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# CINEMA

# ART

Contents for

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COVER—DOLORES COSTELLO

CONTENTS (Illustrated Mr. and Mrs. Rin Tin Tin and their youngest).....	5	REGINALD DENNY (Full-page portrait).....	25
CONSTANCE HOWARD (Full-page portrait)....	6	MAKING THE CARTOONS MOVE. By <i>Adrien Palmieres</i> .....	26
RUDOLPH VALENTINO (Full-page portrait)....	7	BRIDES AND BRIDES-TO-BE.....	28
MARY PHILBIN (Full-page portrait).....	8	A STAR WHO CAN'T READ HIS FAN MAIL. By <i>Robert G. Blackburn</i> .....	30
ESTELLE TAYLOR (Full-page portrait).....	9	EDITORIAL. By <i>Creighton Peet</i> .....	31
HAROLD "RED" GRANGE (Full-page portrait) 10		COLONEL TIM MCCOY, "HIGH EAGLE." By <i>Josephine MacDowell</i> .....	32
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, JR. (Full-page portrait).....	11	AT THE CINEMA. By <i>Creighton Peet</i> .....	33
WILLIAM HAINES (Full-page portrait).....	12	THE GIRL ON THE COVER.....	35
"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT." By <i>Ruella Geisinger</i> .....	13	AT THE THEATER.....	36
THE CHRISTIE COMEDY GIRLS.....	16	GOLCONDAS OF FILM GOLD. By <i>Henry MacMahon</i> .....	38
FOX STARTED WITH A PENNY ARCADE. By <i>R. M. Hyams</i> .....	17	SCREEN FASHIONS. By <i>Florence Allen Chambers</i> .....	39
JETTA GOUDAL—ALOOF AND MYSTERIOUS. By <i>Charles J. Durantz</i> .....	18	THE PUBLIC FORUM.....	43
JETTA GOUDAL (Full-page portrait).....	19	"RIRE ET FAIRE RIRE." By <i>Constance Talmadge</i> .....	44
PAULINE STARKE. By <i>Creighton Peet</i> .....	20	A COMEDIENNE FROM POLAND. By <i>Katherine Albert</i> .....	52
LIONEL BARRYMORE (Full-page portrait)....	21	PARAGRAPHS PERTAINING TO PLAYERS AND PICTURES. By <i>Renee Van Dyke</i> .....	53
SCENES FROM ANNIE LAURIE.....	22		
A "TYPICAL AMERICAN" WHO IS BRITISH. By <i>Geo. H. Wilson</i> .....	24		

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Photo—Harold Dean Cursey

*Constance Howard*

*The radiant comedienne who delighted her followers in "Hold That Lion," will next appear with Richard Barthelme in "The White Black Sheep"*





Photo—A. Kenyon Newman

*Estelle Taylor*

*Championships may come and go, but with such gracious beauty and talent in his own home, Mr. Dempsey is still quite well off.*



*Harold "Red" Grange*

*The spontaneity and the powerful but easy grace of this football player-actor assure his forthcoming film of a warm reception*

sent by the King to hinder him from reaching Lovedan.

"Your pardon, my master, but we are on the King's business and must know your name."

Confidently Bardelys slowly rose and with a smile gave the first name that leaped to his tongue.

"I am Rene de Lesperon, at your service."

Too late he saw that he had given the name of the man for whom they were really searching. A sword was held within an inch of his breast and the three other dragons stood with hands on hips. But the gallant cavalier was not so easily captured.

Leaping backward and snatching a stool, Bardelys crashed it over the captain's head. Before clumsy hands could unseath another blade he had darted out the door and leaped to the back of a saddled horse. Down the road he galloped. After him flew the wild bullets of the pursuing troopers. One shot tore through the flesh of his left shoulder.

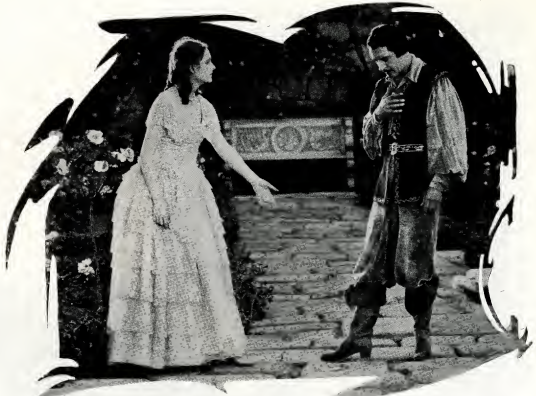
He decided to try an old trick. Sharply reining his mount, he wheeled and disappeared in the woods by the side of the road just before the unsuspecting riders dashed by.

**T**HE wound made him weak and dizzy. He found his horse water shy and so was forced to swim across a stream alone. This exertion sapped his strength, but he staggered onward with his eyes on the pennant turrets of Lovedan visible above the tree tops.

Lovedan was a grand old castle. Standing on a high hill, its rough stone walls had defied destruction by man or the elements. For years it had stood thus, looking down on the surrounding countryside. Tonight it watched with the stars the crazy actions of a wounded man crossing the drawbridge.

Bardelys had reached his destination at last, but he did not know it. His feverish brain had even forgotten the mission he was on, and, weakened by his wound, Bardelys collapsed just inside the Lovedan gate.

His eyelids fluttered and for an instant Bardelys saw the polished beams of a ceiling. At first his senses refused to register, then suddenly he remembered everything. The last thing he recalled was a throbbing pain in his left shoulder that made each step an effort. Steps that were supposed to carry him to Castle Lovedan. How far had he gone? Had he been overtaken by the King's



By ill luck Bardelys dropped the locket which he had picked up by accident, but in which Rosalanne saw proof of his treachery

dragons and carried back? Whose bed was he in now? His wound had been dressed he knew by the bandages that encased his shoulder.

The invalid weakly turned his head in a line with murmuring voices.

**A** STATELY old man, evidently master of the house, and a man servant stood whispering over some problem. A gentle knock on the door, followed by the entrance of two women, interrupted their conversation. As the two women walked across the spacious chamber Bardelys was able to study them.

The older he understood in a glance. A face that matched the figure for size—likable but revealing no character save a love for scandal and court gossip.

When his eyes turned to the younger, Bardelys ceased to think at all. Familiar with only shallow Court women, he had never dreamed that such a creature existed.

A frank, unpainted face, surmounted by

an intelligent forehead and framed by natural curls, was looking toward his bed. His gaze followed the graceful figure as the two came near him. Only an exertion of will power enabled Bardelys to close his eyelids before the canopy was drawn aside.

The two women looked at him for a moment, then the younger bent to adjust a loose bandage. When her fingers touched his shoulder Bardelys was unable to control his emotions longer and his eyes snapped open. He looked deep into her frank, startled eyes for a thrilling second. Then, drawing herself up, the girl informed the men that Bardelys had awakened, and without another glance the women left the room.

Since the beautiful girl was no longer in sight, Bardelys turned his attention to more important, if less picturesque, matters.

The noble gentleman was standing beside his bed. Bardelys saw that he was being offered a goblet partly filled with medicated water—or poison. When the man observed Bardelys' hesitation he said with a smile: "Do not be alarmed, Monsieur. I am the Comte de Lovedan, and it is a pleasure to serve such a beloved leader of our cause as Monsieur de Lesperon."

The potion was gulped down to conceal the astonishment of the drinker.

**E**NSUED a long conversation. Bardelys questioned and Lovedan answered and explained. When it was over and he was left alone to rest, he thought over what he had learned through the conversation.

A man servant had discovered his unconscious form in the court and reported it to his master. An examination revealed the papers and locket which established Bardelys as Rene de Lesperon, a rebel who planned the downfall of the King and his party. This man Lovedan had never seen, but he sanctioned his cause and aided it in every

(Continued on page 46)



Bardelys discovered that his judge was Chattereraut, his bitterest enemy





**CARYL LINCOLN** plays heroines in those hectic short comedies where the boy friend or husband drives his Ford through brick walls, delicatessen stores, barber shops and lakes, usually ending up on a church's steeple or front porch

## The Christie Comedy Girls



**A** **NOTHER** girl with a hard life is Frances Lee, who, although she is only nineteen, the poor dear, has to stand for the peculiar husbands which movie comedies provide just as the other girls do. She was in a dancing act before coming to the screen

**CHARLOTTE MERRIAM** also has to endure her quota of brickbats, socks on the head, and tumbles down stairs. It really seems outrageous that any girl whose hair curls so deliciously should have to put up with this sort of thing





*William Fox, head of a series of great film studios, and a chain of theaters, was once a cloth-sponger on New York's lower East Side*

## *Fox Started With a Penny Arcade*

By R. M. HYAMS

**B**ECAUSE he had been cheated in the purchase of a penny arcade and wished to recoup in some amusement enterprise, William Fox got into the motion picture industry. Now he can well afford to laugh at the man who palmed off a worthless "store show" on him, for he is several times a millionaire and head of the vast Fox Film Corporation.

A little more than two decades ago Mr. Fox was in a cloth-sponging business on the lower East Side of New York City. Even in this trade, so utterly different from that in which he has made his great success, the aggressiveness, vision and industry of the man made themselves apparent, for, starting as an ordinary workman, he came to be foreman, manager, and eventually owner of the establishment.

About this time a friend interested Mr. Fox in a penny arcade in Brooklyn. The proprietor went to Mr. Fox, who was then in his early twenties and had not been schooled in the subtleties of business as practised in New York, and informed him that the arcade was making more money on the investment than any other business establishment in the world that he knew of. Mr. Fox watched the arcade for the next three days and saw

hordes of patrons streaming into the place. So he bought the arcade and prepared for a clean-up.

No sooner had the deal been consummated than he found that the business of the arcade was wholly fictitious. The former owner had hired the bogus patrons whom Mr. Fox had seen streaming into the place during the three days that he watched it.

**B**UT this discovery failed to daunt the future film magnate. He set about the task of building up the business of the arcade, and, in a few weeks, saw his labors rewarded by a steady, lucrative patronage. Encouraged by this experience, he branched out and took over two other similar ventures, operating them with great success.

At this time the Fox "offices" consisted of desk room in an office at 24 Union Square, Manhattan.

From an arcade owner, Mr. Fox became a theatre owner. He leased the Dewey Theatre in Fourteenth street and the Gotham Theatre in 125th street. The leasing of these two playhouses was declared to be one of the biggest theatrical coups up to that time in New York.

This was when the film business was begin-

ning to attract attention. It was on a very different basis from the gigantic industry of today. There were no feature films in those days—no palatial picture theatres. Anyone with the courage to predict the day when features would run for as much as a week on Broadway would undoubtedly have been regarded as a fit subject for examination by an alienist.

But William Fox, the theatre owner, saw a big future for the new industry and for himself. His start as a film man, however, was humble enough. He formed the Greater New York Film Rental Company with offices at 116 East Fourteenth street, and thus set himself up in business as a film distributor for the New York territory.

From the beginning the company grew faster even than the industry itself did. The concern gradually branched out and established offices through the East. It consisted entirely of buying one and two reel films from the pioneer film producers and distributing them to theatres.

**T**HE business continued with constantly increasing success for several years, but Mr. Fox was not satisfied with the type of

*(Continued on page 46)*

# Jetta Goudal—Aloof and Mysterious

Of an Intensely Emotional Temperament, This French Actress Avoids Both Society and Publicity

By CHARLES J. DURANTZ

**I**NSCRUTABLE and silent as the Sphinx; aloof, shunning alike the interest of the curious and the adoration of fans; living alone, and apart from others of her profession—thus might be described Jetta Goudal—the enigma of Hollywood.

Few persons with whom the world comes into familiar contact are able, as Miss Goudal is, to exude that complete state of mysticism and sense of aloofness that leaves a vast audience of admirers spellbound and conscious of a power they cannot quite fathom.

Hollywood loves its mysteries with the same fervor that Paris adores its burlesque duellings in the secluded nooks of the Bois. Both are things to intrigue the fancy, to speculate upon and perhaps to fill those idle hours at the dinner table where rumors share equally in importance with good food. Jetta Goudal is the riddle that stumps the wits of the screen intellectuals sitting through the boreome teas and the elaborate dinners that occasionally punctuate the routine of Hollywood's hard-working stars.

It is not that her charming presence at these harmless affairs provokes discussion, for Miss Goudal, strangely, never attends any functions, no matter how illustrious and entertaining are the hosts and guests. She prefers—and in this one respect she deliberately violates the tradition of her profession—to stay at home where a wise personal maid sits in judgment upon the timid voices that come over the telephone.

It so happens that if the voices are not just right or their missions of little importance, the suave apologist for Miss Goudal explains them away nicely, leaving mere persons to ponder the enigma. This would lead even the most skeptical to the belief that the title she has earned has some reason for its existence.

**T**HE riddle of what she does with her spare time after studio hours is perhaps nobody's business, and because the highly emotional little French actress hardly ever talks about herself or the matter on hand a mystery of great depth is unconsciously established, and one that many a Sherlock Holmes of the screen capital has tried to solve in vain. She occupies an elaborate suite of rooms at an exclusive hotel to which she hurries when her day's work is done, like any other average person, and there she stays until it is time to go to work again.

In any other walk of life this retiring disposition—for such it really is—would go unnoticed, and many nice things would be said about it, but in Hollywood customs are very different, and the person who retires with the setting sun is given less notice than those who don't retire at all.

For purely professional reasons it is important that one half of the motion picture profession knows in exact detail just what the other half is thinking of and doing. The reason being that actors and actresses, if they want to live in permanence, must never fall behind in the fads and eccentricities of their rivals;

every player must watch the other to see that some new technique is not developed which would leave him or her far behind in the frantic race for film honors. The trouble with Jetta Goudal, her critics believe, is that she fails to give away enough of her trade secrets to enable her many satellites among the profession to copy them and perhaps become able enigmas themselves.

**C**LOSE analysis of Miss Goudal reveals that she is a conflict of temperaments within herself—one part of her nature has exactly fitted her to bear the significant titles of "firebrand" and "the cocktail of emotion"—the latter term was invented by Cecil B. DeMille in describing her; the other part of her nature is a sensitive form of modesty that is largely responsible for her peculiar aversion to society.

These diverse and unmatod qualities are suitable ingredients for a deep, unsolvable mystery, but two things more above all else have established her fame as an enigma and these things are her eyes. She has the most emotional and expressive eyes on the screen. Without doubt these eyes have enabled her to bring to the films a new technique in acting—a method of emotional expression that differs from the exaggerated movements of the old stage, that consists in saying it with the eyes instead of with the voice and hands.

Jetta Goudal is as unlike the average star as it is possible to conceive of an actress being—she is not of the standard type of beauty that American artists have immortalized on the covers of magazines. She is anything but a type—Miss Goudal is different.

The reason for the difference is easy to see; it is in her eyes—eyes that curse you, pity you, love and caress you according to their moods. Their large retinæ seem to hold all of the sorrow and joy, innocence and sophistication possible, while her material body moves gracefully and alertly.

**A**CTRESSES achieve stardom in many ways. Gloria Swanson, it will be remembered, was an unknown bathing beauty working for Mack Sennett when Cecil B. DeMille saw great possibilities in the manner in which she leaned against a door—an insignificant gesture of hopelessness and despair at what she considered was her inability to progress faster.

Mr. DeMille saw genius budding in that unconscious pose, even as he recognized the motion picture possibilities in the vivacity of Leatrice Joy; the imagination of Jeanie McPherson and the Americanism of William Boyd. Miss Goudal lacks the bombastic physical emotionalism of Miss Joy, for she is a slender and nervous type; she doesn't possess the easy, languorous carriage of a Gloria Swanson; the sense of humor of a Marie Prevost, or the ethereality of a Lillian Gish—yet she has a good percentage of each of those qualities where they are the most easily seen—in her eyes.

Miss Goudal's eyes are by far the largest of

any in Hollywood, and anyone seeing her for the first time is made to feel that they dominate her features completely and almost to the exclusion of all the other features in her harmoniously-moulded face. This inclination to exaggerate her eyes is due, in part, to their unusual brilliance and animation.

They reflect the duality of her nature, for one moment they are literally blazing with high-lights as some tempestuous mood possesses her; the next they are dull and spiritless as they mirror the meek and sensitive part of her nature. Jetta Goudal can speak an entire oration with her eyes, and an oration, by the way, that includes many finer shadings of expression than the written or spoken word is capable of.

**M**ISS GOUDAL is a distinctively different type. She has brown hair, brown eyes, with straight black eyelashes and eyebrows. Those unusual points of difference are augmented by an oval face and an unusually erect carriage which gives her the air of a medieval princess.

When she first arrived in Hollywood from a rather average success on the stage, Mr. DeMille looked into those dark, round eyes and found something that was startlingly new, and in a city where newness is at a premium this was a discovery worth prompt decision. Miss Goudal was hired on the spot and her first great chance came in support of Rod La Rocque in "The Coming of Amos."

It is interesting to know just what it was that Mr. DeMille saw on the occasion of his meeting with the star.

"My impression of Miss Goudal," he said, "was that she was out of keeping with the spirit of the motion picture world and that she belonged to some more romantic age; her mannerisms and odd forms of speech seemed to suggest to me one of the great women of mystery who every now and then crop up in history. I recall vividly that I was disturbed and uneasy when those eyes first turned upon me. I felt as if a battery of powerful searchlights were hunting me out and when I finally recovered I knew that Jetta Goudal had something no other actress of my acquaintance had—eyes."

"With her the organ of sight is more than a matter of mere seeing—it is her stock in trade, much as others of our famous actresses have certain physical attributes upon which they depend for success."

Miss Goudal was born in beautiful Versailles, France, and fifteen years later, despite the stern objections of her father, a Parisian lawyer, she left the classrooms at the Sorbonne and joined a traveling repertoire stock company playing such famous old classics as "Sappho" and "L'Aiglon." The strong personal force that always animated her served her in such good stead that within eight months she was playing leading rôles in the company's dramatic presentations.

**H**ER dramatic ability was earning her considerable praise from widely separated sources. (Continued on page 47)





Photo—Kenneth Alexander

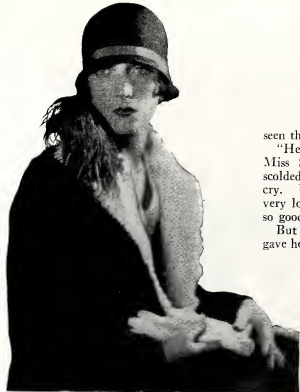
*Jetta Goudal*

Hers is a foreign, almost exotic beauty which allures and baffles. She will next appear in "Fighting Love"

# Pauline Starke

The Heroine of "Love's Blindness" Sends Up a Cheer Because She No Longer Has to Wear Old Clothes

By CREIGHTON PEET



Pauline Starke

THERE'S an engaging frankness about Pauline Starke. She does not try to give the impression that she is super-human and is doing you an extraordinary favor in speaking to you. She talks about her job, her ambitions, her likes and dislikes, and herself, much as you and I do when we are among friends.

She does not deliver long, improbable rhapsodies about "her art." She likes to play in light comedies and wear pretty clothes and says so in as many words.

"You don't know how sick I got of wearing rags," she confided. "I played in ever so many pictures where my costumes were all tattered and dirty, as in 'Shoes That Danced,' and 'Irish Eyes,' and 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.'

"In the last year or so I have been doing modern comedies in which I could wear the kind of clothes I like. It may be necessary to have shabby dresses in some parts, but I have to wear them and I hate rags!

"I'm working on 'Not Herbert' now, and while it's a mystery comedy I still have a chance to dress the way I like."

Miss Starke has dark eyes and dark hair, which is bobbed and then tucked in a bit to resemble long hair. She dresses smartly and makes every visit to the Eastern studios a shopping tour as well as a business trip. Fifth Avenue and its windows fascinate her. She spends hours of each visit East riding and walking up and down in front of her favorite stores.

ALMOST everybody in the United States can recall Pauline Starke's first appearance in the movies, although nobody knew her name at the time, and it was not on any program. D. W. Griffith selected little Pauline, then about thirteen, to play the part of one of the children who are crying on the widow's knee in "The Birth of a Nation." The scene is a memorable one, being taken from a hillside, on which the women and children are seated. In the far distance can be

seen the smoke of battle, and marching armies. "He couldn't get me to cry at first," said Miss Starke recalling the incident, "so he scolded and abused me until I simply had to cry. Unfortunately, however, I didn't cry very long, and I am afraid my finish wasn't so good."

But Griffith saw possibilities in her and gave her her start. She was born, by the way,



Pauline swims channels and oceans, rides surf-boards, and does all the rest of those feminine things

in Joplin, Missouri, and went to school in Kansas City. Her first real part was in "Puppets," with De Wolf Hopper, and her greatest success was in the recent "Sun-Up," although "The Connecticut Yankee" was very popular, too.

Some other pictures in which she has appeared are "Bright Lights," "Innocent's Progress," "The Atom," "The Forgotten Woman," "The Devil's Cargo" and "Love's Blindness."

While she prefers light comedy rôles, she also has an odd interest in exotic characterizations, such as "Lulu Belle," and talks half seriously of wanting to play them. Of course, no director would ever be insane enough to cast this slim, pretty, modern, athletic girl in such a part—but

still, she thinks of them, and that in itself is strange, is it not? Why should the girl who wandered through the imaginative mazes of Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" even speak of such a play as "Lulu Belle." Yet she did.

"I don't know why that type of rôle appeals to me," she added, "except as the exotic appeals to all of us—because it is strange, unfamiliar, and looks probably more interesting than it possibly could be. No, I don't suppose I shall ever do anything quite like 'Lulu Belle' or 'Kiki.' It's just that the idea of the thing fascinates me.

"Of course, now that I am definitely heading toward a very light comedy I must give up any serious thought of the lurid and the mysterious."

SHE is fond of sports. She follows the foam of her surf-board in the perpetual summer of the Pacific, plays polo unusually well and takes a try at golf. Although she owns no dogs of her own she is keenly interested in whippet races, and never misses an opportunity to take one. Like any good actress, she is as interested in the stage as in the cinema, and takes in all the plays she can when in the East.

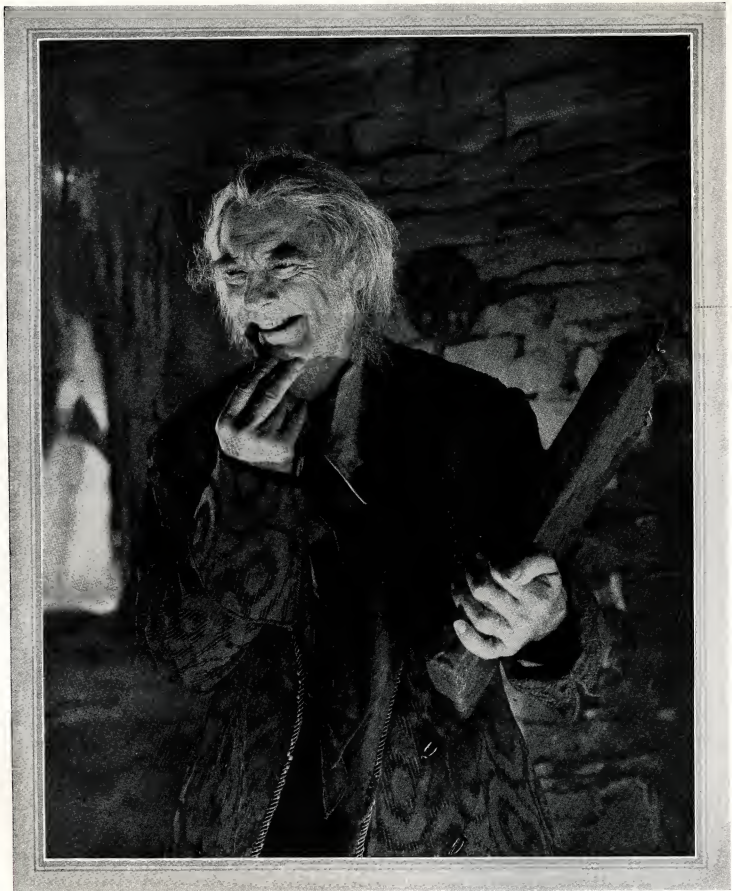
The German films are splendid, she thinks. From talking with foreign actors now working in America she has learned that they take things in a much more leisurely fashion over there.

"I often wish we could work that way here," she said. "I should think it would be so much more satisfying to take months and months to each film, make experiments, and be sure you were right. But, of course, things are so efficient in America.

"The new camera effects are interesting, too. I think some of the trick shots are simply marvelous, particularly those in 'Variety,' and 'So This Is Paris.'"



You have read about what the other stars have for breakfast, but you can actually see what this girl eats. The dainty table is set in her Hollywood home



*Lionel Barrymore*

*A character study of this distinguished actor as he appears in Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island." Mr. Barrymore plays the part of the insane submarine inventor who attempts to destroy the entire Russian fleet*





The fragile Lillian Gish will shortly appear as Annie Laurie in a photoplay written about the old song. The enemy clans are holding a peace conference where she meets John (Norman Kerry), and although she is a daughter of the Campbell Clan, she falls in love with him, the son of her bitterest enemies, the Mac Ians. (Above) Hobart Bosworth as the Mac Ian Laird

(Left) A jealous member of her own clan resents the attentions of a Mac Ian, and leads his men against them. In the fighting which follows the Laird loses his life defending his castle

Scenes From



*(Above) Annie first realizes the depth of John's love when she finds the song he has written about her—"Annie Laurie." Then, after one of those misunderstandings without which no melodrama could live to its proper length, he is led to think that she has betrayed him in favor of a member of her own clan who also loved her*

*(Right) But when she saves his life at the risk of her own and brings the warring clans to peace, all is explained and forgiven, and a feast is held in the old castle*



## *Annie Laurie*

# A "Typical American" Who Is British

Reginald Denny Believes in Living, Working, and Playing at Break-neck Speed

By GEO. H. WILSON

UNLESS the morning papers should acclaim a new hero before this story goes to press, Carpenter is the young man who stands for France. The Prince of Wales fills the niche as the "typical Englishman" so well that there is hardly a ripple of contrary opinion. But who is "the typical American," the young man who looks the part, acts the part and is generally accepted as typical of these United States?

If a referendum were taken to decide the question, there is little doubt where most of the people would look for their man. A few years ago they would have looked for him on the battlefield. A few more years ago they would have looked for him on the stage. To-day, beyond a doubt, they would find him on the screen.

Perhaps no one can say with much certainty that any single motion picture idol wears such a preponderance of laurels that he would be named by the total population as "the typical American," but it is safe to say that millions of people in this country and vast numbers abroad have come to look upon Reginald Denny as the man who catches the spirit of America—the man whose personality has become recognized as American.

No one can say how long this national flair for Denny will last. It may die out as soon as this story is printed, for it is said that no man can be a hero to his valet or his wife, and the purpose of this article is to reveal a few intimate facts about Denny that only valets or wives are supposed to know.

**B**OMBSHELL number one will be exploded at once. Reginald Denny is a born subject of Great Britain. If this cuts him out of the All-American Idol contest, he is already finished. But it doesn't, or he would have been finished long ago—before he became an American citizen.

Of course they wouldn't let an American strut the British stuff in England, but this is a free country, and the father of it was a naturalized British subject.

On the screen Denny is a highly charged body of magnetism and physical energy. Without apparent effort he dominates every situation. Handsome, appealing, a perfect dresser, strong, virile, and quietly conscious of an untapped reservoir of power, he rides high through such screaming misadventures as "California Straight Ahead," "What Happened to Jones," "Where Was I?" "Skinner's Dress Suit," "Rolling Home," and "Take It From Me."

He takes long shots and hazards that give us gooseflesh to the finger tips, and the supreme confidence with which he sails through his movie adventures somehow strikes us as being genuine. He makes the thing ring true. It is easy to picture him rising to a situation in the same way in real life. We find him in the most embarrassing positions—dilemmas that would crush the best of us—but he sails through with a smiling audacity that awakens admiration and envy, marries the girl, and lives happy ever after.

HIS audacity, too, seems to bear the unmistakable mark of reality, and it would be difficult to imagine the Denny of private life to be substantially different from the Denny of the screen.

But what can be the life of this high-strung individual when he isn't making movies that thrill us, chill us, and make us laugh? Can it be possible that he goes home to his wife and daughter like any other citizen, to read the evening paper until he yawns and falls asleep while his wife tries to catch up with the mending and complains that they never go anywhere or do anything—does he sometimes roll up his sleeves and help wash the dishes on the cook's night out—does he get tired of being the immaculate guest of fashion and fall into the comfortable luxury of old clothes as soon as he leaves the movie lot—are the women crazy about him, is he crazy about them, and, if so, what effect does this have on the missus and on home life in general?

**A**LL these questions and many more assail the Denny fan as he leaves the theater after an endless string of astonishing adventures. At the risk of disappointing the home-loving majority whose dream of earthly bliss is to feed the chickens, have a good dinner, put the baby to sleep, take in a movie, and then go for a spin in the outskirts and back to bed, it must be admitted that Denny has little in common with this steadfast throng.

Fat from being ready to rest after producing a swift screen sequence that leaves the supporting cast flat on its back and fit for nothing but recuperation, the finish gong is Denny's cue to leap with the joy of being free to run and play like the devil. No longer will he be compelled to hang around waiting for the director to give him permission to half kill himself in a scene that calls for super speed. Now he can be himself. Now he can exert himself ALL the time until the next production begins.

It might have a better influence on the youth of the land if one were to smooth the facts over, and say that Denny is steady, and industrious, loves his work, and aims only to perfect himself in the art of the cinema. The truth (you can take it or leave it) is, in his own immortal words, "Gosh, I hate to work!"

But there are other reasons why the Rotarians, the Moderation League, the law and order group, and particularly the National Thrift League, would never be likely to hold him up as a model.

His enormous salary slips through his fingers like a mist, with the exception of a small weekly allotment that is deposited to his credit to take care of him in old age, if any. This will probably be news to him if he reads it, for it is not unlikely that he has forgotten that there is such an arrangement. He can't be annoyed with such trifles. Life is too precious. There is no time to be lost in getting the gang into the car and driving madly to his estate, violating both the speed law and the law of gravity.

IT is safe to say that in his mind there is no thought of violating law. There is only the thought of fulfilling the law of speed, which is his life. Rules that begin with "thou shalt not" might as well be written in Polish. He can't read the words.

The forest and game laws he respects as if he had written them himself for the protection of his own domain. It would not be surprising to hear him say, "The earth belongs to me and my friends, and they're all my friends."

As a host he is unbelievable. When the guest arrives he all but hands over the deed to the house and lot. There is plenty of the best of everything, and it's all yours. To his way of thinking, there is no waste except a wasted opportunity to be lavishly generous and open-hearted.

There are plenty of do servants around but they haven't much to do except get out of the way. He likes to haul his pals to the kitchen and make the sandwiches himself. No self-respecting cook can be made to cut the bread thick enough for a man. This always occasions a protest from the dainty Mrs. Denny, a vicious brunette, who likes it thin. And so, like her illustrious husband, she slices her own.

And what of his wife? Does she stand by moaning at the outgo as compared with the income? By no means. She admires her husband, endorses his method and helps him to spend gloriously.

When Denny stages a personally conducted feed, one peculiarity is noticed. There is a great economy of dishes, for Denny is famously stingy with china and silver. This is due to the fact that fully half his meals are eaten beside a campfire or aboard his yacht where one is lucky to have a cup and a mess pan. By reason of the same training, he washes the dishes himself and expects the company to dry them and put everything ship-shape. An extremist in everything, the kitchen police party is carried on until the frying pan has been scoured with grit and the spigots polished. Ben Hendricks, Jr., Denny's sparring partner and camping side kick, who also supports the star on the screen, is always there as first assistant pot-caper. Mrs. Denny is not in on this. Dish washing is no woman's job in the Denny mansion.

**W**HILE the making of a picture is in progress Denny spends his spare time playing in his private gymnasium, swimming, driving, speed boat riding, fishing in neighboring waters, boxing, playing tennis, etc.

He used to fly every morning until the Universal Pictures Corporation decided that his safety was worth something like a million dollars to the company. They had him insured for an outlandish sum, and insurance companies declined the risk until he agreed to give up his airplane jaunts.

The great American public may be again disappointed to learn that golfing is not in his repertory of sports. He assigns no reason for this neglect. It is probably because there

(Continued on page 47)

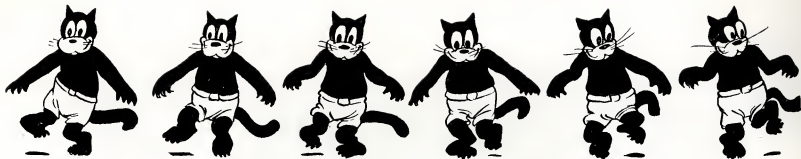




*Edward Thayer Monroe*

*Reginald Denny*

*Charming, and radiant with power, he is as audacious and successful in real life as  
in his pictures*



These six drawings were needed to make Paul Terry's Henry Cat do one simple little Charleston step

## Making the Cartoons Move

By ADRIEN FALNIERES

**D**ID you see a cartoon character smear himself all over the screen of your local theater this week? A cat with a detachable tail, a clown who picked himself up from the paper on which he was drawn and jumped out of the window to escape his parent artist? A romance between two monkeys interrupted by a meddlesome elephant?

Possibly you have wondered how these cartoons are made? You already know, perhaps, that they are photographs of real drawings made by comic artists, and that they require days and days to complete, and take infinite patience. But you probably don't realize just how much skill and patience actually go into their making.

**C**ARTOON comedies, now one of the most universally followed of the shorter features on a motion picture theater's program, require virtually as many people to produce as a one-reel comedy, and as a rule they require considerably more time to complete. It takes a staff of from twelve to fifteen people two weeks to finish an animated cartoon picture which is shown in less than fifteen minutes on the theater screen.

Animal characters have been used with success in many of these cartoon comedies, for it appears that motion picture fans enjoy seeing four-footed characters go through the same antics and experiences that human beings do. "Felix the Cat," internationally known as an animated cartoon figure, is one of the best-

loved of such animals, while the almost human animal characters which rollick through the Life Cartoons are rapidly becoming quite as popular. Both of these cartoon series are released each month by Educational Film Exchanges, Inc.

Other well-known comedy figures are Bill



High Hat Harold, the ingenious but dastardly villain of the Life Cartoon Comedies

Nolan's Krazy Kat and the immortal Ignatz, who also hurl their bricks nightly in evening newspapers. They are released by the Film Booking Offices.

Then there are the delightful animals in Paul Terry's "Aesop's Film Fables," who display such astounding originality, and who have secured such an immense following. These are sponsored by Pathe. Another favorite is Ko-Ko the Clown, who emerges from an inkwell at the beginning of each comedy. The story is closed only when the artist has captured the little fellow, stuck him back in the bottle, and pushed cork in securely. These films are issued by Red Seal.

**F**OUR to nine thousand separate drawings are needed for every cartoon reel. These must be made by hand, a tedious and slow process, but one which is essential because no process has been invented thus far which will give the cartoons the lifelike movements required in these com-

edies. To keep production work on schedule, a cartoonist must make from 100 to 200 individual drawings daily.

With a scenario completed, the artist in charge of the studio gives a schedule of the different scenes to be produced to the animators. These artists or animators, in turn, study the story and decide on the places where they can insert some "funny business," although this is not so essential at the Life Cartoon Studios, for the schedule provides the funny situations to be inserted and descriptions of the ways in which they are to be inserted in the comedies. In addition, the animators at this studio are provided with original sketches so they can see graphically what takes place in each scene. Thus, if the character is to be shown climbing out of a window, the original sketch depicts the figure about to climb out, and the scenario gives details as to how the actual climbing feat is to be enacted. In some 500 feet of film, the animators are furnished with about forty-five scene models in one film of a single Life Cartoon Comedy.

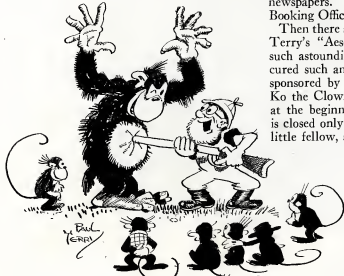
At the Sullivan Studios these details are left largely in the hands of the animators. For example, if the scene requires the principal character to be chased out on a trapeze, as is done in a recent Felix the Cat comedy, and perform remarkable acrobatic stunts, the animator must decide which is the most comical manner in which he can make the black cat go through these actions.

Thus it will be seen that the task of making the scenes really funny is left largely in the hands of the animator or artist. And on him depends to a great extent the success of the comedy when it is completed.

**E**VERY drawing is done first in pencil on transparent sheets of paper, the artist making each figure two to three inches in height. Two holes which have been punched in the paper hold it exactly in the correct position on the large drawing board on two pegs which fit these holes.



The "Out-of-the-Inkwell" cartoons use more or less human figures, while the other comedies usually stick to animals



Farmer Al Falja of the "Aesop's Film Fables" holds up Mike the Monk while the six little monkeys look on in astonishment

When the first drawing has been completed, another blank sheet of paper is slipped onto the pegs of the drawing board by the artist and the next position is drawn. The position of the figures on the drawing are changed to suit the action he intends to carry into effect.

For instance, if the figure is to walk across the street, it will need about 40 drawings, the character moving about a quarter of an inch on every drawing. To make the animal run, the figure moves about half an inch or an inch on the drawing. In other words, the faster the cartoon character goes, the more the figure must be moved in each drawing from its previous position in the preceding sketch. As a result, the faster the action in the comedy, the fewer sketches required.

The drawings are now sent to the tracer, who traces these pencil sketches with India ink on celluloid sheets (called "cels" for brevity). This celluloid paper is the same size and punched at the top to fit the drawing board pegs the same as the original paper used for the pencil sketches. In order to do this, the transparent "cel" is placed over the penciled sketch.

When the tracer has finished inking in the scene, the "cel" goes to other artists who fill in the "blacks" as the clothing, hats, shoes, etc. Then on the reverse side of the "cel," the figures are painted in with gray opaque water-color. This is done so that when the sketches are photographed on a background having furniture, etc., the objects will not show through. This opaque background with the figures in black also causes the characters to blot out the background when photographed, making them appear as the human figure would in actual life.

The scene is now ready to go to the cameraman to be photographed. The animators prepare charts showing how many exposures are needed on each drawing and these are sent to the cameraman with the scenes.

**A** REGULATION size motion picture camera is used in photographing. It is suspended three feet above the table with lens focused on the scene which is to be "shot." Pegs like those used by animators in drawing the sketches and the same distance apart are fastened to the table. The camera is run by an automatic foot pedal so that when the photographer or cameraman presses it the camera takes one picture. Cooper-Hewitt vapor lamps supply the strong illumination required, the lamps being fixed so that the light centers on the drawings.

The background is now placed on the pegs, remaining in this position throughout the scene. The "cels" then are photographed one at a time as marked on the exposure chart.

Shooting of a cel scene in continuity is



Myrtle, High Hat Harold, and Mike the noble hero, in "Over the Top", a Life Cartoon Comedy

not essential because, as with other pictures, the cartoon is cut and assembled after it gets back from the laboratory. Twelve out of fifteen producing days are needed for the photographer to complete one animated car-



toon. You can see that the process is not so simple as it appears on the screen.

"Not every cartoonist can be an 'animator.' Many artists, accustomed to see in their mind's eye single pictures and poses, cannot analyze the secrets of motion, cannot visualize the course of action necessary to change from one position to another. For example, the varying positions of the legs, arms, and body during a walk require an expert who has studied the science of movement and knows every detail of changing and shifting muscular position.

"Screen humor is different from newspaper humor inasmuch as it must be grasped in the short time it appears on the screen. You can read a newspaper joke twice if necessary, but you have no second opportunity on the screen. For that reason simplicity and exaggeration of action is necessary, so that no sooner is the motion started than the observer sees what is coming.

"After the story is written, the various scenes are allocated to different cartoonists, who make pencil drawings. Special inkers go over the pencil lines with India ink, and tracers complete the scenes, adding portions of figures that have remained stationary."

**T**HE "Aesop's Fables" cartoons, made by Paul Terry, are produced in much the same way. Mr. Terry, by the way, was an abber of the "film outfit" during the War, one of his first animated cartoons was an anatomical diagram of the human body with organs functioning in its proper manner.

He uses the same methods of animation today as he used then. His close-ups of the workings of the various organs were declared remarkable by army surgeons.

With the central theme of the story in mind, Mr. Terry decides upon a few main characters which will best interpret the story. These screen stars are brought into being by a few skilful strokes of the pen. As the action requires, minor characters are created. The artist of the screen Aesop's Fables then develops a scenario in detail.

"Backgrounds" are drawn. These pictures take the place of the interior and exterior settings used in regular motion pictures, and (Continued on page 48)



Ko-Ko the Clown in the Out-of-the-Inkwell Cartoons

**E**ven though the cartoon is not so simple as it appears on the screen, that's why I like it. You can't see the technical words, nobody but an expert would understand, and this wouldn't be of value. But I think the movie-goer should know something about how these comical little jiggers of the cartoon movie are made, because the popularity of this type of cinema entertainment indicates how affectionately the public has received it.

"Our cartoons run about six hundred reel feet in length. There are sixteen photographic exposures to the foot. If each drawing was photographed once it would require 9600 to make the reel. But we photograph each drawing twice, necessitating therefore only from 4500 to 5000 drawings to complete a picture.

"The drawings themselves do not move, but when they are photographed in sequence they give the impression of motion—just as the old-time 'flip-books' did. Preparing the cartoons for picture purposes requires a staff of ten men who make about six hun-



Krazy Kat goes slumming with one of those tough neighborhood felines



Brides and

Brides-To-Be



(Above) Without doubt one of the most important weddings in film society in the past month was that of Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor, who, you will recall, has "The Big Parade" to his credit. The ceremony was solemnized in the library of Marion Davies' Beverly Hills home



(Left) Another notable Hollywood engagement announced recently was that of Lewo Cody, world-famous bachelor, and Mabel Normand

(Left) Alberta Vaughn and Grant Withers have announced their engagement, but Alberta says they will not be married until she has "made good as a star"



(Right) Mae Busch's newly married husband, John E. Cassell, has nothing to do with the movies, for he is an engineer



*(Above) Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills, often lovers on the screen, were quietly married in real life last month. The wedding was held out-of-doors and only a few friends were invited*



*(Left) Clara Bow, the incandescent little flapper of the films, and Victor Fleming, who has directed her recent pictures, have let it be known that they are soon to be married*



*(Left) Even a bride has to put up with this sort of expression when the groom is a comedian. Bert Roach and Gladys Johnson were married some weeks ago*



*(Right) The news of the engagement of Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen was a genuine surprise to cinema society. Miss Ralston has been Harold Lloyd's leading lady in several pictures*



"Big Boy" in public life, but just plain Malcolm Sebastian to his Mother and friends

LADIES and gentlemen, this is "Big Boy," the smallest, happiest star on the lot. Possibly you have seen him in "My Kid," which came out not so long ago. Possibly you have laughed at him—or, if you are a very sentimental soul, shed a tear over him. Anyway, he is only two years old, a full-fledged star, and the possessor of the best known diapers in the country.

"Big Boy" is little more than three feet tall and probably doesn't weigh much over fifty pounds. He's the big leader of the gang of kid players on the movie lot at the Educational Studios in Hollywood. Some of them are five or six times older than he is, but this little chap is King Clown, lordling it over them all. With his large derby hat, big shoes, ever-present diaper, *et al.*, he parades up and down in front of the movie camera like a veteran of many seasons.

As a matter of fact "Big Boy" has been in the movies nearly all his life, for this youngster made his initial appearance in motion pictures when he was not even able to sit up by himself—a three-weeks-old infant. Perhaps you don't remember him, and naturally can't



Bonnie Barrett decides that Bee, the baby elephant, is really younger than any of them, and so deserves the bottle. "Big Boy" and Ginger superintend the job

## A Star Who Can't Read His Fan Mail

Directing two-year-old "Big Boy" is largely a matter of coaxing, teasing, begging and threatening

By ROBERT G. BLACKBURN

recognize him now, but he was the baby in "Three Weeks," a feature production of two years ago. He was used in similar parts in other feature length pictures, and then found his way into the comedy studio while barely able to stand.

HIS attractiveness was noticed while he was still a youngster crawling about in short comedies. As soon as he was able to toddle he became a bright and shining star among the kids playing in juvenile comedies. Jack White, director-in-chief, first noted his exceptional ability and featured "Big Boy." So it was not long before his heavy shoes and funny headpiece actually became famous.

His real name is Malcolm Sebastian, but he has been called "Big Boy" ever since he gained prominence in the movies. In fact, few know him by any other title. His name "Big Boy" has been featured for over a year now in two-reel juvenile comedies.

With the start of the new season "Big Boy" is taking prominently featured rôles and is as much a comedy star as the best of the old-timers. In "My Kid" he is practically the "whole picture."

The painstaking efforts of Charles Lamont, who has directed the youngster now for more than a year, are in a large degree responsible for much of the child's successful acting. The director of such a youngster ("Big Boy" was less than eighteen months old when he was first featured in comedies) must be somewhat of a diplomat. He can't give orders as he would to a grown-up actor. He must explain first just what he wants the two-year-old to do, and then *make* him carry out his instructions.

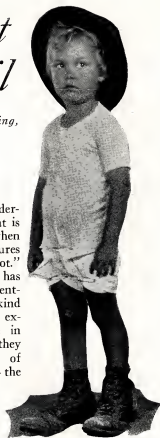
He virtually has to play a game with his youthful actors in directing his pictures. It often is comparatively easy to get a youngster to do the right thing, but to get one to do exactly the right thing at the correct moment for a motion picture scene is quite different.

THE remarkable success of "Big Boy" in comedies is due in a large respect also to the uncanny way in which the youngster follows Director Lamont's instructions. The kid is naturally amusing and attractive, but his willingness to do as his director says goes a long way in making him so successful in his pictures. Many kids are funny, and at times behave very charmingly, or do very cute things, but to make them be charming and cute at the proper time and also carry out the action of a film story is quite a difficult matter.

Now, "Big Boy" can talk,

and is able to understand better what is wanted of him when his motion pictures are being "shot." His best work has been of the apparently undirected kind that you might expect to observe in children when they are unconscious of being watched—the sort of thing that you would hardly expect to get with a camera. It is easy to make youngsters cry for a scene, but to make a kid's lips pucker up without actually crying, takes painstaking direction and real acting.

"Big Boy" receives more mail than any other two-year-old in the world. There are fan letters, requests for photographs, circulars on miming stock, automobiles, real estate, toilet and make-up accessories, and they all come just addressed: "Big Boy," Hollywood, Calif. His mother has saved all photographs, press clippings and fan letters he has received. And when "Big Boy" has mastered his letters he will be able to read all the nice things now being said about him.



His diapers, derby, and over-sized shoes are about his only properties



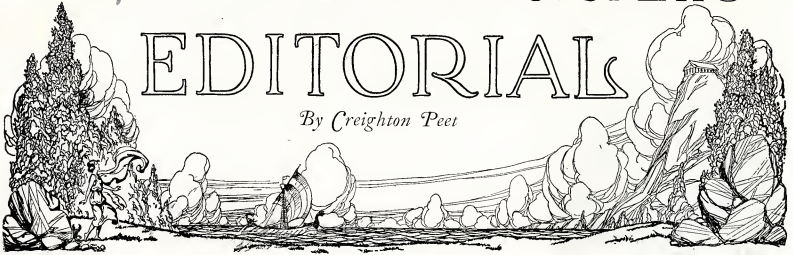
"Big Boy" takes time out between shots to talk things over with his director



## IN THE WORLD OF PHOTOPLAYS

## EDITORIAL

By Creighton Peet



**I**N the last twenty years the cinema has come to be a means of dramatic expression. Sophisticated critics to the contrary, the scientific toy is now an art, although often crude and childish. But it is such a young art that none of us is quite sure what to expect of it. In the matter of painting, sculpture, music, and spoken drama, we have not only a host of living critics, but generations of past achievements to judge each new work by. Reading a new novel we unconsciously compare it with all the novels we have ever read, and all those we have ever heard of, using standards which have taken two hundred years or more to formulate. In sculpture we go back thousands of years. We expect to find certain characteristics in a piece of music or a poem, but we don't know what to look for in a movie—except entertainment. If we are bored, it is bad. But if the movies are really beyond the custard pie stage—and they are—it is high time we began to grow a few critical standards.

**W**HAT is a photoplay? Is it simply a stage play with the words left out? Is it simply half a play? Is it not rather a new form of dramatic expression, resembling drama in its results, but differing greatly in its methods of attaining it? To our mind a photoplay should be judged on the consistency with which it adheres to the technique in use—photography. If it relies too much on trick orchestrations or subtiles it is a poorly made picture. And more than the art of pantomime is involved, for often the most effective strokes are obtained by turning the camera on some significant object. An effort should always be made to tell in pictures, not only the details, but the main action of the story. It may be recalled that "The Last Laugh" had no subtiles at all. Every emotion was indicated to the audience by some bit of acting or the showing of some object. Seeing the old doorman watch his splendid uniform being locked up was infinitely more powerful than reading about it in vile English would have been.

**A**ND this brings us to the matter of subtiles. What excuse have these little bits of writing for popping into a graphic art? Is not every subtitle an admission of defeat? Is it not an admission that the director and scenario writer were confronted with a situation which belonged to a stage play rather than a movie? Of course there are subtiles and subtiles. Some few have a reasonable excuse for being, but those informing one of "clever" repartee between the actors, or announcing that Time and Eternity and Destiny are about to walk over the hill and into the sunset or the dawn are inexcusable. Passing over the literary or dramatic value of the emotion in question, could it have been better shown by camera effects, or in the case of the repartee, by suitable comedy action? Some movies we have seen recently have been veritable reading classes. The directors and film editors evidently had little faith in the abilities of their actors to convey given emotions.

# Colonel Tim McCoy, "High Eagle"

A Former Cavalry Officer Is Using Genuine American Indians in a Series of Films

By JOSEPHINE MACDOWELL



Colonel Tim McCoy

HE is tall and tanned and blue-eyed, of Irish extraction and his name is "High Eagle"!

His other name is Colonel Tim McCoy, but he prefers "High Eagle," because that is the name given him by his friends, the Indians, whom he knows as well as any white man alive.

When he left his home in Wyoming and started working on motion pictures the cinema gained, but the Indians did not lose a friend.

Colonel T. J. McCoy, one of the greatest experts in Indian sign language and tribal lore, cavalry officer, once adjutant general of Wyoming, protégé of General Hugh L. Scott (former chief of staff and world's greatest authority on the Indian), has served the Government time and time again in settling difficulties among the Indians on the reservations. He has been the Indian's friend for years and he is going to continue so, because his greatest ambition is to tell the American public what the real Indian is like.

"The average person thinks of an Indian as a stony-faced individual who goes about scalping people and setting fire to houses," said Colonel McCoy. "No idea could be so false. It is to correct this idea and give the public something I know will be entertaining that I am helping make motion pictures."

McCoy was first connected with the motion picture industry during the filming of "The Covered Wagon." James Cruze, the director, found himself in a predicament. He could not get Indians to act in his picture. He could not make them understand what he wanted, so knowing McCoy's reputation he asked him to come to Hollywood as technical director.

THE Colonel came and brought a number of his friends, Indians, with him.

Their great confidence in him told them that anything he said was for their good.

They took his direction and even consented to appear on the stage in a prologue for the picture. He took the same group to Europe and they created such a furore and caused such wide comment that McCoy conceived the idea on which he is now working.

McCoy knew that the American boy has no real conception of these magnificent people, and that this ignorance was not entirely confined to boys. Even adults have a false idea of the Indians. So McCoy determined to present on the motion picture screen the real American Indian, for he knew he would not be doing a remarkable service to the red men, but would also be making pictures that were exciting, thrilling and entertaining.

And he is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make Westerns that are entirely different from any Westerns ever made. It was not his original idea to act in these pictures, but when the studio executives discovered that he photographed well and had a great deal of talent along this line they insisted that he become a star and use the Indians in his pictures.

Entirely different! That is the only way that his idea can be described. The pictures he will do are not to be made in the studio. Cameras, lights and equipment will be moved to the Indian reservations in Wyoming, where the tribes of Arapahoe and Shoshone live, and the pictures will be "shot" on the home land.

"I NEVER have been able to understand how my interest in and love for the Indians began," said McCoy. "Instinctively I felt a kinship for them. Funny that an Irishman should feel himself a brother to these dignified, stoical people! But I have always felt at ease with them, and Goes-In-The-Lodge, an Indian over eighty years old, is my brother! He made himself so.

"The most mistaken idea that the average person has is that an Indian never smiles. Why, they are the gayest, happiest people in the world and they love a joke. Among themselves, or with a white man whom they trust, they are as carefree as any of us. But their dignity is their outstanding characteristic. Until they know a person well they are reserved. They draw into themselves when they are

slapped on the back. That is why most people have the idea that they are hard and unsmiling. I want to show the public the gay, gentle side of the Indian, which it does not believe exists."

Colonel McCoy was referring to Goes-In-The-Lodge, who will have a prominent part in "War Paint," which will be his first film. "If I used any other Indians and did not use him he would be heartbroken," he said.

HE got his name when he was just a young brave. His tribe was fighting the Crows and the chief lay sleeping in his tepee. It was announced that the man who would enter that tepee and capture the enemy chief would be made the leader of the tribe.

"One young brave volunteered. Instead of entering in the usual way he slit the side of the tepee and found not one man as he had expected but three. He took all of them by storm and was victorious. His name is really 'The Man Who Goes Into The Lodge Alone,' but it has been shortened to Goes-In-The-Lodge."

The man is McCoy's "brother" and he is perhaps even more loyal, more devoted to him than a blood brother would be.

McCoy spoke of the fact that two tribes  
(Continued on page 49)



Colonel McCoy has been in the cavalry for many years and is an accomplished horseman

## AT THE CINEMA

Some Recent Pictures and the Impressions They Made Upon a Reviewer

By CREIGHTON PEET

**THE BETTER 'OLE**—Warner Brothers. Based on the play by Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot. Directed by Charles Reisner.

CAST

Syd Chaplin, Doria Hill, Harold Gootwin, Theodore Lorch, Ed Kennedy, Charles Gerard, Tom McGuire, Jack Oakroyd, Tom Kennedy, Lewis Morgan, Arthur Clayton.

A gorgeous comedy is awaiting you in "The Better 'Ole," for as the *Old Bill* of the Bairnsfather cartoons Syd Chaplin has created a grotesque, lovable character who is altogether enchanting.

You will easily recall *Old Bill*. A middle-aged cockney private—possibly a plumber in civilian life—who goes into the war with easy good-humor, takes to the trenches philosophically, and displays a certain amount of ingenuity and shrewdness in this, his first venture outside his home neighborhood.

Equipped with one of the most voluminous and luxurious sets of whiskers on record, Syd Chaplin has rendered *Old Bill* boisterously and comically.

The film starts with the famous "Better 'Ole" incident, when *Old Bill* and *Little Alf* are hiding in the same shell hole. *Little Alf* complains of the danger, and *Old Bill*, lighting his pipe, answers, "Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

It is impossible to say much of this sort of picture. Its incidents are so varied, so absurd, and so old that you know them all already. It is enough to say, however, that while the boys are behind the lines *Old Bill* is drafted to play the rear legs of a horse in a show they are staging. *Old Bill* indignantly refuses to portray any horse's rear legs, when his companions assert that he will have to be a horse's neck. So he is. But during the show, the Germans close in on the town, and in the rush a piece of scenery drops over the dummy horse, imprisoning *Little Alf*, the rear, and *Old Bill*, the front legs. After finally disentangling themselves they find they are surrounded by Germans.

When they discover that they are in the hands of the enemy they quickly retire to the depths of their dummy horse and try to pretend that they are a real horse. They even go

out to the watering trough in the middle of the square and take a drink. Then a German orderly attempts to put them in the stable.

In the end *Old Bill* catches a spy, saves his outfit by cutting the wires which lead to the mines under the city, and is promoted to sergeant.

It is refreshing to find a comedian who does not depend entirely upon shabby clothes and physical weakness for his effects. True, *Old Bill* wears a long knit muffler and mittens with the fingers cut off, which often give him the effect of a rather gruff polar bear dressed in khaki, but on the whole he is funny because he really is funny. And he is no physical weakling. He is the first comedian in months and months who has not been a sad, puny, pasty-faced little soul. *Old Bill* is healthy and jolly.

Mr. Sydney Chaplin is to be congratulated.

**SPARROWS**—United Artists. Story by Winifred Dunn. Directed by William Beaudine.

CAST

Mary Pickford, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Roy Stewart, Mary Louise Miller, Charlotte Minella, Sue O'Donnell, Lloyd Whitlock, A. L. Schaeffer, Mark Hamilton, Monty O'Grady.

From the hundreds of maternal "ohs" and "ahs" which accompany the showing of Mary Pickford's latest film, we think it safe to say that it has a tremendous sentimental appeal. In spite of all our shouting over the fun of stenography and school teaching we have noticed that quite as many diapers are being changed now as in the days of our grandmothers, and the sight of a little girl mothering a brood of orphan tots in a Florida alligator swamp seems to be just the sort of thing to awaken the mother instinct. Children, too, may rather enjoy "Sparrows," because most of the actors are children, and we all like to see ourselves.

But it is necessary to state that this concoction is hardly to be dignified by the title "drama." Miss Pickford is sweet and appealing, and actually does seem to be about thirteen—but the story is flimsy—and then, we all do grow up some day and our interest in this kind of thing wanes.

By an odd chance the atmosphere is unusually convincing for this type of picture. *Mama Mollie* (Miss Pickford) and nine other children are held prisoner by a Scrooge-like old villain in a barn in an alligator swamp. As nobody else will mother the children it's all up to *Mama*. The children are cute, and sweet, and what not, but, as we said, one outgrows this sort of thing.

Finally the villainous *Grimes* (well done by Gustav von Seyffertitz) steals one child too many, and while he is waiting for his ransom money the father and detectives close in on him. In the meanwhile the children, led by *Mama*, have escaped into the swamp and are climbing about on branches overhanging a river swarming with alligators. Here the realism was all anybody could ask for, and we nearly swallowed our hat for fear one of the children would drop into the seething mass of enraged alligators. Anyway, it seemed like a seething mass.

Mary Pickford is now, without doubt, the best-known cinema actress in the world. She is equally acclaimed in London and New York. Why? She does not dress in beautiful clothes; she is seldom the heroine of a love story, and she is usually bedraggled and badly treated. In this case she appears in rags in every sequence. Her efforts in mature parts have hardly been successful. She has attained her greatest vogue in little girl parts, dirty little girl parts, ragged, forlorn and abused little girl parts.

Probably the universality of her appeal can be traced to the very un-mysterious maternal instinct. She excites pity and arouses a desire to protect. Strange to say, this is not very unlike what one hears said of the great Chaplin.

**THE WANING SEX**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Story by Fredric and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

CAST

Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, George K. Arthur, Mary McAllister, Charles McHugh, Tiny Ward, Marjorie Mathis.

This is the third picture in a week which has practically demonstrated



the superiority of the feminine gender and we are still too depressed to venture out on the street, let alone see any more pictures.

The only thing to relieve the situation is the memory of the unusually charming Miss Norma Shearer. If, as is suggested in "The Waning Sex," men are to some day become subservient to women, we suggest that she have personal charge of all the browbeating and terrifying. Certainly no one can make a man wane more painlessly than Miss Shearer.

Yes, there's scant comfort for the male sex in this picture—except that, of course, in the end she finally does marry Philip (Conrad Nagle)—and that is a sort of submission, isn't it? Or isn't it? No, no, we can't decide this here—you girls will have to settle that out in the hall, because we have to get on with this review.

On the whole this picture is well above the average. It has a lightness in its comedy which keeps it in the air most of the way. This is due partly to Robert Leonard's directing, and partly to Norma Shearer's personality, which is decidedly positive—and at the same time feminine and charming.

She will not marry Philip because she is afraid such a step would spoil her legal career. Finally, because she really does love him, she tells him she will give up her career if he can beat her in two of the next three contests in which they engage. If she beats him *he* is to give up his career!

The first contest is a swimming meet. He wins by a few feet. The second contest is a trial before a jury in which she is the attorney defending a criminal. Her eloquence is so touching that even the prisoner is moved to tears, and the jury—well, she completely paralyzes the jury. (Now I ask you, is this sort of thing fair? You women always depending on your looks—oh, very well—if you say so, but I don't think so!)

This evens them up. The third contest to decide who is going to be boss is over the district attorneyship—both of them being candidates for that office. Then, when she is about to accept her party's nomination, Philip comes in, and seizing her roughly by the shoulders, gives her a good shaking up, saying, "Here, you've got to cut this out; you're going to marry me!" Well, she does. *Note* who wins?

As an effeminate man George K. Arthur is successful, while Charles McHugh and Tiny Ward, as old

politicians, do their bits nicely. The subtitles are good enough. As soon as we are over our depression we are going to give this picture a first-class comedy rating.

**YOU'D BE SURPRISED!**—Paramount. Screen play by Jules Furthman. Directed by Arthur Rosson.

CAST  
Raymond Griffith, Dorothy Sebastian, Earle Williams, Edward Martindel

While this subdued and adroit little satire on mystery plays would have thrived much better on the stage, it is, nevertheless, amusing, and allows Raymond Griffith to wear a silk hat on all occasions. And Raymond Griffith with a silk hat is in himself quite a spectacle.

It is not the sort of thigh-smiting, seat-clutching humor which the movies have developed to such an extraordinary degree. Rather it is an intellectual, smirking humor, depending on mental concepts rather than banana peelings and speeding motor cars.

At first it is a bit bewildering, for the technique is almost new to the films. You see, they're all kidding you (the actors are), and the novelty of the thing fairly sweeps you out of your seat.

The locale is a houseboat (or isn't it a houseboat?)—or a yacht—where a string of diamonds has mysteriously disappeared. The host, sticking to the rules, says he will turn out the lights and give the guilty party a chance to return it. When the lights come up the host is dead in the middle of the floor with a knife in his back. Then Raymond Griffith, the coroner, wanders in and the thing becomes really complicated.

It would be futile and ridiculous to attempt to retell the incidents in this sort of thing. It is much on the order of "The Beggar on Horseback," which was also a better stage play than film.

There is an extremely nice satire on jury trials, in which Raymond Griffith, who behaves most of the time like a parlor magician about to pull a live rabbit out of the young gentleman's breast pocket, argues the case for the State.

The handsome Dorothy Sebastian plays the part of one of those dummy girls with which all such concoctions are endowed.

Robert Benchley has written some of the subtitles and, as might be expected, they are above the average.

Again we say that mystery plays do not belong in the movies, and this applies to satires on mystery plays. To be frank, the cinema is in itself so flexible that nothing in it can possibly mystify.

**IT MUST BE LOVE!**—First National. Adapted from the story, "Delicatessen," by Brook Hanlon. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

CAST  
Colleen Moore, Jean Harsholt, Malcolm McKeogow, Arthur Stone, Hollis Rosing, Dorothy Seastrom, Cleo Laine, Dorothy O'Brien, Ray Haller

The interval between dinner and bedtime being what it is, and conversation being very much of a lost art, "It Must Be Love!" will fill your time easily enough.

On the other hand, it is very, very sweet, this mixture, and consists chiefly of long, lingering closeup shots at Miss Moore's cute haircut.

*Fernie* is daughter to a delicatessen shop. She hands out cheese and potato salad and dill pickles, but in her heart surges a great desire to Get Away From It All. She wants to live in elegant, fashionable surroundings. *Pop*, the delicatessen, wants her to marry a Jewish lad, who is also in the food business and smells of garlic. (In the subtitles he is known as *Pater Habitovsky*—those comic caption boys again.)

But *Fernie* plucks herself a sweetie from the dance floor of an amusement park, who turns out to be one of those ideal young men. Follow untold feet of gazing into each other's eyes. She gets a job in the perfume section of a department store, and then—but it really doesn't matter.

This is a perfect movie to take your girl to. You can look up at the screen whenever you like and not feel you have missed anything, for the story is simply nothing to worry your curly head over. In fact, there isn't any plot. It's one of those romances without an obstacle. But when you *do* look up at the screen, you will probably see just what you saw when you looked last—Miss Moore's face filling the whole space—and Miss Moore is said to be extremely pretty.

Sometimes she is amusing, but her trick of looking pop-eyed on all comedy occasions becomes monotonous. No, it's not a bad evening. Some of it is quite passably funny. But the next morning you won't remember a thing about it.

(Continued on page 50)



Dolores Costello

## The Girl on the Cover

LAST winter two pictures which appeared on Broadway simultaneously introduced a new star to the screen. When the critics reviewed the first, "Mannequin," they predicted a great future for Dolores Costello, daughter of the once famous idol of the screen, Maurice, who thrilled feminine hearts years ago. But when they saw "The Sea Beast," in which she was featured with John Barrymore, they spoke of her as the future Bernhardt of motion pictures. Her first appearances in featured rôles had proved her to be an actress of unquestionable histrionic ability.

Dolores Costello had a rather interesting start in pictures. From the time she was four years old she doubled for her father because of her resemblance to him. She recalls very distinctly her very first attempt before the camera. As one of the children of a French peasant who had stolen bread for his family, she was dressed in rags. When he brought in the loaf the children seized the bread and ate it voraciously. Then suddenly very tall men in uniforms appeared and arrested the thief. Dolores was so frightened that she ran off the set screaming. A rather unusual start for a promising screen star, to say the least.

DOLORES and her sister, Helene, remained in pictures until she reached the age of ten. Both were sent to school. Dolores would have had to retire anyway because her curls were getting too long and she was getting to look too much like a girl to double for her father. Dolores never liked school. It bored her unutterably and she used to cry because she was compelled to attend. She won in the end, for her mother secured a tutor for her at home while Helene continued with her class.

When Helene finished school, both girls decided that they wanted to go on the stage. They had taken lessons as youngsters, and it had always been their ambition to make dancing their profession. While they were wondering how they could find the opportunity, Dolores was asked to pose for some of James Montgomery Flagg's illustrations. One of the best known illustrations he did with her as a model was for Adela Rogers St. John's novel, "The Skyrocket." Then someone told the girls that there might be a chance for them at the George White office. They applied—very hesitantly—and were placed in the "Scandals." After some time in Chicago, both girls received a request from the Warner Bros. Studios to have screen tests made. Dolores says that she laid the notice aside and

thought nothing more of it. She wondered how many more girls had received similar requests, which she was sure were only form letters. But Mrs. Costello thought better of it. She read the notices and decided that it would not hurt to try. If the tests were not good, well, there was nothing lost anyway. Dolores could never understand why they were asked afterwards to go to the Coast, because the tests were so poor, but they went to Hollywood and the sisters both signed contracts.

FOR a long time it was very discouraging. At the casting of each picture they kept hoping they would be given rôles that would mean something, but they were cast for nothing but bits. Then Dolores was loaned to Fox for a small part. She hoped to get something better when she went back to the Warner Studios, but she was mistaken. Perhaps if it had not been for John Barrymore, it would have been many months more before she would have been discovered. One day he saw her at the studio, and the next day she was asked to see Jack Warner in his office. Mr. Barrymore was there too, and it was soon decided that she was to be his leading lady in "The Sea Beast." She was just as frightened then as she

(Continued on page 51)



*A flash of drama from the kaleidoscopic "Broadway." Passing from the dressing-room to the cabaret, one of the chorus girls faints upon the stairs when she hears that her lover has been shot in a bootleg feud.*

## At the Theater

### BROADWAY

THEY say that the great play which lies in the rushing subways, the roaring forties, and the whirling crowds of New York is yet to be written. This may still be true, but under the title "Broadway," New York has at last been self-conscious enough to present a picture of its own chorus girls off-stage, its night clubs and its fighting bootleggers.

If it isn't absolute realism, at least its excellent theatre. It is bright, slangy, clever and moves at a breathless pace. Possibly it is treated with as much seriousness as such things could be treated in this

*Nydia D'Annell, whose charm and dancing make "Happy Go Lucky" one of the pleasantest evenings possible*

day without being ridiculous. The Russians can come over and mope about for an evening with the lights turned down and Tragedy standing in every convenient corner, but in modern, mechanical New York life love and death are attended with less pomp, although they may be felt as deeply.

The action of "Broadway" is in the private party room of a night club, just beyond the doors leading to the stage. The downtown bootleg king is trying to snare *Billie* (Sylvia Field), one of the chorus girls, who is in love with the small-time comedian in the cabaret show. An envoy from a rival bootleg gang comes for a conference, but the local man loses his temper and kills him on the spot. In a few minutes a detective arrives and the inevitable course of melodramatic punishment gets under way.

You must understand that while this murder and all its consequences are being enacted the cabaret show is in progress just beyond the doors or else is just about to begin. Every dramatic bit is sandwiched in between gusts of musical comedy dancing and singing.

It is the Pagliacci motif—the clown who must do his turn with tears still wet upon his cheeks. In spite of the fact that in this play it is used not once, but every five minutes, some of the entrances and exits are simply stunning, particularly those which separate the comedian and his girl. One

scene especially stands out. They are quarrelling over the presents which the bootlegger is giving her. Meanwhile he is changing his costume, and just as he has taken off everything but his B.V.D.'s the quarrel reaches



*Helen Menken, who portrays the unhappy victim of an erotic passion in "The Captive." This, the most talked-of, scholarly, and sober play of the month, is taken from the French of Edouard Bourdet.*





its height. With sublime unconsciousness they continue their argument untroubled until the buzzer sounds, when he leaps into his trousers and dances grinning to the stage. Not a great play but a good one. In its crackling speed it epitomizes the Broadway it seeks to bring to life. Its people are convincing and the acting excellent.

The piece was written by Philip Dunning, a newcomer, and George Abbott, who also aided in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." It has action enough to wind up in the movies and wit enough to shed a little light on the as yet dull theatrical season.

#### THE WOMAN DISPUTED

WHILE this war melodrama is a bit theatrical, Ann Harding gives it a life and vitality which make it excellent entertainment. Moreover, it is absorbing and full of tense situations. And after all, isn't the purpose of melodrama to entertain?

The principal incident is built on a short story by De Maupassant, *Boule de Suif*, which was laid in Franco-Prussian war times. Denison Clift, the author of this piece, has given it a modern setting.

Before the war, *Marie-Ange*, a French girl of rather sooty virtue but honest strivings, is loved by two officers—a German and an American. As the call to arms comes she promises to marry the American. Both men then join their respective armies.

The next scene shows the German officer's headquarters in the ruins of a cathedral. The girl has been captured along with a number of other prisoners, and is brought before him. When he sees her, he swears to have her. As she refuses to spend the night with him he tells the other prisoners that their lives depend upon her coming to him voluntarily.

This is the scene taken from De Maupassant. The satire is extremely nice. Pillars of virtue under normal conditions, the other prisoners, respectable town-folk, spend the ensuing seven hours persuading *Marie-Ange* to help herself up to the officer—and save their lives.



"Well, Mr. Spoffard said that he thought a little girl like I, who was trying to reform the whole world, was going to do too much, especially beginning on an unrefined girl like Dorothy."—June Walker and Frank Morgan, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"



Walter Woolf and Odette Myrtil, in the "Countess Maritza," the Shubert's charming scene. *Fiancée operetta.* Miss Myrtil dances, sings and plays her violin all at once

But she is faithful to *Yank* until one of her fellow-prisoners, a priest, takes her aside and tells her that he is a spy in disguise and that if he fails to reach the Allied lines thousands of men will be killed. This breaks her and she goes to the German. The following morning the other prisoners, now released, pass her in scorn.

For purposes of melodrama, the Foreign Legion of which *Yank* is a member captures the town a few minutes later and he walks in on the situation. After a full explanation of the reasons for her infidelity, *Yank* takes her back and the German is led outside to face a firing squad.

There is a preamble to this play showing how she met the two men in question, which strikes me as quite unnecessary. Without doubt the "Woman Disputed" was constructed merely to frame the scene in the cathedral and the tense situations which it brought about.

#### THE IMMORTAL THIEF

WALTER HAMPDEN, without question one of the finest actors in America, and dearly beloved of *Cyrano*, has made a mistake. He has chosen a new Shakespearean play written in 1926 by Tom Barry, and, much as we regret saying so, it is just terrible.

We do not offer this flippantly or lightly. It is simply a fact. True, "The Immortal Thief" is a colossal work. In its seven scenes some thirty-nine characters pass before you. It has dignity and a deal of thought has gone into it.

At first it seemed that greatness might be at the next turning—in the next speech or scene. But as the evening wore on we became not only bored to extinction but vaguely conscious that the technique, the verbal mannerisms and the stage effects of Shakespeare were being shabbily imitated.

The action is laid in Jerusalem during the reign of Tiberius Caesar and is concerned with the loves, thefts, escapes and escapades of one of the thieves who were crucified with Christ on Calvary. In the final scene you

are present at this thief's crucifixion in as horrible and painful a climax as we can recall.

It would be absurd to say that this or that makes or unmakes a play, but certainly dullness is an unpardonable fault on the stage, and "The Immortal Thief" is very, very dull. You see when you write in the now out-moded forms Shakespeare used you immediately place yourself in a difficult position. You become a target for comparative shots. You either have to do as well as Shakespeare did or you look slightly silly. The only reason we occasionally stand for Shakespeare's blank verse is because it is very exceptional blank verse . . . and its philosophic concepts are sharply pointed. We venture to say that no one will ever find a line from this script quoted to express a great emotion.

It is said that Mr. Hampden produced this play because he had faith in its dramatic merit, even to the point of being willing to lose money on it. We refrain from comment, cherishing too dearly the memory of *Cyrano*.

#### FANNY

THE desire to sketch more than a comic cartoon upon the canvas of life seems to be pitifully universal. Fannie Brice, that entertaining and frequently shrewdly humorous Jewish comedienne, has at last succumbed to this desire and had a play written for her in which she is not simply a comic Jew but the heroine of a little romance. She even has her moments of drama, and one gathers that she could do even greater things if she were only given the chance. At least I think one is supposed to gather this.

Comedy seems to be very sickly fare as a steady diet—didn't Charlie Chaplin go tragic? And now Fannie Brice is trying to be an emotional actress. Pretty soon we may look for an announcement that Al Jolson is about to do Hamlet in mammy clothes.

But the result of all this isn't a play at all. It's just three acts of goo surrounding Miss Brice's entertaining personality. And, to be frank, things don't go very well. Highly

(Continued on page 31)



Just two red-hot grads off to support the old school in the big game. Clark and McCullough in "The Ramblers" one of the most entertaining of the season's musical shows

# Golcondas of Film Gold

Treasures Are to Be Found in the Excess Footage Clipped From "Super-pictures,"  
Features and News Reels

By HENRY MacMAHON

WHEN the editorial cutters slash up the original of any big film in the process of making a vivid, coherent story, they drop into the "miscellaneous box" thousands and thousands of feet of perfectly good film which never sees the light of a projection machine. As now in particular is being done with these scraps at present, it may be interesting to speculate upon the possible records, histories and stories which could be compiled from these odds and ends. A few of these might be—

A pictorial Bible.  
A Field Book of the Great War.  
A History of Science and Industry.  
A Museum of Art.  
Travels in the new countries created by the War.

A record of Pioneering.  
A Natural Science Notebook.  
Can you imagine an author writing a million words in order to pick out and print a few thousand? Or a carpenter sawing the timber for fifty houses in order to put up one? Or a painter painting a scene wide as the Metropolitan Opera House stage for the sake of a 22x28 canvas?

Something very like this happens in most of the higher grades of movie work!

Absurd as such a procedure would seem in any of the other arts and crafts, it's not absurd in the pictures; for ceaseless trial and experimentation are the roads to success. Indeed, extremely copious treatment would seem to be the only practicable plan of getting at all the best possible angles of an extremely complex motion picture subject.

I've seen the first "rough out" of many pictures, and I've always begrudged the loss of the grand things that had to be left out.

Deleting the youthful and brilliant Napoleon Bonaparte from "Orphans of the Storm" somehow seemed like removing one's right eye. Omission of the Holy Family's flight into Egypt and of the dreadful Herod the Child-Killer just preceding it caused a sensation not less painful in the final cutting of "Ben-Hur." And *oh, la, la—also serra bleu* and *nonno de chient!*—what ardent insider refrained from actual tears and loud choking sob to see whittled away at the last "Big Parade" trim the hulking Corporal O'Hara seizing Melisande's mother in "left reverse" and that noble emblem of Gallic purity promptly squelching him with those memorable words: "Get out, you Zig-Zag!" But in each case Griffith, Niblo, Vidor was right.

The scene that looked so well in the making slowed up the main action when the film was assembled. It was episodic. It didn't belong. There were many, many omissions just on that order. And in the main section itself—indeed, almost always in the main stream of the very best film continuity—there generally are long stretches of over-elaborated plot, of background and "preparation" scenes that have to be sacrificed

ultimately in the interest of brevity and simplicity.

FOR example, Griffith's "The Birth," Vidor's "Big Parade," Ingram's "Four Horsemen" and Niblo's "Ben-Hur" were cut down 12,000 feet—the limit of an evening's show—from many hundreds of thousands of feet; in the case of the Apocalypse picture from one million feet of film, and in the case of "Ben-Hur" from one million eight hundred thousand feet! A somewhat similar copiousness of "taking" and a similar severity of pruning—though not nearly to such an extreme—are in vogue in most of the higher-class productions.

Suppose the vast wastage were our very own to play with—what could one do with it?

The first step would be to classify it all, somewhat after the fashion of the encyclopedia. History, sacred lore, travels at home and abroad, art masterpieces, science, invention, personalities, wild west and wild east, pantomime, literary treasures and "wonder films" could be found in the classifying process. We should not yet have a picture, but the "raw materials" of almost innumerable ones.

Now let us take the first subject. Say that we are making an assembly of the pictures around the Holy Writ.

De Mille and Niblo can be drawn on for plenty of the alternative scenes they did not use in their great Biblical film-making. The material is not inferior stuff; merely less suitable to the action of their fiction-story than the particular scene or scenes they embodied in their reels. From the "reserves," so to speak, of "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," and "Ben-Hur," we have taken—what?

Clearly, not another fiction story. Rather, a fair continuity of the Old Law and the New, in historical sequence, a beginning at least of a Film-Bible. Certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished.

CONSIDER next the Great War, then a Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, and a Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War. Text and "still" illustrations were great favorites with the American people back in the seventies and eighties. But in this age of the *Cinema Art* we can have a Motion Picture Field Book of the World War, for now we not only possess the written records of the recent war in the shelved and dust-gathering war celluloid of the period 1914-18, but we also now have the intimate work of skilled authors and directors on the subject, the makers of "The Big Parade," "Havoc," "Ypres," "The Better 'Ole," "What Price Glory," etc. A lot of vivid war reconstruction is being shown, but ten times as much of it exists as excess "by-product." What I mean by the plan is this:

Let us have a movieized War History by records, putting the epochal events in their right times and places, and yet humanizing

the facts by the imaginative directors' intimate touches. It would upset many traditions and would gravely shock those who pin their faith exclusively to the written word. Yet this kind of enormously vivid History might easily scrap many of our conventional war textbooks. And now is the time to do it, while the material is fresh and so many of the participants are still living.

Passing over the obvious suggestions concerning unused or shelved World Travels, compiling a History of Art, and collating the progress of Science and Industry, we come to the Album of Star Players and to the psychology of Pantomime.

YOU and I usually welcome the Star (or Stars) only in fiction stories, but they could act in many other kinds of films.

Have you ever stopped to think that Irving, Coquelin, Rachel, Salvini, Kean, Garrick are to us names only?

Now, however, a distinguished player's Movie Album can reproduce his artistic achievement until the very celluloid that bears it disintegrates. Let us pick up the pieces and reassemble them now, while it is still possible. Barrymore cannot flourish forever, nor can Lillian Gish portray suffering heroines in the Twenty-first century. But those following us can have the walking, breathing, Barrymore as Don Juan, Beaucaire, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—the whole living gallery of his portraits. Students of Miss Gish's art a century hence can sigh with Elsie Stoneman, struggle with Romola, pay tribute of tears to the White Sister and Hester Prynne. Each of the photoplays embodying these characters may or may not be outmoded, but the personality of the great player in brief scenes or close-ups of his or her successive characterizations will always be interesting. Let's have Star Albums by all means!

AGAIN, the value of Movie Pantomime is not yet fully recognized either by the amateur or the professional actor. A complete new "short-hand" of expression has been built up with a technique differing from the stage and the so-called classic pantomime of Europe. The movie shows both the "stimulus" and the "response." I have seen Sydney Herbert pose fifty times to catch one characteristic expression of "green-eyed" Robespierre, and Gish bend her neck a hundred times beneath the guillotine's knife to recapture the pitifulness of the condemned Henriette. The "response" of the movie player will some day be eagerly studied by the enquiring psychologist, and the discarded films will be valuable guides to future players.

Yes, the stuff on the shelves or among the "cut-outs" offers a rich treasure trove. It is the nucleus of the Film Library we would all like to have to enjoy and to make use of in the Film Room in our college, social group, or home town, and a farseeing man of millions—some future Carnegie or Rockefeller—could do no better than to put his money into such a collation.

New York City.  
 Dear Editor:—And so, I hear, Emil Jannings has succumbed to the bait of Hollywood. One can't help wishing that some philanthropic millionaire had endowed him sufficiently to keep him abroad, where he might continue to create masterpieces, untempted by the American dollar. Of course, the age of miracles may not be past, but it's hard for me to conceive that ironically tragic figure of the aging porter fitting into a Hollywood scenario. Emil Jannings is a great actor certainly, but it wasn't acting alone that made "The Last Laugh" and "Variety" unforgettable.

The Europeans can make dramatic chefs d'oeuvre with the simplest elements, but American directors occasionally hit the mark. I haven't heard under whom Emil Jannings will work, so perhaps my fears are groundless. Charlie Chaplin caught the trick in "The Woman of Paris," and D. W. Griffith had he not been betrayed by too thick a coating of saccharine and his missionary zeal for pointing an obvious moral, would have reached it in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" But the general run of directors seem to think that a gilded bed and a flaming forest compensate for any lack of artistry. And I'm so afraid that Mr. Jannings will be caught in the clutches of one of them.

It has been only recently that I discovered CINEMA ART, but it has taken its place as my favorite movie magazine. The general appearance and reading matter are excellent, and the reviews, mirabile in dictu, are real criticism and not merely expressions of some man's likes and dislikes.

Faithfully yours,  
 NEW YORK FAN.

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

To The Editor:—I used to tire of hearing Rudolph Valentino classed as a sheik and labeled "cream puff." Why? He was no sissy—he could ride like Mix and fight like Douglas Fairbanks does. For his famous love-making in the parrot of Gilbert's passion and Barrymore's tenderness. True to race and true to type—a man's man!

Among the cream puffs we have Adolphe Menjou, Lew Cody and maybe a few others. Of this stuff powder puffs and women's men are made—sissies. Then there is the typical present-day sheik or modern young man such as Ben Lyon, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Norman Kerry is a little too old for this class and Lloyd Hughes too serious.

Sincerely yours,  
 CATHERINE CRUPE.

East Stroudsburg, Pa.  
 Dear Editor:—After reading different people's views of the stars in your department I have decided to write and tell what we college people think. I'm going to give you an idea of what ten people think. We are nearly all Freshmen, but nevertheless we count our opinion as something.

Every one of us likes Norma Shearer and Richard Dix. These two stars are universally agreed upon. One fellow's favorite is Laura La Plante. He thinks she is a coming star. (So do I). Four girls like Ben Lyon best of all and they liked "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and the war picture in which he played with Blanche Sweet best of all. The others do not care for Pola Negri much, but I do. Personally, I think Gloria Swanson is

## The Public Forum

Letters from readers, containing comment, compliment and criticism

**T**HIS department of Cinema Art is conducted for devotees of the photo drama. Helpful suggestions, constructive criticism and intelligent comment are sought and valued by all those who labor to provide the finest type of screen entertainment. The Public Forum presents you with an opportunity to voice your opinion on matters pertaining to this latest and greatest of all the arts. Remember your ideas will be of general interest to the industry. Write freely. Your identity will be kept secret if you so desire. This is your department. Use it.—THE EDITOR.

best of all and there are many who agree with me.

So, in summing up the favorites, these take the lead, Laura La Plante, Norma Shearer, Richard Dix, John Gilbert, Gloria Swanson, Mac Murray, Ramon Novarro, Ben Lyon and Dorothy Mackall.

Almost everyone liked "The Merry Widow," "Fine Manners," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "His Secretary," "The Palm Beach Girl," and "The Big Parade." So I would count them as the favorite pictures.

In closing I want to give three cheers for CINEMA ART and Gloria Swanson!!

Best O'Luck,  
 GERALD C. HAMM.

London, England.

Dear Editor:—I have always found the articles and reviews in CINEMA ART most interesting, and the pictures very beautiful, but not until this month have I felt the urge to write you on its makeup.

I have subscribed to CINEMA ART since its inception, and every month it has improved, until now I think it has attained a standard far above other magazines of its kind. I am particularly fond of the department pertaining to "Players and Pictures" as I find more up-to-date news in its paragraphs and always an answer to something I have wanted to know. I never miss the "Public Forum" and "At the Cinema," the latter always written in such an intelligent manner, and such perfect English. Why is it that most reviewers think these reviews must be written in slang phrases to be interesting?

Wishing you continued success.

Very sincerely yours,  
 ISABEL CURTIS.

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Editor:—I asked a friend of mine for a list of good moving picture magazines. She wrote me a list and checked CINEMA ART as the best one. I bought it and have been buying it ever since. I enjoy it more than any magazine I have ever read.

You have such very attractive covers, but you hardly ever have a man on the cover. Ramon Novarro is my favorite actor. He is extremely handsome, graceful, straight, and

natural, in fact to my personal mind he is almost a perfect man.

Richard Barthelmess is another good-looking man. Why not put him on the cover as "The Amateur Gentleman" or Ben Lyon as "The Hero" of the "Great Deception"? I should like to see Lois Moran's picture in your magazine some day, and Betty Bronson's also.

I shall include my letter by wishing CINEMA ART all kinds of success.

An interested reader,  
 A. DEFORD.

Havana, Cuba.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I am a constant reader of your beautiful and wonderful magazine, CINEMA ART. I just simply can't wait until the new issue reaches me as it is over two years now that I have begun to collect and save your marvelous covers of the different stars. Each month I look forward for my favorite on the cover. Would it be possible for you to have Olive Borden on the cover? I think she is the very best actress we have today. She is my favorite above all others. Would you write to me and state if it is possible for me to secure an album the size of the covers of CINEMA ART.

Best wishes for your continued success.

Very sincerely yours,  
 MADELINE TALBOT.

Quincy, Ill.

Dear Editor:—Of all motion picture magazines CINEMA ART is my favorite; your department, At the Cinema, is a great help to me in deciding on the pictures I shall see. With a few exceptions I agree with your critic. I like to read about the New York theaters too, as I am always anxious to know what is going on. We have a little theater in our neighborhood, and by reading "At The Theater" I am kept up to date.

Your portraits are beautiful, I think, and the picture of Gertrude Olmsted was unusually good. Dorothy Gish is a favorite of mine, but I haven't seen anything about her for a long time. Won't you please give us a big, full-page picture of her? I should like to see a picture of Douglas Fairbanks again, too.

I also like the fashions that appear in the magazine but wonder why you do not show the latest hats that are worn by leading stars. The fur illustrations in the September number were just grand. I should like to see pictures of the Atlantic City girls who have won the prize as the most beautiful girls. Will these girls appear in picture plays soon, and where can I get this information? All in all CINEMA ART is just what a magazine should be.

Very truly,  
 ADRIENNE GASTON.

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Editor:—Your magazine is certainly different—and I think it is fine to have a "highbrow" publication about the movies. I am a great admirer of Mac Murray, and was glad to see her on your cover recently. Also I liked the picture in the same issue of Doris Kenyon, who is another favorite of mine.

I think your articles are very interesting. I always read about the stage plays, too, because we all go to New York for a visit at least once a year and I like to know what is going on.

Wishing you continued success, I am,  
 Yours truly,  
 ADEL BERKMAN.





In her latest comedy, "The Duchess of Buffalo," the delightful Constance ran completely wild and turned the proceedings into a farce. In this picture she played the part of a bogus grand duchess

"If nature had not made us a little frivolous we should be most wretched . . . I look upon solemnity as a disease." Now, of course, Voltaire said that, and he said it as no one else has been able to say it, so I have taken it for my motto. I think the most exhilarating thing in the world is to make someone who is sad, laugh. It isn't easy, but it's wonderful. Try it.

France appreciated this when she decorated the Fratellini Trio with the Legion of Honor. These clowns have tumbled all over Europe for years and have made people split their sides and cause tears of mirth to stream down their cheeks. They are loved in every country in which they have appeared. France, suddenly appreciating them as soldiers of happiness, gave all three of the Fratellini brothers the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In the government order, raising these three clowns to this singular dignity, the Minister of the Interior wrote, "I congratulate you heartily in the name of all the little children of Paris, whose joy you are, and also in the name of their fathers, those other big children, whom we call men."

I have never been able to get over a childish delight in watching clowns. They seem so brave in giving all their enthusiastic energy in trying to make a vast audience laugh. I heard this summer a story about a clown, that touched me. Years ago, every Christmas time, Joey, the famous English clown, appeared in a pantomime at the old Covent Garden Theatre. One Christmas they decided not to give the pantomime, but to put on a play instead. There was no Joey on the stage that Christmas. The following year the pantomime was given again and Joey, who had never spoke a word on the stage, came on at that first performance and said "Here we are again!" The entire performance was stopped, the audience cheered, yelled itself hoarse, created a furor just to let Joey know how happy they were to have him back.

I DECIDED to become a comedienne long before I realized what a serious ambition it was. I know now that one of the greatest things today is laughter, not cynical, derisive laughter, but the joyous, free laughter that

well-known screen comedians, the screen comedienne who have reached stardom are few indeed.

I attribute the fact that the comedian is essentially funnier than the comedienne, to the fact that most actresses, once they have achieved a fair degree of success in comedy, invariably strive to become dramatic stars.

Out of all the beautiful and talented women who have passed through the portals of various comedy "lots" in Los Angeles, only two or three have clung tenaciously to the idea of becoming star comedienne.

A feminine comedy must be carefully devised. Subtlety is really a more important factor in comedy than in any other form of screen drama! The slightest over-emphasis of a funny situation turns it into burlesque. One must strive for just the right shading and

gradations to keep the proper tempo. It is really easier in a way, to let yourself go and be ever so tragic, and give absolute vent to pent-up emotions, than it is to be suppressed and give just a light touch.

THE woman comedy star particularly must keep the feminine audience in mind, because often things that are funny to men are not at all funny to women, as they are apt to be too obvious to our own sex. I have learned from long experience that what is funny about

## "Rire et Faire Rire"

By CONSTANCE TALMADGE

has health in it. I did not know that then, of course. I only felt it, and I had the great joy of earning my living playing those first fascinating years before I became a star.

I often wonder why so few actresses in Hollywood take up comedy as their métier. While there are nearly a dozen

women to a man is sure to be funny to a man. Besides, if the girls like the picture, they will bring the men along anyway! When all is said and done, if you can appeal to the feminine audience, you can rest assured you will be successful with the men.

Every comedienne, consciously or unconsciously, is a psychologist. It is necessary to have a keen insight into human nature and a sense of proportion before you can make people laugh. My work lies in sophisticated comedies of modern life—secretly I would much rather be gay, gay as a clown. The days of so-called slapstick comedy are over. The pie now remains on the table. A sense of humor has replaced a sense of the ridiculous.

WHEN I am working in a picture I have no set rules as to how to go about it. Of course, one easy thing is that the atmosphere of most comedies is gay. By that I mean that all those connected with it are affected by the spirit of the story. That helps more than you can realize.

I remember this being proved to me one day when I went over to my sister Norma's set. One of the most striking things about her is her intensity. She has a tremendous capacity for work and does everything with a burning zest. Even the unimportant things in life take on a kind of new meaning when she is around, because other people cannot resist catching something of her spirit. This stupendous energy is very noticeable when you watch Norma at the studio. She will be absolutely oblivious to time or place, and throw herself so wholeheartedly into her part that she lives the character.

Now, I can't work like that. I never know what I will feel like until I get on the set. One must always remember that there is as much emotion in comedy as in tragedy, a dif-



"The Love Expert"—there is no question as to who is the expert in this case. John Halliday is the unskilled gentleman. It is said to be the only case on record where he has displayed such reluctance



Again the odd little expression. At times she reminds one of a twelve-year-old girl fibbing about how many pieces of candy she has had. Anyway, if you were in the doctor's place, would you believe that she was very ill? "Her Night of Romance."



There is a pertness, a vigor, and one might almost say an impudence in Constance Talmadge's comedy which gives it a flavor all its own. Oh yes, she is also, without doubt, one of the most beautiful comedienne on the screen. A scene from "Learning to Love."

ferent one to be sure, but it is equally an emotion. And in the comedies that I do which might be called sophisticated stories of modern life, one can't just dash on and be funny. There are subtle shades of humor that have to be caught by the camera, which actually only captures fifty per cent of what the human eye takes in. These things have to be understood, thought about and then completely forgotten before you can be a comedienne. In other words, one has to be spontaneous, like the after-dinner speaker who says his speech is impromptu after he has spent a week making it up.

**T**HERE is humor in everything, just as there is tragedy in everything. Prince Troubetsky once said, "It's a tragedy not to have a tragedy," but I think it's a tragedy not to have a comedy. One of the strange things about pictures is that you are never quite sure what will seem funny to an audience. I have seen actors convulsed over a scene and had really a grand time playing it, but after it was shot it proved to be only mildly humorous. And a scene such as we did in "Her Sister From

Paris," where the girl who is imitating her famous sister sees everyone applauding and joins in the applause, not realizing they are applauding her, proved to be one of the most humorous scenes in her picture. Bits of business often creep in during the making of a scene—inspirational little things that come from feeling happy or joyous at the moment.

Now, a great deal depends upon a director. Most artists are sensitive, as sensitive as violins, and you can make them play with great feeling only when you realize this. A director who is nervous, over-anxious, or the most dreadful of all, irritable, should never come near comedians. Because, again, and I can't emphasize this too strongly, we are so subject to the atmosphere about us, so charged with a desire to make people feel what we are feeling, that it is dangerous to hurt us by the wrong kind of criticism. After all, a director should be like a great leader of an orchestra. He should hear and feel sensitively. He may have to lead them with a stick, but if they are artists, it must become a wand, if he is to get anything out of them. They say that all artists are children and I think

that is true, because they hate to be fooled. Fool older people if you must, but don't be insincere with a child. He will know it and give you the worst side of his nature.

**I** LOVED my dual rôle in "Her Sister from Paris." She was a real person, that young wife, and she too had to find the need for happiness. The other part, her twin sister, was easy to play. Easy because she was a direct contrast to her sister, and a pleasure because she was so gay. In "The Duchesse of Buffalo," I enjoyed seeing the ridiculousness of pomp and ceremony connected with class distinction.

I think the hardest thing in the world for a comedian to express is joy. By that I mean the quality that John McCormack has in his voice—that note of exalted happiness that can almost make you cry. There is such a desire to give you happiness in its sound. People are forever writing technical articles on how to study to be another John McCormack. Can one ever write an article on how to capture joy? Am I trying to write this now?—well, if I am, it's only to prove that you can't capture it, you must give it.



As she appeared some years ago in "A Temperamental Wife," a comedy written by the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." She not only seized the comedy situation—but the pretty gentleman's hair

## RICHARD BARTHELMUSS

says:

I always enjoy reading the interesting interviews in CINEMA ART and I look forward with great pleasure to receiving the magazine every month.

## "Bardelys the Magnificent"

(Continued from page 15)

way. At this point Bardelys rightly decided that the real Lesperon whom he had succeeded must have been wounded in a political fight. Because the Vicomte believed Bardelys to be Lesperon he had received the best medical attention and would continue to be the guest of the house until fully recovered.

It was an odd predicament. Should he reveal his true identity? Then there was his wager. Bardelys laughed softly as he realized that the goddess must have been Roxalanne. "Cold? Her heart is a smoldering fire that needs only fuel to make it blaze!" he told himself.

With this thought the King's most loyal courtier decided to remain a traitor in order to win Roxalanne de Lovedan.

During Bardelys' convalescence several difficulties arose, but his cleverness surmounted them all and he remained Rene de Lesperon until he was actually unable to prove his true identity when he wanted to.

This happened soon after the confession and acceptance of his love by Roxalanne.

Another sutor by name of St. Eustache warned Roxalanne that Lesperon, alias Bardelys, had jilted a woman, Mademoiselle Marsac. Bardelys denied this relation, but was forced to duel with St. Eustache. It was an impromptu affair, St. Eustache using a sword and Bardelys a walking stick; nevertheless, Bardelys overcame his rival and re-established the truth and purity of his honor in Roxalanne's mind.

**B**UT St. Eustache later played another card that was a trap so far as its effect on Roxalanne. Taking the opportunity of Roxalanne's unaccompanied visit to the flower garden, St. Eustache again forced her to doubt Bardelys' honor. He told her that Mlle. Marsac's brother was out to kill Lesperon on sight. The girl did not know whether to believe or disbelieve, when Bardelys unsuspectingly showed her a letter which verified the statement. The missive was from Marsac, saying that he, to avenge his sister's disgrace, would kill Lesperon on sight. Roxalanne was heartbroken, but she laughed in her lover's face. When Bardelys saw the effect he had created he grasped her and forcibly insisted that he was not Lesperon. In the struggle the locket miniature dropped from his doublet and Roxalanne recognized Mlle. Marsac's face. Hurt and defiant, she rushed from Bardelys and deliberately revealed his whereabouts to a party of dragoons who were still searching for the traitorous Lesperon. The courtier accompanied the dragoons without resistance, hoping that in the city he would be recognized and identified, proving to the world and to the girl he loved that his name was honorable and untainted.

Toulouse was the seat of what passed for judgment at this time. On certain days in each year men appointed by the King held court, and poor wretches were brought forward, tried, and generally convicted. Now it so happened that Chatterleault, sentenced by the King to serve a term in Toulouse, was the judge at this time, and it was before him that Bardelys was to be tried.

The prisoners passed rapidly before the tribunal. A single blow from the judge's

hammer on the desk sealed a man's fate, and the next prisoner was dragged into place.

Chatterleault, catching sight of the next man being brought before him, was shocked to see Bardelys. Vague rumors had spoken of this man as dead. When he glanced into his record book and learned that Bardelys had been taken under a misapprehension, a crafty scheme formed in his mind.

**B**ARDELYS was overjoyed when he recognized Chatterleault, believing his supposed friend would acknowledge and identify him. But this was not Chatterleault's intention. Without a gleam of recognition in his eye, the judge listened to the reading of the misdeeds of the rebel, Lesperon. Then, without a flicker of an eyelash, he imposed the traitor's punishment of death. Bardelys appealed, implored and defied, but in vain, the falling of the hammer closing the case.

It was the day of the public hanging. Excited people were packed around the scaffold. When Bardelys was led through the spitting and hissing crowd he heard and saw nothing. He was living again that last moment in the cell when Roxalanne had come and, throwing herself in his arms, declared her unbroken love and faith.

On through the jeering multitude, up the ladder he went, he was standing alone on the scaffold with the executioner. The hangman was holding the noose, like a crown, over the head of the doomed man, when three cannon shots rent the air. The King was entering the city gates! All hail the King! The executioner dropped the rope in order to join in exalted cheering over the unexpected visit of the monarch.

For the first time Bardelys seemed to realize his position. When the significance of the cheering dawned on him he determined to make one last trial for freedom. The King's coach was just entering the gate when a spectacular thing happened—the rope on the scaffold suddenly swung far out over the multitude. It carried a man, clinging like a monkey, and just before it started to swing back the man dropped on the shoulders of the mass below and leaping from one to another clambered on top of the Royal coach. Then the crowd went mad.

**T**HE King decided to leave his vehicle and determine the cause of the commotion. When he had done so he was surprised to see Bardelys perched on the top of his carriage. Upon learning his favorite was being hanged as a traitor, he determined to be firm, but offer a gentleman's death. This Bardelys gallantly accepted and stood up in order to be shot. After a short conference with four musketeers, the King gave the command to shoot. But when the last echo had died Bardelys was still standing. Louis had had another fancy, he explained. "I wanted to see if you knew how to die—as you know how to live. You are the most gallant gentleman in France."

Then stretching out his hand he assisted Bardelys from the coach and invited him to ride within. Bardelys accepted and they drove off while the mob cheered.

His life and honor restored, Bardelys' thoughts turned to Roxalanne and Chatterleault. Granting his request, the coach was stopped before the Inn of the Peacock. Bardelys leaped out and entered this place, where he knew Chatterleault was staying. Dashing up the stairs and down the hallway he met

a smiling priest leaving his enemy's suite. Without knocking, Bardelys opened the door and saw Chatterleault forcing his attentions on Roxalanne. For a second the trio stood gazing at one another.

**T**HEN Roxalanne explained that she had just married Chatterleault in return for Bardelys' life. Bardelys realized this was but a trick and, drawing his sword, duelled with Chatterleault.

As they fought Roxalanne prayed for Bardelys, and in a few moments her prayers were answered, for at the foot of the stairs the sword in her lover's hand pierced Chatterleault's heart. Then the lovers clasped hands and ran out to the open door of the waiting coach. As it rolled down the street it carried three people: His Majesty, Louis XIII of France; Bardelys, a man who had won against great odds the girl he had set his heart on, and the girl.

## Fox Started with a Penny Arcade

(Continued from page 17)

films he was obliged to offer. As the owner of a chain of theatres, he understood the showman's needs better than any other film producer or distributor of the time.

Accordingly, Mr. Fox organized the Box Office Attraction Company with office room on part of the fifth floor of the building at 130 West Forty-sixth street, in the same building where the Fox Film Corporation later occupied five full floors.

But before he produced a foot of film, he formed a selling organization that covered the twenty-two principal cities of the country. While he made preparations for producing his own photoplays, he also continued the distribution of film produced by other companies.

The first picture produced was directed by the late J. Gordon Edwards, then stage director of the Fox dramatic stock company of the Academy of Music in Fourteenth street. It was filmed at the Elclair studio in Fort Lee, N. J. Later pictures were made at Scott's farm on Staten Island and at a studio in Jersey City.

**T**HE year 1914 was spent largely in preparation for producing and for perfecting the organization. After a few pictures had been made, it became apparent that the existing organization was not big enough, and the Box Office Attraction Company was added to the producing organization. Mr. Fox then purchased the Elclair studio, organized new companies, engaged new stars, and gave notice, by deeds if not by words, that he was in the producing business on a larger scale. One studio became inadequate. Others were bought. More companies were organized. In 1915 a complete film printing plant was established at Fort Lee, N. J., together with laboratories for handling the entire output of the organization.

Early in 1916 the studios at Hollywood were completed and ready, and in addition, Fox agencies were established in the principal cities of Continental Europe and in India, China, Japan and other parts of the Far East.

In 1918 the Hollywood studio was one of the largest on the Pacific Coast, covering several acres. But the studio and laboratory facil-



ties were increased several times by the purchase of adjoining tracts and the erection of new buildings, including several permanent stages. The Hollywood plant was further expanded this spring by the addition of one of the finest outdoor lots in the industry at Fox Hills. It includes a number of large permanent stages and street scenes.

**I**N 1919 construction was started on the \$2,500,000 William Fox building in New York, a veritable film city, two minutes from Broadway. It houses the administration offices, the Eastern studios, and an immense laboratory. It includes room for several producing companies to work simultaneously, and dressing rooms for 1,000 players.

This centralizes the extensive business in two great plants—one in New York and one in Hollywood. There are twenty-nine branches in the United States, six in Canada, and seventy-five in other parts of the world.

By the energy and resourcefulness of Mr. Fox, the penny arcade purchased twenty-odd years ago has expanded into two corporations—Fox Film Corporation, the producing and distributing company, with assets of \$25,000,000, and Fox Theatre Corporation, which began its corporate existence less than a year ago, with assets of more than \$20,000,000.

*Jetta Goudal—Aloof  
and Mysterious*

(Continued from page 18)

European audiences when the World War broke out and found her stranded in Holland. Rather than enjoy the safety of interior Holland, Miss Goudal packed up her few belongings and journeyed to the Belgian border, where she employed every minute of her time helping the refugees.

She had never seen a motion picture up to the time she came to the United States in 1918, in broken health, and she might never have played in one but for the persuasive powers of Sidney Olcott, who had seen her emotional portrayals in "The Hero," "The Elton Case," and "Simon Called Peter," all famous Broadway successes.

Her first motion picture production was "Timothy's Quest," wherein she played an unhappy tubercular mother. Her adaptability to the screen soon earned her a leading rôle in "The Bright Shawl." Since then she has played in "The Green Goddess," "Open All Night," "Salome of the Tenements," "The Spaniard," "The Coming of Amos," "The Road to Yesterday," "Three Faces East," "Her Man O' War," and "Fighting Love." The last-named picture is the one she is now working on under the direction of Nils Olaf Christander.

Miss Goudal is not married and not even the keenest-eyed observers in the screen capital have been able to detect the slightest willingness on her part to consider any one of the scores of prominent actors who would fight among themselves to pay court to her—truly Jetta Goudal is an enigma.

*A "Typical American" Who  
Is British*

(Continued from page 24)

is not enough jumping in the game.

No sooner is a picture finished than he takes Ben Hendricks and goes cruising and hunting until the next production is started. Mrs. Denny is a superb swimmer and hunter and frequently accompanies him, but usually she remains at home with the baby and satisfies her athletic bent by playing with Reggie during his spare hours.

**D**ENNY is normally spectacular. Seldom a week passes that some new Denny stunt isn't being gabbed around Hollywood, causing people to exclaim, "You don't say so!" Recently aboard his yacht, not far from shore, he hooked a giant tuna fish, one of the largest and gamest breeds in southern waters. This finny fighter, which was later found to weigh ninety-eight pounds, threatened to break the line. While Denny played the fish, gradually giving him rope, Ben Hendricks tied the end of the line to a surf board. Denny mounted the board and was towed by the fish at a brisk speed around and around in wide circles while the shore crowd looked on and shouted. At length the tuna's strength failed, and the surf board won.

Denny's private life, like his life on the screen, is a series of wholesome excitements. He is the kind of a fellow who makes fathers say to their sons, "Don't be like Denny." And he is the kind of a fellow who makes fathers secretly hope that their sons will be like Denny.

*Making the Cartoons Move*

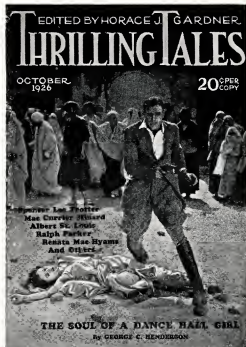
(Continued from page 27)

as they are to be used to back-up many scenes, they are developed in detail.

Animation takes place after the backgrounds are ready. The mysterious word "animation" refers to the work of penning hundreds of little drawings which will give the effect of action when shown in rapid succession on the screen. Each animator is assigned scenes requiring the type of characters which lend themselves best to his talents.

**W**ORKING drawings are made upon translucent tissue paper. Thus the "animator" can see vaguely the lines of the preceding drawing as he places a new tissue over a completed sketch. On the new tissue he draws just those portions of the character's body which must move. So each time a body member is drawn it is in a slightly different position. This system reduces the work to a minimum. Efficiency has developed a way to avoid the need of making a completely detailed drawing to register every new move.

The tracers use the drawings on tissue paper as blue-prints. Each tissue sketch is traced or transferred to a sheet of clear celluloid of corresponding size. The outline sketches are then "colored," or filled in. That is, the



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shading and other details are executed. Water colors—black and white—are used so that they may be washed off and the celluloid sheets used indefinitely. All the sheets of paper and celluloid are punched and placed upon pegs, like loose-leaf ledger sheets. In this way they are kept within register or proper relative alignment. The completed drawings are then inspected and numbered by the supervisor who notes upon an "exposure sheet" the number of "frames" or photographic exposures necessary to register the desired action. It is the rapid flashing of the successive drawings that produces the illusion of animation on the screen.

**F**OLLOWING the completion of the actual cartooning, or animating, the drawings are handed to the cameraman.

To present an idea how the photographer or cameraman does his part in the making of animated cartoons, let us suppose the scene is to show Henry Cat emulating Robin Hood sending an arrow into the air. Sherwood Forest is pictured on the "setting sheet" or painted background. This drawing is placed under a frame directly beneath the camera which is focused from overhead. A celluloid sheet bearing a drawing of Henry's body in standing position is *superimposed* on the Sherwood Forest background. This shows Henry in a natural position for archery—with these exceptions, his arms, bow, and arrow are missing. These details are on second or third sheets of celluloid, which when superimposed over the first complete the cat, Robin Hood, or if you prefer, William Tell. Then, the superimposed sheets and background are photographed. To show the cat shooting the arrow the arms are made to draw back the arrow on the string by substituting various sheets with drawings of the arms and bow and arrow in progressive stages of movement. Just the required number of exposures of each combination of drawings and background are photographed to make the action natural and lifelike.

An inkling of how many drawings it takes to make a character do its bit may be gleaned from the fact that fifteen drawings are needed to make a cat and dog strut once across the screen, while twenty-five sketches would be needed to make them waltz gracefully a couple of times. Over three thousand five hundred drawings enter into the production of each subject in the "Aesop Film Fables" series. Oftentimes this number is exceeded by another thousand. Mr. Terry's simplified system does away with the old methods of animation whereby some twenty thousand detailed drawings were required to make a film subject.

Now, do you think that the next time you see a cartoon comedy you will be able to estimate exactly how many drawings were required to make the movie move?

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## Colonel Tim McCoy, "High Eagle"

(Continued from page 32)

who are hereditary enemies will not mix. "On the reservation in Wyoming, two tribes reside, one living in the south and one in the north. The Government agent once had the idea of bringing these two together on friendly terms. He hasn't that idea any more because of what happened.

"One agent suggested that on the Fourth of July the two tribes celebrate together.

"The other tribe's agent was delighted. 'A great idea,' he said, 'we will have a two-day celebration.'

"'Pretty good idea,' said the chief, 'tribes celebrate for two days together. Arapahoe celebrate one day, Shoshone celebrate the other.'"

And that was as close as they ever came to a great get-together meeting and an old home week. The community spirit rules in the tribe, but there is no inter-tribal friendliness at all.

To tell McCoy's innumerable interesting experiences with this bronzed-face race would require several volumes, but they will all be told on the screen shortly, and they will be more vivid than words could ever make them.

SINCE McCoy has been away from these people with whom he has associated for so many years he misses them greatly. "You cannot know the peace that steals over you when you sit visiting with a group of Indians.

"Visiting in this case means just being with them, and not chatting. One thing is sure, an Indian does not waste words. If they know you they merely greet you when you come among them and you may sit for an hour sometimes without saying a word. It's like being with old, true friends. There is a certain warmth that passes between you that does not need words to make it any the more perfect.

"If something comes to your mind you say it, or you may discuss some event of the day, but the whole atmosphere is one of rest and peace.

"They have a great background; they are a stalwart, hardy race; they have lived a vigorous healthy life, and that they are sinister, mysterious or villainous is an utterly false conception. It is impossible to translate Indian jokes. Anyhow they are not the old ones about Pat and Mike, but they are amusing to an Indian and he is just as quick to laugh as we are. And how he loves to dance and

sing! I want to put all that into the pictures I am going to make."

ALTHOUGH Colonel McCoy is prone to talk more of his Indians than of himself, it takes no psychoanalyst to know at once what sort of man he is. His years as a cavalry officer, his years as adjutant general of Wyoming, his work with General Scott on the Indian reservations have given him a

broad outlook on life. You look at him once and you know that there could be nothing mean nor petty about the man. Men who have lived out-of-doors as he has and who have been as close to primitive people as he, could never acquire any inconsequential superficialities.

What is more, he has a vision and an ideal, and he is about to see both materialize.

Our two-gallon hat is off to you, Tim McCoy, and if you don't make sympathetic, amusing pictures about the people you know and love so well, nobody ever will. If you don't lift the audience out of its seats and give it something to think about, we miss our guess.

And we're looking for Goes-In-The-Lodge and Lone Bear and all the rest on the screen!

MCROY'S home is in Wyoming, whence he emigrated with his family from his native state, Michigan, at an early age. Possessing what frequently has been called "the most colorful personality in the West," he has had many opportunities for political preferment. It is said of him that his home state would be only too glad to confer upon him any political office he might be willing to accept.

Tim McCoy's entrance into the movies as a star was not because of the financial benefits. He has a tremendous ranch in Wyoming and plenty of stocks and bonds. He expressed his venture this way:

"Boys flock to the theatres to see Western drama. Now the hero of these pictures has it in his power to mould character. He can preach a powerful lesson to American youth during its most plastic period.

"I hope to tell the rising generation of the truth about the Indian—not the usual stories of scalping and torture and deprecation, but the romantic side of the Indian—a picture of

(Continued on page 51)



Tim McCoy and "Standing Bear", a Sioux Chief, in, who will help him in a number of his films.

# 4

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## At the Cinema

(Continued from page 34)

**PARADISE**—First National. Story by Cosmo Hamilton. Directed by Irwin Willat.

**CAST**  
Milton Sills, Betty Bronson,  
Noah Beery, Lloyd Whitlock,  
Kate Price, Charlie Murray,  
Claude King, Charles Brook,  
Ashley Cooper.

This hodge-podge of random scenes appears to have been assembled for but two purposes. First to show Milton Sills and Betty Bronson in uncoupled, ecstatic embraces, and second to allow Milton Sills and Noah Beery to fight it out ferociously like the scowling he-men that they are.

Possibly this is all right. Certainly Miss Bronson makes one of the most delectable armpits we have seen in many a reel, but even kissing, oh my children, becomes wearisome after the first hour and a half. And if he grabs her in his manly arms once, he does it a hundred times in "Paradise." Well, this may be paradise of a sort.

But "Paradise" on the screen is a scrappy, disconnected affair. Its tempo changes abruptly every few minutes and the locale changes often enough for the story to be a *Cook's Tour*. Some of the South Sea Island scenes have short flashes of the beauty that is in "Moana," but they are too short to count. It's time for Mr. Sills and Miss Bronson to be kissing again, right away quick.

The story starts in an airplane, swoops to an Artists' Ball, steps out to get married, and slides to first base in the poor but happy home of the newly married couple. It then sprints about, warming up, preparatory to a swim to a South Sea Island to dig up a buried treasure. *Teddy* (Lloyd Whitlock) is so disappointed when the girl marries the other man that he goes crazy, and quietly slips over the side of the yacht and drowns himself. Arrived in the South Seas, *Quex* (Noah Beery), a white man in charge of the natives, attempts to hold out on the island which belongs to the young couple. He ties Milton Sills to the whipping post, thus starting the great fight which lasts for fully fifteen minutes. Mr. Sills and Mr. Beery socking each other most realistically the while. Mr. Beery does the best work in the film.

In the end Mr. Beery bites bitter dust—and guess what happens then? Why, another terrific, lingering embrace for the loving couple.

The subtitles are of the Five and Ten variety—about as bad as possible.

**KOSHER KITTY KELLY**—Film Booking Offices. From the stage play by Leon De Costa. Directed by James Horne.

**CAST**  
Viola Dana, Tom Forman, Vera Gordon,  
Kathleen Myers, Nat Carr, Stanley Taylor,  
Carroll Nye, Aggie Herrig.

When Mr. Ford found that his little contrivance was popular, he immediately made a million more each as nearly like the first as possible. And when Anne Nichols penned her sublime *Abie*, all the little theatrical and motion picture geniuses immediately set to work to make plays and pictures as nearly like the model masterpieces as possible.

The thing is based on a profound law of thermo-dynamics commonly known as the *Irish-Joke*, and according to all the rules

it is invariably a wow, a hit, a hummer and a smash.

But to be brutal, "Kosher Kitty Kelly" is one of the shabbiest excuses for a photoplay in ever so long. The continuity is infantile and the acting about on a par with the posturing on penny arcade postcards.

True, there are amusing scenes, but for that matter Mutt and Jeff often pull off some good ones in their own quaint way. Viola Dana is pretty and vivacious and Nat Carr as *Moses Ginsburg* does the conventional comic-strip Jew well enough.

It seems that *Officer Sullivan* loves *Kitty Kelly* and that *Morris Rosen* loves *Rosie Feinbaum*. After a quarrel the Irish girl makes love to the Jewish boy, and vice versa, just for spite. In the end it's all straightened out and you wish you'd gone ski-ing instead.

**THE CAMPUS FLIRT**—Paramount. Story by Louise Long and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Clarence Badger.

**CAST**  
Bebe Daniels, James Hall, El Brendel,  
Charlie Paddock, Jean Shawing, Gilbert Roland, Irma Korcsika, Jocelyn Lee.

There is, we must admit, interest of a sort in this picture, and the spectacle of a track meet in which the contestants are girls in running pants has its attractive aspects. But on the whole the "Campus Flirt" is simply terrible—particularly the first section in which the girl arrives at college.

This picture undoes all the good work accomplished in "One Minute to Play," as far as college atmosphere is concerned. If college is like this I'm a trained seal and you're a polar bear! Just such fun! And all the boys and girls well along in their thirties.

You may be amused by Miss Bebe Daniels, however, who has a reasonable sense of comedy when she is not laboring with the ridiculous script.

You see, it's this way. *Patricia*, daughter of proud aristocrats is sent, without her maids or anything, to college, where of course she is properly ridiculed. Ignored by the leading sorority, she falls in with a crowd of bums and boozers, who all but lead her astray. She even has to swim home from a motorboat ride.

Then one afternoon when she is laughing at the "girl athletes," a white rat crawls up her leg, so terrifying her that she sprints ahead of all on the team, showing that she is faster than any girl in the college.

After this and the motorboat incident, she listens to the handsome undergraduate and goes out for the girls' track team. Charlie Paddock (himself) coaches her, and after the usual quota of obstacles she gets into the relay race for the last lap and wins the meet for dear old Whatsits-Name.

For the man she loves she gives up late hours and hard liquor and smoking and goes into training and, if you ask me, that's a lot for a young girl to give up these days. But it just shows what love for a good, clean man will do.

The plot centers about a rival school, whose spies imprison *Patricia* in an observatory during the first half of the track meet.

**THE BLUE BOY**—Educational. Written and directed by Arthur Maude.

**CAST**  
John Roche, Jane Thomas, Frank Austin,  
John Rhoades, Phillippe De Lacy, Montague Shaw.

Sir Thomas Gainsborough's famous painting has had a little legend made up about it and gotten into the movies—in color.

As the story is too slight to matter we suppose you are more interested in the color work than anything else. The technicolor process is marvelous and quite agreeable to the eye, but whether it is the novelty of the thing or some slight discrepancy between real life and the film, some of the scenes seem over-colored. Whites, as in the baby's dress, throw a glare when exposed to brilliant sunlight. But so do white objects in real sunlight. The camera has recorded perhaps too accurately.

This process is, of course, not new, many colored films have been shown before, but this seems a good chance to review the color photography.

## RECENTLY REVIEWED

**DON JUAN**—John Barrymore climbing all over the scenery in swashbuckling medieval rôle. Go, but don't expect drama.

**SCARLET LETTER**—One of the best pictures of the year. Lillian Gish gives a beautiful performance as the little Puritan seamstress.

**BATTLING BUTLER**—Buster Keaton is still as funny as anybody in town.

**BEAU GESTE**—A fine fantastic romance of blood and mystery in the Sahara. Good strong stuff, but no love interest, if that's what you're thinking of. Noah Beery, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Ralph Forbes.

**ONE MINUTE TO PLAY**—Red Grange in a simple, pleasant little college story.

**SO THIS IS PARIS**—An attempt to be deft and amusing about life in, oh, that naughty Paris, which misses fire.

**DIPLOMACY**—Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton unfortunately entangled in a completely dizzy yarn about secret service agents. If you can give an account of the plot afterwards you deserve some sort of prize.

**HOLD THAT LION**—Amusing comedy featuring Douglas MacLean, Walter Hiers, Constance Howard, and a large unnamed African Lion.

**SUBWAY SADIE**—A slight comedy about a salesgirl who falls in love with a subway guard. Pretty well done in spots.

**THE STRONG MAN**—Apprenticed to a weight lifter, Harry Langdon draws a good brace of laughs in an uneven comedy.

**TIN GODS**—Thomas Meighan, René Adoré and Aileen Pringle in an attempt to show that dances with careers are not nearly so nice as vice hall girls. As wheezy a plot as they make.

**FINE MANNERS**—All about how much better it is to be poor and vulgar than rich and proper. Gloria Swanson is in it.

**GREAT DECEPTION**—A moderately interesting spy picture with Ben Lyon, Aileen Pringle, and Basil Rathbone.

## The Girl on the Cover

(Continued from page 35)

was when the uniformed men came on the stage to arrest her father when she was a child. She was afraid she would not be able to do justice to the part. She was afraid that she would never do for Mr. Barrymore, of all people, and Miss Costello admits that she spent many sleepless nights before she actually started working with him. After she began work, she felt perfectly at ease. He did everything to help her and taught her all that was unfamiliar to her.

It is interesting to know that when Dolores was asked to come out to Hollywood, the casting director at the studio had planned a vamp role for her in the next picture that was being prepared. He only had to look at her once to be convinced that she was not a vamp. That was one of the reasons why it took so long for them to find a suitable part for her. They had had it definitely settled that she was to be the vamp of the studio. Imagine Dolores being cast for such a role—Dolores with a face that rarely ever smiles, and eyes that express what her name means—sadness. There is a wistfulness about Miss Costello, a loveliness, and charm which give her a rare distinction. True to her type, she has never bobbed her hair, and it is not probable that she ever will. It is long and blonde. She has the slender, graceful figure of a dancer, and is of medium height.

AFTER Miss Costello's first two successes, "The Sea Beast" and "Mannequin," she appeared in two entirely different roles,—as the frightened child in "Bride of the Storm," and as the crook in "The Little Irish Girl." Her next is to be John Barrymore's leading lady once more in a picture adapted from the opera, "Manon Lescaut." As the famous Manon she is lovelier than Esther in "The Sea Beast," and more alluring than Orchid in "Mannequin." In fact, she is a much greater actress than she was in either of the other pictures.

At the present time she is working on "The Third Degree," which Michael Curtiz, the new Hungarian director at the Warner Studio, is making. It will be interesting to see what a foreign director will do with her.

Dolores undoubtedly inherits her talent from her father, but it is rather an injustice to say that she received her start in the movies because she was her father's daughter—as many people have already intimated. In the first place, she was given her first role by accident, and certainly if she were not an artist she could not have attained the popularity that she already has. She would not be for the second time within a year John Barrymore's leading lady.

## At the Theater

(Continued from page 37)

diverting in a short skit, Miss Brice is not so satisfying in a full-length scene.

Cluttering the stage are a host of cow-punchers, a Chinese cook and a girl newspaper reporter. While Miss Brice is thinking up some more wise-cracks these characters romp about, occasionally shooting guns in the air, sometimes only snarling at each other. In some ways it's a bad evening. Hasn't Miss Brice any close friends to tell her how amusing she is in a suitable environment?

## YELLOW

SIN is dealt a resounding smack on the head in this new play, but the mallet turns out to be one of those rubber affairs of the sort the characters in the comic strips use to belabor each other. Written by a woman, Margaret Vernon, it just shows men up . . . shows what dirty, mean, low-down, contemptible cads they are.

As *Val* is about to leave for his honeymoon he confesses to his best friend that he has been having an affair with the telephone girl in the office, and that she is about to have a child. The friend administers moral reflections and promises to look after her.

A year later, however, *Daisy* (tagged "the hide-away girl" on the program) is discovered "on the streets." Refusing aid from her former lover she is proudly earning money to keep her child in luxury.

Skipping the intervening six or seven scenes we see *Daisy* in the depths, entering a night club. But hold! She is refused entrance! She has sunk so low that *even a night club* won't admit her! Then her one-time lover and his wife come in and as she Totters out Into the Night the house detective gives the man twenty-four hours to get out of the city forever.

Oh, those men! Those rotten, rotten men! *Val* has been painted with that black water-proof ink which not even a woman's tears can wash away.—C. P.

## Col. Tim McCoy, "High Eagle"

(Continued from page 49)

the true Indian, who is one of the finest of men. I believe I can do good as well as furnish entertainment for the screen."

Despite McCoy's high position in military and civil life—he has been a Lieut. Colonel in the regular army, and a Brigadier General in the Wyoming State Militia, as well as being often mentioned as a candidate for State Senator—he is still young enough to play romantic leads with an ingenuite of eighteen.

McCoy is tall and athletic of build, with an easy graceful carriage, and an appealing face and smile. The costume which he wears is a combination of the cowboy's and Indian's. From the Indian chiefs, who number themselves among his closest friends, he receives many presents of elaborately beaded shirts, moccasins and gauntlets.

Tim McCoy has lectured all over the world in the cause of the Indian, and has been received by the crowned heads of Europe. His advent into motion pictures well might be termed a notable occasion.

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## A Comedienne From Poland

Estelle Clark Strives for Situations Which Will Appeal to All of Us

By KATHERINE ALBERT

PERHAPS one of the strangest paradoxes in Cinema Land—which is a land of paradoxes—is the case of Estelle Clark. She is a Polish comedienne, and while Poland has produced many celebrities, including artists and statesmen, perhaps Estelle Clark is its only comedienne.

They take life seriously in Poland. They suffer intensely. Their artists, their musicians, actors and statesmen have shown us the tragic in life and yet Estelle Clark was born in the city of Warsaw.

Her real name is Stasia Zwolinska—try that over on your vocal chords—and you must admit that it's an excellent name for a tragedian, but because Stasia aspires to make people laugh instead of cry she changed her name when she went into pictures—and that's a long story.

When Estelle was two years old her father—who is an interior decorator—brought her and her mother to America. After living in New York and Cleveland they at last made their home in Detroit, where Estelle went to school.

There was only one idea in Estelle's mind—she wanted to become an actress, and, strangely enough, for a youngster with the background given her by her nationality and her parents, she wanted to be a comedienne.

It seems to me that this shows an unusual maturity of mind. There are very few young people who realize that the actress who plays light comedy must be just as much an artist as the one who does Lady Macbeth.

BUT that is the outstanding characteristic about Estelle Clark. She is thoughtful and mature beyond her years. It is her contention that it is much easier to make people cry than it is to make them laugh.

"There is a very good reason for this," says Miss Clark. "Life is really not funny, you know. It is full of sorrow and misery, and the pathetic things are the ones that we know most about."

"When we see a poignant piece of acting on the screen we believe that it is really the truth, but we have to be convinced that the situation is funny. We are not so willing to laugh as we are to cry. The tears are on the surface, the laughs do not come so easily."

"It is for this reason that I want to bring laughter instead of tears. I do not mean the broad slapstick variety of laugh. It is the little human things that I want to do. I want to make people say, 'I've done that myself a thousand times' or 'I know someone who acts exactly like that.'"

So in spite of the fact that Estelle's father wanted her to go to college Estelle was determined to become an actress and when she finished high school she started to work in an office to save enough money to come to California.

But saving money was difficult and at last her mother interceded—which is a way of mothers—and persuaded Estelle's father to give her enough money to get to California and to live on for a while.



Estelle Clark

"I SHALL never forget that day five years ago when I got off the train in Los Angeles," Estelle reminisced. "It seemed to me that everyone was being met at the station. And to add to it all it was raining. I was never so alone in my life. I thought then that I was seeing very little of the comedy of life, and most of the tragedy."

But the next day the sun was shining and Estelle set out for the studios just as hundreds of girls have done and are doing. She knew no one and had not the slightest idea how to apply for work. And if her determination had been less she would, no doubt, have forsaken her dream.

However, Estelle Clark was different from the thousands of other girls starting the studio gates. They, for the most part, were attracted by the glamour. They merely "wanted to work in the pictures." Estelle had an ideal. Her ambition was not to make a great deal of money and own a beautiful home and a car and fine clothes. She wanted to become a comedienne.

Everything was with her then as it is now. She has youth, beauty, intelligence and an ideal. You can't beat that combination, that's all there is to it.

FOR a year she worked as extra, then played bits, and at last became leading woman in two reel comedies. But while this was not the sort of comedy which she had dreamed of, she realized what good training she was getting and stuck to it until a telegram came from her father telling her of her mother's death.

She went back to Detroit at once and remained with her father for a year, and then, after he had gone back to Poland, she returned to California.

"How different I felt the second time I arrived in Los Angeles," she exclaimed. "It was home to me then and I knew that my heart was here. I had been miserably un-

(Continued on page 58)



# Paragraphs Pertaining to Players and Pictures

By RENEE VAN DYKE

LESS than six hours after the tragic accident to the Fonck Trans-Atlantic plane, in which Clavier and Islamoff were burned to death, Pathe News scenes of the take-off, the loss of a wheel, the first burst of flame as the machine spun half 'round, the hair-breadth escape of Fonck and Curtin, and the complete destruction of the big air cruiser in a seething mass of fire, had been delivered to Broadway theatres. These news films of the fatal crash were the first delivered locally and the first to be shipped to outside points by airplane, automobile and train.

The Pathe News had the exclusive rights to the filming of the proposed Fonck hop from New York to Paris and two cameramen were stationed at vantage points along the plane's ground course, some fifty yards apart. The plane sped safely past the first cameraman, but was rocking badly as the second man, further down the field, cranked his camera. Suddenly the machine hit the brow of a knoll, and went into a tail spin. A flash of fire followed. Just as Fonck and Curtin emerged from the open cockpit and ran for safety, there was a swirl of fire and black smoke that marked the tragic end of one of the most daring undertakings in the history of aviation.

An automobile, with engine running and driver ready, was standing nearby, and when the hopes for the two trapped men were gone the cameramen were rushed to the headquarters in New York, where an extra laboratory fire prepared prints.

Positive prints were delivered to Loew's New York State Theatre at 11.30 a. m., just five hours after the disaster, which occurred at 6.30 a. m. A print reached the Strand Theatre at 11.58 a. m., and another print was delivered at the Rialto Theatre at noon, establishing what is believed to be a record for speed in covering an event that happened miles away from headquarters.

PATHE News' service also did quick work reporting the devastation wrought in the terrific Florida hurricane on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18th and 19th, films reaching New York Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 21st, when Ralph Earle, staff cameraman stationed at Miami, landed at an aviation field in Jersey City. He used four airplanes in the trip north from Miami. Broadway theatres showed these sensational storm scenes at the Tuesday evening performances.

Dramatic, indeed, is the story of the "covering" of the Florida hurricane by Earle, a camera reporter located at Miami. On the first warning of the impending storm he prepared to photograph it, and was in the midst of the hurricane throughout its duration. Although he was injured and at one time imprisoned for six hours in a wrecked building, he continued to grind his camera whenever

the raging wind and water allowed him. Unable to communicate with his editor, he left the devastated area and managed to get to Jacksonville, where he established wire communication with New York, saying that he would bring the film in himself. Immediately an airplane was chartered which brought him to Atlanta, where arrangements had been made for another plane to meet him and make the next lap of the trip.

Earle, almost exhausted from injuries and hunger, but refusing to surrender his precious film to anyone, was carried from the plane to another piloted by Doug Davis, winner of

ing me down. I made my way back to my room on the beach.

"I had my belongings in a big fibre streamer trunk and everything was getting drenched. But it was not raining. The water was simply being blown from the surface of the ground. I started to put things on the chairs because the water was continuously rising in the room. I took short strips of wood and tried to block the windows and finally succeeded in blocking up most of them. This was along about five o'clock Sunday morning. The storm was just about to break.

"When the storm came I had put on a bathing suit, but when it increased in fury I changed, realizing that I might have to go a long way before it was over. Suddenly something attracted my attention to one side of the room, and none too soon, for as I just dodged away the window was blown almost into my face! Then, in rapid succession, timbers and walls came crashing in for about an hour. Later the roof blew away and the side timbers crashed in, burying me for six hours. Luckily I had a flashlight with me. My only food was a box of soda crackers. Finally, along about seven o'clock, I was rescued by the city firemen. I went over to the firehouse for a few minutes, and then I went back to gather my things. The water was up to my knees by this



Nelson Keys, Dorothy Gish, and Will Rogers meet in England, where Miss Gish recently completed work on her next picture, "Tip-Toes"

the recent aerial races at the Sesquicentennial. The fourth plane was sighted over Jersey City at 4.32 p. m.

Due to exposure during the hurricane and his insistence upon standing by his film recordings until he personally delivered them to his editor in New York, Earle was in a state of near exhaustion. He was immediately attended to by a doctor who was awaiting his arrival in response to a telegraphic message, reading:

"Kindly get doctor . . . Three days in salt water and sand without removing shoes has resulted in bad condition."

WHEN Earle was sufficiently revived, he told the reporters his own story of his experiences in grinding a camera in the middle of a hurricane.

"Last Friday I sent Mr. Cohen a telegram stating that the hurricane was forecast and that I had received the film negative that he had sent me and would be on the look-out.

"About 6 o'clock Saturday night the first signs of the storm appeared. It became very dark and the air was stifling, making it hard to breathe.

"Then the wind began to get stronger and stronger. I went first into a garage, when the window crashed in and the walls began to buckle. Leaving the garage I went around the corner where debris was sailing up the street. Something hit me in the head, knock-

ing me down. I made my way back to my room on the beach. I had my belongings in a big fibre streamer trunk and everything was getting drenched. But it was not raining. The water was simply being blown from the surface of the ground. I started to put things on the chairs because the water was continuously rising in the room. I took short strips of wood and tried to block the windows and finally succeeded in blocking up most of them. This was along about five o'clock Sunday morning. The storm was just about to break.

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time. I had great difficulty in keeping my films dry. I got the box up several feet above the water and covered it with oilcloth, preparing to make the pictures just as soon as it was light. About 9.30 I set the camera up on a table, about the center of the room, pointed it towards the door, and took the first pictures made of the storm. The wind and water were blowing over automobiles and covering them with debris and timbers. The water was being blown at about the rate of 100 to 150 miles an hour, just like a white mist.

"About eleven o'clock we took the camera outfit across the street and put it up in a room, pointing it towards the storm. This was the most spectacular picture of all. About 11.30 we started to go south to the ocean. There the water was being blown about 100 miles an hour, picking up everything and throwing it about with terrific speed."

EMIL JANNINGS, recognized all over the world as one of the foremost screen actors, arrived in New York on Oct. 16 to work in America under his contract with Paramount.

Jannings was born in New York in 1886, but his parents took him back to Germany before he was a year old. At ten years of age, Emil arrived in Gorfitz, where he left school in the fourth term—simply ran away, and

became a sailor. A year later, having tired of the sea, he arrived penniless on the streets of London. An unknown German found the lad and helped him to return to his parents.

On his return to Germany, at the age of sixteen, he received his first engagement at the Gortitz City Theatre. Thus began his twelve years in stock companies, playing such pieces as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Old Heidelberg," "The White Horse," "Robbers," etc.

It was by accident that Jannings arrived in Berlin. Werner Krauss, with whom he played in Nurnberg, once mimicked him so well in the courtyard of the German theatre that Max Reinhardt and Felix Hollander became interested. Playing in Darmstadt at the time, Jannings immediately went to Berlin, where he first appeared at the Small Theatre.

Soon after this Jannings went into the movies. He won recognition in his first production — "Karamasov Brothers."

The period of German costume pictures began soon after Jannings' debut in films, and his portrayals of Ludwig XV in "Madame Du Barry," of Henry VIII in "Deception," and of Pharaoh in "The Wife of Pharaoh" sent his name around the world. He became more and more engrossed in his film activities, without, however, entirely neglecting his career on the stage.

"Peter the Great," "Danton" and "Othello" added to his film laurels. These productions were followed by his unquestionably greatest performance — that of the porter in "The Last Laugh."

**MARY PICKFORD** and Douglas Fairbanks will not make their trip to the Orient at the present time. They had planned an extended tour on their return to California, but for the present they will remain at home.

Miss Pickford has four pictures ahead of her, one of which is the story of a girl in a five-and-ten-cent store. It is to be called "Clash." Douglas Fairbanks has as yet made no announcements concerning his new picture.

**FOR** weeks Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has been looking for a living likeness of the late President, William McKinley. The search has been conducted quietly throughout the ranks of thousands of Hollywood extras, but without success.

It is now appealing to the public in its search for the prototype of McKinley. If you know of any man who is a striking likeness of the former president, communicate with Fred Datig, casting director at Hollywood studio.

The faithfulness to detail with which "The Rough Riders" is being made must be carried out in the rôle of McKinley. Company officials found an uncanny likeness of Theodore Roosevelt in the person of Frank Hopper. Now they want an exact likeness of the martyred McKinley.

**T**HE chief interest these days in the De Mille studio is "The King of Kings," which is well under way, with Cecil B. De Mille personally directing the production.

A mammoth new stage has been erected, and some of the sets are of a size and magnificence rarely equaled. One of the most striking is the gorgeous home of Mary Magdalene, the set in which the first shots of the picture were made.

Assisting Mr. De Mille are the Rev. Dr. George Reid Andrews, chairman of the Film and Drama Committee of the Federated Churches of Christ in America, and Bruce Barton, author of "The Man Nobody Knows."

**MORRIS GEST'S** "Miracle," now touring the country, is to be made into a movie in Hollywood, but not until its last stage presentation has been given. Both Famous Players and First National have asked for a try at it, but there are chances that Mr.



"Listen, little fella, you run along and play with your toys," warns Wallace Berry in "We're in the Navy Now." Lorraine Eaton is the girl and Raymond Hatton the goblin

Gest himself may buy up the film rights. Thus the pageant of the cathedral, at first firmly rooted in the Century Theater in New York, where flaming posters confidently announced it would "never be given elsewhere," will now be seen in every small town in the world.

**COLLEEN MOORE**, who has been in New York for two weeks filming scenes for "Orchids and Ermine," left last week for California to complete the picture at First National's West Coast studios.

While in New York Miss Moore and Director Alfred Santell had many amusing experiences while taking the exterior sequences. Because crowds immediately gather in large numbers the minute a movie camera is seen, and mob the show when they recognize Miss

Moore, it has been necessary to mask the cameras in many ingenious ways. As a result Miss Moore has been riding unknown on the top of a Fifth avenue bus, doing her stuff while most of the other passengers were utterly unaware that anything unusual was happening.

According to plans, Miss Moore will start on her European productions in the fall of 1927 and will make one picture in England, one in Germany, one in France, and one in Italy. As far as conditions make it possible, foreign directors, staffs, casts, and technical equipment will be used.

Several stories are under consideration, but pending the acquisition of rights, no announcement of titles is being made. All of them, however, will be from books or plays of international reputation, each one having had its origin in the country where the picture is to be made.

**SHADES** of the Floradora Sextette!

A shipment of one hundred corsets of assorted sizes and shapes arrived at Universal City not long ago! All Universal stars must have adopted corsets, according to Hollywood gossip. Of course that's not so. But in preparing their alibis it didn't take the stars long to find out that Jean Hersholt, the hero of George Broadhurst's play "The Wrong Mr. Wright," is the head of a corset manufacturing concern. It was even rumored that Scott Sidney, the director, was planning a new and startling corset review—providing he can find enough girls in Hollywood to wear them.

**GRETA NISSEN** has come back to the screen.

The blonde, exotic Norse girl, who recently left motion pictures and went back to ballet dancing because she said it gave her more opportunity to express herself, has discovered and admitted the error of her ways.

In the rôle of La Belle Toulaine, temperamental and "vampy" Parisian actress, she began work this week in Florence Vidor's "The Popular Sin," directed by Malcolm St. Clair. To play the rôle she left the cast of Ziegfeld's American Revue, in which she was featured in an oriental ballet of her own conception.

Under the Klieg lights now at the Paramount studio, working with Miss Vidor, Clive Brook and Philip Sterling, Miss Nissen has expressed herself as genuinely happy to be back in pictures. She declares her rôle in "The Popular Sin" the best she has ever had.

After her first phenomenal success in pictures, Miss Nissen surprised her following by announcing that she was going back to dancing, in a ballet in Ziegfeld's Revue which she had written and staged. The ballet, a fantastic, pantomimic sketch called, "Mlle. Bluebeard," was a hit, and hailed by critics as the high spot of the revue. Apparently Miss Nissen, who has gained popular attention at every turn of her short American career, had settled down to a long engagement on the legitimate stage.

Director Malcolm St. Clair is responsible for her second abrupt abandonment of ballet dancing. When he was preparing to direct

"The Popular Sin," he found that the author, Monta Bell, had created a character in La Belle that Miss Nissen could play perfectly. The conviction grew on him, he says, that she was the only actress for the rôle.

Film officials concurred in this opinion, and she was offered the part, accepted it, and was back before the movie cameras almost before she realized it.

She has now abandoned ballet dancing twice for pictures. This time she says she means to stick to pictures.

"My mind is made up for good now," Miss Nissen says, "I feel I can express myself so much better in pictures."

**T**HE recent fire at the Charlie Chaplin studio in Hollywood has proved to be a much more serious affair from a production standpoint than was at first supposed. While the actual damage was fully covered by insurance, the delay caused by the fire in the making of Chaplin's new comedy "The Circus" has created a great inconvenience, not only to Charlie but to the theatre owners throughout the country who have the picture booked for exhibition.

The fire completely gutted the interior stage, destroying all paraphernalia, breaking the thousands of panes of glass which constituted the sidewalls and roof of this structure; circus settings, representing the back stage atmosphere of traveling circus; also a large café set, which had just been completed, was totally destroyed.

Unfortunately the picture was already behind schedule, and this unavoidable delay caused by the fire will mean that the newest Chaplin comedy, "The Circus," may not be ready for release until after the first of the year.



The Judges have decided that SnooKum's youth gives him a right to use his Kiddie-Kar in the great "Round-The-Block Race"

**T**HE most distinguished authority on love and the outstanding flapper of the screen met recently for the first time.

They are Elinor Glyn and Clara Bow, author and star respectively of "It," a colorful romantic photoplay, which is soon to go into production in the Paramount studio.

"I am overjoyed at finding that Miss Bow in actual life loses none of the tremendous personality and charm she so happily displays on the screen," declared the famous English writer. "Her vivacity and radiance are almost overwhelming. She fits perfectly my conception of the heroine of 'It,' and I do not hesitate to acclaim her as the most nearly perfect girl of her type to be found anywhere."

**L**OYD WHITLOCK is one actor who delights in having his audience hate him! "In fact, the more my audiences hate me the happier I am. If I drop into a theatre where one of my pictures is playing and hear the men and women expressing the wish that I be shot or thrown overboard, then the world takes on a decidedly rosy aspect for me!"

And the reason for all this is that Whitlock is one of the screen's well-known villains, and when the audiences hate him he knows that his villainy is "going across" as it should and that he has done a good piece of work in the picture. Whitlock is now playing the villain rôle in Ben Lyon's coming feature vehicle, "Not Herbert."

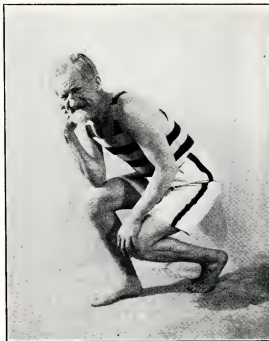
"The only thing about playing villain rôles that bothers me is the fear that many of the fans will get the idea that we villains of the screen are the same when off the set. That would be terrible, if so, wouldn't it?"

**O**CTAVUS ROY COHEN'S inimitable negro stories, that have kept the millions of readers of national magazines in a continuous uproar, are going to be presented on the screen by Universal. Mr. Cohen's only stipulation was that the actors would be negroes. There will be several series of two reels each.

Less than a month ago Universal announced that they had secured Mr. Cohen to write a series of original stories for their returned comedian Charles Puffy. David C. Werner, assistant production manager of Universal, who arranged the contracts, has just returned from Mr. Cohen's home in Birmingham, with the first two scenarios.

The utilization of negro players has been a long-discussed problem of the screen. Mr. Cohen, himself a Southerner, believes that they will be received in the same manner as his stories in the National magazines.

**T**WO ex-generals of the Russian Imperial Army under the late Czar's regime are playing "bit" parts in Corinne Griffith's latest First National picture, "The Lady in Ermine," now being produced in California. They are Michael Pleeschoff, formerly commander of the military school at Vladivostok, and Alexander Ikonnikoff, former major general on the Imperial staff. Before landing in the movies Pleeschoff worked in a garage in San Francisco



Jack ("Zippy") Duffy, one of the most experienced runners in Cinema Art's titanic "Round-the-Block Race," listening for the starting gun

and Ikonnikoff made a living as a Hollywood dishwasher.

**"T**HE World Struggle for Oil," one of the most timely and entertaining recent films, has been obtained by Pathe Exchange, Inc., from Captain Hank Butler. The entire picture, five reels in length, shows the result of exhaustive research.

From the early days of Noah and the Ark the film shows the need for oil, and its increased importance in our every-day lives. The development is traced down through the ages.

We see Noah working on his Ark "pitching it with pitch," as we are told in the Book of Genesis. We are taken to a pagan temple and behold the worshippers tending the sacred altar fires which science tells us were built over petroleum seeps. We see the Indians skimming the oily fluid from the surfaces of ponds, peddlers hawking it about the country for medicine, and finally through its use as a lubricant, as fuel and as a universal source of power in a new civilization. The scenes of the opening of the first American oil well are especially interesting.

**H**ARRY LANGDON'S next First National picture is to be "Long Pants," now well under way. The story was written by Arthur Ripley. Frank Capra is directing. Beginning in San Francisco just before the earthquake and fire, it touches briefly upon the birth of the hero, who is then shown at eight and, later, at seventeen. As the title indicates, the plot revolves around the boy's first pair of long pants.

**G**ENE TUNNEY and Jack Dempsey have been approached, it is rumored, by a film producer who plans to make a feature film with the two fighters as stars. It would be the purpose of the promoter, it is said, to obtain as nearly as possible a repetition of the recent Philadelphia fight. The law forbids shipping fight films from one state to another, but on a fictionalized basis this legal difficulty would be overcome.





Lupino Lane and his favorite plush police dog in training for something or other

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**CLIVE BROOK** will play opposite Pola Negri in the latter's film, "Barbed Wire." Brook is now in the East, working opposite Florence Vidor in "The Popular Sin." Immediately upon his completion of that picture he will go to Los Angeles where he will begin work at once in the new Pola Negri picture.

"Barbed Wire" is an adaptation of Hall Caine's "The Woman of Knockaloe."

"Barbed Wire" will be an Erich Pommer production, the second to be made in the United States by the former head of UFA, Germany's notable film organization.

**DOROTHY GISH**, who has just finished "Tip-Toes" in London, for release by Paramount, has arrived back home for a flying visit to her mother and sister, Lillian, in California before starting on the lavish picturization of "Madame Pompadour" which will be filmed in London immediately after her return.

Miss Gish will be accompanied by Herbert Wilcox who directed "Nell Gwynn," "London," and "Tip-Toes" and who will also direct "Madame Pompadour."

**DIRECTOR** Harry Beaumont and his company, who have been in England shooting exterior scenes for "One Increasing Purpose," returned to America last month. Accompanying him were Edmund Lowe, Lila Lee, and a number of staff assistants. Mr. Beaumont reports that the British Government and public did everything possible to further the making of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel into a fine picture.

Among the noted spots in London which Mr. Beaumont used for scenes of "One Increasing Purpose," were Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, Whitehall (during the changing of the guards), St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Bank of England, the Marble Arch with its Platform Speakers, the Old Curiosity Shop, Ship Inn, the Mall in St. James Park, Rotten Row, the bookshop section of Charing Cross Road, and Devonshire street.

Mr. Beaumont also took his company into the country sections surrounding London where shots were taken of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, the town and cathedral of Canterbury, the town of Oxford from the roof of Radcliffe Camera, the town and castle of Windsor, Eton College, the punting on Sunday at Maidenhead and many other points that figure in Mr. Hutchinson's story.

**T**HE largest order of snow-shoes ever placed by a studio was received recently by Paramount. More than 100 pairs will be needed in filming Zane Grey's popular novel, "The Man of the Forest," in which Jack Holt has the lead. Georgia Hale will appear opposite him.

The company expects to work on a blanket of snow during the greater portion of the three weeks in the high Sierras, at an elevation of 9,000 feet above the sea.

**RENAUD HOFFMAN**, supervising director for Gotham Productions, literally finished "Heroes of the Night" in a blaze of glory last week by burning down the entire street set in a spectacular climax.

The story being a combination fire and

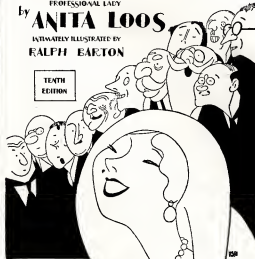
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police melodrama, Mr. Hoffman secured the active co-operation of the Los Angeles Fire and Police Department together with their apparatus. One of the most exciting scenes shows ten firemen jumping from the roof of a burning building into a life net held in the hands of their brother firemen. The cameraman caught a new angle in this sequence by jumping from the roof with a motor-driven camera attached to his person, thus securing an effect that is breath-taking.

The story of "Heroes of the Night" deals with two brothers, one a fireman, the other a policeman. They become rivals in love but through force of circumstances each saves the life of the other. Despite their differences, blood proves thicker than water and their mutual romance with the same girl comes to a satisfactory settlement.

**HELEN OF TROY**, recently made famous by John Erskine's delightful book of private revelations, may be the subject of a film for the Famous Players. In fact Mr. Lasky is said to be looking right now for an actress to play the rôle of Helen. It is also said that, even in Hollywood he can not find a woman beautiful enough to meet his idea of the character. A new story will be written, Mr. Erskine's book not being particularly suited to the movies.

**W. C. FIELDS**, having glorified the American druggist in his first picture and the eccentric inventor in his second, will do the same for that great sea-faring man, the inland canal barge captain.

"Sweethearts in Every Port," from a story by Tom J. Geraghty, will be the title of Fields' third Paramount picture, it is announced.



Estelle Clark, on the other hand (or rather the other foot), has found a use for her boy friend's photograph



"Legs," said the bus driver, "mean nothing to me any more." Consequently Hollywood has been spending sleepless nights thinking up ways of overcoming the situation. Patricia Avery has decided on an old cameo sewed to a band of black ribbon

The story will give Fields an opportunity for an unusually comic characterization, and has a background that is altogether new to motion pictures. Fields will play the rôle of a canal barge captain who has never gone down to the sea in ships, but who, notwithstanding, considers himself a great navigator.

The picture will be made at the Long Island studio and on the canals of New Jersey.

**SAMUEL GOLDWYN** announced from the Pacific coast yesterday that his next production featuring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky will be "The Night of Love."

Mr. Colman and Miss Banky have recently completed work together in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," Henry King's production.

In "The Night of Love," Vilma Banky plays the rôle of a beautiful duchess who is kidnapped by Ronald Colman on her wedding night, while Colman's part is entirely different from anything he has done in the past. He plays the part of a Spanish bandit seeking vengeance against a Castilian duke. It gives him a great opportunity to display his ability in character delineation. The story is based on the old feudal custom of the right to the first night or "Le droit de Seigneur."

**FOLLOWING** "Annie Laurie," to be released soon, Lillian Gish will be seen in a screen translation of Leo Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." Mme. Fred de Gressac who adapted "La Bohème" will write the scenario.

**TWELVE** cameras in airplanes and six at the top of 100-foot parallel will be used to film the battle of St. Mihiel which will be reproduced as the sensational climax of "Wings," Paramount's big production of the American birdmen in the late war. More than 8,000 men on the ground and 300 planes will enact the historic battle which broke the Hindenburg line and brought victory to the United States and her Allies. William Wellman, the director, was a flyer in the Lafayette

Escadrille, while the author, John Monk Saunders, also was a pilot. The cast includes Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen and El Brendel.

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES** is utilizing its hundreds of branches throughout the world to collect photographs and properties to be used in creating atmosphere. They have on file now thousands of photographs showing the costumes, streets, principal buildings, and open country from, China, India, Australia, South Africa, Madagascar and the rest of the world.

Properties that are invaluable when producing pictures with foreign atmosphere such as wine and beer labels, magazines, posters, railroad tickets, theatre tickets, programs, newspapers, clothing ornaments and objects of decoration, are regularly received from the branches.

**BY** an agreement among members of the producers' association all large studios are installing schoolrooms for children this year, regardless of the regularity or irregularity of their employment of minor talent.

The Hal Roach Studios have maintained a special schoolroom for "Our Gang" and the other children employed there for the past four years or more, following the belief that lack of proper educational facilities hurts a child actor's chance for success more than his training under the lights may help him.



Dorothy Sebastian thinks a rabbit's left hind foot should be the most effective scheme of all. Granting, of course, that publicity is really necessary

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## A Comedienne from Poland

(Continued from page 52)

happy away from the work I loved, and I was so glad to get back to it that I almost shouted for joy."

That was three years ago and Estelle Clark had served her apprenticeship. She knew the ropes and things came more easily.

Strangely enough, her first good part was as Norma Shearer's friend in a picture the name of which she has forgotten and it was also as Miss Shearer's friend in "His Secretary" that she made such a tremendous hit.

"THAT last part completely satisfied me," says Estelle. "I was doing something that was absolutely natural. Haven't you known a dozen girls like the one I portrayed? The very loquacious type who insists upon going along on her friend's date and then monopolizes the man and the conversation—you know her."

A year ago Estelle Clark was given a contract by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization and since that time she has been kept happy and busy. That the heads of the studio realize her talent is proven by the fact that they have recently signed her for another year.

Yes, Stasia Zwolinska—Estelle Clark, professionally—has everything with her. Youth, intelligence, beauty, an ideal, and a determination that does not waver.

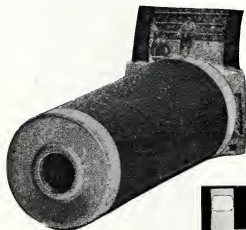
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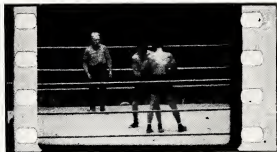
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