childish way of speaking quite slowly and pausing to think, as if she wasn't quite sure of herself. *Peter Pan* motions stick to her in the quick tilt of her head and birdlike little mannerisms.

Tom Moore, in his bobby uniform, passed by us, and Betty called him over and introduced him. He has always been one of my favorite actors, and though I had watched him work in various pictures, I had never had the chance to meet him. They were keeping him so busy that he had hardly a moment to mop his brow

before they called him back to the camera. I noticed the players don't have such long waits between shots as they used to. Not so much time is lost, and they are kept working almost continuously.

I asked Mr. Moore if he wasn't glad they were winding up the picture with these last scenes, but he laughed and said, "Oh, well, it was fun."

Tom Moore always seems to be good friends with all the members of the cast he's playing with. I've always found him chatting, and making people laugh. A very blond girl, in a short, pink satin gown and cap of gold net, came over from the next set to watch Betty work. When Tom spied her, he came right over and greeted her enthusiastically. "Why, I didn't know you for the moment," he said, "with that headgear on." It was Greta Nissen, who is playing in "The King on Main Street."

When I heard that Adolphe Menjou was the lead in that picture, of course I couldn't miss a chance of seeing him. So while we waited for Miss Bronson, we walked around the studio to peek into some of the other sets. And, oh, thrill of thrills! Who should I see but the most admirable Richard Dix! He was talking to some friends, and though it has been several years since I saw him, he has changed but slightly. Grown a little heavier, I think, but still possessed of that irresistible manner of his. I shall always remember how charmingly he entertained me when he took me to Catalina Island, out in California. Noticing the difference nowadays in how hard it is to approach the stars, I appreciate how wonderful they all were to me while I was adventuring.

Downstairs, we discovered D. W. Griffith, himself, directing Carol Dempster in a road-house scene for "That Royle Girl." The last time I had watched them work they had been making "Dream Street." And what do you think? Carol Dempster remembered me! It thrilled me so when she smiled at me from the set! And as soon as she had a chance, she came over to me and said, "Well, are you still as interested in the movies as you used to be?" She looked a little thinner, but absolutely stunning in a tight, black satin gown and big picture hat. Miss Dempster may have improved greatly in acting ability, but one thing has remained unchanged, and that is her sweet friendliness. She is a very entertaining talker and we had a delightful long talk. I could write reams and reams trying to convey to you fans how nice Miss Dempster really is, and then I couldn't half tell you.

Mr. Griffith, too, was in a communicative mood. He got chairs for us and asked us our opinion of the scene he was directing. *Imagine!* The time before, no one was even allowed to see the scene while he was directing.

Upstairs again, an orchestra was filling the big studio with strains of "If You Knew Susie" and "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and as I was led toward a complete set of dining room, drawing room and hallway, Adolphe Menjou, looking every inch a king of anything else but "Main Street," was clapping his hands while dainty little Bessie Love did an impromptu dance.

Bessie is a splendid dancer and she does the Charleston and other fancy steps beautifully. I was surprised to see how much more attractive she looks off screen. It seemed odd for her to be working right in the same studio with D. W. Griffith who had been the first to discover her possibilities.

Back on the "Kiss for Cinderella" set, I met Herbert Brenon. Years ago, when Mr. Brenon directed Nazimova's "War Brides," his name had stood out as that of the greatest of directors, in my estimation. He seemed a very nice, middle-aged man, and not at all like the excited director I had seen on my previous visit. He looked just the type I had always imagined important directors should be. He let Betty and me sit on the bed and talk, while Tom Moore stood close by and joked with us.

There was a book on a table near by, which they told me was an original copy of the Barrie story. I noticed it being referred to often.

"We get the subtitles from the book," Betty Bronson explained. "It's much easier to act when you have lines to speak that really mean something instead of improvising as you go along. The correct lines are necessary, too, when you have to speak them for close-ups."

"Aren't close-ups rather a strain on you?" I wanted to know. They had been filming close shots all morning and I should have thought she'd be a bit shy or self-conscious with all the people that were around watching. I had noticed screens being put in front of her line of vision so that onlookers wouldn't be in her view.

"Why, they don't bother me now that I'm used to them. It does get a little tiresome, though, so much repetition of the same action."

It is surprising to find what experienced players these young folks are in the art of pantomime, and yet so childishly unsophisticated compared to girls of the same age in our own set. They aren't a bit the flapper or collegiate type.

I asked Betty if she played around very much with boy and girl friends, and she said, "Well, not so

Continued on page 98



Betty Bronson invited Ethel Sands to come and chat with her on the bed used in the hospital scene, while Tom Moore stopped to be introduced and to answer our fan's questions.



SIGN OF AQUARIUS

"Strong, yet weak—not self-reliant—temperamental."



SIGN OF PISCES

"Generous and helpful—discriminating."



SIGN OF ARIES

"Born leader, difficult to control—positive, self-reliant—uncanny intuitions."

number of persons whose names are inscribed in America's Hall of Fame, were born in the month of June. December is the worst month for opportunity, then come August and September on a parity. February is little better.

MAKE your arrangements to be born in June if you would achieve success on the screen.

Your chances are better than in any month of the year, so statistics indicate.

The opportunities for reaching the topmost rung of the cinematic ladder are good when you are born in January, March, or April—but the greatest opportunity comes to the children of June.

The most successful comedians come into the world during the latter part of spring or the early summer, when the world is smiling with the verdure of another year. The pinnacles of achievement await the children of March, April, and May, although there is not a month in the year in which at least one genius does not appear. The hardest riders come when winter is here, and the most versatile of all the stars, in summer.

There is an interesting and speculative study in the birthday records of the "movie" celebrities. It has been shown that the greatest names are inscribed in America's Hall of Fame, were born in the month of June. December is the worst month for opportunity, then come August and September on a parity. February is little better.

To find under just what signs of the zodiac it is best to be born, I selected one hundred and twenty-five of the widely known stars. Their birthdays were distributed as follows:

Four were born in December, six in September, six in August, eight in February, eight in May, ten in October, ten in July, twelve in March, thirteen in November, fourteen in April, fifteen in January, nineteen in June.



SIGN OF TAURUS

"Strong likes and dislikes—very determined, but generous."



SIGN OF GEMINI

"Extremist—very magnetic—restless, anxious."



SIGN OF CANCER

"Difficult to understand—very sensitive—can do many things well."

When Should a

If you are aiming at a brilliant screen career, be careful astrology and statistics show that some months are

By Dorothy

Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, and Rudolph Valentino all were born in March, April, or May—in the springtime of the year. Harry Langdon, who has made amazing strides as a comedian, did not appear until June, and Lillian Gish, acclaimed by many as the greatest of all screen actresses, was born in October. However, she arrived under the zodiac sign of Libra, whose governing planet is Venus, and her horoscope predicted that, being naturally persistent and competent, she could, through those qualities, win success.

And she has! It took years of persistency to impress her competency upon the world, but her success is achieved.

New Year's Day saw the advent of Lillian Rich, Marion Davies, and William Haines. They arrived following the December slump, and all proceeded, when they had reached the proper age, to blaze their way into the spotlight of the screen. Molly Malone made her advent on Ground Hog Day, February 2d, and "Buster" Collier on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th. Lew Cody and Mildred Davis Lloyd celebrate their anniversaries on February 22d alongside of George Washington, while Dorothy Mackaill observes Inauguration Day with the new presidents, March 4th.

Gloria Swanson isn't Irish, but she celebrates her birthday on the seventeenth of March—St. Patrick's Day. Lon Chaney, Nita Naldi, and Kathleen Key were born on April Fools' Day—April 1st. Along in the same month come the anniversaries of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and J. Farrell MacDonald. On All Saints' Day, immediately following Hallowe'en, Laura La Plante appeared, while Margaret Livingston and Lou Tellegen were creatures of Thanksgiving time, in November.

The fates were unkind to Joe Bonomo whose birthday occurred on December 25th—Christmas Day. He gets only one set of presents.

There isn't a motion-picture star who was born on Good Friday, St. Valentine's Day, Decoration Day, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Election Day, or Armistice Day. (Carelessness, somewhere!)

Now then, what does the zodiac say of these screen stars? Between January 20th and February 19th, under

Star Be Born?

about the month that you choose for your birth, for far more propitious for screen success than others.

Wooldridge

the sign of Aquarius, whose motto is "Human Nature," there were born the following:

George K. Arthur, Raymond Griffith, Greta Nissen, Harry Carey, Ronald Colman, Ramon Novarro, "Buster" Collier, John Barrymore, and Molly Malone. The prediction of the sign of Aquarius is as follows:

You have days of great happiness and days of great misery. To avoid them, understand that you are possessed of unusual powers. But if you are blue or depressed, you cannot use these powers. Throw off your doubts as to your success and you come to great health and wealth. The moment you begin to doubt, fret or worry, the planetary forces cannot work. Always be careful to think alone over a project, and after cool and careful thought go about it. Cast out of your mind all fear, doubt, lack of hope, thoughts of failure, and your life will be bright and happy.

People who are born under this sign are said to be the strongest and weakest people in the world. Your strength lies in your hands and you can make of yourself what you choose. You can achieve the best or highest things, or be a great and complete failure. Your great trouble is that you are not self-reliant. Some days you are happy and hopeful and others, you are so depressed that life seems to have no charm. You possess unusual powers, but don't use them to advantage.

Under the sign of Pisces, February 19th to March 21st, were born Alma Rubens, Lew Cody, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Mackajll, Edwin Carewe, Bobby Vernon, Charles Ray, Conrad Nagel, Gloria Swanson, and Betty Compson. Their horoscope is:

People in this sign are naturally generous and helpful. You have good judgment and a discriminating mind, which will place you in high positions of trust. You should spend much time outdoors. By being patient, calm, and cheerful, your power will increase. If you want health, wealth, and happiness, it will be necessary not to fret or worry. You must learn to become calm, quiet, and tranquil before the planetary forces can help you.

Under the sign of Aries, March 21st to April 19th, come Robert Ames, Madge Bellamy, Warner Baxter, Anna O. Nilsson, Lon Chaney, Nita Naldi, Kathleen Key, Vera Reynolds, Mary Pickford, Carmel Myers, Claire Windsor, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Charlie Chaplin. Does the horoscope of these eminent actors and actresses tell a truthful tale? It says:

Your success depends upon tremendous push and systematic effort. In love affairs you will be a dire failure if you are the least bit jealous. You are positive in disposition and bilious in temperament. Original, logical, independent, self-reliant, a natural-born organizer. A natural leader, difficult to control—cannot be forced or driven. Not quarrelsome, but you neither meddle with others nor allow others to meddle with you. You have occult powers. It is almost impossible to hide anything from the Aries individual who has recognized his or her power of intuition, and for this reason you develop quickly the gifts of the spirit. Your brain is always busy. You are an independent character and have your own idea of right and wrong. You appear to be stubborn, but really are not. If required to do work in the same manner as others, you are thrown into confusion. You must do everything in your own way.

Under the zodiacal sign of Taurus, April 19th to May 20th, whose motto is "Endurance," come Harold Lloyd, Dorothy Sebastian, Norma Talmadge, Paulette Goddard, Frances Lee, John Roche, Rudolph Valentino, Mae Murray, Constance Talmadge, George O'Brien, Willard Louis, and Julian Eltinge. Their horoscope says:

You are generous and like to entertain your friends. It is easier for you to make money than it is for you to save it. No matter what line of work you follow you will be successful if you put your whole heart and soul into it. In love matters, social attainments, and leadership, you will excel. Practice silence and patience. Have self-control at all times. Don't be too exacting. Naturally, however, you will have your own way. But the greatest of all conquests is conquest of self. This is a very hard sign to overcome. It gives you strong likes and dislikes. You generate life force very rapidly, and are very determined in whatever you do. Are sometimes "stiff necked." Are unyielding. As a ruler, are apt to have your own way at all hazards—you think your way the best.

Under the zodiacal sign of Gemini, May 20th to

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SIGN OF CAPRICORN

"Hypnotic powers—strong individuality—proud—high ideals."



SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS

"Impulsive—apt to make enemies—lose hope easily."



SIGN OF SCORPIO

"Great possibilities—but easily disturbed—high temper—jealousy—love praise."



SIGN OF LEO

"Jovial, friendly—kind-hearted, sympathetic—sometimes lazy."



SIGN OF VIRGO

"Cool, calm, confident."



SIGN OF LIBRA

"Excellent foresight—inspired—energetic, persistent."



Photo by W. F. Seeley

Bill Hart

And you will soon see
picture called

By Myrtle

smart. I don't know whether I sing bass, tenor, or alto in the quartet, but I'm dog-gone happy at bein' in it."

Hart's disagreement with Paramount two years ago arose over the question of supervision. Having made twenty-seven pictures for that concern, besides all the others in his years of work, he figured he knew how to do it. They wanted to exercise certain supervision over his work.

"And I'm a pretty old man to have any one pull a 'Betty Bronson' on me," he chuckled.

His face sobering, he added, "But please, ma'am, don't put any harsh words in my mouth, when you write up this piece. We've done our fightin'—and it was a plenty—and now we're peaceable, all differences patched up. I'm inclined to be an easy-goin' cuss and don't aim to stir up any more fuss.

"I've had enough trouble, anyhow. Things have worked out right, as they always do, and I'm on a calm prairie of life's range now, and figure to stay at peace with the world and everybody in it."

He is hard at work on "Tumbleweeds," which records the last homesteading stampede. The story, concerning the feud between the

IT was welcome news to his loyal fans that Bill Hart was to get back in harness again.

"I never did retire," he drawled, as I talked to him recently, at his studio. "I just quit. I've been a star, and producer of my own pictures, since my first day's work for the camera. I just have to make 'em my way or else pasture myself out on my ranch."

His agreement with United Artists gives him complete supervision of his own productions, with but one stipulation: he and Joseph Schenck must agree on stories.

"I'm right proud to be one of the Big Four, with Mary and Doug and Chaplin," he went on as he tilted back his chair. "We became stars practically together. Mary had been in the movies longer, but about the time Doug and I came in, she was starred. And I remember my first day's work, at seventy-five a week—but a star, mind you—out at Edendale. Charlie was there in his baggy trousers, with the hat and cane that were to become a trade-mark, just gettin' started.

"For eleven years we've gone steady upward, and none of us has dropped enough so's you could notice it. That's somethin', ma'am, to make a feller feel right

cattlemen and the homesteaders, is being filmed on a more pretentious scale than any Western he has ever made. The hero, *Tumbleweeds*, so called because he is a homeless rover of the range, loves a homesteader's daughter. Facing an unjust accusation, he breaks out of the army stockade, has some rousing fights with the villain, saves the land for the girl's father, and eventually closes the breach with peace and the inevitable happy ending.

The same old theme of so many Western pictures, but with novel trimmings. The last homestead rush, filling up with claims the final range of open Kansas territory, has never been filmed. Laid in 1889, it might be termed a link between "The Covered Wagon" period and our own day. And there will be new thrills, set to the old tune of vital Western action.

"What would a Bill Hart movie be without 'em?" he muses. "I ride a lot, and practice flyin' mounts, and limber up, every day, at the gym. When I can't do 'em any more, I'll quit. I'm gettin' along, but I'm still spry. Haven't varied a pound in weight. Eleven years ago, when I started, I weighed one hundred eighty-four and one-half pounds; to-day I tipped the scales at one hundred eighty-four and three fourths."

is Back!

him in a characteristic
"Tumbleweeds."

Gebhart

Many of his old gang have come back to him. Only the pinto pony is missing, luxuriating out at the ranch. He isn't so very old, but Hart loves that "paint hoss" so much that he is afraid some accident may befall him, so the pinto has been retired.

After "Tumbleweeds" will come the fulfillment of a dream that has lain close to his heart for twenty-three years—his dearly beloved Patrick Henry. He played that rôle on the stage and noticed, though he was only a subordinate character, how the public liked the fellow.

"I tried many a time to do somethin' around Patrick's life, but nobody would listen," he said one day as we sat on the sidelines of the dusty little Kansas village street and watched capable King Baggot, who is directing, coach his extras for the next shot, wherein *Tumbleweeds* was to resent the villain's kicking a small boy and douse him in the well. "Wrote six vaudeville sketches about him, but couldn't sell 'em.

"Did a scenario next, and people who read it thought it so good they suggested I make it into a novel. I laughed. I haven't the education for fine writin', but I'd studied so much about Patrick's time that I knew all the idioms of the day. Finally, I tackled it, and spent three years, spare time, on it. I can turn out Western stories by the yard, but this was real downright labor.

"Every publisher in the country, except one, turned it down. He didn't, because he didn't get a chance just then. Later, when my lawyer sent it to him—because I thought it was no use—by dingo, if he didn't buy it! And it's the only book on the American Revolution, written by an American, that has become a popular success in England. I'm right proud of that.

"I studied every research book, every bit of historical data, I could lay my hands on, to get all my facts right. Not much is known of Patrick's private life. But his character is clear, and buildin' on that, I've had a whale of a good time work-



Photo by W. F. Seeley

in' in logical incidents, little scenes, and elaboratin' his romance with plausible happenin's.

"He was an ornery but lovable cuss, Patrick. Wore buckskin clothes, spent his time huntin' and fishin', drinkin' wine and fiddlin'. Just plumb lazy. Said, 'I can make friends, but I swear I can't make a livin'.'"

This quaint character will be carried through historic scenes, brimful of action, to the smashing, patriotic ending, "Give me liberty or give me death!" With the ringing of the old Liberty Bell, the picture will flash from the screen.

When the question of Hart's second production for United Artists came up, he took four stories to Schenck—one a snow story, the second a baseball yarn with a Western umpire, the third I forget, the fourth was his Patrick Henry drama.

"If they don't hit you in the right place, Joe," he said, "chuck 'em in the can. But if one of 'em does, hol-ler."

Schenck hollered—for Patrick Henry. When he was told that his own brain-child had been picked, Hart's face broke into a wide grin, and he plunged into preparations with renewed enthusiasm.

It will be a slight departure from his West of the plains, but he plans to embody in it the majority of the qualities that have made his picture endure. Do they endure, you may ask. Well, I am told that every one he has ever made is still running somewhere, in reissues, and just recently he ambled into a cheap little Main Street theater and saw—the first two-reeler that he had filmed, eleven years ago.

"I belong to this here West that I love, ma'am, and I'll keep it on the screen. But let me have my fling with Patrick! I'm a-goin' to make all of you love that gol-darned fool."

The years have brought no noticeable change in Hart. Tall, lean, erect, he moves with the same old lithe grace, living for "spells of thinkin'" out on his ranch, which is off the beaten

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The Screen in Review

An impartial survey of films now showing.

By Sally Benson

Caricatures by John Decker

WHEN Erich von Stroheim produced "The Merry Widow," the beautiful Viennese melodies of Franz Lehar must have saturated him completely, for it is the most *tuneful* picture I have ever seen. To be sure, the story is preposterous, but under the influence of a series of beautiful waltzes, it seems reasonable enough at the time.

The picture glitters with uniforms, dancing, and light wines. It is thoroughly sophisticated and delightful, and like the Lubitsch comedies, it soars far above other attempts in the thin air of grown-up story-telling.

Not that it isn't full of the good old heart-renders. It is. But when *Sally O'Hara*, a dancer in a cheap, road company, tells the *Prince* that she is really a good girl, he doesn't take off his hat in true William S. Hart style; he just doesn't believe her, which is much more logical. And when he finally goes to his family to announce his intention of marrying her, they talk him out of it. *Sally* is left waiting, wedding dress and all, and in desperation marries the ancient *Baron Sadoja*.

The *Crown Prince* was played by Roy d'Arcy, a young man who is a remarkable character actor. He was another astonishingly good part of the picture.

While I have never particularly admired Mae Murray, she gives the best performance of her career in "The Merry Widow." Von Stroheim has toned her down until she seems quite a lot like other girls. About the meanest thing to say about a woman is, "How young she looks," so I will not say that about Miss Murray. She looks eighteen. The rest is no concern of anybody but herself. Tully Marshall is a fine, repulsive old thing who dies obligingly on his wedding night, and George Fawcett is the froggish old *King*.

And now I am where I wanted to be in the first place. Stop me if you've heard this before. It's about John Gilbert as the *Prince*, and I am afraid to say too much for fear of the hoots and jeers that might follow. I *think* he is a fine actor, but am not sure. Besides, it doesn't matter the least bit. It is enough to say that he is the most promising star since Valentino. To be sure, Valentino has stopped by the wayside, but somehow I don't think Mr. Gilbert will. Elderly ladies will not like him, and very young girls won't, but for that vast majority in between, I predict he will be the *raison d'être* for Better Movie Season.

When I left the theater, with the sight it offered of Mr. Gilbert in an amazing array of uniforms, and realized that all that the world held for me was just one Fair Isle sweater after another, with plus fours thrown in, life seemed pretty dull.

And now, just one thing more. I hope that, after seeing Mr. von Stroheim's enchanting "Merry Widow," all other directors, who own manuscripts labeled, "The action of this picture takes place in Paris and Vienna," will either tear them up in despair or head them "Broadway After Dark."

"America for Americans," is my motto.



In "The Merry Widow," Mae Murray gives the best performance of her career, and John Gilbert makes you strongly suspect he is a very fine actor.

Where the West Begins, and Begins.

There is no need to tear a picture like "The Pony Express" apart and submit it to a cold, reasonable eye. It is enough to say that it is a perfectly fine Western melodrama, a little too long, perhaps, for more hardened souls, and not half long enough for the romantic, young ones.

It is the story of the political unrest in California shortly before the Civil War. *Jack Weston*, a handsome gambler, knows too much about the California senator's plot to establish that State as a separate government. With his life in danger, he follows the stage coach carrying the senator to the East, partly for revenge, and partly because he has seen *Molly Jones*, who is also traveling East.

A little more than halfway, he stops off at the tiny settlement of Julesburg, again partly because he is offered a chance to join the Pony Express which has just been established to carry the mail across the continent. Of course the villains try to stop the news of Lincoln's election from reaching California, and of course *Jack Weston*, as an Express rider, saves the day.

This picture has more than the usual quota of lovable old characters. Ernest Torrence is a pleasant, religious fanatic. There isn't a great deal for him to do—except when he starts amiably out for converts with a sledge hammer. Wallace Beery is wonderful as *Rhode Island Red*.

The outstanding performance, however, was given by George Bancroft as *Jack Slade*. I have never seen Mr. Bancroft before, to my knowledge, but he is a thoroughly smooth and satisfactory bad man, and much

more attractive than the hero. Ricardo Cortez is *Jack Weston*, the gambler, looking very handsome and not as stiff as usual. The only debit goes to Betty Compson who seemed entirely futile as *Molly Jones*.

I don't think this review sounds as enthusiastic as I mean it to be, for "The Pony Express" is a really good picture.

Expensive and Everything.

"The Phantom of the Opera" is one of those superproductions. It's the kind of picture that is buoyed up by stories of the terrific trouble and time and expense required to make it. But I don't care how much trouble and care is put in a picture. The only important thing is whether or not I am carried away by the illusion. And I wasn't fooled or scared one bit by Lon Chaney as the reputed, ghastly *Phantom*.

There were horrid rumors going about as to just how unpleasant he was. I was prepared for quite a shock. But when Mr. Chaney pulled off his mask with an air of going "Boo!" I felt like saying, "Don't you 'boo' at me, Lon Chaney, and take that false face off right away. A great big boy like you scaring children!"

The story, by Gaston Leroux, is a pleasant little thing about a criminal maniac who lives under the Paris Opera House in a maze of tunnels and hidden rooms. He falls in love with a pretty young singer and almost hypnotizes her into success. Then she must pay the rather blood-curdling price of marrying him. When she is carried away to his den beneath the city, her lover rescues her, in spite of trap doors and all the horrors of the torture chambers.

There are a few consciously horrible things in it, as the coffin, with its two large candles, which the *Phantom* uses for a bed, and the scene where the colossal chandelier falls from the ceiling down onto the audience of the opera. Part of the picture is done in color—well done, if you like the impression of a basket of colored Easter eggs.

I don't know whether or not Mr. Chaney did good work as the *Phantom*. Behind his make-up his features may have rippled with expression. He opened his mouth rather horribly, and waved his hands about gruesomely, but that was all.

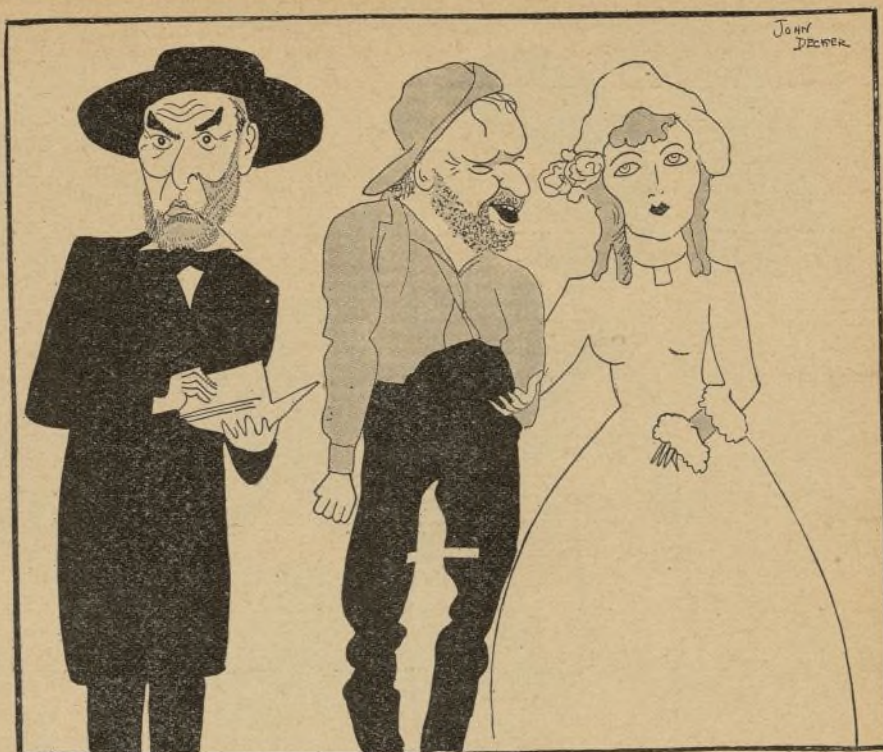
Norman Kerry was entirely wooden as the *Vicomte de Chagny*. Mary Philbin was pretty and colorless. The rest of the cast included Virginia Pearson, Gibson Gowland, Snitz Edwards, and Cesare Gravina. The film was directed by Rupert Julian.

If you are frightened by pumpkin heads and black cats, you will like "The Phantom of the Opera." It cannot compare with "The Unholy Three" for sheer horror.

The Sennett Touch.

"Bobbed Hair," produced by Warner Brothers, is a thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, taken from a novel by twenty authors. The whole picture is a series of swift incidents starting with the plan of young *Connemara Moore*, which is to choose a husband by bobbing her hair, or not bobbing it.

The plot is handled by such competent comedians as Marie Prevost, who knows all there is to know about



Ernest Torrence is an amusing, religious fanatic, Wallace Berry, a delightful old hobo, and Betty Compson, the rather futile heroine in "The Pony Express."

playing comedy, Louise Fazenda, who is a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan, who is the young man with the money and the motor car. Francis McDonald and Walter Long are the two hard eggs.

There is also a terribly funny dog in it who plays opposite Miss Fazenda, much to her disgust. He has fifty thousand dollars that she wants, but she doesn't get it. I have never seen her as funny as she was in these scenes.

Mack Sennett's pupils never seem to forget their training. A quick, jazzy pace is set for "Bobbed Hair," and every member of the cast steps in with the syncopated rhythm.

This is by all means the best comedy of the month.

Another Beautiful Innovation.

The latest importation from across the sea, Vilma Banky, makes her first appearance in a First National production called "The Dark Angel."

This story was adapted from the play by H. B. Trevelyan, and in spite of a rather hackneyed plot, makes a very lovely picture. There is nothing very thrilling about it, but it has the same sort of appeal that "The Enchanted Cottage" had. *Captain Alan Trent*, a young British officer, and his fiancée, *Kitty Vane*, decide upon a hasty marriage before his return to the front, but due to the late hour, cannot secure a marriage license. They register at a tavern as man and wife, and spend the night there.

Captain Trent is reported missing in the war, and is given up for lost, but he has really been blinded and hides himself away to avoid *Kitty's* pity. After a great many heart throbs, everything turns out all right in the end.

Ronald Colman is excellent as the handsome, blind officer. My warped nature was glad to see him playing in bad luck again, after that awful brief début of his as a comedian. I hope that things will continue to go wrong with him from now on, with just enough time off, every now and then, for a happy ending. I won't even begrudge him a smile or two, provided it is a bitter one.

Vilmy Banky is not only a very beautiful woman, but she seems to be a fine actress as well.



In a difficult dual rôle in "The Coast of Folly," Gloria Swanson does some remarkable work.

Sugar and Water.

I am quite certain that in every theater where "Graustark," starring Norma Talmadge, is shown, the house will be filled to capacity. People will go to see Miss Talmadge, and they will go to see the film version of George Barr McCutcheon's novel of twenty years ago.

They are going to be disappointed.

Either this light, romantic novel can't stand the cold gray light of 1925, or it has been adapted badly for the screen. I don't think the fault lies with the story, for "The Merry Widow" cannot boast of a logical plot, so the fault must lie with the picture itself, and although I hate to say it, with Miss Talmadge.

Since she is my favorite star, these are indeed harsh words. The picture is unbelievably dull. It drags. It does not tell its story well. The climax, where the *Princess Yevette* appeals to her people to let her marry her American lover and be happy ever afterward, is indeed pure bunk. If this is royalty, even in the movies, let us have bigger and better bombs for 1926.

A Little Bit of Folly.

Another disappointing picture is the "Coast of Folly," starring Gloria Swanson. Adapted from the novel by Coningsby Dawson, and directed by Allan Dwan, it falls embarrassingly flat. This time, however, the fault is not with the star, but most obviously with the director.

Miss Swanson plays two parts in the film, the part of a mother and also her daughter. I do not believe—to be just—that she has ever worked so conscientiously before. There is one glaring fault in the picture, but whether it is due to direction or titling, I cannot say. As the daughter, Miss Swanson is a girl

of twenty, pretty and modern; as her mother she is unbelievably old. The mother's age must be between forty and fifty, but she looks and acts seventy. If, on the other hand, she was thirty-five when her daughter was born, things might be more reasonable. A subtitle slipped in would clear up the mystery.

This is not meant to reflect on Miss Swanson's interpretation of the dissipated, pathetic woman, once a beauty, who is frantically clutching at the remnants of her lost youth. I thought that her work was remarkable. I liked her coquettish little ways with younger men, her walk, the movements of her hands. It is not her fault that there was no explanation made for her age. She was at all times excellent.

As the daughter she was fresh looking and pretty. To be sure, at times she was a bit too much of a little romp, and the moving-picture ball was pretty cheap stuff, I thought, but little slips like these in a picture can hardly be blamed on the star.

Allan Dwan should hide his face whenever "The Coast of Folly" is mentioned."

Particularly Terrible.

I am still aghast at what they have done to "The Circle." Next to "Faint Perfume," it is the most terrific hash I have ever seen, warmed over from an originally choice bit. The play by W. Somerset Maugham was a brilliant one. The picture has no more sparkle than an old boot.

The title, in the movie version, loses its point. I am ashamed to write it, but the English husband turns into a he-man, dresses up as a chauffeur, and when his wife and her lover elope, he drives them away, winking foxily at the camera, and at the first dark lonely spot, blacks the other man's



Marie Prevost, in "Bobbed Hair," shows that she knows all there is to know about playing comedy.

eyes, and takes his wife home. Nothing very circular about that.

The lovely and capable Eleanor Boardman is totally lost. Malcolm MacGregor, as *Edward Luton*, the impetuous lover, is pretty bad, and Creighton Hale, as the husband—oh! how could he do it, after the nice work he did with Lubitsch in "The Marriage Circle!"

Just Some Old-fashioned Melodrama.

"The Tower of Lies," in spite of the imposing names surrounding it, is just the old story of the mortgage on the farm. Victor Seastrom is the director. Selma Lagerlof's book, "The Emperor of Portugalia," is the source from which it sprang.

The action of the story takes place in Sweden instead of New England, and there is neither snowstorm nor child. Otherwise, things are about as usual. The landlord is the Squire's nephew, the daughter pays the price, and the papers are turned over to the old people.

Just for a change, the old father loses his mind, and imagines himself an emperor and his lost daughter an empress. After his death, his daughter marries her childhood sweetheart who has remained faithful through all the years.

This is not an especially good picture, nor is it a bad one. There are some beautiful scenes, and Mr. Seastrom has been careful to transplant the simplicity of Miss Lagerlof's book, both in the action of the story and in the interesting interiors.

Lon Chaney is good as the old father, Norma Shearer is a lovely *Glory*, good or bad. David Torrence, the villain, sneers successfully.

Another Good Book Gone Wrong.

If I were the author of a successful book, I should protect it with my life. It hardly seems fair that Harry Leon Wilson should sell "Bunker Bean" down the river after all it has done for him. The treatment handed out to it is even worse than I expected.

The stage play of this story was pretty bad, but the picture is much, much worse. I can just see the gruesome gathering around the murdered book. "Now here was a funny story," says the first ghoul. "Let's make it funnier."

Matt Moore, that not very humorous young man, plays the part of *Bunker Bean*. He turns the vague, eccentric character into a funny man, a slapstick comedian. Now, no one loves good falls better than I do, but I like them in their proper place, which is *not* in "Bunker Bean." The parts of the film showing *Bunker Bean's* reincarnation are just as bad as possible.

Grandma the Demon, played by Gertrude Claire, has also lost her humor in the grand shuffle. In fact, every endearing part of the book has been dug out and given a double exposure.

Not So Side-splitting.

"Red Hot Tires" is intended to be a high-speed comedy of a man, a girl, and several automobile accidents, which is all very well, if it only could carry out the intention.

The difficulty lies with Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. Monte Blue is a very good comedian, but not for swift-moving farce. In the Lubitsch comedies, he is wonderful, but in "Red Hot Tires," he seems a step behind the parade. Patsy Ruth Miller just isn't funny. She has none of the requirements of a comedienne. She can look wistful and fairly pretty, but she cannot make me laugh.

The story is about a young man with a fear complex on automobiles, and there are nothing but automobiles



Lon Chaney is not nearly so unpleasant in "The Phantom of the Opera" as had been rumored; Mary Philbin makes a pretty heroine, though a little ineffectual.

in the picture. Some kidnapers steal the girl he loves, and he is forced to mad motoring to save her.

The idea isn't so bad in itself, and audiences may even like it.

Not a Knock-out.

The First National Picture, "The Knock-out," starring Milton Sills, journeys from the prize ring to the Canadian Northwest, and it seems hardly worth the trip. However, if you like Milton Sills, you will see a great deal of him if you see this picture.

He is an educated prize fighter, if such a phenomenon exists, and to prove it, you are shown a scene in his library where one of the guests picks up a volume of "Epictetus" and says something about how strange it is "to find him a fighter in the ring, and a cultured gentleman in private life."

The heroine, who owns a lumber camp, can't bear fights for money, much preferring private fights around the house. But when the logs jam, and there is no money with which to pay off the notes, Milton Sills returns to the ring and wins the purse for her.

There is a pretty fine log jam in this picture, about the best jam I have seen this year. I was disappointed when the dynamite didn't break it up because I should have liked seeing them float down the river.

Milton Sills is a great strapping fellow who fights and gets very hot doing it. Lorna Duveen is the heroine.

A Mean Trick on Leatrice.

"Hell's Highroad" is just a mean trick on Leatrice Joy. This is the story about a little girl who pushes her husband to success only to find that he has become money mad—not so money mad, however, as to be blind to the charms of another woman. So she plans for his downfall.

There really wasn't much planning about it, because in the background *Sanford Gillespie* lurked, and you know how those men with big interests make and break

Continued on page 111



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beggars 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.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charley Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

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

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

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

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus 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.

"A Woman's Faith"—Universal. A good melodrama with a blinded hero whose sight is restored by a miracle. Alma Rubens does fine acting. Percy Marmont stilted.

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

"Coast of Folly, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two rôles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both mother and daughter in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.

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

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

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

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Louise Dresser, excellent as degraded former opera singer who is reformed in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good son.

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

"Halfway Girl, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, as two derelicts thrown together in the Orient, go from bad to worse until a shipwreck shocks them out of themselves.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with locale supposedly in Vienna. Constance Talmadge in dual rôle. Ronald Colman not so good as husband. George K. Arthur also in cast.

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

"Home Maker, The"—Universal. Story of efficient woman with husband who can't live up to her. Alice Joyce, in cold rôle, is as good as she ever has been; Clive Brook plays easy-going husband.

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

"I'll Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the best chances Reginald Denny 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.

"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.

"Lucky Horseshoe, The"—Fox. A Tom Mix Western, with Tony, as usual, playing an important part. Billie Dove is the beautiful heroine rescued from the wrong man, and Ann Pennington makes a brief but effective appearance.

"Madame Sans Gene"—Paramount. Not Gloria Swanson's best, but well worth seeing. The genuine French backgrounds and settings are strikingly lovely.

"Mystic, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sister film to "The Unholy Three," showing the machinations of three fake spiritualists and a clever crook. Aileen Pringle is quite flashing in the title rôle, Conway Tearle good as the crook.

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

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"—Metro-Goldwyn. The romance of an Hawaiian queen and a young American, featuring Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, and Huntley Gordon.

Continued on page 114



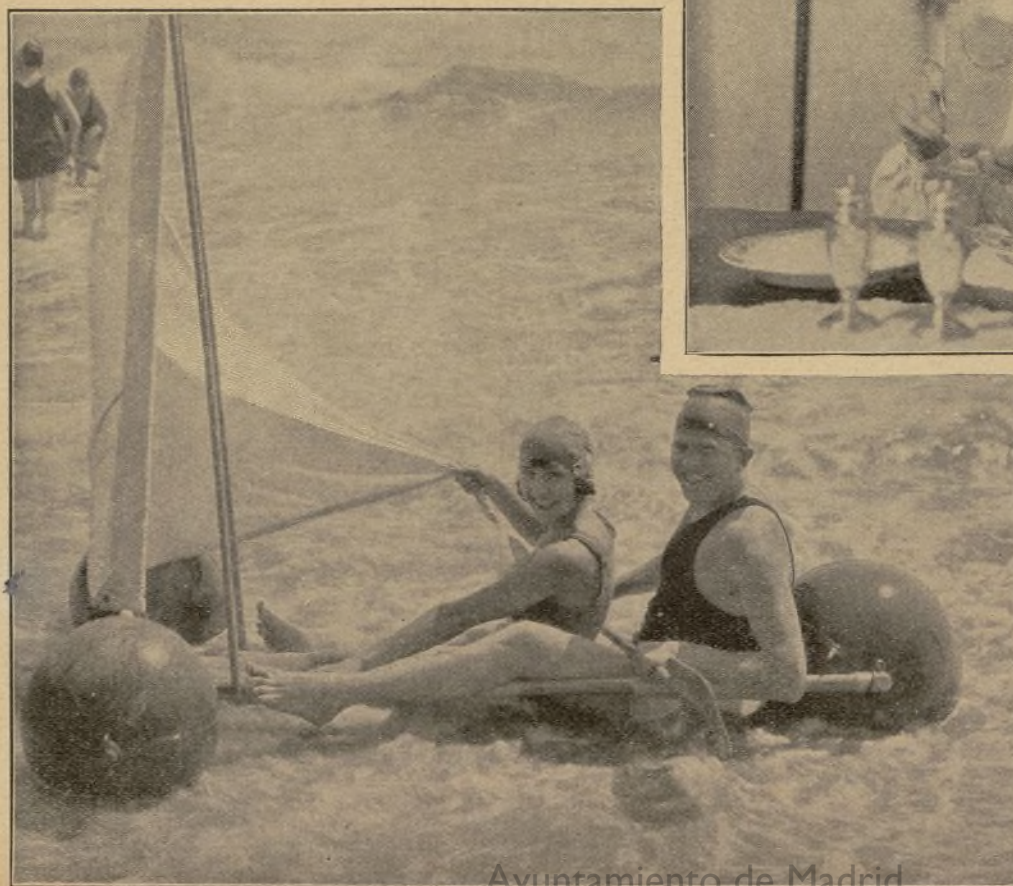
Eleven Reasons Why

We should all like to be motion-picture players and live in Hollywood.

For one reason, the players don't take life too seriously. Buck Jones and his cowboys, above, are putting on a burlesque, showing what happens when they try to do the Charleston.



Marian Nixon may have to rise early, but who would mind that, with such a delicious breakfast all ready and waiting?



Everything that makes bathing a real sport is at hand when the players visit the beaches. Here you see Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore with the latest type of surf boat, with balloon tires, and everything!

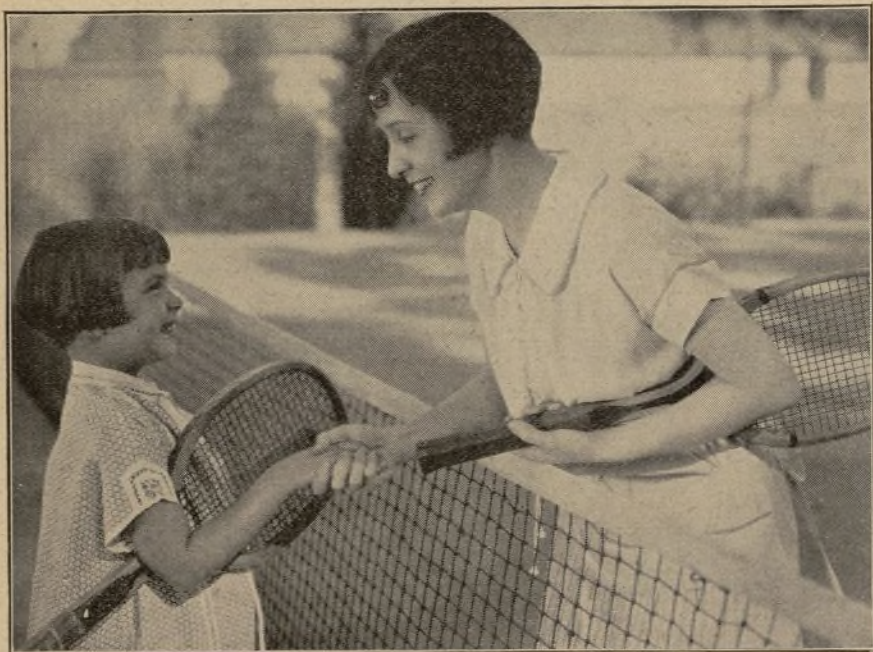
Eleven Reasons Why



To be good at sports is part of every screen actor's stock in trade. Vera Steadman, of Christie Comedies, qualified as champion girl motor-boat racer on the Pacific coast at the Santa Barbara regatta, driving Al Christie's *Baby Mine*.



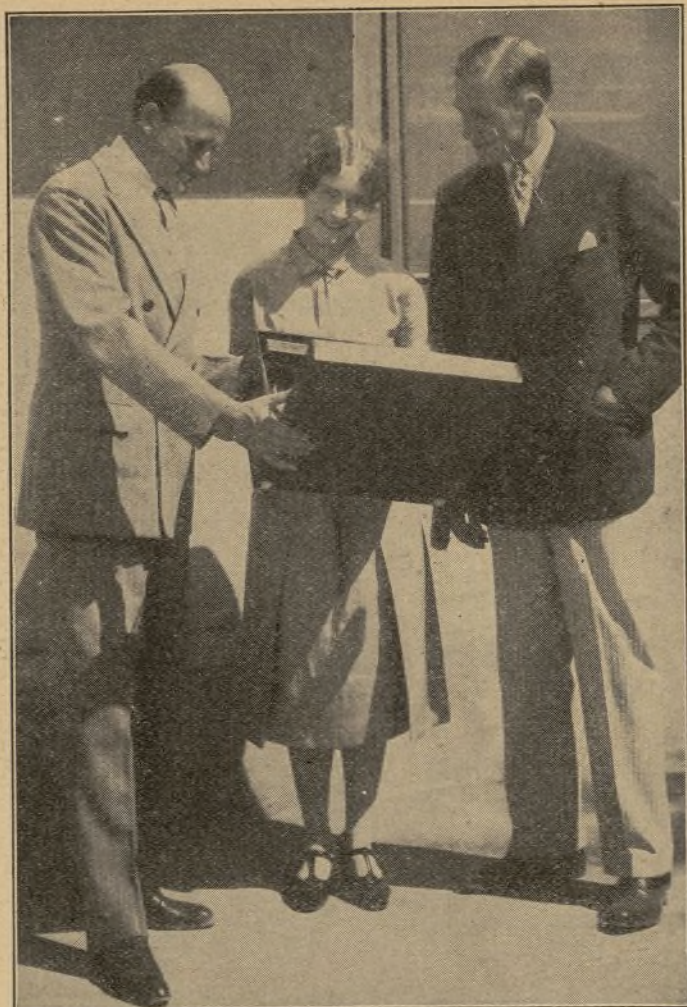
What a chance a star has to make a hit with her young relatives! Here is Pauline Garon with her two nephews from Canada who visited her during their vacation. Just imagine what they think of "Aunt Pauline!"



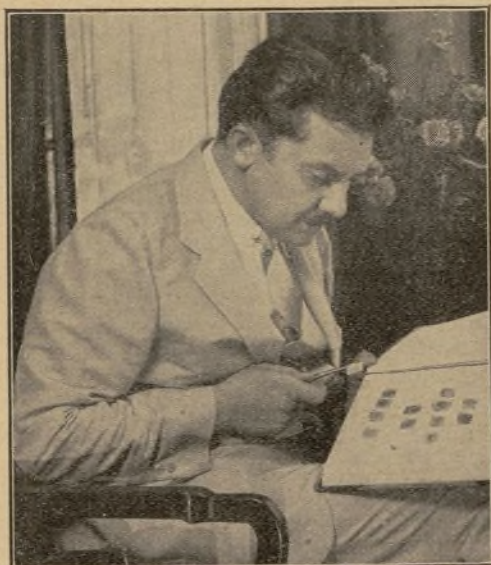
Florence Vidor evidently approves of the game which her young daughter, Suzanne, has been putting up against her on the tennis court. It's pretty evident that mother and daughter enjoy each other's company.

Think of being picked by a famous European painter as a subject for a portrait! That's an honor that was bestowed upon Jack Hoxie by Stanislaus Poccha, a Polish artist, famous for his pictures of Cossacks. Poccha chose Hoxie as a subject because he considered him a representative type of American plainsman.





Stars have such pleasant surprises. Lois Moran was recently presented with an elaborately equipped traveling bag by her producer, Samuel Goldwyn, and director, Henry King, as a token of appreciation of her splendid work in "Stella Dallas."



Nearly all the players have interesting hobbies, and the means for indulging in them. Every fan who's also a stamp collector will probably start writing to Jean Hersholt, at Universal City, when they learn that he shares their interest in philately.



Irene Rich finds much pleasure midst her rose bushes and other flowers—and you know what wonderful flowers grow in California.



What would people think of a lawyer, doctor, or business man who was seen doing this on his front gate! But Lupino Lane, of Educational Comedies, can do any boyish trick he likes, and no one thinks anything of it.

Some Frocks for the

As Christmas approaches, many fashionable bride should wear, as well as holiday mood, will be seen on the players

By Betty

IT looks to me," remarked one of my friends as she glanced over a pile of "stills" from some of the forthcoming productions, "as though December is the appointed month for screen weddings."

"Mercy no, my child!" said I, patronizingly, "June is the only orthodox time"—but since I possess the usual feminine interest in wedding finery I couldn't resist a look, and sure enough, there were no less than five pretty brides, and all of them in pictures scheduled for release in December!

"Well," I mused, "Why isn't December a good month for weddings?" And as no satisfactory objection was forthcoming, I decided to show at least one of these dainty wedding gowns on this page, for the benefit of the girl who chooses to celebrate her wedding in this jolly, holiday season.

It wasn't easy to choose between those five brides, because they were all lovely, and even when my choice had simmered down to two, I couldn't decide for ages, and changed my mind half a dozen times. Finally, I shut my eyes, turned around three times, and stabbed a hairpin at the nearest one—and it was Eleanor Boardman. She wears this dress in "Memory Lane," and just for good measure, we'll have a look at the gowns of the maid of honor and the bridesmaids, too.

To begin with the bride's gown. It is of silver lace over heavy white satin. The demure little

basque, with its round neck line edged with

a design of seed pearls, has an unusual feature in the soft folds at the waist line, terminating in knots of the lace over each hip.

The skirt, as is easily seen, consists of four very full, ruffled tiers of the silver lace, and it is of very modest length, reaching almost to the ankles. The close, helmetlike cap, from which the tulle veil depends, is of silver lace edged with pearls. A pretty and original substitute for the usual bouquet is the fluffy muff of silver lace and tulle, upon which is fastened a small bunch of orange blossoms and roses, ending in a cascade of ribbons. These muffs were also carried by the maid of honor and the bridesmaids, whose gowns were of pastel shades, with touches of silver.

As, last month, we confined our attention to daytime frocks, so this month we will consider only the more frivolous, evening and dinner gowns. What pretty lines they have this season! The circular skirt, while not new, nevertheless holds undisputed sway, and is developed equally well in either velvet or chiffon. The latter, however, seems to be the favorite for festive frocks of all kinds, and it is the exceptional evening gown that does not show the soft folds of this beautiful material in at least a portion of the gown.

The plain cuirasslike bodice, slightly form-fitting, seems to hold unusual favor. This is generally of chiffon, lace, or brocade, either plain or beaded, and frequently terminates with the "up in front and down at sides" effect so much this season.

Most of the gowns sketched on the second page are of that type, as our screen stars are quick to seize upon so graceful a style and one so becoming alike to slender or mature figures.

Eleanor Boardman is to be a Christmas bride—on the screen. In "Memory Lane," scheduled for release in December, she goes to the altar in the gown, of silver lace over heavy white satin, shown at the upper left of the page. Her maid of honor, at the left, and a bridesmaid, at the right, wear dresses of pastel shades, touched with silver. Each carries, as a variation of the usual bouquet, a fluffy muff of silver lace and tulle, on which is fastened a small bunch of orange blossoms and roses.



Wedding

ples of what the other styles in of the screen.

Brown

The gown at the left of the group at the top of the page is worn by Miss Esther Ralston in the Paramount production of "The Best People," and of the many beautiful gowns which she wears in that picture this one is her favorite. It is of three shades of pink chiffon over a slip of pink satin. The chiffon petals which form the skirt are attached by pearl beads, and the

The circular skirt and cuirass-like bodice are very much in favor this season, as may be seen from the five gowns on this page. The two girls at the right are Esther Ralston and Phyllis Haver, both wearing dresses of pastel-colored chiffon, the most popular material, at the moment, for evening wear.



double "bib" effect is also edged with pearls. The hose are nude and the satin slippers match the deepest shade of pink used in the frock.

The young lady at her right is Miss Phyllis Haver, wearing the charming dinner gown in which she appears in "New Brooms." It is of shell-pink chiffon, trimmed with bands of silver lace. Gardenias are worn at the waist and on the shoulder.

On the lower half of the page, I have sketched three gowns particularly noticed during the making of the pictures in which they appear. The first is worn by Miss Doris Kenyon in "The Unguarded Hour."

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Below, at the left, is Doris Kenyon as she appears in "The Unguarded Hour." She, too, has a gown of chiffon, the tunic of which is beaded. Dolores Cassinelli, in the center, is wearing georgette, while Vilma Banky, at the right, may be seen in "The Dark Angel" in a dinner gown of silver lace and georgette.



Hollywood High Lights

Reflections of what's going on in the Western studios, with bits of gossip thrown in.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

BOWLEGS have been at a premium in Hollywood ever since Douglas Fairbanks started filming "The Black Pirate." Doug has decided that pirates are not pirates unless their lower limbs have the contour of a parabola or an oversized ostrich egg, and for that reason extras for his picture have been chosen not for their manly beauty but for the breadth of the distance between their knees. Altogether, they should make a grotesque spectacle, with knives between their teeth, bandannas wrapped around their heads, earrings on their ears, and boots hanging at half-mast.

Doug's new production is going to be a great novelty. Color photography, as he is using it, will probably prove a surprise to those who have seen "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," "Toll of the Sea" and other features that have used this embellishment: For Doug is aiming to avoid glaring colors, except in the few instances where they will enhance the dramatic action.

Personally, we will be quite happy if Doug achieves new effects with colors and we have no doubt he will, because he infrequently, if ever, has broken his promises to the public.

Billie Dove has been chosen as his new leading woman, and she naturally has been more than thrilled over this triumph. Strange to say, however, the honor of playing with Doug seems to be a hoodoo. Enid Bennett has seldom appeared on the screen since working in "Robin Hood," and Julianne Johnston has not been having any luck to speak of in getting good parts since her return from Europe. Even Marguerite de la Motte has rarely equaled the opportunities that she had while appearing some time ago in Fairbanks' pictures.

Another Palatial Home

It makes us absolutely dizzy these days to contemplate the plans of film stars for new homes. Professional rivalry seems temporarily to have given way to competition in residence building, and not to be outdone by the others, Harold Lloyd has announced plans for a one-million-dollar estate which he will establish—establish is right in this case—in Beverly Hills.

To the usual attractions of a swimming pool, a ballroom, tennis courts, a miniature beach, and the like, which stars frequently have in their back yards, he is adding a bridge path, an agricultural farm, sheep-grazing land, formal gardens, and a tropical forest, not to mention—one minute for rest—a private golf course, open

air theater, and a small, fisherman's paradise, namely, a stream stocked with trout and bass, and maybe little eels. He is also considering a shooting lodge.

As we look over this list of attractions which Harold and Mildred will offer their many friends with characteristic warm hospitality, we have come to the decision that they have overlooked just one very important item—namely, a handsome and ornate boxing pavilion where matches may be staged by such renowned and celebrated fighters of Hollywood as Mr. Dempsey, the illustrious "Bull" Montana, and the incomparable welterweight, Mr. Michael Neilan.

P. S. Speaking of contests, and quite confidentially, we have already made arrangements with that understanding soul, Harry Rapf, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company, to rent for just one evening the discarded set of the Circus Maximus which they are using at present for "Ben-Hur." And here we plan to stage a two-hundred-round endurance bout between Messrs. Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. Also, very entre nous, we have already sold twenty-five thousand tickets at the usual speculators' figures.

Valentinos on Tour

Is a Paris divorce in prospect for Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova? Mrs. Valentino has gone abroad, and Rudy has also started on a trip to Europe. Whether they intend to meet and become legally separated has not been announced as yet, but it is generally conceded by everybody who is "in the

know" that there will be no patching up of their difficulties.

Valentino was in court before he left here but only for speeding. His trial, nevertheless, drew a big quota of ever-curious onlookers, including many flapper adorers. Remaining ever true to his audiences, he appeared in his film costume before the judge, having come to court during the noon hour while working on "The Eagle."

He was indeed a handsome and magnificent figure in the rich, full-dress uniform of a Russian army officer, with a dashing astrakhan toque, a long, flaring cloak, heavily trimmed with gold braid, sparkling boots, sword, and everything. We must admit, too, it was an impressive and touching ceremony to see our Rudy turn over to the cold, stern minions of the law a single greenback for fifty berries, as John Barrymore would say. Not even a dime for trink geld!



Photo by St. Elmo Boyce

Theda Bara—she may be only a name to the younger generation of fans, but the old-timers can't wait to see her on the screen again.

Growing Up Together

Two of the most charming demons for work that we have met in the colony for a long while, are Alice Joyce and Anna Q. Nilsson. These two old friends actually do study French and Spanish in between and during the making of pictures, and judging by the ease with which they carry on conversation in the languages, they will soon be able to qualify as Hollywood's greatest linguists, even against several astute gentlemen who speak some six varieties of the mother tongue.

Alice loves the Continent and proves it by having had her delightful young daughters in charge of a French governess. They are lovely children, and besides talking French intriguingly, they reflect the good manners of their very nice mother.

For her part, Anna Q. is very serious about taking up, at some time in years to come, a residence along the French Riviera, and so is preparing herself in languages that she may do away with an interpreter, and be able to order her meals in peace and safety.

The friendship between these girls dates back many years to the period when they both worked for Vitagraph. Despite the fact that they have been separated for long stretches of time, because they worked at different ends of the continent, their devotion always endured. The very first person Miss Joyce seeks when she comes to California is Miss Nilsson, and the same holds good for Anna when she goes to New York.

"We have been so loyal to each other that we have always told people we were exactly the same age," said Miss Joyce to us. "Until just lately, we always told them that we were both twenty-two. However, since it is more fashionable now to be mature on the screen, Anna and I have reluctantly decided that we will be twenty-eight instead."

Is Dorothy Succumbing?

Although she has definitely asserted in print that she would never marry an actor, Dorothy Mackaill is still kept busy denying reports of her engagements to Thespians. Johnny Harron is the player with whom she has been seen in public most frequently of late, but Dorothy declines to admit that this means anything more than a very pleasant companionship between them.

"Just because I say that I am not going to marry an actor, I have a worried feeling that it may some day be my fate," said Dorothy. "You know how things go—when you say that you won't do a thing."

Which may or may not mean signs of weakening.

The Colony Cut-up

The best one that they have told on Mickey Neilan for some time is that he was robbed of some four thou-

sand dollars' worth of shirt studs, taken from his room at the Ambassador. Mickey's penchant for shirt studs had never been brought into the limelight before, but his possession of so many was attributed to the fact that he had taken such an active part in the social affairs of the colony.

Neilan was personally responsible for another mild sensation when he appeared not long ago with his head shaved, except for a tuft of hair right on top, very similar to a mandarin's. The story went the rounds that Mickey did this to win a bet with Eddie Kline, the director. He had made Kline glower because, in the middle of a scene, he walked on to a set where Eddie was working.

"I'll bet that I can make you laugh," exclaimed Neilan, thinking of nothing better to do.

"I'll bet you can't," answered Kline.

But they say that Mickey did—at the cost of his heretofore always bushy hair.

Irene Rich's Girls

For the time being, Irene Rich is going to settle rumors about her daughters going into pictures. She plans to place both girls in a school abroad during her sojourn in Europe this winter.

Miss Rich will go to Toronto to appear in some race-course scenes made for Lubitsch's production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and her mother and daughters will join her in New York after these are completed.

"I want my girls to spend about two years abroad in school and there they can make up their minds what sort of careers they desire to pursue."

Lillian Gish will not go abroad to make "Faust" until she has completed another picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It has been decided that she is to star in "The Scarlet Letter," and the best news of all is that she will be directed by Victor Seastrom, who filmed "He Who Gets Slapped."

A Mix Mix-Up

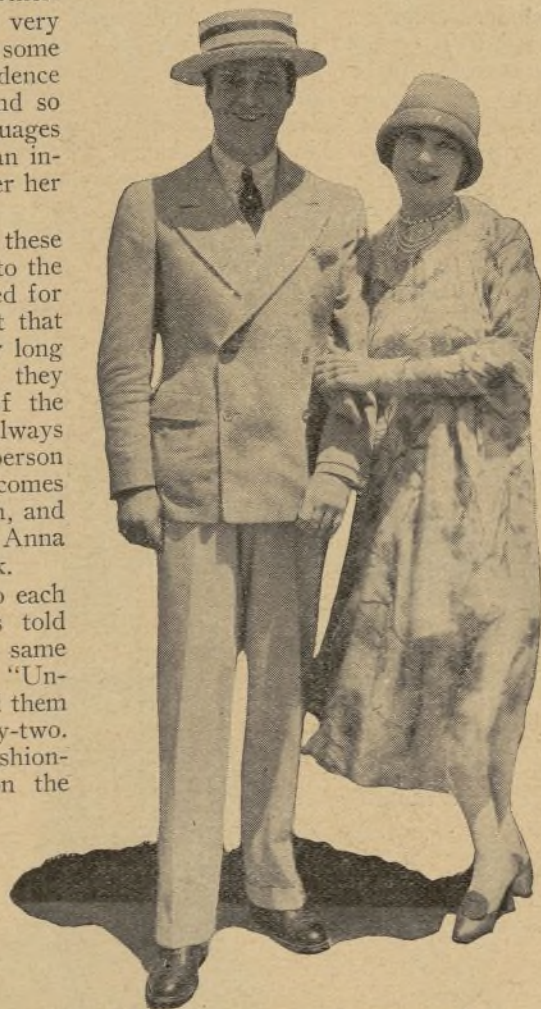
As usual Tom Mix is going the limit. Not satisfied with cornering a good majority of the handsomest shirts, ties, and white gloves in the world, his latest outburst is his new home in Beverly Hills. A quarter of a million dollars is set as the cost of the mansion and the feature of the construction will be nine tile baths.

Needless to say, the stables for his horse will be the very last word in everything, probably including a private harness shop, and certainly a staff of veterinaries.

Mix and his wife, incidentally, were reported separated by the newspapers, but if there have been any differences between them these have been patched up. It all seems to have arisen because Mrs. Mix spent a few days at the Ambassador Hotel while her husband was on a fishing trip to Ensenada, Mexico.

Mary and the Giants

Mary Pickford has a brand-new problem on her hands. She is running into difficulties over the speed she has



With so many movie marriages going on the rocks, it's a risky thing these days for two players to venture into matrimony, but Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman decided to take the chance, and look as though they had started out happily, anyway.

lately shown in production. "Little Annie Rooney" had hardly been released before "Scraps" was completed, and she wanted to plunge right into another picture thereafter, but she is hesitating about this now.

"Scraps" is the first film Mary has made in some time that will have a fantastic sequence like "Suds" and some of her earlier features. The story is about the sufferings of some children on a "baby farm," principally their starvation. Mary, therefore, is having some trick photography scenes showing the little waifs being fed during a dream by huge giants.

Lew Waxing Wealthy

Lew Cody is a highly elated star these days. And he has reason to be.

He has recently signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the twenty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week figure, and considering that he started his comeback about three or four years ago at five hundred dollars a week, in "The Valley of Silent Men," and was glad to get the job, his progress is quite worth talking about. He has also made many very profitable investments.

Chiefly, though, Lew is happy over his new success in comedy. The first showing of "An Exchange of Wives" promises to be a great occasion for him.

Wonders still happen once in a while. An eighteen-year-old schoolgirl in New York sent a story to the studios recently which was accepted as a starring feature for Reginald Denny.

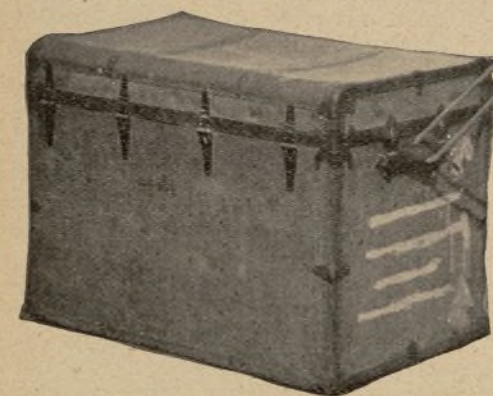
Lucky Dolores

Dolores Costello is enjoying the greatest vogue of any newcomer in pictures. She has stepped from one good rôle right into another. Her latest is the lead in "The Mannequin," the Fannie Hurst prize story, which Paramount is producing. Warner Baxter plays the male lead.

Dolores' rapid progress is attributed to the coaching that she received from John Barrymore during "The Sea Beast." He helped her particularly to solve some problems with make-up. Among other things, the studio wanted her to apply rouge to her lips in such a way as to form a Cupid's-bow mouth, but Barrymore advised against this and told her to use the lipstick so as to emphasize the straighter line of her mouth attractively.

A Real Hall of Fame

Five thousand dollars is the nice large sum that will be invested in individual portraits



When Vitagraph was taken over by Warner Brothers, Alice Calhoun picked up her bag and baggage and went too. She looks as though she means to stay for a while, doesn't she?

and directors will be represented in the collection which will consequently be valued in excess of a half million dollars, at least. Many famous painters from all over the world are to be invited to enhance with their talents this art exhibition.

We move that the portraits not only be confined to beautiful stars who have made picture history, but include as well those of the great technicians and cinematographers who have contributed so very handsomely to the perfection and beauty of the screen. And last but not least, we really think the portrait of at least one great scenario writer should also be hung and properly draped.

More High Romance

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were married in Lowe's home town, San Jose, in the northern part of the State, and about the third day after, Lilyan was ordered straightway to Alaska to appear in a lead for Metropolitan Pictures. Siberia couldn't have been greater punishment for Ed and Lilyan, and while the wedding breakfast was a gay and charming affair, we just simply had to weep with Edmund over his sad, sad plight. Lilyan has bobbed her spun gold hair, but if anything, she looks more stunning than ever. And that is saying a lot. We wish them well because they are a delightful couple.

A Mexican Find

The discovery of the month is a Mexican society girl, Señora Dolores del Rio, and her first appearance in a second lead in "Joanna



With a Million," with Dorothy Mackaill, is going to be watched very closely in the studio circles. Edwin Carewe, the director, is the Columbus who found her, while on a trip to the Southern republic, and induced her to come to California to



work in pictures.

As she was very happily married, and living a very pleasant social life, she was not particularly anxious to enter pictures, but Carewe painted such a glowing picture of the colony, and her chances for a career, that she finally consented.

of the film stars to adorn a Hall of Fame dedicated to their honor in a new Chinese theater in Hollywood to be built by Sid Grauman. Norma Talmadge has already had her portrait painted by Howard Chandler Christy which will be one of the first installed. Probably one hundred stars

Her husband is so devoted to her that he seldom leaves her side while she is working, and accompanies her both to and from the studio, which is by way of making all the married stars envious.

Anent the Charleston

Hollywood will have nervous prostration if the Charleston championship is not settled soon. The fever has spread to the very exclusive and fashionable Saturday-night Sixty Club dances, and a goodly portion of the program at these affairs is devoted to a Charleston competition.

At the dance we recently attended, the principal contestants were Ann Pennington, Ruth Roland, Lena Basquette, formerly in pictures and more recently of the "Follies," Priscilla Dean and Viola Dana. And we mustn't overlook mentioning Jimmie Young, the director, who added all sorts of fun to the occasion by giving his version of the dance. Mr. Young is not really a champion as yet, but as some one at our table commented, "Jimmie is all right. He has *one* step and he means to stick to it."

Ruth and Priscilla did a Charleston duet that was a sensation, particularly to those who knew that the girls, like virtually all the others in the colony, have been practicing it feverishly night after night at "cat parties" held at each other's homes. Ruth has been at it longer than Priscilla, consequently she stepped and kicked faster and more intricately. But Priscilla received a big hand, none the less, for her obvious good sportsmanship. Bessie Love, one of the leading exponents of the "hay foot, straw foot," was absent, or the battle for honors might have been even more exciting.

One great drawback to the pastime has been discovered, however, and may soon result in its passing as a fad. The Charleston is dangerous to the figure, according to Lena Basquette. The hips of the dancer become muscle-bound, and we feel that when the stars who value a svelte appearance on the screen, and work so hard to retain it, find this out, they likely will give up their ambitions for first honors in the dance. And quite frankly, we shall not grieve deeply, because there is little in it that is genuinely attractive.

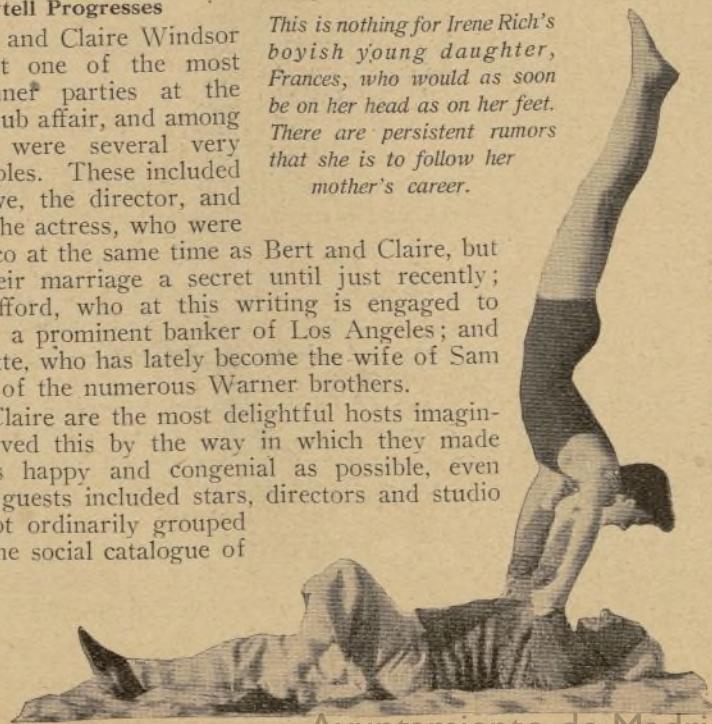
Bert Lytell Progresses

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor entertained at one of the most elaborate dinner parties at the same Sixty Club affair, and among their guests were several very romantic couples. These included Edwin Carewe, the director, and Mary Akin, the actress, who were wed in Mexico at the same time as Bert and Claire, but who kept their marriage a secret until just recently; Kathleen Clifford, who at this writing is engaged to M. P. Illitch, a prominent banker of Los Angeles; and Lena Basquette, who has lately become the wife of Sam Warner, one of the numerous Warner brothers.

Bert and Claire are the most delightful hosts imaginable and proved this by the way in which they made everybody as happy and congenial as possible, even though their guests included stars, directors and studio executives not ordinarily grouped together in the social catalogue of Hollywood.

Bert Lytell, it seems, is on the verge of a new success,

This is nothing for Irene Rich's boyish young daughter, Frances, who would as soon be on her head as on her feet. There are persistent rumors that she is to follow her mother's career.



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since he has been playing in "Lady Windermere's Fan," under Ernst Lubitsch. The noted German director is of the belief that his performance is going to be a revelation. And since Lubitsch has often demonstrated his ability to discover new lights and shades in the acting talents of many of our popular players, we feel Mr. Lytell's performance will be worth watching. Bert himself is naturally elated, since he has not enjoyed such an opportunity for some time.

Stars Pay and Pay

Douglas Fairbanks is still the reigning king of income-tax payers. He has given the government \$182,190 during 1925 to cover his earnings during the previous year. The amount that he paid in 1924 was \$225,769 and the difference is no doubt partly due to the change in rates of taxation.

Other prominent players, directors, and so forth, who paid very large income taxes include Gloria Swanson, \$57,075; James Cruze, the director, \$40,353; Betty Compson (Mrs. Cruze), \$6,192; Lillian Gish, \$36,967; Mary Pickford, \$34,388; Mrs. Charlotte Pickford Smith, \$34,268; Harold Lloyd and wife, Mildred Davis, \$28,151; Dick Barthelmess, \$24,803; Ernest Torrence, \$22,209; Pola Negri, \$15,109; Bill Hart, \$15,785, and Mary C. Hart (Bill's sister), \$15,910; A. E. Christie, \$13,974; and Charles Christie, \$13,784; Lewis Stone, \$12,853; Ernst Lubitsch, \$11,464; Corinne Griffith and husband, Walter Morosco, \$10,965; Eugene O'Brien, \$10,901; Jack Holt, \$10,792; Tom Mix, \$7,515, and Mrs. Tom Mix, \$7,560.

The following are additional interesting figures: Charles Chaplin, \$346; Percy Marmont, \$8,153; Adolphe Menjou, \$1,402; Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, \$1,452; Wallace Beery, \$2,671; D. W. Griffith, \$7,777; Jack Gilbert, \$5,264; Eddie Burns, \$3,885; Lon Chaney, \$999; Bebe Daniels, \$75; William Farnum, \$12; Leatrice Joy, \$18; Constance Talmadge, \$5,809; Milton Sills, \$3,694; Mrs. Milton Sills, 3,743; Florence Vidor, \$2,739; Alla Nazimova, \$3,953; Will Rogers, \$2,700; Blanche Sweet, \$3,220; Conway Tearle, \$1,551; Ben Turpin, \$6,105; Rudolph Valentino, \$1,995; Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, \$2,350; Francis X. Bushman, \$28; James Kirkwood, \$3,609, and Lila Lee (Mrs. Kirkwood), \$3,843; Bessie Love, \$3,006; Monte Blue, \$3,996; Jackie Coogan, \$268; Jack Coogan, Sr., \$2,197; Viola Dana, \$5,470; Charles Ray, \$1,359; Colleen Moore, \$1,890.

A Terrible Error

There's no separating the professional from the personal in the movies, as witness the social faux pas recently committed by a prominent critic of pictures. He was the guest at the home of a noted star who is engaged to an equally noted director. The three were together at dinner.

The newspaper critic, it seems, had viewed a picture made by the star's ex-husband, and had liked it immensely. He raved about it in no unmistakable terms, but without any wish to offend—simply with a glowing appreciation of art where he found it.

The wife naturally listened with interest, but her intended husband evidenced all signs of a deepening depression during about fifteen minutes of tributes and superlatives.

Finally, when the critic had

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How One Girl Built Up a Fan Club

A letter written by Constance Riquer, only two years ago, was the seed from which has grown, under her guidance, a Norma Talmadge club covering the entire United States and many foreign countries, and including in its membership dozens of film stars.

By Lora Kelly

YOUTH sits wide-eyed in a darkened theater. On the screen passes a fleeting world, peopled with dream-folk whose magic art lifts one from the dullness of every day. Romance is its setting and chief concern, while adroit twists of adventure, through palace or slum, offer a holiday for the spirit, a release from the commonplace.

For most of us the enchantment fades when the lights come on. But there are exceptions. One of them is a young girl fan in Cleveland, Ohio, whose glimpses into the make-believe world do not end with the exit march. From the first moment Constance Riquer saw Norma Talmadge's charming face on the silver sheet her fancy has been caught and held.

For two years or more, this high-school girl spent what time she could spare from her studies, slowly making her dream come true in the organization of a Norma Talmadge Fan Club. When June brought a diploma, she tied it up in her class colors and put it away with a sigh of relief.



Photo by J. B. Sanker

Getting members' was slow work for Constance Riquer at first, but after she had enlisted Charles Ray, and then persuaded Miss Talmadge to become honorary president, things began to hum.

"Well, that's over," she said. "Now I can give *all* my time to the fan club."

There wasn't much of a breathing spell after that commencement for one girl graduate. The mail man who delivers on Northfield Street in East Cleveland was piling up mail so fast that the young president of the Norma Talmadge Fan Club had to delve into it immediately.

A letter she had written to the editor of a picture-play magazine two years before, asking for the address of her favorite star, had started an amazing chain of correspondence, which now covers nearly every State in the Union, with several branches abroad. At the end of the first year the membership had reached nearly five hundred, with an imposing array of screen stars heading the list.

One room in the Riquer residence is fitted up as club headquarters. Noted faces, familiar to all picture lovers, look down from its walls, but the photograph that dominates the room is one of the beloved Norma herself, autographed and sent to Miss Riquer on the club's first official birthday last April.

What To Do

1. Inform the star, to whom the club is to be dedicated, of your plans; obtain her permission for the use of her name, and her coöperation in the enterprise—if possible!
2. Invite other stars to join. A bond of union between star and fan is welcomed by both parties.
3. Get as much publicity as possible. Some fan magazines are glad to help in this way.
4. If you have enough members in several cities to establish regular branches, do so. Local activities, with consequent publicity, are very beneficial.
5. Take your progress slowly, if you would take it surely. This includes making no promises till you are sure of your ability to fulfill them; entering upon no project without adequate financial backing and the coöperation of your members; and not undertaking at one time more work than you can attend to promptly and thoroughly.

What Not To Do

1. Do not start activities with the idea that you can "carry on" in your spare time. Be prepared to give to the undertaking *all* your time and energy, and some money.
2. Do not limit your membership to just those fans who claim your "guiding star" as their prime favorite. It promotes ill-feeling not only between members and rejected fans, but between various clubs.
3. Do not be so intent upon enlarging your membership, however, as to admit undesirable applicants, or to give those who are already members a chance to lose interest.
4. Do not imitate other fan clubs. There are certain things, of course, that all must do, but beyond these few things strike out for yourself.
5. But—do not make the mistake of considering other fan clubs as "rivals." Coöperation between them and you is the best policy.

The president, despite her bubbling enthusiasm, is a businesslike young woman. Her brown hair is cut in a bob, her blue eyes meet yours frankly, and when she smiles, which is often, there are dimples. But she has no ambition to become a motion-picture actress herself. "Mercy, no!" she assures one. "I don't think I have any talent in that direction at all!"

She has never seen Miss Talmadge "in person." The noted Norma is known to her only through the medium of pictures, and through the dispatch of one autographed photograph and two congratulatory telegrams from the Talmadge studios. That has been the sole reward of nearly two years' constant labor on her part, and the part of two or three other members of the fan club who often help her with the burden of her mail.

The purpose of the organization, according to Miss Riquer, is "to band together all sincere motion-picture fans, particularly admirers of 'Our Norma,' to give the stars an opportunity to come into a more intimate relationship with their fans, and to boost the better films."

The ambition of the members, she says, is "to build up the largest fan club in the world, and in so doing, to



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Norma Talmadge was the inspiration and guiding spirit of the club.

make others happy, the stars proud of us, and to be worthy of our leader in spirit, Norma Talmadge."

Miss Riquer says her admiration has dated back to childhood days. "My affection for Miss Talmadge began with that burning adoration

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Telegram	
Day Letter	DL
Night Message	NM
Night Letter	NL

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words), this is a telegram. Otherwise the character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

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CONSTANCE RIQUER 14207 NORTHFIELD AV E CLEVEL

GREETINGS TO CLEVELAND BRANCH NORMA TALMADGE CLUB I HOPE THAT
YOUR CHAPTER WILL OBTAIN AS MUCH PLEASURE FROM SEEING THE
ONLY WOMAN AS I DID IN MAKING IT. YOU ALL HAVE MY SINCEREST
GOOD WISHES IN YOUR ALTRUISTIC ENDEAVORS TO BE OF REAL HELP
IN YOUR COMMUNITY.

NORMA TALMADGE

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How One Girl Built Up a Fan Club

that only a very emotional child can know," she said. "I remember writing to an editor for my idol's address, confiding to him that I should be happy and ready to die if I could only possess her true signature!

"Well, it came! That phase gave way to photo collecting, and that was followed by a foolish desire to help her. Please don't smile at that impulse—I was so much in earnest!

"And that opportunity came through the publishing of a letter of mine in the column of 'What the Fans Think.' A wee note it was, with a very frightened signature attached, but it brought letters of friendly greeting from other Norma fans. I was thrilled to the core, and every other thought was a wonder if she had seen it!

"Then an idea took shape as I saw the mail man staggering under his load each day: why couldn't all these admirers of Miss Talmadge be brought together in some way? A fan club! I had heard of such things but had not the faintest notion how one should be organized, or what to do first. I went right ahead anyhow and, all aquiver with excitement, told my girl pals what I had in mind.

"They liked the plan, too, so we proceeded to ask every one to join our club, just as if it had been a long-established reality. It took some patience, I'll admit. We had to take some kidding, too, from some of our friends. But we persevered, and at last—we had a member! That girl will never know she was our first, either. It was nearly two months before another was enrolled—weeks so full of dreams and plans that there was no time to worry about our slow progress.

"Thrill number two came with the announcement that a real photoplay star was coming to town in person. It was Charles Ray, and I liked him heaps, with his fleet, but catching smile. My brain was atingle as I left the theater, but I made myself a dare and took it. No wonder my friends and relatives gave me up for lost, for it was my firm intention to write to Charles Ray and invite him to join our club. It took a great deal of courage, and more time than I'd like to admit, to compose and mail that letter. But the important thing is that Charles Ray answered it, and what's more, he joined the club.

"The next thing that happened was 'Secrets.' By the time that film was announced for its Cleveland showing, our club had two dozen members. We were regally calling ourselves the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, and we thought it was about time Norma knew about it!

"A timid, tiny group we were when we met to write a letter to Norma to tell her of our plans, and to invite her—I almost said implore—her to become our honorary president. A week or more of silence, then the registration card was returned, signed by an unknown—a prop boy, perhaps, I imagined in my disappointment.

"We tried, however, to be Pollyannas. What more could we have expected, we reasoned. Norma is so popular, so famous. Why should I have dared hope she would answer, or even bother to read, my letter when it

came to her with a thousand others? What should I tell my scoffing friends? Thank goodness they had already laughed all they could, anyway. Just the same I couldn't still the faint, singing hope in my heart when I peeked into the mail box again the next day. Disappointment again—just a photomailer!

"I had decided to hide my hurt behind a mask of pride over at least receiving a photograph from her, when all of a sudden, I discovered the words 'First Class' written across the outside. That meant a letter—from HER!

"So our Norma did write, and she did express herself as pleased with our venture, and she did accept our invitation to become honorary president.

"Of course, with 'Secrets' showing in Cleveland, our club received its first official recognition. We were honored with bewildering lobby and window displays, photographs and newspaper stories, and best of all, Norma herself telegraphed seats for Cleveland club members, and there never was assembled a happier, prouder group than we were, when the theater manager ushered us into our places of honor!"

A brief excursion to Columbus, Ohio's capital, brought forth another round of triumphs for the growing young club, Miss Riquer relates. "Secrets" was showing in Columbus, and the president and her associates were invited to help with the publicity campaign. "That manager's wishing was weak beside mine," she said, "and when mother said I could go, I could scarcely contain myself. With the aid of our vice president, who lived in Columbus, I attempted to tell every boy in that city that there was a Norma Talmadge Club.

"We had displays in store windows, theaters, and near the State House Square. I went to schools, and the theater entertained for us, and altogether, we were fêted quite a bit. We had a gorgeous week of it, all to the glory of Norma. We returned to Cleveland all agog with excitement, and with a determination to work harder than ever. The fruits of our labors were beginning to show.

"One by one, came letters from the big screen stars accepting our invitation to become members of our club. We have quite an imposing list now. I can cite at random the names of Thomas Meighan, Norma Shearer, Eugene O'Brien, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ruth Roland, Adolphe Menjou, Hope Hampton, Glenn Hunter, Constance Binney, Julian Eltinge, Ethel Grey Terry, Alice Calhoun, Alberta Vaughan, Mabel Ballin, Dorothy Dalton, and ever so many more.

"A handwriting expert would find their letters of acceptance interesting. The collection we have in our files shows every sort of letter, from the one-sentence 'accept-with-pleasure' type, to the long, gushing, ultra-complimentary variety that make me blushing wonder what I could have written them. There were also handwritten confidential notes, and there were the dictated, scholarly masterpieces of eloquence. But I am happy to say that every star has expressed himself, or herself, as happy to be associated with our organization."

TO A STAR

By LOWELL KAYNE

AH, lady of the languid glance,
What sadness have you seen,
That in your eyes its traces lurk,
Where joy should dwell serene?

Perhaps your sorrow has been caused
By something no one knows;
Perhaps by unrequited love;
Perhaps—it's just a pose!

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John's Leading Lady



The daughter of one of the screen's earliest favorites, Dolores Costello is rapidly following in the footsteps of her famous father, Maurice, and now that she has been chosen for John Barrymore's leading lady in "The Sea Beast," should find the rest of her journey toward stardom fairly smooth. She has already been signed for a long-term contract by Warner Brothers.



With the Apaches



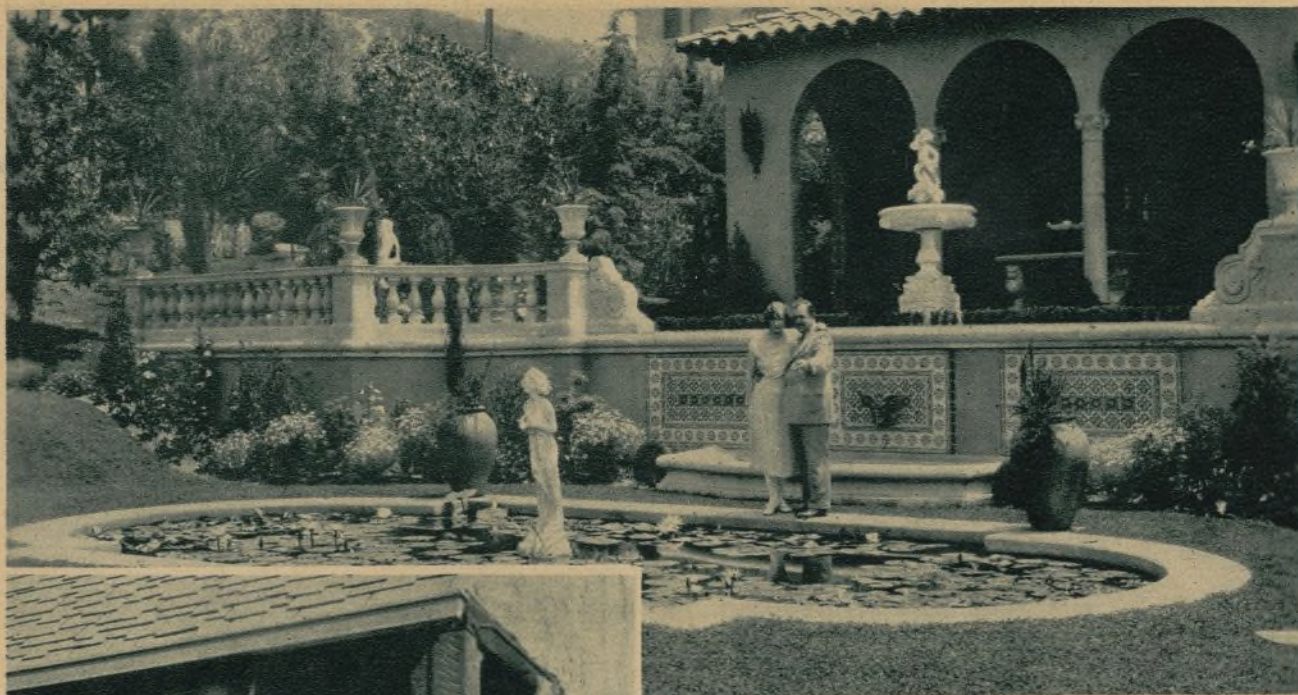
As an apache dancing girl, Mae Murray, in her newest film, "The Masked Bride," steps forth in all her grace—with so much grace, indeed, that she captures the heart of a marquis, and then proceeds to tell tales on her old accomplices of the underworld. Roy d'Arcy and Basil Rathbone are with Miss Murray, at the left.

War-time Intrigue



Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno get mixed up in the World War in the film of Blasco Ibáñez' "Mare Nostrum"—Miss Terry as a seductive German spy, and Tony as a Spanish sea captain who comes beneath her spell with disastrous results. The disreputable-looking character, above, is Hughie Mack in one of the less-æsthetic scenes of the picture.





Their Hours

It's pleasant when you've finished the day's work to step into a smoothly gliding roadster and be borne to a large, comfortable home, where you can don your lounging robe, take your pipe, go out onto a balcony, and just dream. That's what Lew Cody seems to be doing. Victor Schertzinger, above, is taking his wife for a quiet stroll about their grounds.

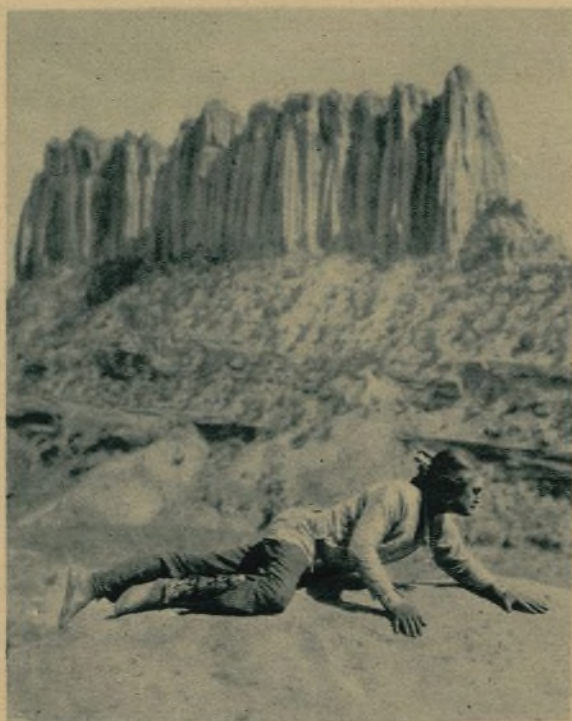




of Ease

Marion Davies in her moments of leisure may, from her lawn, enjoy one of the most inspiring views in Hollywood, one that is only partially shown in the picture above. When Norma Shearer comes home, she usually settles down to a book and a glass of milk, but she and her brother, who are great pals, sometimes take a spin in her roadster.





"The Vanishing American"

The tragic history of the American Indian, from the early days of the cliff dwellers, through the invasion of the white men, up to present times, is effectively shown in this Paramount picture. Richard Dix, as a modern Navajo Indian, who tries to keep peace between the redskins and the whites, does some striking work against the beautiful background furnished by Arizona. It is Lois Wilson bending over him, below.



The Inimitable Two



Fans are probably glad to hear that Mary Pickford is not stopping with "Little Annie Rooney," but is going on to play another ragamuffin part in "Scraps." As for Doug, he is his same old fascinating self in a bandit rôle in "The Black Pirate," ready as usual to challenge the entire world.

Photo by K. O. Rahmo



Photo by Arnold Genthe

From the Land of the Vikings

From Scandinavia comes still another to join our already swollen ranks of foreign screen actresses. The latest arrival is Greta Garbo, who is famed throughout Europe for her beauty and talent, and has just come to this country to do some pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A native of Sweden, she is a statuesque blonde, very reserved in manner. Just what will be the films that she will make in America has not been decided, but they will probably be of a very dramatic nature, as she has a particular flair for that sort of thing. It was she who played the leading rôle in the big Continental production of Selma Lagerlof's "The Story of Gosta Berling," and it was her performance in that which first brought her fame two years ago.



When Walter Hiers drove up in front of a bank on Hollywood Boulevard atop a load of hay for "Hold Your Breath," business there stopped.

Hollywood Gets a Kick

No matter how familiar its inhabitants may be with seeing movie scenes being made, they are always ready to be thrilled again.

By A. L. Wooldridge

IN no city in the world are so many strange spectacles to be seen as in Hollywood. The point has been reached where nothing surprises its residents because of the activities of the motion-picture producing companies. What probably would result in riot calls and fire alarms and organization of citizens' posses in other places, does little more than offer a "kick" to the inhabitants of cinemaland.

Hollywood gets a kick out of most everything. Whenever a Hollywoodite sees or hears something that interests or amuses him, he remarks:

"I get 'nawful kick out of that!"

He gets a kick from a good story, a kick from an airplane rodeo, a kick from the motor races and he gets a kick from the movies. When Gabriel blows his horn some enthusiastic native son is likely to rush up and grasp his hand and tell him what a wonderful kick he got when he heard the first blast from the trumpet.

There's always something happening to give that greatly desired kick. A young man tumbled from a street car on Santa Monica Boulevard last year, spilling about nineteen bundles and a turkey into the street. A whole morning's shopping lay scrambled on the paving. He wasn't hurt, but the drivers of automobiles and pedestrians laughed gleefully at his dis-



A "wild man" scrambling up latticework on Sunset Boulevard, with two men in pursuit, proved to be Jimmie Adams, a Christie comedian.

comfiture. Most all of them recognized Harold Lloyd with his horn-rimmed glasses and later saw the scene reproduced in "Hot Water." They got 'nawful kick from it. A little while later, a motor car stalled in the center of a street intersection at a busy boulevard corner and within a few minutes traffic was jammed in every direction. Two or three motor cars had driven up to the stalled machine and stopped in awkward positions. A traffic officer vainly endeavored to straighten out the tangle. Horns began honking and sirens wailing. And then from the windows of an adjacent building motion-picture cameras popped and the operators began cranking.

More "Hot Water" scenes!

The motorists got a kick out of it when they learned what it was all about, smiled good-naturedly and watched the performance till it was finished.

Travelers coming into Los Angeles not long ago encountered a strange throng on the beautifully paved road along the palisades near Santa Monica. Fat men and fat women, grandpas in knickers and grandmas in sport togs, flappers wearing tight skirts, and sedate-looking business men wearing puttees, all trundling along the boulevard on kiddie kars and scooters! They were just beating it down the highway. The spectacle was enough to make one wonder if the folks had gone insane or were paying some



Photo by Gene Kornman

Hollywood got a great kick out of the traffic jam created for scenes in Harold Lloyd's "Hot Water."

foolish election bet. Just around a turn in the road, an old-fashioned, one-lung motor car suddenly came careening down a hill and ended with a suffocated gurgle in the Pacific Ocean. The surf rolled in and over the little flivver, sousing its two occupants with brine. Then Alice Terry and Lawson Butt emerged therefrom and waded ashore while cameras were clicking.

Both the crowd on the scooters and

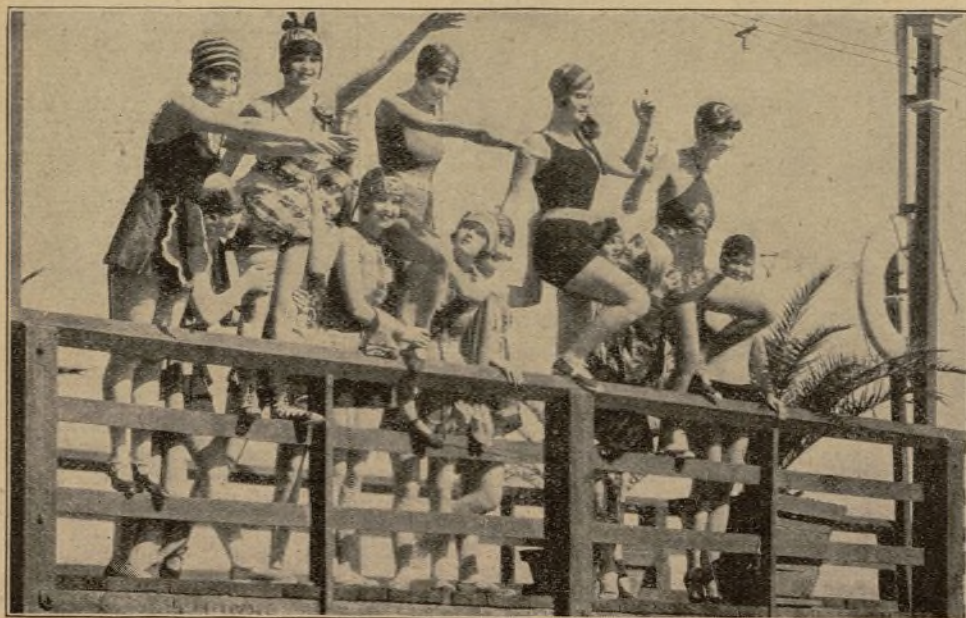
This amazing scene on a California dock turned out to be a shot for a Hal Roach comedy, with Charlie Chase.



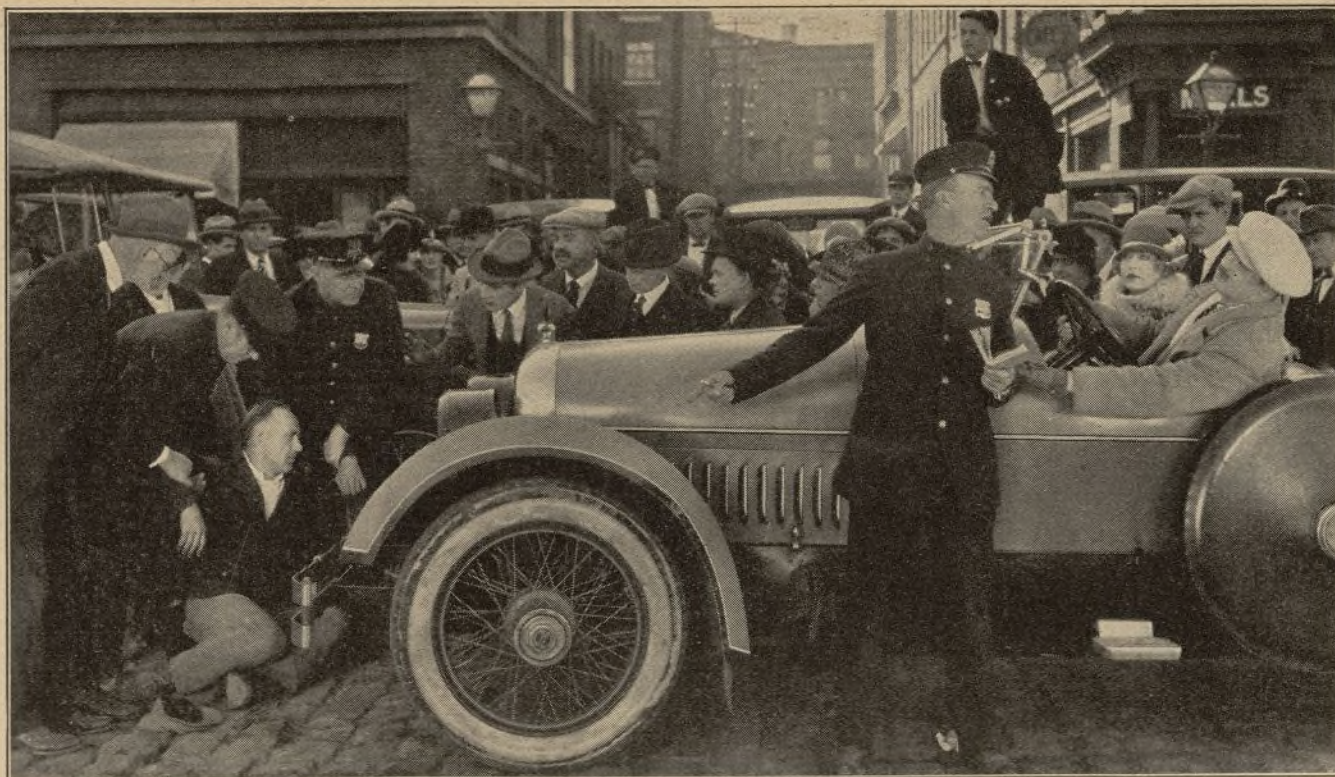
the runaway flivver were photographed for scenes in "Any Woman," a Paramount production directed by Henry King. The passing Hollywoodite got a splendid kick from the incidents.

Two men fought on the girders of a building under construction, high above the busy Broadway tunnel in Los Angeles. Pedestrians stopped to gaze, awe-stricken for the moment, at the battle. The larger of the two men managed to encircle the throat of the other with his powerful fingers and bend him backward over the steel work. In a moment, it seemed, he would be hurled from his perilous position. The clothing of the combatants was being torn to shreds. The smaller of the two men managed to regain his feet and both grasped an overhead cable as they tore into each other with their disengaged hands.

Thrilling? Why, a similar spectacle would not be encountered in a lifetime. Still, no officers came. No one endeavored to stop the fight. Presently, some one in the crowd discovered a motion-picture camera at a respectable distance to one



The bathing beauties always draw a crowd. Here is a group, used in "The Night Club" to wave at outgoing steamers.



side; then every one grinned. They got a kick from the spectacle. The fighting men were Reed Howes and Ben Hendrick, Jr., making scenes for "The Cyclone Rider," a Fox production.

Not very long ago, a costly, low-hung roadster stopped suddenly on North Los Angeles Street in the heavy trucking district, with a man knocked flat on the cobblestones, a long, red welt on the side of his head. The poor fellow, collarless, appeared to be badly hurt. An officer dashed out from the curbing, whistling to another that an accident had happened. A crowd assembled and the prostrate man was helped to his feet.

"Stand back!" ordered the man in uniform. "Let's have air!"

The "officer" was J. Farrell MacDonald and the "accident" had been prearranged for use in "Kentucky Pride," another Fox production. If the faces of two hundred extras had been desired in the scene, they were on hand before the shot was finished. The crowd got its kick from the incident.

Santa Monica, Sunset, and Hollywood Boulevards are the principal thoroughfares through movieland. On Sunset, recently, a "wild man,"

Alice Terry and W. Lawson Butt rode into the Pacific in a runaway flivver for "Any Woman," which stunt properly thrilled the spectators.



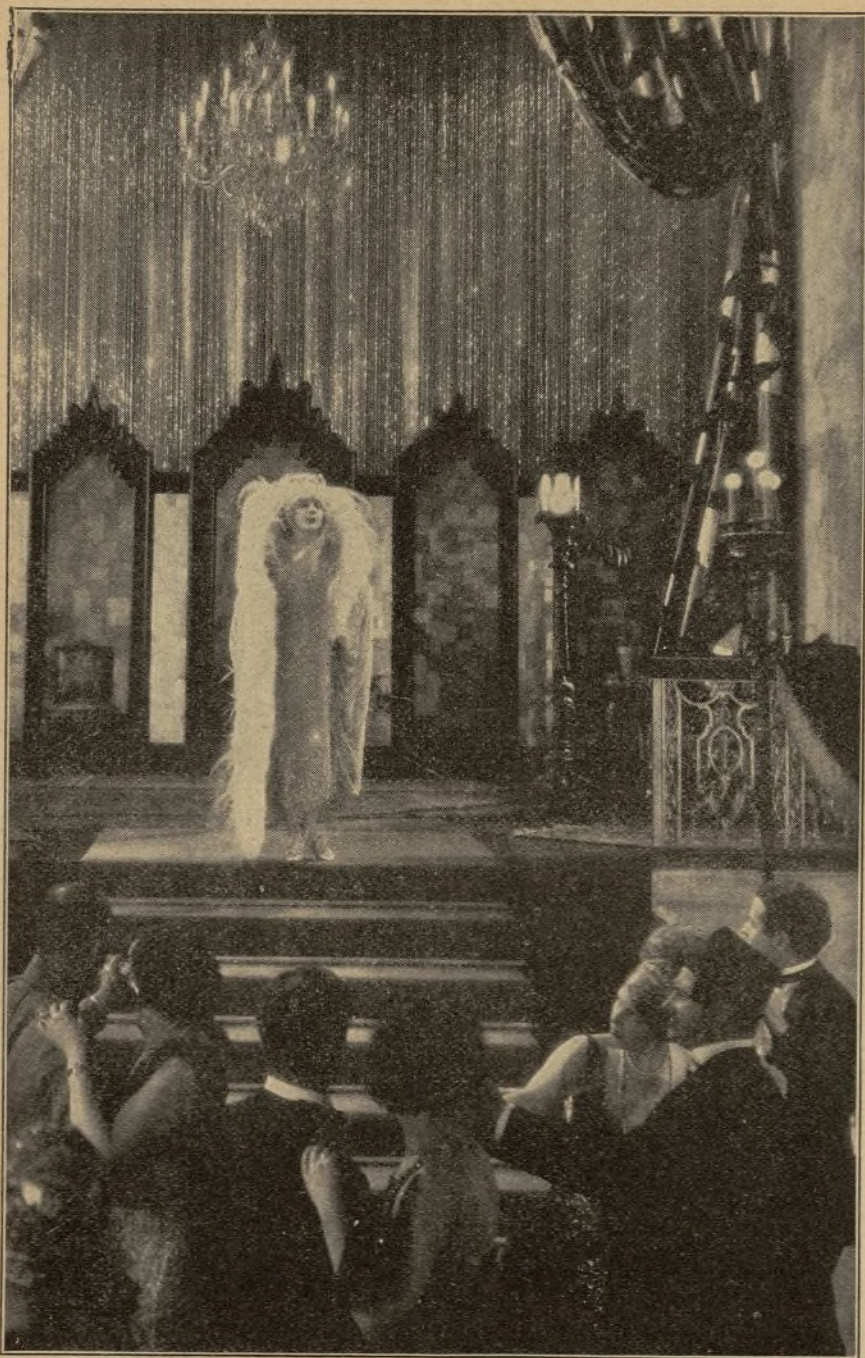
What looked like a sure-enough accident was disclosed as a movie scene when J. Farrell MacDonald was identified as the "officer," and the other principals as Fox players.

dressed in South Seas costume—grass skirt, beads, horns upon his head and painted in hideous colors—scrambled up the latticework over an iron gate, closely pursued by two white men at the head of a crowd.

The wild man moved with the agility of a monkey and soon hung in what appeared to be a perilous position. Continued on page 103

This fight on tall girders between Reed Howes and Ben Hendricks, Jr., for "The Cyclone Rider" was genuinely thrilling to the crowds gathered below.





This reproduction of a section of Maxim's, the famous Paris restaurant, was made with the aid of props from the Metro-Goldwyn studio for "The Merry Widow."

THOSE lovely boudoir-sets you saw in the exotic De Mille pictures—you are going to duplicate them when again you furnish your home! And that refined, luxurious private office with its carved desk, deep chairs and harmonizing rug—"John" just must fit up his office that way! The table in the reception room—it certainly shall have one of those exquisite vases!

Is there a woman anywhere who hasn't yearned for those beautiful things?

But—try and get them!

In the motion-picture studios of Hollywood are more than three million dollars' worth of props or stage settings. From the distant corners of the globe, from the islands of the sea, the Orient, the Dark Continent, the quaint little shops of Paris and the musty basements of London; from attics in New York City and from the cliffs where dwell the Indians of Arizona; from the tropics and from the arctic circles the quaint and

Sets that Repre

Used regularly in motion-pic
quaint pieces and rare an
dollars and many years of

By John R.

the strange and the old and the antique have been brought to produce those enticing screen effects you see. There are genuine antiques worth a half million dollars. There are imitations in limitless quantity worth twice as much more. There is everything from the cheapest little rug woven in a factory of New England to the most gorgeous design made by the hands of the Turks and Persians. And there is everything from the machine-sawed cupboard evolved in Grand Rapids to exquisitely hand-carved period chests and tables.

Housewives who have enormous bank accounts might be able to duplicate some of the handsomest interior sets, but such a thing is beyond the average person's purchasing power.

In this day and age when so much hokum is resorted to in putting over picture plays, many persons look upon the gorgeous stage furnishings as being made of papier-mâché or in some way photographed to make them appear much more luxurious and valuable than they really are. In many instances it is done. The camera can work wonders. But if all the stocks in the largest furniture houses of New York, Boston, Grand Rapids and San Francisco were arranged in one vast exhibition room, they would not offer the range of things that the prop rooms in Hollywood offer, because they do not go in for the odd and strange and quaint things that picture producers do.

Outside of the studios of Hollywood, too, are outfitting houses which carry enormous stocks of beautiful furniture, rugs and tapestries. Their

rental charge is ten per cent of the value of each article, per week. The huge sums which some of the sets cost is what started the studios equipping their own and in recent years they have grown to be worth millions.

Rental of the stage furnishings in Norma Talmadge's picture, "The Eternal Flame," for instance, cost fifteen thousand dollars. The cathedral set in "The Merry Widow" alone cost one thousand dollars a week. The drawing-room sets, rugs, tapestries and the like in "One Year to Live," cost nearly one thousand dollars a week. For each picture produced at each studio which owns its own props, a cash rental is paid to the property superintendent, even though it is little more than taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. It enables the company, however, to determine whether or not the props are earning interest on investment.

The most extensive stock on the West Coast is owned at the United Studios. Nearly one million dol-

sent Fortunes

ture productions are odd, tiques which cost millions of search and care to accumulate.

Emerson

lars' worth of stage settings are housed there in an enormous two-story warehouse. From it the First National, the Corinne Griffith, Ritz Carlton, M. C. Levee, and other productions have been outfitted. Levee is president of the holding company. Sets and furnishings are rented to other producing concerns. Seven years have been spent in assembling the stock. Thomas Little has done most of the buying. He is an authority on the value of antiques.

"We didn't have much money when I started gathering this supply," Mr. Little said. "I bought what I could and I got in the habit of poking around in the Los Angeles city dump where broken furniture and iron and such things are junked. Sometimes I picked up a quaint metal vase or an iron lamp or something of the kind, usually worthless. But I found other pieces which were valuable. You know, every one does not understand the value of old furniture and vases and urns and I guess millions of dollars' worth of these things have been thrown away when art shops would have paid princely sums for them. On the other hand, thousands of persons believe they have antiques in their possession worth fortunes when, in fact, they are almost valueless.

"A man came rattling up to our 'prop' room not long ago in a flivver with an odd-appearing chair bouncing around in the back seat. It was a beautiful thing, hand carved, old and undoubtedly the product of some noted craftsman. He wanted to sell it.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "it came to me."

"From where?" I insisted.

"From the family," he added.

"I couldn't figure how a man driving such a cheap car could own such an exquisite piece of furniture, but he said it was his and in two minutes it was in my possession. At about the same time, a woman, apparently in moderate circumstances, appeared with several pieces of antique furniture which fairly made me gasp. Beautiful work, beautifully paneled and carved, quaint in design, different from most anything I ever had seen and 'as old as the hills.' I looked them over and turned to her.

"Madam," I said, "I would love to have this furniture, but I cannot possibly pay you what it is worth. You had better take it to some collector who has unlimited means at his command."

"But I don't know any collector," she complained. "I wouldn't know where to start. Won't you make an offer on it?"

"I set a price—the very limit I could pay. She studied a moment, then replied:



In "The Eternal Flame" Norma Talmadge was surrounded by valuable French tapestry and furnishings.

"Well, you have been honest about it at least, and I'm going to let you have them. Some time, maybe, I can see them again in pictures."

"We stored the pieces alongside our other antiques. They are beautiful!

"There really isn't any necessity for using genuine antiques in motion pictures. The imitations serve virtually as well. We have here the bed used by Mary Pickford several years ago in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' It is an exact duplicate of a famous hand-carved sixteenth-century canopy bed now in a London art gallery. Yet it was made in the U. S. A., by American craftsmen. We have replicas of the most famous pieces manufactured during the periods of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Marie Antoinette; of the walnut pieces manufactured during the time of Queen Anne and of William and Mary, and of the master craftsmen who made such marvelous furniture centuries ago in Italy, Flanders, China, and Spain.

"For stage scenes we are able to supply furniture which looks similar to the handiwork of Antonio Zucchi, Cipriani, Peronesi and Pergolese, who went to England from the Continent during the seventeenth century, and we have furniture indicative of the efforts of Thomas Chippendale. Admittedly, these are imitations, but they have been made by the most skillful craftsmen of the present day and are worth what persons ordinarily would look upon as enormous sums.

"Different plays, of course, require different styles of furniture. The pieces manufactured in the French



This set for "Ashes of Vengeance" contains some rare and lovely pieces from the rich store of United Studios.

periods are most frequently seen where lavish wealth and luxuriousness are demanded. The furniture you see with massive and grand lines is of the period of Louis XIV.; the overelaboration of mounted ornaments, twisted curves and fanciful details is of the period of Louis XV., and the sober and sedate lines with jewellike metal work is of the period of Marie Antoinette. Following these come the Directoire and First Empire styles."

Mr. Little frankly declares most of the stage furniture is merely in imitation of the old masters. If all the pieces from boudoir sets which were said to have been owned and used by Marie Antoinette were placed under one roof, the collection would cover a city block. And if all the so-called Chippendales were similarly assembled, they would stock a warehouse. Yet Thomas Chippendale had only a small factory in London when he won immortality as a furniture designer during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The property manager is conversant with the method of blowing "worm holes" into wood with a shotgun to make it look antique and of the difference between a finish given to woods by beeswax dissolved in turpentine and rubbed intermittently for years and a finish supplied by paint and varnish as is done in modern times. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City uses a four-story brick building to house its collection

of props, valued at approximately three hundred thousand dollars. It owns few real antiques but has, on the other hand, some of the most exquisite pieces of

modern furniture to be found. It has one thousand chairs valued all the way from fifty cents to four hundred dollars each. It devotes a whole section of the building to rugs and tapestries. It maintains its own manufacturing rooms, its own upholstering plant and employs the most skilled workmen it can find. It could outfit a complete gambling hall with faro, roulette, baccarat and other gaming tables and it could from its silverware department set a perfectly appointed court dinner. E. B. Willis but recently returned from New York, where he bought nearly twenty thousand dollars' worth of new material to be used in scenery for picture making.

Metro-Goldwyn some months ago from its prop room and craft shops, duplicated a section of Maxim's restaurant in Paris when it filmed "The Merry Widow." It reproduced the stage of Ziegfeld's "Follies" in "Pretty Ladies," and its cathedral scene, previously mentioned, was one of the most beautiful ever built on the West coast.

The Lasky studio, where Cecil De Mille has filmed so many gorgeous pictures during recent years, has an enormous sum invested in props, largely of French and Italian design, and Universal has an equally large amount.



A corner of a studio prop room where the candlesticks, vases, et cetera, are kept.

The prop rooms at all the larger studios contain almost everything which might be needed for any picture. Suits of armor, grass skirts from the South Sea Islands, spears, lances, bolos, machetes, snowshoes, grain mortars, throne chairs, moose heads, tiger skins, gorgeous crystal chandeliers, priceless Chinese and Japanese vases inlaid with pearl, tapestries from the countries of Europe, earthenware from Africa, tom toms from India, musical instruments from all the other peoples of the Orient. The list is endless.

At each studio, too, are the highest skilled interior decorators and designers, paid big salaries to arrange studio settings. The little odd crook to a table cover, the slight turn of a chair or a table or a couch, the different hanging of a drapery or arrangement of a tapestry or rug, can change the appearance of an entire room. Because of this these skilled decorators are employed. If a housewife untutored in such work were to attempt duplicating a setting, in many instances she would wonder why the effect she obtained was not the same. Undoubtedly, many women have obtained ideas from screen plays on how to make rooms appear unique and attractive and they may be assured that the stage-set rooms—of certain productions, at least—are correct in their fittings. But they need not feel disappointed or surprised when they are unable to obtain many of the beautiful designs in furniture and vases or of tapestries and rugs they see pictured on the screen.

Indicative of the enormous growth of the motion-picture industry is this assembly of props at the West Coast studios. The first complete motion picture made in Los Angeles was produced by Colonel Selig in 1908

in an old mansion rented at Eighth and Olive streets. The name of the picture was "In the Sultan's Power," and the props consisted of whatever could be found in the house. In 1909, New York sent out the old Bison Company and in 1910 came the Biograph with D. W. Griffith as director. With him were Mack Sennett, Owen Moore, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Lee Dougherty, Florence Lawrence, and Marjorie

Favor. In the pictures, the props consisted of neighborhood houses, the streets, and what have you!

In 1911, David Horsley, Al E. Christie, Thomas Ricketts and Milton Fahrney arrived in Hollywood with two thousand five hundred dollars, leased the old Blondeau Tavern at the corner of Sunset and Gower—now a part of "Poverty Row"—and presently Jesse L. Lasky came. He bought an old stable and lot where the great Lasky studio now stands and from this stable made the first Paramount picture. The first picture made in the first studio of Hollywood was titled "The Law of the Range." The props thereafter were the

wide open spaces and whatever could be borrowed.

Now, scarcely fourteen years later, the props alone cost millions.

For "The Wanderer," a new Paramount production, one of the most remarkable and expensive sets ever built was constructed. Hundreds of carpenters, electricians, and prop men went fifty miles from Hollywood and there built an entire Biblical city. It bore the exact appearance of such a place years before the birth of Christ. Thousands of extras may be seen roaming its narrow streets. The city did not last long, however, being destroyed almost as soon as it was erected. An earthquake—not a real one—brought the wrath of God upon the city and its wicked inhabitants and its mighty buildings were soon nothing but smoking ashes.



The stage of Ziegfeld's "Follies" was faithfully reproduced for "Pretty Ladies."

A view of one section of a prop room at the United Studios.



How Players Safeguard Their Health

Though accidents sometimes happen, everything possible is done to prevent the players from becoming ill or suffering injury while at work.

By Myrtle Gebhart

YOU read of accidents in which stunt men, doubling for the stars, suffer injuries, but you seldom hear of a featured actor being hurt or even indisposed. Rarely is a production held up because of the illness of a principal.

The main reason for this is that the majority of the actors have good health and strong constitutions to begin with. If they hadn't, they would never have been able to withstand the hardships which at various times during their careers they have had to endure. And they keep their health, or most of them do, by a certain amount of exercise and a common-sense diet.

A sickly person would not last very long in the movies. For even the featured players, though they do not take the risks run by the trained stunt-athletes, imperil their health by water scenes, by performing the less hazardous thrills that cannot be faked, and in various other ways necessary to their work.

Klieg eyes are common ailments and so far no practicable method of eliminating the ultra-violet ray from the lights—which causes the temporary blindness—has been found. All a player can do when so afflicted is to bandage his eyes and live in darkness until the pain subsides. Often a drop of olive oil in each eye before facing the big sun arcs serves to ward off the strain. Some, with more pigmentation in their eyes, are exceptionally susceptible to Klieg eyes.

It is curious that so few of the girls are annoyed with colds, in view of the fact that practically all of them at one time or another have to enact night scenes out of doors and often clad in gossamer chiffon evening gowns. Frequently, garden moonlight parties are filmed on outdoor sets and such productions, destined for spring release, are usually taken during the winter months. And, while the cold of the East is unknown in the West, the nights are far from warm, with the chilly fog seeping down in a mist from the hills.

When such scenes are being taken, big iron stoves are placed at the edge of the set. About them, wrapped in heavy coats, the girls huddle cozily until called. The more important players usually wait in their motors—or, if the set is on the studio's open stage, in their dressing rooms—until the last moment.

Water scenes are always dreaded. In the kindest of climates, they are unpleasant, and immersion even in heated studio tanks for an hour or two causes a great

deal of discomfort. And ocean sequences are reasons why some players wonder that so many fans want to be movie stars. Several of the comedians, who more often have to do water stuff, coat their bodies with grease and oil and wear woolen underclothing to avoid taking cold.

Because of numerous accidents in the past growing out of the extras' desire to work regardless of the risk, and their insistence that they were expert at aquatic sports when perhaps they could not swim a stroke, tests

now are made of applicants for such work. De Mille had a difficult time selecting the girls for the "Feet of Clay" aquaplane episode, keeping in mind the twin necessities of beautiful faces and figures and familiarity with water sports.

During the preliminary tests it was discovered that a number, eager to play in the picture, had claimed to be good swimmers when in reality their lives would have been endangered had they been permitted to participate in the scene. In addition to these thorough tests, which now are insisted upon by most of the directors when such sequences are included in pictures, life-guards are stationed just outside the camera range.

Similar tests are made for riding and steeplechase scenes, not only that the most skillful may be chosen but that no foolish young people, with thoughts of an opportunity overbalancing common sense, may be allowed to risk their lives unnecessarily.

Working with animals is dreaded by all of the players, though as a rule the ferocious jungle beasts, under the guidance of experienced trainers, appear only in the long shots, more tractable animals being

used for close-ups. Even so, however, there is danger, because the best-humored citizen of the menagerie is likely to be blinded and bewildered by the lights and run amok. The most hazardous animal scenes recently filmed were for a Sennett comedy, in which Madleine Hurlock permitted a tiger to follow her around and to stand upon the train of her gown as she walked about the room.

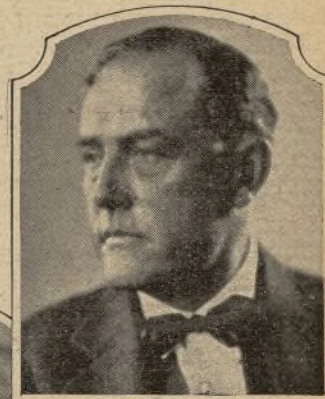
The set was inclosed in a high iron cage. One surly beast, annoyed by the lights, performed his scene perfectly through rehearsals, then, as it was being filmed, turned, snarling savagely, and made a dash for the cameras. Trainers warded him off with whips just as he was about to leap over the barricade of chairs and boxes which served as semiprotection to the director and camera men.

[Continued on page 167]



When Lois Wilson sprained her wrist during the stampede scene in "North of 36," Ernst Torrence rendered first aid with the kit that accompanies every movie company on location.

VICTOR SEASTROM
Director



NORMA SHEARER and LON CHANEY
directed by VICTOR SEASTROM
in "THE TOWER OF LIES"

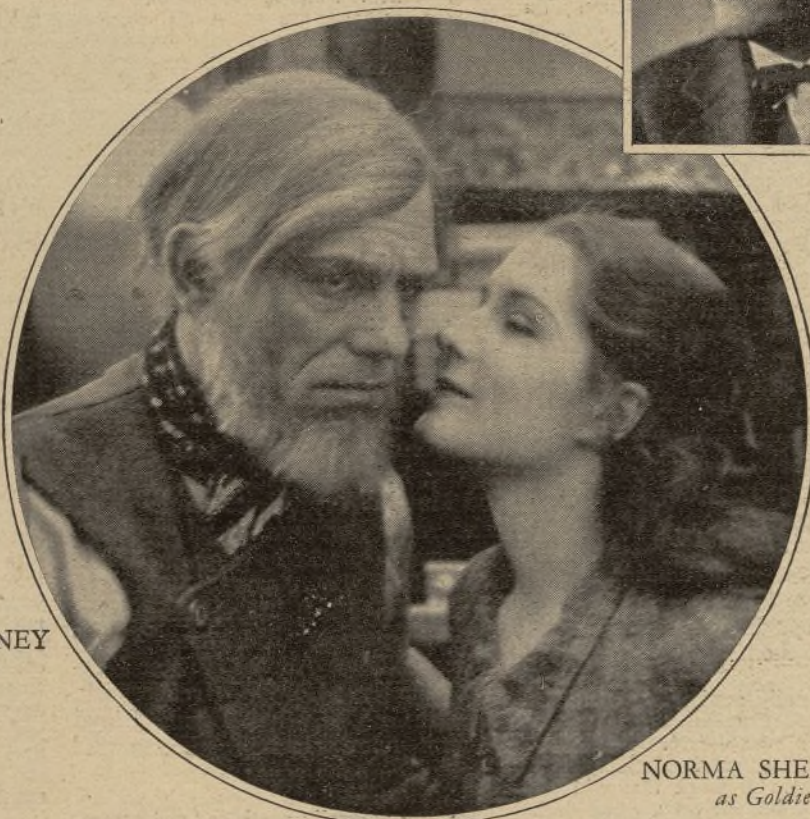
Still *another* proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's superb genius for selecting Stars and Directors to produce the utmost in motion picture art.

The
"Tower of Lies"

Starring
NORMA SHEARER and
LON CHANEY

A Victor Seastrom Production.
Adapted for the screen by Agnes
Christine Johnston. From the
novel "The Emperor of Portugallia"
by Selma Lagerlof.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.



LON CHANEY
as Jan

NORMA SHEARER
as Goldie



NORMA SHEARER and
WILLIAM HAINES

"THE TOWER OF LIES" is a powerful, heart-stirring drama based on Selma Lagerlof's Nobel Prize novel—"The Emperor of Portugallia"—you will breathlessly await each new unfolding of the plot.

In this picture the art of acting and the art of directing are united as you, who have seen "He Who Gets Slapped", have learned to *expect* in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramas.

Stars that brilliantly dominate the motion picture firmament—the cream of the World's directing genius—these are the factors that have made such pictures as "The Unholy Three", "The Merry Widow" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet" possible.

They stamp *all* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen-plays as undisputed classics.

You who have learned to measure motion picture perfection by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions will find the "Tower of Lies" just another proof of your good judgment.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Continued from page 55

June 21st, whose motto is "Continuity," come many nationally known performers. In the list are Douglas Fairbanks, Robert Edeson, Alla Nazimova, Shirley Mason, May Allison, Harry Langdon, June Marlowe, Norman Kerry, Louise Fazenda, Mae Busch, Richard Dix, and Blanche Sweet. Their horoscope says:

You have a restless, anxious nature. You have two natures—one very high and one very low. You are apt to be an extremist in all you do. You usually experience great success or great failure. Worry, discontent will keep you in darkness and misery. Don't be too ambitious, too anxious, too impatient. Learn not to hurry and not to worry through life. Do one thing at a time and do it well. Don't be too sensitive. You are very magnetic. Look after your faults and correct them, and you will have a long and prosperous life. You will make a success in any line of business where you have the control or direction of the efforts of many people.

Actors and actresses born between June 21st and July 22d, come under the zodiacal sign of Cancer, whose motto is "Tenacity." Included in the list are Marguerite de la Motte, Martha Sleeper, Mary Akin, Vera Steadman, Lois Wilson, Viola Dana, Georgia Hale, John Gilbert, Jetta Goudal, Edward Earle, Mary Philbin, and Walter Hiers. Their horoscope says of them:

You are naturally restless and nervous, and have a hard time in making people understand your true nature. Your propensity is to travel, and it would be best for you to engage in work that will require you to be on the go a good deal. You are naturally adapted to doing many things well, but stick to one thing. In love affairs, Cancer people are successful when they are sincere. Some people in this sign are very fickle.

This sign is called the paradox of the twelve. Few harmonious people are found in it. The genius of you Cancer people is difficult to explain. You have a persistent will, a clutch of determination, intuition, and purpose. You are invincible to argument, and cannot be talked out of anything. But if your feelings are hurt, are apt to lose heart and abandon whatever you have undertaken. Very sensitive. You are fond of travel, often taking long voyages which are not always successful. You are gifted above the average in many directions, if educated thoroughly. You have a superior intelligence and an aptitude for learning new things and working out new principles. It is hard for you to work for others, and difficult to live harmoniously in a house of which you are not head. You are very tactful in some matters, and in others not. You have an excellent memory.

Under the zodiacal sign of Leo, July 22d to August 22d, come Aileen Pringle, Kenneth Harlan, Lawrence Gray, Duane Thompson, Clara Horton, Robert Vignola, Norma Shearer, Hobart Bosworth, Pauline Frederick, Colleen Moore, and Eleanor Boardman. Says their horoscope:

You are of a naturally jovial, friendly disposition. You are born under very fortunate planetary conditions. You have the strength of a lion, and if you are not successful or happy, it is due entirely to your lack of cultivating your wonderful powers. Learn to take the bitter with the sweet, rain with sunshine, sorrow with joy, and never grumble over seeming ill luck.

You have a natural taste for decorating. You are kind-hearted, generous, sympathetic, and magnetic. Are very intuitive, and possess so much magnetism that, as a rule, you will go through life without much friction. You are a good talker, good at repartee, and are often an excellent story teller. You always make a point and always see a point. Are practical and invincible if you learn the pathway of silence. You would rather plan than work, and are by no means fond of detail; are sometimes lazy and fond of taking things easy, yet, when necessary, are up and doing, and do not shirk work or duty. You are fond of home comforts and have a genius in catering for the table, and would make a fine cook. Your love of nature is your weakness, and you are misled by those professing friendship to you. You know things, but can't tell how or why you know them.

Under Virgo, August 22d to September 23d, whose motto is "Purity," come Esther Ralston, Betty Blythe, Priscilla Dean, Pat O'Malley, and May McAvoy, described as "cool, calm, and confident," and who are promised a marked success in whatever calling they choose. Under the zodiacal sign of Libra, September 23d to October 23d, come Tony Moreno, Renee Adoree, Buster Keaton, Huntley Gordon, Irene Rich, Lillian Gish, Evelyn Brent, Lloyd Hughes, and Harriet Hammond. Their horoscope says:

You are naturally persistent and competent, and can, through these qualities, win success. Your foresight and judgment are excellent. Don't worry over losses, troubles, and obstacles. The moment you do you are in danger. Be self-reliant; you will succeed when you rely upon your own abilities, when you can be calm and tranquil no matter what happens. That moment you become powerful. What you attribute to luck is not luck, but the work of unseen, intelligent forces or powers, that help those who try to help themselves. All born under this sign are naturally energetic, ambitious, generous, and inspired.

Under Scorpio, October 23d to November 22d, whose motto is "Determination," come Hope Hampton, Dorothy Phillips, Gertrude Olmstead, Lewis Stone, Betty Bronson, Jobyna Ralston, Reginald Denny, Marie Prevost, Leatrice Joy, and Laura La Plante. The horoscope says of them:

Scorpio people have great magnetism. You have great possibilities. The most helpful men and women come out of this sign. In money matters you can amass large wealth by steady and persistent efforts in one line. Traveling on water is beneficial to you. Don't worry. Don't hurry. Take it easy. In love affairs you will be successful from the moment you fully control any feeling of anger or jealousy. The worst tendency in this sign

is the tendency to get disturbed if things don't go just as you think they ought to go. For this cause, many Scorpio people are not successful in love and business.

You have a great magnetic heart. You have a high temper and a great deal of jealousy in your nature. You have a great tenacity of life. You are proud and like to lead and have others look up to you. You set too much value in external things. As a rule you are very exacting and see that your laws are carried out. You love to be praised.

"Activity" is the motto of Sagittarius people, born on November 22d and between that date and December 21st. Under this sign come Alice Calhoun, Helene Chadwick, Lou Tellegen, Rod La Rocque, Jacqueline Logan, Margaret Livingston, and "Buck" Jones. They are declared to be born for great achievements, but are impatient. Their horoscope says:

You should rely upon your own impressions and not follow the advice of others too often. The only thing that can retard your success is a tendency to doubt and fear, a lack of hope, and impatience. You must have faith in your ability to succeed. Neatness, order, attention to details belong to your sign. Your chief characteristic is executive ability. You are bold, fearless, determined, and combative. Everything that you do or say is very decisive. Are apt to be too quick to decide, act, and speak. You are a person of one idea and thought, and in order to execute this one thought you will throw into it your entire energy without properly weighing and balancing the consequences, and the difficulties in the way. Your mind is constantly running ahead; you have a tendency to peer into the future and foresee events. You do not like to give in if you are wrong. You are apt to speak the first thing that comes into your head; from this you often are led into combat and make enemies.

Capricorn, December 21st to January 20th, is the dark and mysterious sign of the earth. Its motto is "Understanding," and under it come Winifred Bryson, Ann Pennington, Joe Bonomo, Marion Davies, William Haines, Pola Negri, Lillian Rich, Tom Mix, Pauline Starke, Monte Blue, Bebe Daniels, Patsy Ruth Miller, Noah Beery, and Milton Sills. Says their horoscope:

Among you are rulers of many people, actors, musicians. Act as you think best and do not permit any one to run your affairs. At times you are liable to become blue and despondent. You have wonderful hypnotic powers. Don't help others too much. It is your nature to do large and great things. It is foolish for you to engage in any work in which you cannot willingly put your whole heart and soul. Don't talk too much. Be a good listener. You must control yourself with an iron will. There is scarcely any limit to your wonderful powers.

You have strong individuality, great enthusiasm, strong love of life. You are many-sided in capabilities, talkative, versatile, competent to bear great responsibilities. Cannot be subordinate. You are the natural head of large enterprises. You are proud, independent, high-minded, and indisposed to labor with your own hands.

Continued on page 94

Famous Marcelling Cap

Now Offered at New Low Price

Tremendous volume of sales makes further reduction possible on remarkable Curling Outfit, which marcel's your hair at home in 15 minutes



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, which comes with every outfit, you stretch the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair.



Then with the fingers, or an orange stick, puff out the hair in little "waves" and let it dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



In 15 minutes your hair is dry, you remove the Cap—and there is the loveliest marcel you ever saw!

Nothing succeeds like success! Rarely in the history of American business has any invention received such instant and hearty approval as the McGowan Marcelling Cap, recently granted a Patent by the United States Government. From the very first announcement orders have come pouring in and pouring in, until now this marvelous marcelling outfit is in the hands of more than 40,000 women—40,000 satisfied users, who are doing more to "boost" our sales than all the advertising we could possibly run!

In our first advertising we told the women of the nation we were going to set a price that would mean ruin for us unless we could quickly get a big volume of business. Instead of pricing this unique invention at \$5 to \$10, as many advised us to, we went to the other extreme and offered the entire outfit (including a \$1.87 bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid) at \$3.27—(\$2.87 plus average of 40c postage). This was little more than enough to cover the cost of making, advertising and selling, but we felt that by selling at the closest possible margin of profit, we could quickly get the volume of sales we needed to operate most economically.

We knew the Marcelling Cap was something every girl and woman wanted. We expected a quick response from the women of the nation. But optimistic as we were, even we did not anticipate such an overwhelming flood of orders. Our judgment was vindicated. Soon our facilities were overtaxed so we could hardly keep up with orders. But now we have just completed arrangements which will practically double our capacity—and we're going after the next 40,000!

You're Invited to Share in the Profits

Now we're going to do an unheard of thing. We've figured that if we can quickly sell 40,000 more of these Marcelling Outfits

—a total of 80,000—we could afford to sell them at a still lower price. But we're not going to wait until the 80,000 are sold to give you the benefit of this quantity production. We're going to give it to you now while orders are still pouring in at the regular price almost as fast as we can fill them. We're going to cut nearly one dollar off the price and distribute this saving of approximately \$40,000 among the next 40,000 girls and women that order!

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formerly sold for \$2.87 plus postage which made price \$3.27 to \$3.55

So many people wrote us about postage charges since rates were increased we decided to pay postage as well as reduce the price—so it is

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Postage Paid

and magazines regularly, you are more or less familiar with this remarkable hair waving device. You can see at a glance just how it works. There is nothing complicated about it; nothing to get out of order. It is so amazingly simple that you can hardly believe your eyes. But 40,000 girls and women throughout the country are using it with gratifying results. That's the best proof we can offer.

For Every Type and Style

Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—whatever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new marcelling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of marcel you want in 15 minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as it ordinarily takes to comb long hair.

Think what a saving this will mean. Instead of paying \$1.00 to \$1.50, plus a 25 to 50 cent tip every time you need a marcel, now it will cost you only about one cent! Instead of an hour or two going and coming from the Beauty Parlor, it will take only 15 minutes at home!

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

adopt this safe, natural way, you'll begin to see the difference. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish. You can put the waves in the same place each time and soon you will be able to train your hair and keep it naturally marcelled with very little attention.

The Curling Liquid that goes with the McGowan Hair Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, eradicates dandruff and itching and promotes rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

Be Among the 40,000 Who Will Profit by This Reduction

The McGowan Marcelling Outfit consists of the Marcelling Cap and a large size bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid. The Curling Liquid itself has always sold for \$1.87 a bottle and the Cap, if ordered separately, for the same amount—a total of \$3.74. When we offered the combination for \$3.27, we had to do some close figuring, but we did it in order to get a great volume of sales in the shortest possible time. Now we're going the limit and making another reduction to \$2.45 for the entire outfit and this price includes the postage—a price which, as we have said, is based on the anticipation of selling 40,000 more during the next few months.

Frankly, unless we can do so it will be impossible to maintain this price. We may have to change it at any time, so if you've been thinking of ordering one of these Marcelling Outfits, don't lose any time. Remember, we still take all the risk. The same guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back applies at this reduced price just as it did before.

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Even at this reduced price you do not have to pay for your Marcelling Outfit in advance. Just sign and mail the coupon and when the postman brings your new found beauty aid, simply deposit with him \$2.45. Then after trying this outfit for seven days, if you aren't entirely satisfied in every way just return it and we will refund the purchase price in full.

We couldn't afford to make such an offer if we didn't know the McGowan Marcelling Outfit would do everything we say—if we didn't know you will be amazed and delighted if you give it a trial. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you don't find the McGowan Marcelling Outfit the greatest beauty invention you ever used—if it doesn't give you the loveliest marcel you ever saw—if you are not simply delighted in every way with both the Marcelling Cap and the Curling Liquid—then the cost of the trial is on us.

Don't put it off another day. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Tear out the coupon, fill in and mail today. You'll always be glad you did!

The McGowan Laboratories

710 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago

COUPON

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Chicago.

Dear Mr. McGowan—Please send me your hair-waving outfit, which includes your recently patented Marcelling Cap and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.45 with the postman upon its delivery. After seven days' trial, if I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit and you are to refund the purchase price in full, without any further obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2.45 with your order and the McGowan Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Continued from page 92

Are positive, executive, and determined, and apt to be recognized as the head of whatever you are in. You have an extremely high ideal of love, harmony, beauty, and social intelligence. Are a lover of literature, art, and education.

The women among you as a rule are not apt to make very domestic wives unless they have thousands at their command, and even then they want more. You will work for yourself without stop or stint, but are restless when harnessed to work for others.

Do the horoscopes truthfully picture personalities?

Under the sign of Pisces, Gloria Swanson is told that she has good judgment and a discriminating mind which will place her in high positions of trust. Didn't Famous Players-Lasky find this out when they began negotiating with her for a renewal of contract? Under the sign of Aries, Mary Pickford is told that her brain is always busy; that she is an independent character and has her own idea of right and wrong; that she must do things her own way.

Douglas Fairbanks, born under the zodiacal sign of Gemini, found that he was of a restless, anxious nature, apt to be an extremist in all he did. Yet he found true the prediction that he would make a success in any line of business where he had control or direction of the efforts of many people.

Do the horoscopes picture them correctly?

Judge for yourself!

From the Pupil's Point of View

Continued from page 49.

big productions all being made here in the studio at the same time, and I've been snatching glimpses of all of them!

And when we of the school aren't watching the stars, and getting pointers, they drop in to watch *us*—*not*, however, to get pointers! I was surprised at first to find how friendly they all are—not a bit upstagey, as I had thought they might be.

They are full of fun, most of them, and have a grand time together when they aren't working. The other day, we heard a big uproar over on the set for "The King on Main Street," and I sneaked away and ran over to see what was going on. During a rest period, Adolphe Menjou, the suave and dignified, in very correct full dress, was doing a clog dance to the accompaniment of a blaring jazz band, while the darky leader of the band sang at the top of his voice, and everybody on the set stood about and applauded. Then, Bessie Love joined in with a demonstration of the Charleston, and Menjou sat down and clapped time, whooping and yelling to spur her on.

But the one thing about this movie life that has impressed and surprised me most of all, is the good moral atmosphere that seems to exist. After the usual ugly tales that every one hears, I certainly never expected to find things as they are. And my mother, who came North with me, has confessed that on the trip up, she had no intention of letting me really stay, but that after she got here and saw how things were conducted, she changed her mind completely, and quite happily went off and left me.

So I did stay, and am surely glad I did. There were lots to learn at first, and of course, we all made idiotic mistakes. There are so many technical things to know that just don't occur to the beginner. For instance, one of the first things we were told was to move much more slowly than you would in real life—

the director said that coming from the South, I ought to find that easy—and to underact rather than overact. For the camera exaggerates everything.

Now, on the stage, it's quite the opposite, for there, it's you who must do a little exaggerating, because if you moved and acted at a *perfectly* natural pace, the play would be inclined to drag. The usual rule on the stage is to speed up and act up, be it ever so little, in order to get your stuff across the footlights, but in the movies, no—you must linger over every little point, or it will appear slurred in projection; and you must hold yourself in a little in a dramatic scene, or the camera will turn it into melodrama.

Another thing we found hard to grasp was just where to direct our acting in reference to the camera. You shouldn't play entirely toward the person with you, for then your facial expressions are lost, nor on the other hand, should you turn entirely away from him and stare straight into the camera. Learning to strike a happy medium was difficult. Also, we were taught never to turn the head without first turning the eyes. Otherwise, the motion, when seen on the screen, loses its effect.

Some one, by the way, asked me not long ago if I hadn't found it hard to act with so few spoken lines to guide and inspire me. I had expected to, but on the contrary, I've found that it's really much easier, for with no set words to worry about, you can concentrate so much better on just the acting. One thing that is sometimes difficult to manage, however, is to save your best acting for the camera instead of wasting it on rehearsals. After you've rehearsed an emotional scene four or five times, you're apt to find, unless you've been careful, that when the camera begins to grind, you've used up all your inspiration and shed all your tears.

The problem of make-up is a very trying one, for the camera is certainly

cruel. You think you have at last discovered just what combination of grease paint, powder, and so forth, makes you look best, and you labor over your face, eyes and lips for an hour, then go onto the set and act as you never have before, and when the scene is later projected onto the screen, you take one look at your face, and are ready to quit.

Many funny things have happened, of course, as we've gone along. One day, in the early stages of the school, I had to do a bit with a boy in which I was supposed to lose my temper and pull his hair. Unfortunately, I really did get mad, and pulled his hair so hard, and yanked him so far away from the camera that the director had to stop the shot, and the boy swore that he would never act with me again.

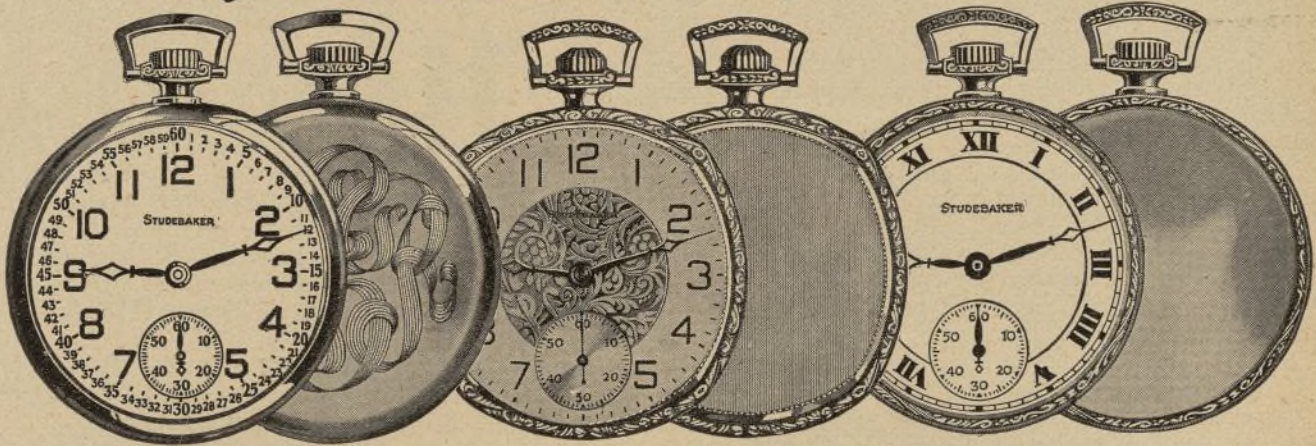
"For Pete's sake," shouted the director, "don't be so realistic! Remember, there's a *camera* here. This isn't just for fun."

And another time, one of the girls spent ever so long rehearsing to perfection a part in which she was to be very sweet and lovely and gracious, and just at the height of the actual shot, when everything was going beautifully, she tripped and fell flat on her face.

We are growing more and more proficient, however, every day, and hope by Christmas, when the course comes to an end, to be full-fledged actors and actresses.

We're to finish off with a big, complete production, in which we will all take part together. What will happen to us after that, remains to be seen, but nobody can say that we haven't been given a chance. If we don't succeed after these six intensive months of preparation, it will be because we just haven't it in us, that's all. But of course, we don't think about *that* side of it, because we all have great hopes that we *shall* succeed.

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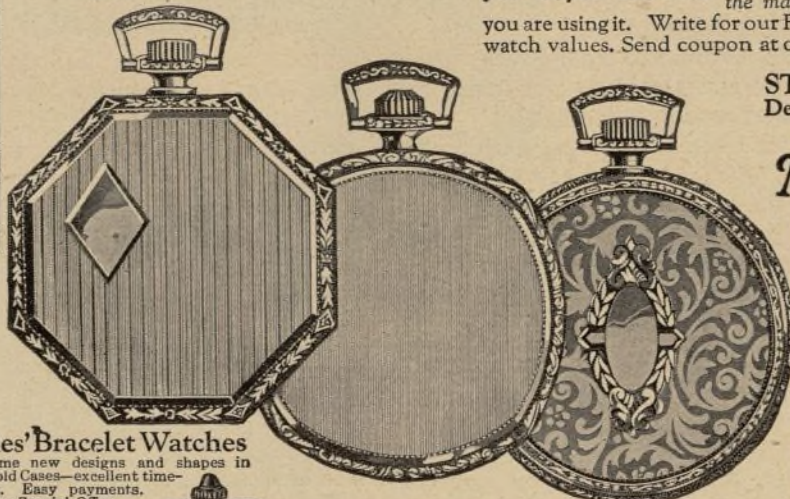
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Latest Style
Thin Models

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 71

somewhat exhausted his adjectives and compared the picture with "The Birth of a Nation," "The Four Horsemen," and sundry other screen masterpieces, and its maker with D. W. Griffith, there was a momentary lull of absolutely dead silence, and then the director broke in with what appeared to be a nonchalant—

"Oh, well, I don't know. I don't know. Who knows, maybe it won't be so much after all. Ha-ha!"

Is it necessary to add that the critic forthwith changed the topic of conversation to the latest picture of his hostess' fiancé?

Rudy and Vilma

There is an exquisite young creature in Hollywood called Vilma Banky. We have spoken of her before. She made her bow to American picture audiences in "The Dark Angel," with Ronald Colman. But now there is added reason for talking of her, since we have seen her several times escorted to various functions by Rudolph Valentino. At the last Sixty Club dinner, they danced beautifully together, and though Miss Banky is Hungarian and speaks little English, she and Rudy seemed to suffer no difficulty in making themselves understood to each other.

Elinor Glyn's Double

Not so long ago, Syd Chaplin created a sensation in the Montmartre Café when he appeared in a satin dress and picture hat, smoking a big black cigar. Syd is doing his second female impersonation in "Nightie

Night Nurse," his comedy for Warner Brothers.

Most amusing of all is the fact that Syd says that people have been taking him for Madame Elinor Glyn. He probably uses the cigar to counteract the mistaken impression. Madame, of course, does not smoke.

Theodore Roberts' Wife

Most tragic of recent occurrences has been the death of the wife of Theodore Roberts, the character actor. Mr. Roberts, as everybody knows, has been ill for a long time, and has been able only occasionally to appear on the screen, when his rôle permitted his working in a wheel chair.

His wife has been nursing him all through his illness, and was seemingly in good health. Her death was due to heart failure, and has been a deep blow to Mr. Roberts.

She was known professionally as Florence Smythe, but seldom played on the screen.

New Triumph in Offing

Another Cinderella has triumphed. Little Lois Moran is certain of a great success in "Stella Dallas." We have seen this picture and are ready and willing to concur with Samuel Goldwyn in the belief that he has a great find in this little girl.

She has a child charm and lack of obvious sophistication that are seldom seen in film discoveries. She is the first little girl that can truly be described by that alluring adjective, wistful. She may indeed be a genius in the making. Certainly she looks

far more promising than any of the other débutantes, with the possible exception of Betty Bronson. And all things considered, we think that she has even greater talent than Betty.

"Stella Dallas" is quite a remarkable picture in every respect. It is an indication of the exact certainty with which producers are selecting talent these days, regardless of the box-office allure of names. The actress whose performance is absolutely tremendous is Belle Bennett. Her work, we believe, will register alongside of Pauline Frederick's in "Madame X."

Ronald Colman also offers a splendid performance, as do Jean Hersholt and Alice Joyce, and the others.

We viewed the picture in Pasadena at a so-called "sneak-out" preview, a test showing, where very few of the professional group were present. Those who were there, however, including Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge, Frances Howard, and a few others, all emerged from the theater with eyes still shining with tears.

"The Big Parade" and "Stella Dallas" are the best pictures that we have thus far glimpsed at the previews in Hollywood. "The Big Parade" is a tremendous war spectacle destined to create a greater sensation than anything since "The Four Horsemen."

We believe we have mentioned before that Karl Dane, who plays in that picture, is one of the greatest character finds since Ernest Torrence came to the front. If we have, it will do no harm to tell it again.

A Nordic Eye Opener

Continued from page 34

Her little accent reminded me of Nazimova, of Fay Bainter in "East Is West," of Elsie Janis imitating some one. It was chiseled and perfect, and the quirks and turns came at delightfully unexpected moments. Yet, hearing it, you would swear to its authenticity. Listening to Jetta Goudal, or Dagmar Godowsky, one may pardonably suspect affectation. But Greta is Greta, and her Norwegian tricks of pronunciation fall on the ear as genuine.

Signed at the canny sum of seventy-five dollars a week, Greta recently saw her contract destroyed, to be replaced with one calling for fifteen hundred dollars a week. So she may be said to have arrived.

She is not vain, but she is conscious of her beauty, sparing herself wherever possible. Between scenes, for example, she permitted another

girl to pose for her, for lighting and timing, while she sat quietly adjusting her make-up.

In addition to looking very lovely, la Nissen is said to design her own costumes and headdresses.

"It is all part of the work of acting," she said. "The costume is much of the part, I think. Is it not so?"

She is the opposite of Pola Negri—in coloring, in manner, in disposition. There is nothing fiery about her, nothing temperamental, nothing excitable. To all outward appearances, she is calm, assured, facing camera and director alike with inscrutable poise.

She finished a particularly adroit love scene with Menjou, and returned to her chair smiling.

"Good," she said. "Good. He is the good lover. Very foreign. Americans are so conventional in all things."

This was promising, but Greta stopped abruptly.

"I like the picture work," she admitted, "all but the waiting. You wait hours, and you are acting only but minutes. Then the last time a scene is taken, perhaps you are tired of it, and they decide to use that one."

Because her beauty is aloof and cool and piquant and unusual, la Nissen will never be a great popular star.

So long as they cast Greta Nissen in spicy, saucy rôles, she will gleam resplendently. But it were foolhardy to attempt to make a Gish or a Talmadge of her. She is a lovely golden figure, graceful, flippant, transient in her appeal. Few audiences will give her sympathy: she must hold the whip hand in her picture rôles if she is to be successful.

It is too bad that the all-seeing eye of the camera sees so little of the Nissen magnetism.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Rising from one triumph to another, now plans a series of pictures to excel anything ever before offered—



1915: Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen", a De Mille "scoop" and a never-to-be-forgotten picture, which marked a big step forward in the film industry.



1916: Under DeMille's management, "Wally" Reid was the best loved of movie heroes.



1920: Gloria Swanson—Lila Lee—Thomas Meighan—headed for fame in "Male and Female".



1922: "Manslaughter" brought to Meighan a new leading lady and to the public a new idol—Leatrice Joy.



1924: "The Ten Commandments"—a stupendous spectacle, still playing to crowded houses. No one can afford to miss it.

A LITTLE over ten years ago, Cecil B. DeMille was putting in his second year in the moving picture field, and he was working feverishly to prove that there was a place in motion pictures for bigger and better films.

In between those first desperate days and the present time, is a record of achievement which has been equalled by no other producer.

With each succeeding DeMille triumph, it has seemed as though the topmost pinnacle of Motion Picture perfection had been reached, and yet when it seemed as though there were no further heights to which he could climb, there burst upon the world, two years ago, that greatest of all DeMille spectacles—"The Ten Commandments"—a production so vast and so absorbing that it held audiences breathless and convinced them that DeMille must, indeed, be a worker of miracles to have wrought so stupendous a masterpiece!

WHAT will Cecil B. DeMille do next? DeMille is looking forward to even more glorious achievements in the future. He and his Associate Directors have planned a series of pictures, each one of which

will be a notable event. The finest stories have been secured and they will be interpreted by artists who take pride in upholding the DeMille tradition of Supremacy!

The clean, fresh beauty of Leatrice Joy and the charm of Rod LaRocque have been captured for these DeMille pictures. And there are hosts of other well known names, each a guarantee of quality in itself: Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Lillian Rich, Noah Beery, Henry B. Walthall, William Boyd, Vera Reynolds, Robert Ames, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff, Rockliffe Fellows, Clive Brook, Edmund Burns, Julia Faye, Trixie Friganza—just to mention a few.

NEW talent being developed in the DeMille Stock Company: In addition to those artists who have already made a place for themselves, Cecil DeMille is constantly working new personalities into his pictures. He has a glorified Stock Company in which promising youngsters are drilled, encouraged and shown the way to make the most of their own possibilities.

All Cecil DeMille productions, and those of his Associates, will be released through the Producers Distributing Corporation. There is untold wealth of entertainment ahead of you. Watch for future announcements.

A magnificent picture magnificently acted by Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Faye.



And now! "The Road to Yesterday", DeMille's first great independent offering through the Producers Distributing Corporation. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix from the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Sutherland.

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Where Do the Stars Buy Beauty?

Continued from page 27

You feel that you'd rather die than have that stuff on your face any longer. You're told that it is good for you, that it increases your circulation, makes the skin active, tautens up relaxed muscles, closes enlarged pores—and you believe all that, for you can feel the blood rushing from the very tips of your toes into your face. In the mirror you can see that your skin is beginning to redden beneath its brown coat.

When you feel that you'll commit murder or suicide in another moment, the brown stuff is removed with pads of cotton dipped in a soothing oil. Your face is still red, it still burns a little. The oil is left on for a while, then is rubbed off, and a skin food is rubbed in. Your skin absorbs that greedily. A little later, when that comes off, you want to turn hand-springs just for joy. The little, fine wrinkles that you may have had, have vanished. Your skin is soft and velvety as a baby's. You feel as if the woman at whose shop those treatments are given ought to go out on the street with a parody of Aladdin's cry, shouting, "New faces for old!"

I know one very beautiful girl, a famous movie actress, who uses this treatment every morning when she is working, because it makes her skin photograph so well, and makes her eyes look so bright. She buys jars of the brown ointment and bottles of the oil, and puts it on herself.

To Have Beautiful Hair.

I took in the various hair specialists, too, in my adventures in quest

of beauty culture. To a motion-picture star it is most important that the hair be in good condition, so that it will photograph well. And there are several excellent systems of caring for the hair.

Alma Rubens, whose black hair is remarkably beautiful, used to apply hot olive oil to it before it was shampooed. The best way to do this is to part the hair and rub the hot oil on with a pad of absorbent cotton, then part it again and repeat the procedure. Afterward, the hair should have the oil rubbed on each strand.

Cocoon oil is used by several of the specialists, and is applied in the same way. You can buy a jar of it for a quarter, and use it twice a month; the hair should be shampooed each week, or every ten days, at the longest.

A beauty treatment for the hair that brings sure results consists of the use of iodine. It is applied to the scalp with a small brush, each day until the old skin of the scalp has all scaled off.

Pure soap makes an excellent shampoo, and if you want to wash your hair in the most approved method, get a small sponge, and when you begin to wash your hair, dip the sponge in very hot water, rub it hard on the soap, and then on to your scalp. Part the hair and go all over the scalp in this way, then apply the soap to the hair.

Massaging the scalp with the finger tips is a good practice, one that should be indulged in for a few moments every night.

When you are caring for your hair,

don't forget your eyebrows and lashes. The brows especially need attention, for powder gets into them, and they lose the lustrous look that is so essential if they are to add to your beauty.

Hot vaseline is good for both lashes and brows; the brows can be washed in hot soap suds first, so that they are thoroughly clean.

Apply the heated vaseline with an eyebrow brush, to the brows, and with your finger tip to the lashes. Leave it on overnight if you can; if you're just dressing for a party, take it off after a few moments.

Remember this, if you go in for caring for your looks: it isn't just what you do to your skin in the morning, or when you're dressing in the evening, that counts; the skin that is not properly cleansed and cared for each night may look well when you finish powdering and rouging it, but after a little while it will look gray and dull. The girl who looks as nice when she goes home from a party as when she arrives is the one who devotes at least five minutes every night before she goes to bed to caring for the skin of her face and neck.

She may vary it; may use a skin food one night and a bleaching cream the next, may wash with soap and water occasionally, and use cleansing cream at other times. But she sees to it that her skin is clean, and well nourished, every night.

Don't neglect your complexion, no matter how tired you are. That one night of neglect will show for days afterward. It's really a small price to pay for beauty, five minutes a day!

You Can't Ignore Her

Continued from page 47

business, but I think it is more a desire to keep a firm hold on the few other interests for which she has time.

Clothes engage her passing interest, motoring she loves, and Waley's translation of poems from the Chinese is the book with which she whiles away waiting hours at the studio. But her real interest is in homes. At the moment, she is going around studying the little country places her

friends have bought, trying to decide on a locality that would be near enough to the studio for commuting, and yet would give her the surroundings she desires. There must be a little rambling cottage with lots of flowers that look as though they had been growing there for years; there must be quiet and solitude—and a cow and chickens. Carol is adamant about the cow and chickens. Accord-

ing to her, no home is complete without them.

If you saw Carol, you would carry away just one impression—that of unmarred beauty. Her features are beautifully delicate, her hair wavy and dark red. Her brown eyes are thoroughly alert and untired, and about her delicate, mobile mouth there hovers a smile.

Life has been good to her, and she is enjoying every minute of it.

A Fan Returns to Movieland

Continued from page 53

much. I haven't many friends here and I'm generally with older people. I have relations here—my grandmother and mother are mostly with me, so I spend my time with them. I get a lot of pleasure out of making a picture, so I hope the movie fans

get as much enjoyment out of seeing them."

Which we do, I'm certain.

Little Miss Bronson is fortunate in having what we girls call a "line" all her own. Neither does she look like, or fit into the type of, any other movie favorite. Creating her own

niche, and original in her style of acting, she furnishes the "something new" we fans are always wanting.

But I wonder if we should be able to get all our fun out of just playing in pictures, as Betty does? It isn't everybody could be a Betty Bronson, you know.

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The Movies and Love

Continued from page 18

Obviously, the thing for her to do was to find work which she would want to do, work with which she could fall in love.

She liked going to movies, provided the picture shown was one in which women wore beautiful costumes. She said that she could almost feel the delicate silks and velvets beneath her hand. She enjoyed any picture in which there were beautiful sets and lovely costumes.

"Do you ever go into the costume department at the studio?" I asked her. "Have you ever thought of studying costume design?"

She hadn't; she knew nothing about sewing or designing. She went in, one day after that, and was so happy just handling the beautiful fabrics that were used that the answer to her problem lay right there before her.

She gave up her position and took one in the costume department, that brought her much less money. Most of that money, incidentally, she spent on clothes for herself, clothes made of the fabrics which she liked to

handle. It might have seemed useless extravagance to one who did not understand, but it really was economy. She was happier in fabrics that she liked than she was in the cheaper ones that she had bought when she was putting all the money that she could spare into the bank. She was saving her own ability to work, her own power.

She advanced rapidly in her new work because she cared so much for it. Every moment that she was at it, and even after she had gone home at night, her mind was going back to it, as the mind of a man or a girl who is in love goes out to the beloved one. Therefore new energy, new intelligence, was released to go into that work.

To-day she is a remarkably successful young woman, with an establishment of her own. The work with which she could fall in love has brought her everything that she has always wanted.

You may feel that life hasn't been quite fair to you, that you haven't had the opportunities you should have enjoyed, that things have been

difficult for you. If you could really understand yourself, you would realize that the fault has lain within yourself, because you did not know how to use the ability which really was yours. It lies within yourself, but you have not known how to release it. It is like the ability to love, which does not have its full expression in the majority of lives.

In many cases, things which have happened during childhood, conditions which have prevailed at that time, have resulted in the bottling up of one's ability. This ability has never been released. It is a gold mine that lies within. The key to your own character is within your own reach, if you know how to take hold of it.

Through analyzing your own preferences in motion pictures, through seeing what you like best in the pictures to which you go, and why you like certain people or certain things, you can see what you have been missing, what ability you have used only partly, perhaps, and perhaps not at all. It is there before you, if you know what to do with it.

Because a Woman Believed

Continued from page 33

again, she came back to me. I had to live down that reputation for undependability. Finally, Bernie Fineman gambled on me and let me direct two Evelyn Brent films. What a great feeling it was to be in harness! I slaved like a Trojan, and once the word got around that I was running even again, I felt a gradual change in the attitude toward me, more friendliness.

"But still it was hard. I had to fight my own cussed disposition, the impulse to flare up, to disagree. I had to beat my cantankerous spirit into subjection, into calm coöperation. But I won. I schooled my tongue and eventually had my temper under control.

"Then Irving Thalberg sent for me. Irv had always believed in me—we had worked together on the U lot—but he had to fight harder for me than for anybody or anything else he has ever gone to the mat for. Say, there's *nothing* I wouldn't do for that boy!

"M.-G.-M. took me on. The story question came up. For seven years I had wanted to do 'The Unholy Three.' It had been owned by almost every film company. Many directors had considered it, recognizing its novel theme and interesting characters, but every one of them had discarded it as one of those things the industry is afraid of. It had

certain gruesome possibilities that might be offensive. It wasn't pretty and light and sentimental. Even Irv balked, but when I told him the treatment I planned, he wired to his New York office to buy it for me.

"Hollywood laughed, and shrugged me aside. 'Here he's got a big chance to come back, but he's up to his old tricks,' they said, with the air of washing their hands of me. 'Tod always was a fool and always will be one.'

"I got a little scared, myself, realizing that all my hopes of reinstating myself rested upon the success of this one picture, and also that its failure would reflect upon Irv's usually canny business instinct. I didn't want to get him in bad.

"But Alice backed me up. When she met the producers' wives at teas and luncheons, and they repeated, 'Joe says this can't possibly succeed—why don't you make Tod drop it and try something else?' she just smiled and replied, 'Why should he? I believe in it and he believes in it.'

"She had always thought the story had possibilities, and it meant the fulfillment of a seven-year dream to me, besides bringing me back. I had a novel theme and story, splendid actors, but most of all, faith in what I was doing—and *carte blanche*. It was to be Tod Browning, sink or swim. And if you look back you will see that most of the best pictures

have been to a great extent one person's inspiration. Too many minds are bound to cause conflict."

So that is the story of how "The Unholy Three" came to be filmed. Into his unusual picture he introduced adroit humor; and the characterizations were uncannily clever.

It brought something distinctly new to the screen, an eerie quality made into entertainment without any of the usual trimmings. Even the hackneyed courtroom scene had a breath of novelty. And the man proved himself a genius at sustaining suspense until the moment of a swift and logical climax. True, his actors contributed skillful and human performances, but the picture is really Tod Browning—the Tod Browning that one woman had known once and believed might be reborn. It is a success because she had faith in it, and in the man who made it.

He will next film two of those stories that he salvaged from his moody weeks at the typewriter, when he was shut in from the world, wallowing in melancholy self-disgust. One deals with a criminal's regeneration, the other is an exposé of fake spiritualism.

Oh, yes; the sequel is a happy home, over which a charming woman presides, to which every evening a man hurries as fast as his new car can take him.

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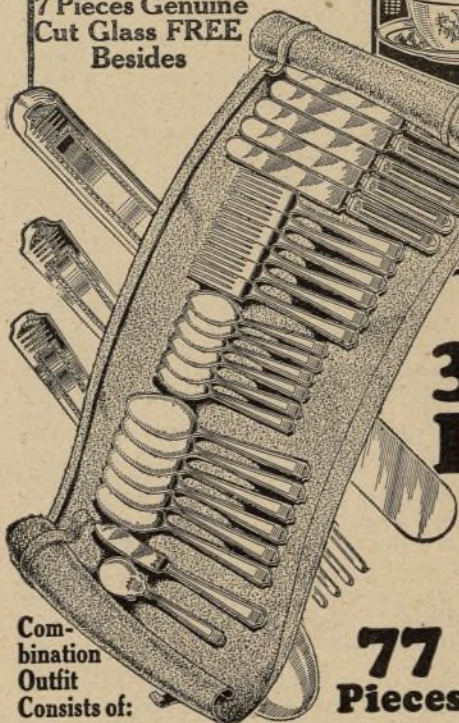
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By The Picture Oracle



HOT DOG.—Yes, hasn't George O'Brien come to the fore of late? He met some of the stars socially when he was just an extra, and they liked him so much they helped him to get ahead. This is most unusual, for with Hollywood so full of extras, it's seldom that any one of them gets personal attention. George isn't married. His recent pictures include "The Man Who Came Back," "The Roughneck," "The Iron Horse," and "The Dancers." He has recently been working on "Havoc."

F. V. F.—If you'd change those initials about, you'd be one of the F. F. V.'s. "The Birth of a Nation" was first released in 1915. Robert Warwick alternates his screen work with stage appearances; I think he has been playing on the stage most of the time during the past few years. I haven't seen Gordon Griffith's name in connection with any recent pictures. His pictures include "Tarzan of the Apes," "Son of Tarzan," "Watch My Smoke," "Village Blacksmith," "Penrod," "Main Street," "Little Sunset," "Huckleberry Finn," and others. I have no record of the career of Norman MacDonald. The players in "Born Rich" were Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Doris Kenyon, Cullen Landis, Frank Morgan, J. Barney Sherry, and Maude Turner Gordon. The cast of "The Golden Bed" includes Rod La Rocque, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Warner Baxter, and Henry Walthall.

HELEN OF TROY.—How many ships has your face launched? Of course a thousand seems rather a lot to ask of any face. Anna Q. Nilsson is under contract to First National. No, Betty Compson is not playing in "Eve's Lovers"; "Eve's Secret" is the name of her picture. Eve seems to be getting heavily into the limelight after all these centuries. Clara Kimball Young has been playing in vaudeville and I understand has been breaking records for attendance wherever she has appeared. Larry Semon's new bride appeared opposite him in his new picture, "The Wizard of Oz."

FIGHTING BLOOD.—That must be convenient when the flu germs come to your house. Yes, Jack Dempsey is going to make another picture. He and Estelle are now making one for Associated Exhibitors called "Manhattan Madness." Bull Montana also plays in the production, and it should be a treat for the fight fans

when Jack and Bull have a fistic mix-up. Bull is something of a fighter himself. George O'Hara seems to be pretty expert with the gloves. He is going to do another series, as yet untitled, when he completes "The Pace-makers." No, I don't think George and Alberta Vaughn are likely to be married soon. In fact, I suspect they aren't going to get married at all. George O'Brien is no weakling when it comes to fighting; he handed Harry Morey a couple of staggering blows in the making of "The Roughneck."

FRANCIE.—Yes, it is true that Frances Howard has retired from the screen. She still had several more pictures to do under her contract with Famous Players, but after her marriage to Samuel Goldwyn, the contract was canceled by mutual agreement. Mr. Goldwyn said he was relieving the screen of its worst actress. However, she'll probably return eventually. These screen stars always do. Her latest picture is "The Shock Punch," opposite Richard Dix. Agnes Ayres is married to a Mexican, S. Manuel Reachi. May McAvoy is playing in a Universal picture, "Old Dutch."

JAZZ BIRD.—I suppose you only warble at night—or should I say wabble? Beverly Bayne returned to the screen some months ago via Warner Brothers pictures. Pauline Garon is playing in "The Sign of the Rose." No, Pauline isn't married. She comes from Montreal. The girl who played the rôle of *Fox Trot* in "She Wolves" is Judy King. I agree with you that she shows great promise. David Butler's current release is "Tracked in the Snow," which has Rin-tin-tin, the police dog, as a star. June Marlowe is also in the picture.

ALL ABOARD.—Not, I hope, including your head! I can't think of any screen stars who used to be sailors, with the exception of Hobart Bosworth, who ran away from home when he was still a boy and went to sea. Hoot Gibson used to be a real cowboy, and then he went to Australia with a circus. He has been playing in pictures since 1911.

DOT.—I haven't had any Dots on this page for quite a while, and I understand dots are quite in style this season. Harriet Hammond is to play opposite Ramon Novarro when he gets around to making that picture dealing with life at Annapolis. Irma Harrison was the girl who played the colored maid in "One Exciting Night."

She recently appeared in "Lilies of the Street." Irma was "bawn" in New Orleans, as you Southerners would say it. No, Mildred Davis hasn't been making pictures lately, but has devoted her time to mothering baby Mildred Gloria Lloyd. However, she wants to continue her screen career and has at last persuaded "papa" to let her. That's her nickname for Harold; I don't call him that myself.

WHO'S HUGHES.—No, Gareth and Lloyd Hughes are not related. Gareth hasn't done much on the screen lately; he appeared not long ago on the Broadway stage in a play called "The Dunces Boy," which was not very successful. Gareth played the title rôle, but he achieved the dunces boy—he wasn't born that way. He was born in Wales, in a town called Llanelly—only he doesn't pronounce it that way. He calls it by its Welsh name that is as long as the name of one of the royal family. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. He is married to Gloria Hope. He played opposite Corinne Griffith in "De-classe," and opposite Colleen Moore in "Sally." Colleen has been vacationing in Europe, getting completely recovered from her recent accident, when she was in bed in a plaster cast for several weeks.

ANN.—George Hackathorne was the actor you refer to in Bill Tilden's "Haunted Hands." Marjorie Daw was the leading lady in that production, and there was one of those rumored engagements between Marjorie and the tennis champ. Only the star has to be freed of one husband, Eddie Sutherland, before she can very well acquire another.

MURDER WILL OUT.—I do hope you haven't one concealed about you anywhere. Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. He is playing in "Beauty and the Bad Man"—I don't know whether he will be seen as the bad man or as beauty. Previous to that, he played in "Up the Ladder." Joseph Schildkraut is returning to the screen in a picture personally directed by Cecil De Mille, "The Road to Yesterday."

THE OLD LADY.—But not, I see, from Dubuque. It must be quite amusing to live near the New York-Pennsylvania border line and see pictures as they are cut by the censors in both States. But don't ask me why the Pennsylvania board of censors cut the pictures the way they do—I can't fathom the mind of a censor! I don't

Continued on page 103

Hollywood Gets a Kick

Continued from page 85

But a camera was shooting and the "wild man" was only Jimmie Adams making a scene in "Savage Love," a Christie comedy.

Hollywood watches amusedly the comedy stunts in the out-o'-doors. It isn't perturbed when it sees Bobby Vernon in one of his wild dashes after some trick motor car or Larry Semon cavorting around the front lawn of some expensive residence with a motion-picture camera in the offing. Hollywood stops to look with just as much interest as does the tourist from Iowa or Kansas. When Walter Hiers drove up in front of a bank at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue atop of a load of hay in "Hold Your Breath," business there, for a time, stopped. Hollywood got a kick from the spectacle. It got another kick when a bevy of barelimbed girls dressed in Persian costumes did an ancient dance in the street, their jeweled anklets jangling like silver bells, their slender bare torsos twisting gracefully, their brown limbs flashing beneath translucent, twirling skirts. They were there to attract a crowd to a theater where Doug Fairbanks' picture, "The Thief of Bagdad," was being shown.

Hollywood chuckled when it learned that some young men had stolen two terra-cotta deer from the picturesque grounds surrounding the home of Carter de Haven. It chortled when it learned the police had shot the large cinnamon bear belonging to Jack Boyle, short-story writer, after the beast had escaped from his home. It got another kick in discussing the request made by Lord Auckland of Tottenham that the authorities grant him permission to keep two wolves as pets in the back yard of his home on North Coronado Street. It debated his assertion that wolves make wonderful "watch dogs" or household pets. The discussion ended only when it was learned that City Prosecutor Friedman had drafted an ordinance prohibiting any elephant, bear, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, tiger, leopard, wolf or other wild, carnivorous animal being domiciled at a private home within the city limits. Hollywood is accustomed to seeing these wild beasts being transported from studio zoos to location but it doesn't want any of them around as pets.

It doesn't even like dogs. Effort was made a few months ago to have four dogs in a home adjoining that of Mae Murray declared nuisances



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because they barked and yelped at night.

"If they don't go, I'll move!" Miss Murray said to Judge M. J. Kavanaugh.

The piquant little actress meant it. The dogs stayed. Miss Murray moved.

It is no uncommon sight to see the historic old stages of pioneer days lumbering along Hollywood's boulevards behind four to six horses or mules, on the way to location. Recently, a number of these old vehicles of bonanza times were purchased in Nevada and moved to the film capital for use in wild West scenes. These were said to have included stages which had been ridden in by Mark Twain, Bret Harte, John Mackay, Adelina Patti, Senator James G. Fair, as well as the one in which Senator William M. Stewart rode to face a mob forming to lynch him. The miners had been told he was trying to have their wages reduced. It took considerable strengthening and patching to make some of these old stage coaches hold together, but they are looked upon as almost priceless around a few of the studios.

Irrepressible press agents do much to add strange spectacles to Hollywood's boulevards. A panorama of bare legs—some of America's prettiest—caused a mild sensation recently when screen celebrities appeared without stockings and with short skirts and sandals to enhance the effect. Dorothy Revier was one of the first to be seen. She wore a knee-length dress, sandals and a coat of natural tan. Nita Naldi, screen vampire, came out with a serpent stenciled on each leg and a touch of rouge on both knees. Anita Stewart

wore a pink pearl ringlet around her left ankle and Jacqueline Logan was just stockingless, with no make-up on her nude limbs. Clara Bow, diminutive flapper, had her legs painted a rich bronze from the knees down. Pauline Garon, Viola Dana, Clara Horton and Mae Busch were among those advancing the new fad. Of course, all denied they were deliberately seeking to attract attention but maintained that comfort and economy dictated the abolition of silk stockings. Boulevardiers got a kick from the innovation.

Away from the boulevards, Griffith Park, Hollenbeck Park, the Lasky ranch and the beaches see the strangest outdoor activities of movieland. Of the four, the beaches offer the most opportunities. From one of the big loading cranes at the Los Angeles harbor docks recently, Charlie Chase, comedian from the Hal Roach studio, was seen suspended in mid-air closely holding the figure of a woman in his arms while gaping crowds gathered to see what it was all about. Then they discovered the camera. A little farther down the water front on one of the piers were a dozen bathing beauties waving occasionally at outgoing steamers. The mermaids were there for scenes in "The Night Club," a Paramount picture featuring Vera Reynolds and Raymond Griffith.

However, spectacles such as have been mentioned are not continuously in evidence. Hollywood, nestling in the shadows of the Sierras, is a placid, flower-strewn little city, humming with business, happy with its motion-picture activities. Its streets afford strange sights sometimes but they just help give that kick to life in movieland.

The Wreckage of Stardom

Continued from page 46

others. They are all finding niches. They have not yet reached that stage in stardom where as much is expected of them as from the established personalities, but they too will have to proceed more and more carefully in proportion to their success.

There is no wreckage in stardom—really. It is just a changing of the set of rules for the game. Mary Pickford is potentially as popular today as she ever was, and it needs just the right sort of play to bring her back with a flourish. Too much ambition in her case was dangerous. She made her mistake when she tried to grow up. She, as well as the majority of others, has always done best when adhering to her type. Mary has too fine a sense of comedy to

waste, in this age which loves laughter more than any other one thing.

Rudolph Valentino? Watch him. If "The Eagle" is good, he'll be back with a fanfare of trumpets, for despite all the sheik stuff, Valentino is an actor of ability. And he's done wisely to choose a comedy rather than a more serious type of picture in which to exploit his talent.

I look to see much applause won by John Barrymore in his next film, "The Sea Beast." He is making a definite break from highbrow and elegant rôles, that brought him only limited popularity, as the returns on "Beau Brummel" showed, although this was considered one of the best of last season's pictures. The new

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début of Lowell Sherman is worth watching. He was the villain in "Way Down East," but he is likely to make a decided hit in sophisticated comedy and melodrama. He plays a combination of the two in "Satan in Sables" and "The Love Toy."

In many respects, the quality of pictures is going to count more than ever this season. Mrs. Smith will tell Mrs. Jones if the one she sees is good, and Mrs. Jones will repeat the information to Mrs. Brown. That

the popularity of stars will react accordingly, there seems no doubt. The field is open to everybody, and all entrants are certain to be warmly welcomed according to the merits of their work. Moviedom is no longer narrow and restricted as to its favorites, but after all, I believe that the more familiar stars are, as always, the ones loved the best, and will hold their own provided they will stick to good pictures.

Don't Be Discouraged!

Continued from page 19

will, past the gatekeeper. So one morning I brought out my make-up box, and just before noon, went behind the restaurant and made myself up. As the crowd drifted back to the studio after lunch, I went along, and before I realized it, I was inside the studio. Once inside I was still without a job, but at least, I had a start.

I had not been in there very long when the assistant director of one of the companies met me, and learning that I was not doing anything, engaged me for an extra rôle—at three dollars per day—in a picture called "Samson and Delilah."

With the ice broken, things came a little easier. I received enough work to keep me going. It was while with Universal that I first met Hal Roach. Some time after we had formed our friendship, Hal was willed a little money, and he started producing pictures—comedies, they were called. He asked me to go with him, and on being offered forty dollars a week, a small fortune at that time, I went without hesitancy.

Those early days presented a continual struggle, but struggles are easy when you don't lose your sense of humor. As we progressed and our pictures kept improving, naturally things looked rosier for both of us. Opportunities to improve our pictures kept coming all the time. Roach had a lot of foresight, and instead of pocketing the profits on each of his pictures, he put a good share of it back into his next production, thereby constantly improving the class of his pictures. It was a sensible move on his part, as the future revealed.

From the "Lonesome Luke" one-reelers, we moved into the two-reel class, when we hit upon the idea of wearing the tortoise-rimmed glasses, or rather lensless glasses.

We took advantage here of an opportunity to create an entirely new character—one which never had been done before on the screen. It was a move which resulted in the opening up for us of a field in which we were entirely alone. It permitted us to make comedies without much slapstick, which had characterized our earlier efforts. With our "dressed-up" character we were enabled to place him in any atmosphere, and not be embarrassed by plausibility, or rather lack of it. As we progressed, we tried to make our pictures more human, more real; and the more sincere our efforts were, the greater our success became.

But getting back to the prospects of the average boy and girl to make good pictures. To begin with, there is room in motion pictures for only a chosen few. It is a very limited field. Though there are thousands actually engaged in working on the screen, there are only a handful who rise to actual popularity and success. I certainly should not advise every youngster who feels there is a golden road ahead of him to triumph as a movie star, to pack up his trunk immediately and head for Hollywood. That would be folly. In a few weeks, or a few months at most, his spirit probably would be broken, and he would be ready to give up the ghost. It is a difficult problem—one that I certainly cannot solve—to advise any one just how to get into motion pictures. I personally was fortunate in getting the opportunities I did receive, but I had to create my own, at the start.

If one must come to Hollywood, come prepared to face a stiff situation, for it is hard even to get past the gatekeeper, as I found. But if you can manage to weather the early difficulties, you should win out in the end.

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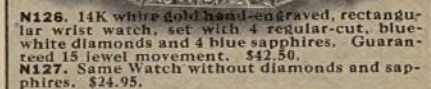
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Information, Please

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blame you for considering John Gilbert one of your favorites; he is surely one of the coming stars—and it won't take him long to get there.

RED-HEADED GIRL.—I suppose you always put your money on the white horse. Elsie Ferguson recently made a picture for Vitagraph called "The Phantom Lover," but for the most part she has been giving her time to the stage. One of her recent plays, "Moonflower," was produced in pictures a few months ago under the title "Eve's Secret." Betty Compson was the girl with the secret. Miss Ferguson is married to Frederick Worlock. Yes, Mrs. Valentino is making a picture now, called "What Price Beauty"—at least, the film was to be called that—but there seems to be some dispute about her right to use that title, inasmuch as there is a play running on Broadway called "What Price Glory." Nita Naldi and Pierre Gendron have the leading rôles in the production.

A LOVER OF SERIALS.—And which kind do you prefer for breakfast? Yes, it is quite true that your old favorite, Helen Holmes, is making serials again—one, anyway. It is a railroad picture, and is called "Perils of the Trail." Joe Bonomo is making a serial, "The Great Circus Mystery." William Desmond and Eileen Sedgwick are costarred in "Beasts of Paradise" and "The Riddle Rider." William Duncan is back in pictures again, making three serials—"The Fast Express," "The Steel Trail," and "Wolves of the North."

A-CHOO.—God bless you, not to mention *Gesundheit*. That last is just to show you the German word that I learned in school. Yes, Matt Moore made quite a hit as a comedian in "The Narrow Street." He is now making "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," which ought to be a very amusing picture. Dorothy Devore plays opposite him in that also. Cullen Landis is playing with May McAvoy and Pat O'Malley in "My Old Dutch," for Universal.

BLONDIE.—Yes, you are quite right, Laura La Plante is coming to the fore these days as a first-rate little comedienne. She played recently in "The Teaser," "Dangerous Innocence," and will soon be seen in "Winnie of the Wolves," which ran as a series in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Eugene O'Brien plays opposite Norma again in her new picture, "Graustark," though he has been playing mostly in Universals of late—"Dangerous Innocence" and "Siege."

LETAH L. FLOOD.—Of course I don't think you are trying to wear me out with your letters; I wear better than that! The director, James Flood, was born and educated in New York City, and has been directing pictures for twelve years. That is about all I know about him. His most recent picture was "Satan in Sables."

A. J. B.—I have added Alice Terry's address to the list at the bottom of The Oracle.

EILEEN SEDGWICK'S FAN.—I should think she might have more than one. Eileen was born in Galveston, Texas, and is the sister of Josie, and of Edward, the director. She attended Ursuline Convent in her native city, and then went on the stage, appearing in stock, vaudeville, and in musical comedy. She has been playing in Universal pictures for seven years.

She is five feet three inches and a blonde; she was at one time married to Justin McCloskey.

G. B. V.—If you're interested in one actress, there's no reason why you shouldn't ask a lot about her. Ethel Shannon was born in Denver—she doesn't give her age—and grew up there. Then she went on the stage and played with E. H. Sothern and Maude Adams. She has been in pictures for five or six years; she played opposite William S. Hart in "John Petticoats," opposite Earle Williams, Bert Lytell, and Charles Ray. She is a blonde, with blue eyes, and about five feet three inches.

THE BLUE MOTH.—Don't blame me because the caption writer in PICTURE-PLAY said Greta Nissen was Swedish. I don't think I ever said so, did I? Anyhow, the editor tells me that the error won't happen again. You are right; Greta is a beautiful dancer; I saw her dance on the stage in New York before she signed her film contract. Gloria's little girl is the daughter of her second husband. Herbert Somborn. I believe she is about four years old now. Gloria is said to be very deeply in love with the marquis whom she married; he is certainly very attractive. Sigrid Holmquist returned to Sweden a few months ago, and there has been nothing said about her coming back to America. I'm sorry I have not heard of Devah Dharma. Ian Keith's address is at the bottom of The Oracle; yes, Blanche Yurka was his first wife. I do hope you will write me again.

JUST A FAN.—It was most thoughtful of you to send in your extra picture of Olive Thomas which one of my readers wanted. I don't think that film companies as a rule will send out stills to fans; perhaps you could get one from the picture in question through the exhibitor who showed the film. I am sorry I do not know anything about Jack Joyce, as he is so new to pictures. I believe he was a monologist in vaudeville. If you wrote him in care of *Variety*, a theatrical publication, at 154 West Forty-sixth Street, New York, he would probably get your letter. Victor Varconi doesn't seem to have played in any recent pictures, and I have no idea where he can be reached. Marc MacDermott's address—the only one I can suggest for him—is at the bottom of The Oracle.

A GIRL FROM THE WINDY CITY.—You asked where one could get a photo of Olive Thomas, and "Just a Fan" was good enough to send me a small kodak picture of her. If you will let me know your address I will gladly send it to you.

BUD.—No, Lillian Rich is not related to Irene or Vivian. She is about twenty and is not married. Julia Faye is with Cecil De Mille's stock company. Warner Oland was the villain in Pearl White's old serial, "The Iron Claw," so I presume he was *The Iron Claw*. "Dick Turpin" was filmed out in California. So far as I know, Patsy Ruth Miller uses her real name. "The Blizzard," recently released by Fox, seems to be a Swedish production. The leads were played by Mary Johnson and Dinar Hansson.

VIRGINIA ANNE.—Yes, I'm afraid it would be necessary to send return postage when you submit your book to a pub-

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How Players Safeguard Their Health

Continued from page 90

When stunts are filmed they are timed as accurately as possible beforehand and such safeguards as thick mattresses and nets are placed at the point of fall when they can be concealed from the camera.

Location trips, while affording much fun and a welcome contrast to studio work, are fraught with danger.

As a rule, a doctor or nurse accompanies a large troupe and a temporary hospital is the first building or tent to be erected. And no company would think of going on location without a complete first-aid kit.

By these means, such precautions as are possible safeguard the health of the actors, reducing risk to a minimum. But a certain amount of danger must be faced and to avoid serious illness they must keep themselves in the best of physical condition.

Bill Hart is Back!

Continued from page 57

paths—a rather solitary life, but his own by choice.

"It was black for a while," he ruminated, when the conversation had turned upon those months of his retirement, when his matrimonial troubles brought him unjust accusations. "I was in the kind of a hole where a man, if he's halfway a gentleman, can't answer back. I had to take it, smack in my face, standin' up."

"The day of my vindication was the happiest of my life. It brought me peace again, and the old ambition that had gone to sleep when things looked so bad. I had determined I wouldn't appear before the public again until I could come back cleared of all charges, provin' myself worthy of the ideal of Western chivalry that the people had always thought me a symbol of."

What is there new to say of Bill Hart? Nothing. He is like the mountains that never change. His personality, his strength, contrasting with his tender gentleness toward women and children and animals—all the facets of him have been so often mirrored in print that there's nothing new to say. He champions the weak and fights the strong, and will permit no disrespectful word to be spoken in a woman's presence by any man.

All I can say is that Bill Hart is just the same. He feels that you want him back, just as he used to be, so here he is, lean, lanky, bronzed-faced, likable *Tumbleweeds*.

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The Sketchbook

Continued from page 23

By that time I was awfully glad I had come.

Later the talk got around to pictures, as talk always does, and she told me she hoped to make a costume picture.

"'Caesar's Wife,' my next picture, will give me an opportunity for several sequences in costume," she said, "but I am so anxious to do a real, costume drama—'Monna Vanna,' if possible. For second choice, a dramatization of the life of the Empress Josephine. I don't know whether costume dramas are practical or not. I am told they are simply 'out' at the box office. I wonder? I think the fans will patronize any picture if it is good."

I think so, too. Corinne Griffith, in fluffs and laces, amid court intrigues and medieval tragedies, would be Corinne Griffith come into her own. But if she could get a screen story that would employ some of her own charming, lazy humor, it would be a sensation.

Of all the charming people—

Beauty Parlor Notes.

Hair is being worn off the forehead and ears this season. As practiced in Hollywood:

Dorothy Devore looks like some one's little kid brother.

Patsy Ruth Miller looks like a young débutante who is determined to wear the prevailing style or die.

Aileen Pringle looks dashing—and daring.

Anna Q. Nilsson looks like a lady viking in from a cruise in icy waters.

Perfect Café Behavior.

Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, who has several bids to celebrity, other than being one of Patsy Ruth Miller's boy friends, wrote a book called "Perfect Behavior." It is quite a good book if you care for humor at its best. But carelessly, Mr. Stewart omitted a chapter on "How to Act In Cafés—Though Bored." Having picked up some firsthand observation from some of our mutual screen favorites, I should suggest to Mr. Stewart that the chapter run somewhat as follows—if at all:

"Under no circumstances should the well-bored patron order more than lettuce or less than coffee. Potatoes, rice, puddings, and pork, making for bigger and beefier movie stars, should be dodged like personal appearances. When served, the idea is not to eat, but to toy negligently with (1) the soup spoon, (2) the stem of the water glass, or both. This last is not recommended with

any degree of enthusiasm, however, as it creates the illusion of energy, which in turn creates the illusion of activity, which might be mistaken for a good time."

But anyway, it is funny how bored the players are with cafés. It is the fashion at the moment for stars to pick out inconspicuous little tables in the corners and around the walls and sit there for the rest of the evening.

The only person I have seen recently who seemed to be getting any fun out of his cover charge was Syd Chaplin. Syd often visits Montmartre on the dance-contest nights. On one of these occasions, there was a draw between the final two couples. It seemed impossible for the judges to decide which of the rival ladies merited the prize of the dancing slippers.

With Solomonlike wisdom, it was Syd's idea to give them each a shoe.

"Unhappy Hollywood?"

Speaking of café boredom, there is a great deal being written now about "unhappy Hollywood." Clever philosophers and keen diagnosticians insist that, behind their seeming gayety and contentment, the stars are nursing secret sorrows.

And there is no getting away from it—you *do* hear a lot of sob stories. The more stars you know, the more sob stories you hear. Remember that actors are essentially egoists—which is meant in no disparagement, egoism in some form or other being an attribute of all creative artists—but some of the stars *are* inclined to take their moods and whims too seriously. With almost childish morbidity, they dwell on their misfortunes and emphasize them out of all proportion to their importance. One girl told me she was simply a slave to the studios. She had no time to read new books, to attend concerts or theaters, or to pay attention to other "developing influences." I nearly wept over her plight until I ran across her spending a two-week leave of absence executing the Charleston on the sets of her friends.

This Hollywood "unhappiness" reminds me of the philosophy of a little girl I used to know. Every new doll she got she immediately proceeded to smash in the face and otherwise mutilate. When her mother asked her why she acted so horribly, she said, "Because, after they are dead, dear, I enjoy burying them so much."

I may be wrong. Maybe they *are* unhappy. But I do know this: if they weren't just a little bit miserable, they wouldn't be happy at all.

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The Tale of an Old-fashioned Girl

Continued from page 43

child that her clothes were not noticed."

Mother Astor still had her eye on New York, so to earn a few extra dollars toward the carfare, she secured evening work coaching several community dramatic clubs.

Mary was thirteen when she sent her picture to New York for a beauty contest, and was chosen as one of the honor beauties. She and her mother were certain that she could make the motion pictures then. So when she was only fourteen, the Astors gathered their stray dollars together and started for New York.

"Mother and I went to Charles Albin, the New York photographer. He made some photographs of me and declared that I had a future in pictures."

"He said you were one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, Mary," added Mrs. Astor.

"Oh! but, mother, that doesn't sound nice coming from us."

"Well, it is true, anyway," replied her mother, with emphasis.

"After Mr. Albin saw her, the rest seemed easy," continued her mother. She started right in with Truart in two-reelers, which were followed almost immediately by 'The Beggar Maid.'

"You know, I have had many good laughs over 'The Beggar Maid.' Mary was not quite fifteen when she played her first love scene in it. She came to me the night before and asked me about it. 'What in the world shall I do, mother?' she asked. I told her just to kiss the man as it is done in real life. 'But, mother, I never have kissed a man,' she said, and I laughed. She did well, and is still receiving letters from fans about that picture."

Mary forged rapidly ahead from then on, and soon found herself in demand. But she had a few ideas of her own which her friends have never been able to understand. They have to do with night clubs, petting, going to dances in hotels, and the like.

"Why don't you go to night clubs?" I asked.

"Why should I?" Mary countered. There was a sticker. "I get no good from them, why go to them? All you do is drink and dance. The next day you have nothing to show for your evening."

"But surely you like the company of young men?"

"Do you know," she replied, "I simply can't be bothered with men under thirty."

"What!"

"Yes, I mean it. All they can

think of and talk about is flasks on the hip, dancing, night clubs, and petting parties. Give me the men between thirty and fifty. I think they are the interesting ones. They have gone through their puppyhood and know something about life. They know that flasks and those things mean nothing. They are interesting. Why, I could talk for hours with a man like John Barrymore. But the young things—no!"

"What do you do with your evenings?" I asked.

"You tell him, mother."

"She stays home with me, all but two nights a month. Then she and I go to a motion-picture theater. We go early and see the first show."

"Another thing I hate," added Mary, "is this pointing out of stars in public by the fans. I hate to be pointed out and have everybody looking at me and saying, 'There goes a screen star.'"

"I rarely go to the legitimate theater, either. When I do go, it is to a 'Follies' and don't care to go."

"What do you read?" asked the writer.

"Shakespeare."

"Now, now, Mary, that is what all the publicity men used to train the stars to say before 'Merton of the Movies' was published," I chided.

"But I mean it. I do read Shakespeare and Plato and Aristotle."

"Mother Astor," I protested, "Mary is not what she seems. I can't believe this."

"She is right," Mother Astor replied. "She loves Shakespeare, and sits on her bed with a shaded light and reads until far into the night."

At this point, Webster Campbell, the director, started calling for Mary. She was working in "The Pace That Thrills," which was being made by First National at their New York studios. She and Ben Lyon are co-featured in the picture.

A bullfight scene was about to be staged in which Ben kills the bull with a slim little sword. Mary was wanted in the seat of honor next to the ring.

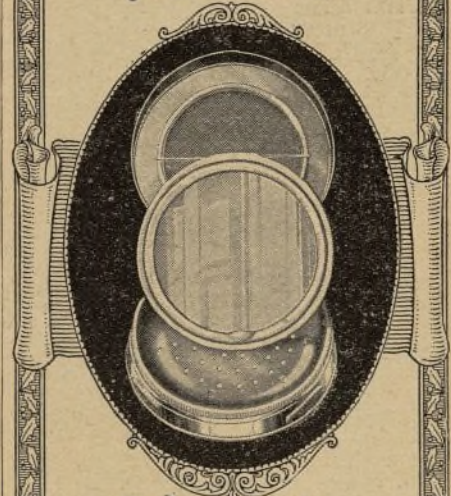
"I love scenes like these for they make me terribly excited," said Mary, as she powdered her nose. "And Ben looks so wonderful in his toreador suit."

"Just one more question. Why haven't you bobbed your hair?"

"Probably another of my old-fashioned whims," answered Mary.

She smiled and was at work.

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What Do the Players Read?

Lon Chaney.

Reading good books is the only way in which an actor may further his education and entertain a balanced view of life. Working at all hours, he has less time for contact with men and women engaged in other fields of endeavor than have persons who are not so confined to one profession.

Comprehensive autobiographies of interesting men and women are always worth one's time. Studying actual lives and reactions to true circumstances add greatly to one's fund of knowledge, round out a viewpoint that easily becomes warped, enlarge a horizon that otherwise might suffer through limitations.

Of fiction, stories dealing with character studies rather than plot machinations have usually arrested my attention, though a good mystery tale often relieves my tired mind.

Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" always interests me. It is impossible to absorb this book at a single reading, for only with time can every detail be grasped. The plot in this instance is negligible, yet every bit of the life and soul struggle of this man who becomes the great musician *Christophe* is vitally entrancing, and understandable to the attentive reader. Rolland writes dexterously of thought shadings so difficult for the less skilled to delineate.

Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan.

Our tastes seem to run along parallel lines, so may we write together? We're crazy about fiction and read all the new novels. At first we argued over which of us should have each new book first, but now we compromise by reading together. My favorites—this is Ken—are Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. That—Marie, pen in hand—is because he knows Mr. Wright personally and played in the film of one of his books. Catty—from Ken—she likes him, too. Besides, the man knows how to write. Marie—again—I can't pick a choice, but when, once in a while, I

tire of the modern authors I resort to Dickens. I have always had a boundless enthusiasm for "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Bleak House."

Joe Bonomo.

I study physical-culture books, but for recreation I pick mystery stories like Conan Doyle's. Lemuel L. de Bra writes vividly of San Francisco's Chinatown, and in the *Hercule Poirot* stories Agatha Christie has evolved a new type of fiction detective, and her trick of pausing near the end of the story with the suggestion that the reader, before going further, try to guess the solution, has always intrigued me. Sax Rohmer, Edgar Allan Poe, Emile Gaboriau and Gaston Leroux come next.

William Desmond.

The wild he-man of the great movie open spaces does not always care for raw, red literature. I never read Westerns, for that would be like talking shop at home. Instead, I'll take Irish sentiment, next to Shakespeare, the poems of Baudelaire in the original French, Robert Burns, Locke, Sabatini, Conrad, and Poe, Wilde, and Holmes.

Theda Bara.

My reading has covered a wide range, both as to subject matter and authors. French literature from Balzac to Anatole France holds my interest. I have studied the philosophy of Hegel and have found comfort and inspiration in the humor of Mark Twain, while the wit and satire of Rabelais never dull for me. And of course there is always Shakespeare.

Poets I have enjoyed range from Keats and Swinburne to Oscar Wilde and Walt Whitman.

Among the later writers whose literary products have given me pleasure are Fannie Hurst, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Arnold Bennett, Margaret Kennedy, Havelock Ellis, Carl van Vechten, and Ronald Firbank.

Some Frocks for the Wedding

Continued from page 67

The cuirasslike tunic is of beaded, pastel-tinted chiffon. The most distinctive feature of the gown, however, are the ornaments of paradise sprays which appear at shoulder and side.

In this production, Miss Dolores Cassinelli also wears several beautiful gowns, one of which is the one in the center of this group. It is also of the ever-popular beaded georgette, with

full circular skirt. An immense rose, with pendant leaves and buds, is its principal ornament.

The last figure in the group is the exquisite dinner gown worn by Miss Vilma Banky in "The Dark Angel." Like the others, it is of georgette, with wide flounces of silver lace. A noteworthy feature is the scarflike arrangement of silver lace depending from the shoulders.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

people. So all Leatrice Joy had to do was to say the word, and her husband became rich or poor at will. It was a case of now you see it, now you don't.

Beggared by the stock market, he finds his wife with *Sanford Gillespie*, and starts choking her. Here is where the prize subtitle was used. It said, "Thank God you have blood in your veins instead of gold," and was spoken by Miss Joy.

There is a typical Cecil De Mille party in it with confetti and everything.

Not Tom's Best.

Thomas Meighan isn't really a crook in "The Man Who Found Himself," so he really never lost himself. In other words, there is not much point to this story. Just how Booth Tarkington could condescend to write such a mediocre plot for a picture, will go down as one of the mysteries of the film world, and there are many of them.

It is the kind of story where there is a shortage at the bank, and the heroic brother takes the blame to protect the cowardly one, who stole the money. The one bright spot of the whole thing was a brief glimpse of lovely Lynn Fontanne in a part that didn't matter in the least. She photographs beautifully.

Ralph Morgan plays the rôle of the real offender, and does very well with it. Virginia Valli is the girl who misunderstands things. Norman Trevor appears for an instant, and so does Julia Hoyt, looking not at all like a beauty. She photographs very badly. In spite of this imposing cast, this might be anybody's picture.

Society Again.

"The Love Hour" begins with Coney Island and gayety, and ends with gilded palaces and attempted murder, with nothing in between to account for the change in temperature.

The cast includes Ruth Clifford, Louise Fazenda, Willard Louis, and Huntley Gordon, and they all pretty nearly work themselves to death. They even have Miss Fazenda in curl papers, in case she might not be funny enough. Willard Louis is a composite picture of all the fat men in the world. It did my old heart good to see the scenes of wealth in the so-called society scenes. Huntley Gordon almost succumbed to a slow case of poisoning.

Tod Browning's latest picture, "The Mystic," can't compare with "The Unholy Three," although the story has infinite possibilities. It

deals with fake spiritualism, that interesting study which occupies so much of Mr. Houdini's time.

Aileen Pringle is *Zara*, the strikingly handsome mystic, and Conway Tearle is the brains of the hoax. They manage to fool a wealthy young girl with messages from her dead father, and almost manage to take everything she has. Conway Tearle relents a little at this point, and I was almost afraid that he was going to reform enough to marry her. Gladys Hulette was the young heiress.

Mr. Browning has an original way in handling his stories, and "The Mystic" makes fairly exciting entertainment.

Odds and Ends.

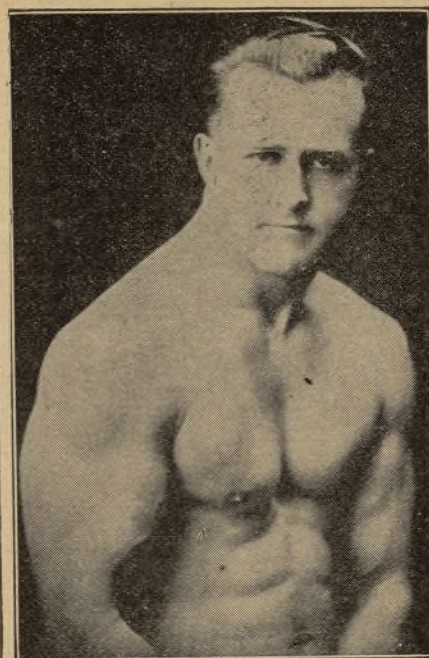
I liked "The Golden Princess," starring Betty Bronson. The story is by Bret Harte, and the title an unfortunate one, I think. Any suggestion of Betty Bronson and a fanciful plot is bound to fall rather flat. However, it is a story of the West and the gold rush.

Betty looks exceedingly charming. When she grows older, I hope some one will cast her as *Becky Sharp* in "Vanity Fair," because she has enough slyness and sophistication to interpret it successfully. Phyllis Haver is very good as the fallen *Kate Kent*, young Betty's mother. Neil Hamilton is an attractive young man—and the hero, of course.

"In the Name of Love," with Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nissen, is also fairly good entertainment. It is taken from a play by Bulwer-Lytton, and changed about a good bit to make it more modern. A newly rich mother and daughter find themselves alone with their wealth and decide to capture position with a title. Two genuine titles are offered, but the personalities attached are so unattractive that they are difficult to swallow. A bogus title and a handsome young man win out.

Ricardo Cortez is the determined young man, Greta Nissen is very beautiful and spoiled as *Marie Dufrayne*, and Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are the dissolute noblemen.

"The Coming of Amos" ought not to cause a very great stir. It is a William J. Locke story done too elaborately and with too much fuss. Rod La Rocque is an uncouth young Australian who lands at the Riviera. He falls under the spell of a scheming princess, played by Jetta Goudal. Noah Beery also helps to muddle things up.



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How To Live

Cut it out, men! Why not be square shooters? Don't you realize what it means to you? Do you know you will really enjoy life better and live longer? Sure, you have to give up some things, but think what you get in return. I would give up a dime to get a dollar any day. The difficulty is, you are so chock full of germs and decayed tissue by now, it would take you years to even get back to normal. But listen, fellows. There's a short cut. I found it. I've been showing others how to take it for nearly 15 years. And not only do I chase those disease bugs out of you—and clean all that rotted tissue out of your body, but I put good solid tissue—live, animated tissue in its place. I build out your shoulders—I deepen your chest—I strengthen your back—I give you arms and legs like pillars. I teach you how to breathe so that your lung capacity is doubled. Every time you take a breath, you draw rich pure oxygen down into every last minute cell of your lungs. This loads your blood with red corpuscles which fly around your body in jig time, clearing the cobwebs out of your brain, toning up your liver, your kidneys and the muscles of the very organs themselves. In less than no time you'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old spine. You'll feel like fighting a wild cat. You will have the flash to your eye and the snap to your step that will make people stop and say: "There goes a real He-man; Boy! but he has pep." Is it worth it, fellows? You can bet your Sunday socks it's worth it. And the best of it is—it's a sure bet that you'll get it. Remember, I don't just promise these things. I guarantee them. Can you beat that? Try and do it. Are you with me? Of course you are. Well, let's ride.

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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

Dwan told her about. Gloria and her husband simply adore games. They don't go in for poker or bridge or that lost art, mah jong; they play parchesi and tit-tat-toe, and things like that.

"The perfect Gloria Swanson fan was found while they were down in New Martinsville, West Virginia, on location. He beat his way there on a train from Florida, was found by the train crew, and broke his leg in the chase that followed. He was put in jail but luck was with him, because the town jail was right next door to the house where Gloria was stopping. He stayed at the window hoping for a glimpse of her, and after a day or so, one of the men in her company went over to talk to him. When he learned how the boy happened to be there, he bailed him out, and then fairly stunned him by asking if he wouldn't like to meet Miss Swanson. He was taken over to her house and introduced, had a long chat with her when he recovered his voice sufficiently to speak, and now adores her more than ever.

"Gloria will be back soon, but I hate to see her go away. That's the chief fault in popular players—they are such will-o'-the-wisps. Carmelita Geraghty is going to rush out to California to make a picture, though she insists that her official residence is now New York. Virginia Valli came back from abroad intent on parading before Hollywood in her marvelous Paris clothes, only to find that she had to go to Portland, Oregon, to make a picture. Helen Ferguson, or Mrs. William Russell, if you insist, arrives in New York within a few days to make a Pathé serial. Esther

Ralston is off for Texas to make scenes for 'Womanhandled.' Marguerite de la Motte is here for just a few days to make the exteriors for 'Fifth Avenue.' Dorothy Gish is going to London to do 'Nell Gwynne.' Let's go over and weep on Lois Wilson's nice new fall suit."

"All right," I agreed, "but first tell me what you meant a moment ago when you said that Paramount had signed up two players, and that you liked one of them?"

"I hope I'm getting excited over a false alarm." Fanny grew indignant. "Jesse Lasky has signed Fay Lamphier, the winner of the Atlantic City beauty contest, to appear in pictures. And he says that she is the type that is going to be popular. And, oh! what a bitter blow—she weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds! Just think how Nita Naldi must feel when she thinks of how she suffered to get down to one hundred and eighteen. I can't bear the thought of hefty screen players. I hope that some one tells Miss Lamphier that she reminds them of two or three of their friends. I suppose when Miss Lamphier arrives at the Famous Players studio, the popular luncheon menu will cease to be thin chicken sandwiches on dark bread, unbuttered, with pickles for dessert. There may even be a run on ice cream."

Fanny was getting weepy already as she picked up her things and headed for Lois Wilson's table.

"Oh, well," she murmured philosophically, "if this terrible prediction is true, we'll have to make the best of it. Let's get up a house party at the Milk Farm."

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

From Seven Coeds.

We're really just seven crazy "coeds," but we're dead set on telling the world in general what we like about the movies and what we don't like about the movies, so here goes.

Of course, it's frightfully bad manners to start off with a grievance, but we just absolutely cannot understand the popularity of Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, or Richard Dix!

Now, on the other hand, we're wild about Norma Shearer and we rave over John Gilbert. They're a perfect screen combination, and every time we see them we're going to shout "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Jack is the only one who does the "Romeo stuff" exactly to our liking. We've simply got to see more of that man! SEVEN COEDS.

St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

In Defense of Horse Drama.

In your October issue, while reading "What the Fans Think," I came across some statements of a Miss Esperanza Escurdia in regard to horse dramas. Here-tofore, I thought it was bad enough finding fault with the stars and leads, but why find fault with the poor dumb animals? Can't the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals do something? Miss Escurdia does not think that they should be shown because they bore her. Well, I beg to disagree. I think horse dramas are pictures which should appeal to all ages—to the young because horses have been cast in the leading rôles, and to the adults because the acting of these animals is so remarkable. After seeing them, I certainly believe in "horse sense." Indeed, either horses have a certain amount of intelligence, or else their director was a genius. "Black Cyclone" was the second picture of

Continued on page 114

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

this type that I have seen, and I am looking forward with pleasure to any possible new ones.

We certainly do want more horse dramas—they are clever and amusing, and a decided relief after a run of the other type of picture. THE BARNYARD FRIEND.
New York City.

A Suggestion.

I recently noticed in your magazine a statement to the effect that Miss Dupont was seeking a name. I suggest calling her Patience Hope or Patience Dupont, as I think the word "patience" is written on her face. BERNICE GRACE NOSEWORTHY.
231 Emerald Street, Malden, Mass.

"Praise Where Praise is Due."

Your corner is a most useful and interesting clearing house for all our excess emotions regarding the stars, with emphasis on the "excess!" But sometimes, I fear, we are a bit unkind and unusually frank, where a little sane, constructive criticism would often be helpful instead.

I should like to put in a few words of warm appreciation for some steady shiners who are seldom mentioned in your pages, their splendid work being evidently taken as a matter of course. Marc McDermott, for example—where could be found a subtler, more polished actor than he? And how often he steals the picture from the beautiful star!

Rod La Rocque is another we should hear more of. His work has been so consistently good, and his is such an arresting, striking personality. And dear, lovable Tom Moore—aside from being such an excellent actor, what would the screen be without his irresistible grin? And where has he ever disappointed us in any part he played? But, oh, Tom, please do your daily dozen! All the time I watched you in "Pretty Ladies," I was aware of those excess pounds you have taken on.

Let's give praise where praise is due, whether among the brilliant glimmerers or among the lesser lights—which, if truth were told, often out-twinkle the greater ones.

Montgomery, Ala.

POLLY LAIRD.

Better Roles for Ronald.

My reason for writing this letter is to appeal to Ronald Colman's producer, or to whoever selects his rôles for him, to give him better material than "The Sporting Venus" and "His Supreme Moment." When I saw these pictures, the entire audience in each case laughed long and loudly, during some of their most serious sequences, at their absurdly ridiculous situations.

His greatest dramatic rôles were in "The White Sister," "A Thief in Paradise," and "Tarnish." I didn't think so much of "Romola"—but it wasn't his fault.

HOWARD EMERSON.

Box 1293, Detroit, Mich.

Praise for Lucian Littlefield.

The "Our Gang" comedies are, I think, among the most entertaining of the screen. "What Price Goofy" is one of the funniest comedies I have seen in years. The butler is a scream. Lucian Littlefield, who played the rôle, is an artist. I wish him the greatest success. DORIS BURNS.

1417 Peach Street, Dallas, Texas.

A Tribute to Ramon.

These people who think it is their mission in life to knock Ramon Novarro make me furious! They are, I find, the cynics who enjoy Nietzsche, envy beauty, believe in evolution, point out Shakespeare's dramatic weaknesses, and think the Apollo Belvedere is vulgar, and flappers—usually under sixteen years old—who are intrigued by the glamour of sophisticated evil, read Elinor Glyn, think youth is rather disgraceful, and are unable to appreciate art. Thank goodness, though, that the former class is scarce and the latter will soon reach maturity. As for me, I'd like to give Mr. Novarro the laurels of all the great for bringing joy, genius, grace, and goodness before the public eye.

Gramercy! Ramon the Radiant!

May the chariot of Judah, Prince of Hur, carry you even farther along the road that leads to immortality.

S. ELAINE THOMPSON.

Port Huron, Mich.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 62

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

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

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

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



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"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.

"Soul Fire"—Inspiration. A poor stage play, "Great Music," turned into a good movie. Richard Barthelmess plays the suffering musician, and Besie Love is good as a South Sea island native.

"Sun Up"—Metro-Goldwyn. Drama of the Carolina mountaineers in which Conrad Nagel does some surprisingly good acting. Lucille La Verne is very fine as his mother, and Pauline Starke, as his wild little sweetheart, looks more like Gloria Swanson than ever.

"Trouble with Wives, The"—Paramount. Cheap matrimonial comedy handled so well that it is very amusing. Tom Moore, Florence Vidor, and Ford Sterling furnish the fun.

"Wanderer, The"—Paramount. Spectacular film based on biblical story of Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., acquitting himself well in the difficult leading rôle, and Greta Nissen interesting as dancer who leads him astray. Ernest Torrence, in part of villain, gives best performance of picture.

"Way of a Girl, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Eleanor Boardman in another pert performance of a headstrong girl. An old plot, novelly treated.

"Wild Horse Mesa"—Paramount. Western melodrama, with good cast, including Jack Holt, who does some fine riding, Billie Dove, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a company of wild horses.

"Winds of Chance"—First National. The gold rush taken seriously. Complicated plot, with Ben Lyon as hero, and with Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana, both heroines.

"Wizard of Oz, The"—Chadwick. Not very much like Frank Baum's whimsical story, but funny at times. Larry Semon plays the Scarecrow.

"Zander the Great"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in some delightful comedy as a freckled orphan in pigtailed.

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 is intelligent, too. Not very convincing.

"Burning Trail, The"—Universal. A wild tale of action, with William Desmond playing the hero who goes West.

"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.

"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

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good performance of *Cyrano* by a French actor, Pierre Magnier.

"*Drusilla with a Million*"—F. B. O. Old-fashioned whimsy in which Mary Carr, as a sweet-faced drudge, is left a million dollars. Pathetic and humorous at times, but mostly pathetic.

"*Eve's Lover*"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading 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.

"*Golden Princess, The*"—Paramount. A slow-moving gold-rush romance, ending in cheap melodrama. Betty Bronson her usual self; Neil Hamilton pleasing.

"*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.

"*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 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.

"*Not So Long Ago*"—Paramount. Rather tedious picture of old New York, with Betty Bronson not at her best, and Ricardo Cortez stilted.

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"One-way Street, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty with her customary skill, but the picture on the whole is dull.

"One Year to Live"—First National. An imposing cast and elaborate gowns and settings fail to make this court for much. Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Mackaill, and Antonio Moreno are some of the principals.

"Open Trail, The"—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

"Raffles"—Universal. House Peters is not 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.

"Ranger of the Big Pines, The"—Vitagraph. Notable chiefly for the superb performance of Eulalie Jensen. Kenneth Harlan plays part of big ranger who is well protected by his womenfolk.

"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.

"Talker, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker's misguided words seriously.

"Tracked in the Snow Country"—Warner. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

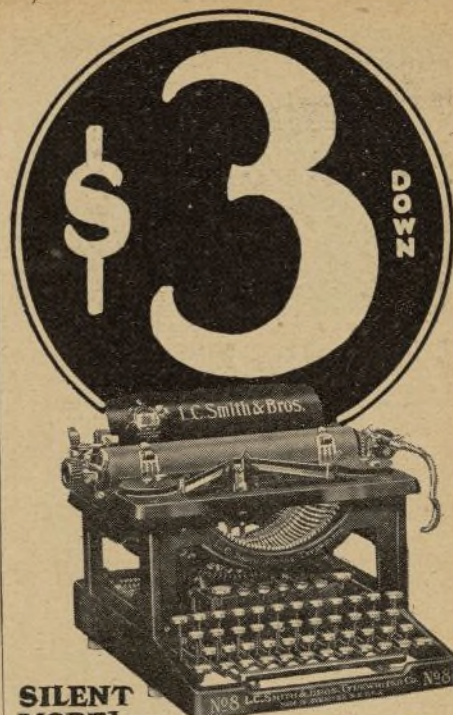
"Up the Ladder"—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few flops.

"White Desert"—Metro-Goldwyn. Claire Windsor roughing it in the snow country, with Pat O'Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

"Wild, Wild Susan"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a little hoyden chased about by Rod La Rocque. Dull going for a long picture.

"Wings of Youth"—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who 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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Continued from page 106

lisher. It is always customary with unsolicited manuscripts of any kind. When you realize how many thousands of them publishers receive, you can readily see that their postage bills would run into thousands of dollars a year if they paid for the stamps on manuscripts they returned. "Three Things" was produced on the screen too long ago for me to have the cast. I am sorry.

MOSEY ERNIE.—The only way to know is to be nosy, and ask questions. Marian Nixon was the heroine in "The Circus Cowboy." She was born in Wisconsin about nineteen years ago. She is under contract to Universal, and her latest pictures include "I'll Show You the Town" and "Sporting Life." Lloyd Hughes is twenty-six; no, he is not starred, but featured. "The Lost World" was shown in New York about six months ago, but was held up for fall release throughout the country. Richard Talmadge is an F. B. O. star. Doug Fairbanks is forty-two. "Don Q" had its New York premiere on June 15th. Harry Myers recently played in "Grounds for Divorce." Pauline Garon's latest picture is "Rose of the World."

MRS. JOHN GILBERT.—Now that Leatrice Joy has gotten a divorce from John, she can't mind your signing yourself that way. But one can't be too careful, you know. John has never mentioned having a middle name; how do you know he has one? His mustache is real—quite odd for a film hero to wear a mustache, isn't it? But I must say it's becoming. Before playing in pictures, John used to play in stock companies in Oregon, Washington, Cincinnati, and in road companies.

NEFA GRINGRES.—I'm glad you're only lonesome sometimes, and not all the time, and I hope you'll write to me whenever you feel like it. That's just what I'm for, in this department. Clara Kimball Young has been playing in vaudeville most of the time lately, though she appeared not long ago in a picture called "Lying Wives," in which she played a villainess. Pearl White has been living in Paris for several years; she occasionally makes a picture over there, but plays most of the time in revues. Yes, Gordon Griffith played the little boy in "Tarzan." Gretchen Hartman seems to have retired from the screen; whether she will ever play in pictures again I do not know. She is married to Alan Hale and they have a little daughter, Karen, born in March, 1924. Thanks so much for the flower.

JAMES W. BRADY.—James Kirkwood has returned to the screen, I am sure you will be glad to know. He has been playing in "That Royle Girl," which D. W. Griffith is making for Famous Players, with Carol Dempster as the heroine. Just before starting work on that picture, James played in one called "The Police Patrol," with Edna Murphy. He is married to Lila Lee, and was formerly married to Gertrude Robinson. Most stars charge a quarter for their photos in order to cover the enormous expense of sending them out. I don't know whether Mr. Kirkwood sends out his photos or not.

NU CENS.—Beter be nu cens than no cens. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul in 1894. He has brown hair and eyes and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. I can't think of any stars whose birthdays occur on August first. I'm glad you think I'm a blessing; that's because I sneezed so much as a child, and the family always said "God bless you."

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S. E. T.—Mary Brian first became known to the public in "Peter Pan." After that she played in "The Air Mail," and then in "The Little French Girl."

POOR LITTLE ME.—Never mind, maybe you'll grow. Virginia Lee Corbin is fifteen. Dorothy Dalton retired from the screen several years ago and has been traveling back and forth between here and Europe; I don't know where she can be reached now. The other addresses you wish will be found at the bottom of The Oracle.

ROSE WARD.—You write from Los Angeles, and you say it's raining! Aren't you afraid the Chamber of Commerce will get you? Gloria Swanson will probably return East to make pictures. Her little girl lives with her, but Gloria feels she should not be thrust into the limelight before she is old enough to decide for herself whether she wants to be. I think it most commendable of Gloria to take that attitude.

HAZEL LEWIS.—If John T. Murray persists in making such a hit I shall certainly have to do something about it—such as write him and say, "Who are you, anyhow?" Because I don't know. A few months ago he had never been heard of in pictures, and now here he is with a lot of fans asking about him. I do know, however, that he formerly played in vaudeville.

M. O. CLARKE.—So you're very, very fond of Bebe Daniels? You'd be surprised how many other fans are, too. Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, and attended a convent there; she was a child star on the stage at the age of four. Bebe is five feet three inches tall and a striking brunette of the Spanish type. She is about twenty-four and is not married. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and educated at Baltimore Park School and Baltimore City College. He played on the stage for several years before appearing in pictures. He is a brunette with dark-blue eyes, is about twenty-six, and is not married. His latest picture is "The Pace That Thrills." I'm sorry, I have no information to speak of concerning John Patrick. He is about twenty-five, I believe, and I think he is not married.

TANNED.—I hope you don't mean that some one gave you a "tanning." So you think "Mr. Mystery" fits me? Well, when one can't think of any other way to be fascinating, being mysterious will just have to do. The hero in "The Hunted Woman" was Earl Schenck. Pierre Gendron is one of the new players who has suddenly become prominent; something will have to be done about him. I am swamped with questions concerning Pierre, and I have no list of his pictures.

SLIM.—No, I didn't get cross-eyed reading your letter, and even if I had, Ben Turpin makes a lot of money, doesn't he? You don't have much room for wall paper, do you, with seventy-two pictures of screen stars all over the walls. Virginia Lee Corbin is fifteen; her latest picture is "Headlines." Ben Lyon has been making "Invisible Wounds."

A PRINCESS.—That's really quite a thrill in my life, having a princess write to me. Mildred Davis hasn't made any pictures since her marriage; she threatens to make "Alice in Wonderland" some time soon. If you wish to write to the "What the Fans Think" department, just use that in the heading of your letter, addressing the letter to PICTURE-PLAY. It takes about three months for the letter to appear in print.

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MARY MAGDALENE.—I see you have very individual tastes, since you don't like Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, and all the new stars who have suddenly become so popular. And you want to know everything I can tell you about Glenn Hunter; that's a large order, but here goes. Glenn was born in Highland Mills, New York, and is in his late twenties. He is not married. He played on the stage for several years before appearing in pictures; he first came to public notice in Booth Tarkington's stage play, "Clarence;" he was quite ideal in that adolescent type of rôle. But it was "Merton of the Movies," which ran for several years on Broadway, which made him a star. Glenn's pictures, lately, have been more or less occasional. His latest are "The Little Giant," a Universal production, in which he played with Edna Murphy, and "My Buddy's Wife." Glenn is about six feet tall and is rather blond.

MARY W. SPROUL.—Yes, I see that you love to ask me questions, but that's all right with me. I can only answer so many in a lifetime, and they might as well be yours. Irene Rich was the queen in "Rosita." "Cyranos de Bergerac" was made in Italy, with a famous French actor, Pierre Magnier, in the title rôle. Linda Maglia played *Roxane*, and Angelo Ferrari played her lover. Milton Sills is in his forties. Yes, Adolphe Menjou is married. Bebe Daniels has signed a new contract with Paramount. Constance Talmadge is divorced from John Pialoglou. Mary Pickford is the sister of both Jack and Lottie. Dorothy Gish's next picture is "The Beautiful City," opposite Richard Barthelmess; after that, she is to be starred by Inspiration Pictures. I don't know whether Elaine Hammerstein has a middle name; no, indeed, she has not retired, but has been working in pictures constantly. She plays for one of the smaller companies, whose films perhaps you don't see. Her recent pictures include: "Parisian Nights," "The Romance of an Actress," and "After Business Hours." Esther Ralston finished "Beggars on Horseback" months ago; in fact, that was first shown in New York on June fifteenth; since then she has played opposite Richard Dix in "The Lucky Devil," and in Mal St. Clair's picture, "The Trouble with Wives." Betty Bronson, after playing in "Are Parents People?" played in "Not So Long Ago," with Ricardo Cortez, and is to be starred in "The Golden Princess." Bebe Daniels' next is "Lovers in Quarantine," and then she will be seen in "Martinique." Doug Fairbanks is making "The Black Pirate," to follow "Don Q." That does seem to be rather a lot of questions for one little girl in one little letter, but that's all right; it keeps us both from being idle, doesn't it?

Addresses of Players

Laska Winter, 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.

Alice Joyce, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Teddy Sampson, Gertrude Short, Belle Bennett, Bessie Love, Victor MacLaglen, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Ronald

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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.

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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.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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