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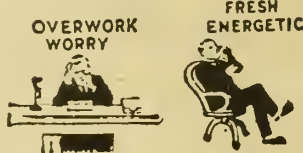
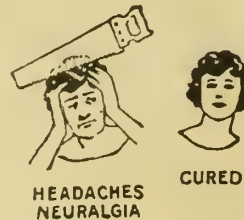
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THE "Picturegoer" £500 Popularity Contest, announced in last month's "Picturegoer" is proving a brilliant success. "Who is the most Popular Film Star?" is the principal topic of conversation in Film Land. Thousands of entries have already been received and every post brings an ever increasing number of Voting Coupons from admirers of the "Wonderful Ten."

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The "Wonderful Ten"

1. Rudolph Valentino 2. Bebe Daniels 3. Ivor Novello 4. Alice Terry 5. Harold Lloyd
6. Norma Talmadge 7. Ramon Novarro 8. Jackie Coogan 9. Gloria Swanson 10. Betty Compson

Rules and Conditions

governing the "PICTUREGOER" £500 Film Star Popularity Contest.

1.—Acceptance of these Rules and Conditions is a specific condition of entry for this Free Competition, and the decision of the Editor of the "Picturegoer" upon any point whatsoever must be accepted as final and legally binding.

2.—On this page appear the photographs of ten famous Film Stars. Decide in your own mind which of these ten Film Stars will be regarded as the most popular by the general public. Then write his or her name in the first space on the Voting Coupon which you will find on the opposite page. The name of the Film Star whom you consider will be regarded as the next most popular should be written in the second space and so on until the names of each of the ten Film Stars have been filled in.

3.—The popular order will be determined by the totals of the votes received from competitors themselves. That is to say the most popular Film Star will be deemed to be the one which receives the largest number of votes for the first place. The second will be the one which receives the greatest number of votes for second and first places added together, and so on.

4.—The Competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order as determined by the Competitors themselves, will receive the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on.

5.—In the event of a tie, the Editor reserves the right to combine the prizes so affected and to divide the amount or amounts equally amongst those competitors who tie.

6.—All votes must be recorded in ink on the official Voting Coupons which must not be altered or mutilated in any way, and the competitor must write his or her name in ink in the space provided.

7.—Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt, and the Editor will not be responsible for any entries lost, delayed or mislaid.

8.—No correspondence may be entered into in connection with this Competition.

9.—The Editor may disqualify any competitor for non-compliance with these Rules and Conditions, or for any other reason he may consider good and sufficient.

10.—This Competition is limited to "PICTUREGOER" readers in the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

* * *

The result of the Competition will be announced in the "Picturegoer," and every prize winner will be individually notified. Final Free Voting Coupon will appear in the February issue of the "Picturegoer." Competitors may send in as many attempts as they like provided that each attempt is sent in on a Free Voting Coupon cut from the "Picturegoer." The closing date for receipt of Voting Coupons will be announced in the February issue of the "Picturegoer."

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Norma Talmadge



SYD CHAPLIN

Formerly known as Charlie's brother, latterly as "Charley's Aunt." Has been Utility Man and business manager for Charles Chaplin for over six years. You've seen him in most of the Chaplin comedies, in small but difficult roles.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks

All the stars are allowing themselves to be modelled in wax for window dummies. Are they waxing because they're wanting?



Colleen Moore

"Love," says Colleen Moore, "is a Song!" She does not go into details, but she means, I take it, "Love's Old Sweet Song!"

Sylvia Breamer is to marry and retire from the screen. There are several stars for whom I could wish the same happiness.

Carl Laemmle, President of Universal Pictures Corporation, wants to see the adoption of a universal language. But it was very unkind of his publicity man to spell universal with a capital "U." Rude people might misunderstand.



Carl Laemmle

In answer to the person who wants to know how many actors and actresses there are in Hollywood, the truthful reply is "About one of each."

Unless somebody's telling lies—which is more than likely—Mary Pickford's next film is going to be "Cinderella." The rumour that Valentino and Novarro are going to play the Ugly Sisters is, however, definitely untrue.

The blowing of the nose," says George Fitzmaurice, "offers excellent opportunity for the use of a handkerchief." Isn't it nice to think that his stars don't use the back of the hand?



Fitzmaurice

Norma Talmadge thinks all her good fortune springs from a diamond and sapphire pendant, Joseph Schenk's first gift to her. Dear, dear! And I had always attributed it to genius.

Little Farina has been kicking his director on the shins. There is a strong feeling among the stars in Hollywood that Farina has taken an unfair advantage of his being only four years old.

Says a press agent: "Rest assured we have got a worthwhile entertainment, or else I would not be asking you to waste your time." Contradictory, perhaps, but singularly truthful!

The scenario writer is a gentleman who spends his time informing the public how successfully the novelist has pulled their legs.

Speaking of *A Society Scandal* a writer says that Gloria Swanson is resplendent in dinner frocks and the last word in sports clothes. And "last word" just about describes them. believe me!



Gloria Swanson

Doris Kenyon wears the loveliest gowns ever seen on the screen in *Lend Me Your Husband*. I can't think why she needs a husband when she's got all those clothes.

Producers are unanimous that with every picture they make they progress. There are two ways of progressing, of course, but unfortunately none of them specifies the direction.

Thomas Meighan believes above all things in the power of a coin he picked up in the Toboga Islands. And I know other stars and producers who believe above all things in the power of coins.



Tony Moreno

Antonio Moreno is to star in *Mare Nostrum*. There is no truth in the rumour that he has been persuaded to spell his name Mareno for box-office purposes.

"I think the way Peter Pan praises his own cleverness is the most delightful thing about him," says Betty Bronson. Yes, Betty's a star all right. She knows the important things in the game!

Alma Rubens has expressed a desire to play in a pirate picture. That shouldn't be difficult. Once *Peter Pan* is finished no picture will be anything but.



Alma Rubens.

THE WASP.

The Dangerous Age

We live in an age of sophistication, for bashful youth rules the screen no longer. The man of experienced forty now stands supreme in the eyes of fandom.

Forty . . . and fascinating. One doesn't say, you notice, forty *but* fascinating. There's something about those forties . . . something devastating. Especially among the men.

Time was when a matinee idol in his late thirties carefully guarded his secret. The public, it seemed, would not like him if they knew he was past his first youth . . . married . . . with several youngsters running about at home. That was the skeleton in his closet; his age was his guilty secret.

But that was years ago. We know better now. In fact, the situation is quite reversed. For now, not only are most of our stage and screen lovers past forty . . . *they are proud of it.* They not only admit that they are past their first youth . . . *they boast of it.*

"We're forty," they tell the world, "*and we don't care who knows it!*"

What's the reason?

Why have the forties suddenly become known as the dangerous age?

Why has it finally come about that the screen idol of forty is the why of girls leaving home to go to the movies? Why does the feminine heart quicken, the girlish eye grow wistful, at the lure of a man of forty?

Why?

There is only one answer.

Sophistication!

This is the era of the sophisticate. Gone is the charm of the bashful youth learning "How to Make Love . . . in Three Lessons."

Instead . . . we have our Conway Tearles, our Adolphe Menjous, with their studied glances, their lifted eyebrows, their air of subtle mockery. They have learned the art of love-making; with rare

Top left: Tom Meighan, the *Good Luck* star, who carries his years and his honours with great grace. Right: Conway Tearle, born in 1882 and first favourite with the fans.

Above: Eugene O'Brien, an old-timer who faded out for a while but in "The Voice from the Minuet" and "Secrets," proved a greater draw than in his first days as a movie favourite. Right: Adolphe Menjou, whose entirely Gallic fascinations have won him a niche all his own in screenland's gallery of popular personalities.



exceptions, it takes a man until he's forty to learn it!

Not that such men were not charming in their youth, fascinating perhaps, even then. Boyishness has a charm of its own. But it hasn't the poise, the self-assurance, the irresistible composure that only experience can bring... the composure of a Menjou or a Tearle.

The composure that makes Conway Tearle one of the most sought after of all screen leading men... though he was born in 1882, and admits it! His box office value is second to that of no other masculine lead—exclusive of stars; he is engaged to play opposite stars much younger than himself, like Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Pola Negri...

Conway's years on the stage and screen have given him a polish, a finesse, that it takes years to acquire. Time has taught him the tricks of the trade of love-making, that trick of his, for example, of looking baffling and mysteriously inscrutable... so that no matter how often he told a woman he loved her, she could never be quite sure. We are speaking only of Conway's screen personality... though it might not be amiss to mention that he has been married three times, the charming Adele Rowland being his present wife.

And Adolphe Menjou. When, in a *Neither Douglas Fairbanks nor John Barrymore will ever see forty again, but the fact doesn't worry them.*



youth of twenty, would you find the debonair charm of Menjou, the delicate life of the eyebrow, the delicious twinkle of the eye... half ardour, half mockery! Watching life, laughing at life... that has given Menjou his gallant, irresistible charm.

Lou Tellegen's forty-odd years have taught him not to take life, or himself, too seriously. He once, in conversation with the writer, laughingly referred to "my reputation, which I never live up to."... Lou Tellegen, Geraldine Farrar's former husband, once played, most appropriately, the title role in *Don Juan*.

Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884, yet still retains a large fan following. Is it the quizzical quirk of his eyes, the way, one-sided smile, that gives his personality such distinction?

Thomas Meighan's charm is of a different sort. His is not the debonair, subtle raillery of the seductive lover. Rather he represents the wholesome, manly type, to whom experience has given a poise, a firmness of character. He is the typical American husband, not only on the screen, but in reality, having been married for many years to Frances Ring; they are one of the most contented couples in filmdom.

Milton Sills is similar to Thomas Meighan in type. He, too, typifies the substantial American husband, of more or less intellectual calibre.

When speaking of the "dangerous age," certainly one must not forget Lewis Stone, who played the lead in the picture of that name. He has an enviable fan following, even though he is well into the forties.

Again it is the merry wrinkle, seeming to characterise most of our forty-year-old screen lovers, which gives

Lou Tellegen is forty, too



Milton Sills.



Lewis Stone.



Lewis Stone much of his charm.

Douglas Fairbanks at the age of forty - one is the personification of good humour, and a happy outlook on life.

In fact when one analyses the temperaments of these men in their dangerous forties... in spite of their general dissimilarity, one characteristic stands out in every one of them. *They survey life with a twinkle.*

ALMA TALLEY.

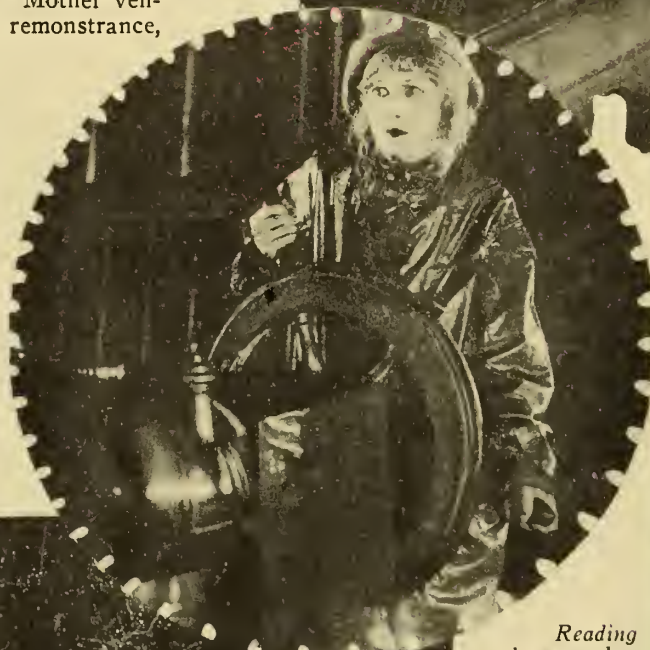
Tempests & Tragedies

There's a storm waiting every time somebody leaves home in the Movies.

"Out of my house you go! You are no longer a son of mine," says Father. Mother ventures a gentle remonstrance,

Father never heeds her, strides to the door and flings it open. Enter snow flakes or rain drops as the case may be. Exit, after a short, dramatic pause and a longer, less dramatic close-up, the disinherited heir, sans hat, sans mac, sans goloshes, sans everything.

You've all seen it. No one, or hardly anyone, in films has ever left a house in the throes of some



Reading downwards: Rod La Rocque has had many battles with the elements. Anna Q. Nilsson as a tempest-tossed heroine; and Gladys Leslie ready to go out into the cold, cold world.

great emotion without being drenched to the skin, buried in a snow-drift, stunned by hail-stones or struck by lightning. There seems to be a storm waiting every time someone leaves home. Mother shows son the door—rain—*The Ten Commandments*. Burr Mackintosh sends Lillian Gish away—snow—*Way Down East*. Girl rejects a lover—long walk in the rain for the unhappy wight—*Daddy Long Legs*. Hero saves heroine from unwelcome marriage—thunder and lightning—*Down to the Sea in Ships*. The list can be lengthened to suit individual requirements.

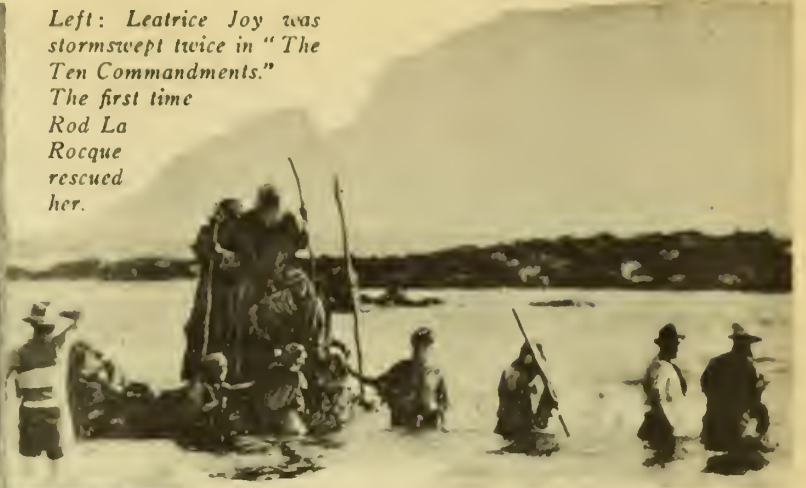
Let us classify storms. One — the Storm Emotional. This is used as a means of showing by the elements the mental state of the mortals, as rage—thunder and lightning; sorrow—rain; turbulent indecision—wind. Then there is the Storm Interventive. This variety comes to the aid of heroes at critical moments. The villain draws a knife and rushes at the defenceless hero—by the way, did I mention that the scene of the combat is a lonely heath



This gentleman in "Arabella" repented at leisure in a snowdrift.



Left: Leatrice Joy was stormswept twice in "The Ten Commandments." The first time Rod La Rocque rescued her.



Above: Rehearsing the Red Sea Passage in "The Ten Commandments."

on a very dark and very stormy night? nothing can save the hero, he is lying half-stunned and the villain is bending over him gloating with ghastly glee, the audience gasps, can anything save the hero? Of course it can; a streak of lightning appears, a tree crashes down, crushes



this he is probably correct, for there is something definitely awe-inspiring in the spectacle of warring elements.

It was the sight of Nature in a turmoil that, added to wonder at the mechanical genius behind the scenes made the division of the Red Sea in *The Ten Commandments* such a thrilling spectacle.

Another variety is the Storm Eliminative. This sometimes usurps the (Contd. on p. 81).



Above: After Leatrice Joy's second "Ten Commandments" drenching Richard Dix read burning passages from the bible to her. Right: The heroine who came prepared (Shirley Mason in "Very Truly Yours.") Left: When the elements behaved like this in "The Town

That Forgot God," goodness only knows what the Characters were going through. the villain to death and most obligingly misses the hero by a matter of inches. The hero gets up, feels himself all over and staggers off to the heroine, thanks to the friendly elements alive and in excellent health.

Then there is the Storm Suspensive. A very hardy annual this one. Who did not thrill to see Lillian Gish in *Way Down East* floating to a horrible

death on an ice floe with Richard Barthelmess frantically floundering to her rescue?

Who did not 'sit tighter' when Carol Dempster in *One Exciting Night* was pinned to the ground and only one slender bough prevented an oak tree from falling on her? But then D.W.G. often calls in the elements in order to supply his famous 'suspense,' and in



What Kinema Managers Say



Captain Alfred Davis.

In view of the wide-spread interest that picturegoers are taking in our great Voting Competition, the views of leading kinema managers regarding this contest are well-worth quoting. Below we give a selection from the letters received from famous picture-theatre managers who are schooled to follow every bent of the public pulse.

Captain Alfred Davis, the proprietor of Marble Arch and Shepherd's Bush Pavilions, writes:

"I consider that the PICTUREGOER £500 Film Star Popularity Competition is performing an excellent service, and I feel convinced that it will be the means of winning many new patrons to pictures."

"I consider your scheme for the £500 Popularity Contest both a brain-wave and a wonderful advertising scheme, for the result is going to be very interesting and very helpful both to the public and



Mr. R. H. Ainsworth.

Some Interesting Comments on our Great Voting Contest.

the exhibitor," writes Mr. Leslie Olgvie, of the Broadway Palladium, Ealing.

"In these days of the rapid stride of the Kinema Industry and the ever increasing numbers of the clever actors and actresses who are fast stepping to the front, it is somewhat puzzling to know whose pictures to choose.

"I have found that the general public will always remember a star and will choose a picture in which their favourite is appearing; whereas, they do not remember the actual film or story. Therefore, from a trade point of view your scheme is going to be very valuable in helping us to find out who



Mr. James Forsyth.

really holds the greatest public affection."

Mr. Leonard W. Kent, of the Finsbury Park Cinema, writes:—

"I have welcomed the opportunity of co-operating with the PICTUREGOER in the £500 Film Star Popularity Competition, as it will give my patrons a more intimate interest in their film favourites, and make the Kinema an even more popular entertainment.

"A determined effort is being made to bring the First Prize to Finsbury Park."

Mr. James Forsyth of the Shepherd's Bush Pavilion, writes:

"It is my opinion that a competition carried out on the scale of the PICTUREGOER Popularity Contest is a decided link between the screen and the public. It will do much to help in the campaign against the "Antis," by which I mean those high-brow people who still look upon the screen and the Cinema in the same light as they look upon a penny gaff or a circus.

"There are still people, I am ashamed to say, who have not heard of the marvellous strides that the modern Kine-



Mr. Leonard Kent.

matograph Theatres have made.

"Make no mistake. It is splendid magazines like the PICTUREGOER that help this campaign. You are helping to bring before the public, by means of tasteful illustrations and popular competitions, the fact that the kinema is getting near to the top-rung of entertainment both for the classes and the masses."

Mr. R. H. Ainsworth, of The Regent, Brighton, writes:

"I consider the above Competition to be an excellent medium for furthering the public's interest in the silver screen.

"The display in and outside my lobby has already created so much interest that one hears on all sides—'Who is the most popular Film Star?' Judging by the interest my patrons are taking, Brighton should be well represented in the ultimate result of the Competition."



Mr. Leslie Olgvie.

£500 Popularity Contest

Great Free Voting Competition

HERE is a competition for PICTUREGOER readers only, a simple, straightforward contest that will appeal to every kinema fan. All you have to do is to place these ten movie stars in what you consider to be their order of popularity. Handsome cash prizes are to be won. Don't delay.



?



Can you place these ten screen stars in order of popularity? If you can anticipate the voting of the majority of our readers you may win one of the handsome cash prizes offered by THE PICTUREGOER in connection with this contest.



?

Is Harold Lloyd more popular than Rudolph Valentino? Do you consider Ivor Novello the greatest star of all or does your vote go to Jackie Coogan? Perhaps you are a Norma Talmadge fan? Get busy and vote to-day!

?



Norma Talmadge, Alice Terry, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Rudolph Valentino, Jackie Coogan, Harold Lloyd, Ivor Novello, and Ramon Novarro are the candidates for this contest. How do YOU appraise their popularity?



?



Remember, there will be another free voting competition in next month's PICTUREGOER and readers may send in as many entries as they like provided that each entry is made on an official coupon. How many lists are YOU sending in?



?

Tell all your friends about this great contest, but don't lend your PICTUREGOER to anyone lest it be returned to you minus the all important coupon! It's that first prize of £250 that everybody will want!

?



A Thanksgiving

By W.A. Williamson

De Profundis—Out of the Depths
—that labels *my* case all right.
For I was dead, till I learned
to live, and blind till I got my
sight.

A humble, simple, *ord'nary* man like
hundreds of others you see
Turning Life's treadmill and moaning
complaint: "Nothing *ever* happens
to me!"

Nothing did. Romance knew me not,
and adventure passed me by
Born in a rut to live in a rut, I guessed
in a rut I'd die.

The same old round in the same old
way treading the same old trail
I'd have sold my soul to escape the
grind, but I hadn't a soul for sale.

No soul of my own. I was roped and
tied like a steer on branding-day.
Slave of routine I carried on in the
same old footling way.

The same old office, the same old work
with never a change of scene,
To town each day on the eight-eleven,
and home on the six-fifteen.

Recreations? No good to me. I
knew for I'd tried all sorts.
I wanted taking out of myself, and who
gives a hang for sports?

Back of my mind I'd a fixed idea, a
glimmering dream of Romance,
That though my life was a dreary
death I could *live* if I got the chance.

But nothing happened. I never knew
the madness of clinging lips,
Nor the ocean lure that brings a vision
of down to the sea in ships.

The call of the open spaces came to
others but not to me,
And never a novel could guide *my* steps
to the slopes of Arcady.

But who can fathom the riddle Life, or
the way that Fortune works?

I have found the way to my land of
dreams where the Unexpected lurks.
I have dodged the clutch of the Com-
monplace, I have slipped through the
Magic Door,

I have purchased a passport to Fairy-
land—and the price was two-and-
four!

A red-plush seat in a darkened hall
where a man may sprawl at his ease,
Whilst mystic music floats through the
gloom like siren melodies.

A splash of light on a black-edged
screen; vague, shadowy forms that
weave

A magic carpet to carry you off to the
Isles of Make-Believe.

A magic carpet that shows you the
world as one long Arabian Night,
And makes you Caliph of land and sea
—a king in your own free right.

Not Selkirk vaunting his majesty or
that lonely desert isle,
Had half the pride that belongs to me
when I bask in the screen's glad
smile.

Re-incarnation is rot you think? But
there's something in it to me.

I have trekked and traversed the whole
wide world in the wake of a soul set
free.

I have followed my soul to the glorious
goal where Achievement holds the
bays

The things I have seen will inspire my
life to the end of my worldly days.

I have braved the horrors of old Cape
Horn with a ranting, rollicking crew,
On a ship that threatened to go to bits
with every wind that blew.

I have travelled West with the pioneers
on the Trail of 'Forty-nine.

I settled the hash of a Kaffir gang in
the depths of a diamond mine.

I have fought the wiles of a Southern
vamp I have won the smiles of a
queen,

And billed as the "Reason Why Girls
Leave Home," in melodrama I've
been.

I have crossed the Main on a Pirate
ship on the track of Treasure Trove
I have lived in fantasies stranger far
than De Quincy or Poe e'er wove.

I have loved and lost. I have loved and
won—and passed through my life
heart-whole!

Pauper, genius and millionaire—I have
figured in every role.

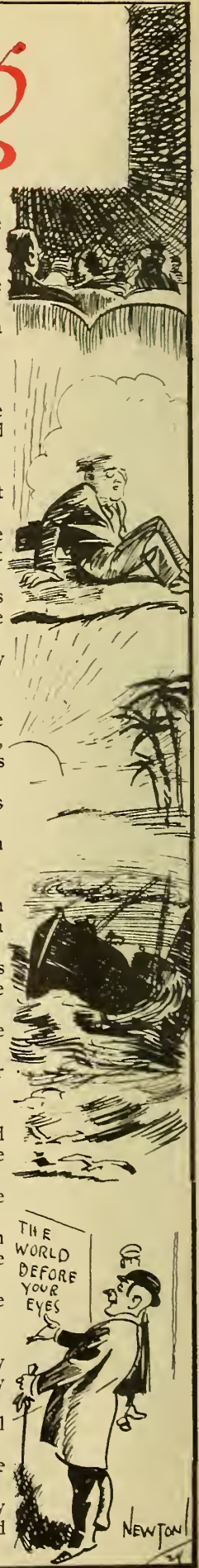
I have followed Fortune in Southern
Seas, I have bathed in the Blue
Lagoon,

I have crossed the land of Eternal Ice
by the light of a frozen moon.

You may sneer at the films, you may
jeer at the films, but the screen's my
greatest friend,

And I know full well that the bond will
last till I come to my journey's end
There is nothing a man can ask of Life
that the screen will fail to give.

I'll follow my fate with a smile on my
lips Thank God! I have learned
to live!



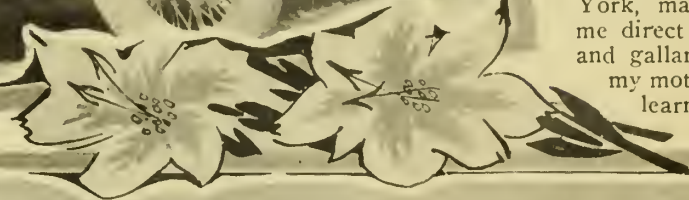
My Trip Abroad

by
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Rudy and Natacha say good-bye to the Hudnuts and turn their faces towards Italy, and Rudy's home town.

side, turned his face, already pale and fixed in the final lineaments of death, held out the crucifix and said to us, "My boys, love your mother and, above all—love your country."

I often think that such endurance as came to me in my later trials, my days of starvation and privation in New York, may have come to me direct from that brave and gallant little figure of my mother. For she had learned a stern lesson



On the way from Genoa to Castellaneta.

I left Daven beginning his study of English, plus his study of all phases of screen art with as much assiduity as he had formerly been against it. That is an advantage the student has over the dilettante. They will master a subject or an art—students will, I meant. And a *master is always a superior*. He holds the whip hand.

To-day we were packing again for the onward move.

Natacha and Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut and Auntie, who is again to accompany us on the rest of our journey, have severally extracted promises from me to have some respect for our necks if none for the laws of gravitation, and I have given those promises with sternly compressed lips, drawn brows and utter solemnity. But what is a man to do when the dream of speed possesses him . . . ah, then . . .

To-morrow we shall be on our way. We had planned to get away to-day, but what with drowsing in the sun and listening to Mr. Hudnut's plea that we remain over one more day . . . and being nothing loath to do so . . . we are still here to-night . . . to-morrow we go . . . Italy!

August 24th.

I have another Genoan night in which to write in my diary. I had expected to go on, but Natacha is feeling rather badly. I begin to fear that she will not be able to "make the grade" with us all of the way.

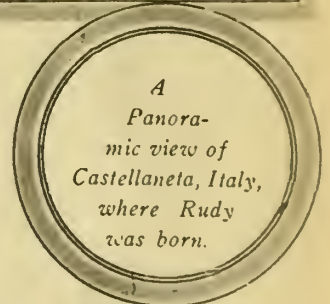


Auntie and I laugh at her and tell her she should have OUR strength and nerve, but when it comes to the aforementioned dirt, dust and dishevelment, PLUS my driving, which I am sure Natacha would describe as "reprehensible," it is a bit too much for Natacha's sense of humour.

I have often noted about women that they can stand up under the most tremendous strains, the most devastating calamities, and will break under some slight thing—such as motoring on one wheel, for instance!

My own mother, one of the bravest women I ever knew, was an illustration of this observation. There was something very close and beautiful, very dear and intimate between my mother and my father. Theirs was one of the world's great loves.

Woman's holy courage was first revealed to me in my mother. I saw it first at my father's death-bed, even as I saw his part in it when he called my brother Alberto and myself to his bed-



A
Panoramic view of
Castellaneta, Italy,
where Rudy
was born.

in the class-room of courage and fortitude. Even her early life was a preparation, for she had gone through the terrors and privations of the siege of Paris. She was the daughter of Pierre Filibert Barbin, who was an erudite Parisian doctor and had fallen in love with Giovanni Guglielmi, then a dashing figure of Italian cavalry. A captain, in fact. She married him in the flood tide of romance, and he took her to his home town, the little village of Castellaneta, to live. But I shall come to that later on. There, on the

very scene of my birth and boyhood, little memories shall come crowding that now I can glimpse in retrospect.

This digression began through my anxiety for Natacha. I fear that she is not as strong as she might be and that perhaps this trip is going to be too much for her. At first I had hoped (tried to believe), that her nervousness was a purely feminine thing, a whim of dust and discomfort, but I feel now

Of course the Macedonian tobacco sold in Italy is marvellous. The best tobacco in France is Egyptian, Maryland or Virginian. The Maryland brand is terrifically strong. For people not used to it, it all but chokes you. Very strong. But Italy has this marvellous Turkish tobacco. It is a Government monopoly, and, like all monopolies—American jewels and gowns, for instance—is taxed.

Well, at luncheon I ordered some Italian cigarettes just for the curiosity of the thing, and when I started smoking them, I found them even better than before. Oh, much better! Really very much better than my favourite cigarette I had so precariously and so expensively procured for my consumption. Natacha had a marvellous time kidding me about my bringing them into

tune and so you have come home now!"

"No," I said, getting "on" to him, "not quite what you think, my friend. I work for my money."

He looked kindly, but scarcely convinced. Wasn't Natacha sitting by me, beautifully dressed, an American! Hadn't I been away for ten years? Wasn't I returning in a partially triumphal and luxurious manner? What more did he need to know? Hadn't he seen "this sort of thing" before?

MY name meant nothing to him. Less than nothing. A rural carabinieri.

He wouldn't have seen my pictures. Hardly any of the pictures in which I have appeared have been shown in Italy. I knew that much before I arrived here, but so great and widespread is picture publicity in America yes, and in London, too, that while I knew the facts of the case, it seemed hard to believe that no word of it all had reached parts of Italy.

Well, it was six o'clock when we got through with the authorities.

We were fairly near Genoa; had only 250 kilometres still to go. But the 250 kilometres were over a tortuous road following the coast. Gorgeous road in the matter of scenery, but terrible to drive through.

The road seemed to be the only factor of the landscape unaware of the glory of the season. Dirt! Dirt! Dirt! We thought we had come through dust and



A snapshot of Rudy and Natacha taken before an historic Florentine ruin.

that I should have known Natacha better than to suppose she would indulge herself in anything only of the imagination. I shall watch her more carefully from this time forth.

Does one ever know women?

One learns the ways of their hearts and finds that after all one has learned only a part. I think I shall profess ignorance, which will doubtless be the beginning of my real knowledge. Ignorance so often is, when we acknowledge it . . .

But to go back and take up my story where I left it last night, at that first Italian luncheon table. I was about to recount an amusing incident that happened to us there:

You see, I had been away ten years. I didn't know whether the cigarettes were as good as they had used to be, and they used to be, I thought, very good indeed. Since I landed at Cherbourg, I have learned how many American things are superior to European ones; the chorus girls, the women *in toto*, the theatre, the food, etcetera. I have come to be prepared for disappointment. And this philosophy of disappointment included cigarettes, which are so much a part of the smaller pleasures of my daily life.

Well, we had brought with us some cigarettes. As I crossed the frontier, I of course, declared them—and the duty is something frightful. I paid 600 lire for 600 cigarettes—a lire apiece. At the rate of 24 lire for one dollar this would figure out about five cents apiece.



Rudy takes an early morning stroll with the dog.

the country!

Another funny incident occurred as we crossed the frontier.

The first thing I had to do was to have my passport locked over by a carabinieri, then by the Custom House Guard, who in Italy belongs to a unit of the Regular Militia. When the carabinieri had look at my papers he asked me in Italian how long it was since I had been in Italy. I told him ten years. "You married an American," he said, with a very knowing look, as if quite accustomed and slightly amused at this order of things, "you made your for-

dirt before, but now that we are in Italy, we realise that we were but amateurs before.

When we finally got into Genoa, it was midnight. And here in Genoa, at midnight, Natacha had a nervous breakdown.

Between the dust, the rumbling of the motor, the sense of impending and immediate danger, she was absolutely

fagged out. The strain that has been telling on her all along came to an end. A collapse. It was just the last straw. This is why we have remained over the other day.

To see Natacha so was a shock to me, too. For I have never seen her so before. She sobbed and wept like a child, and could not be quieted. I was up with her most of the night, doing all of the soothing and calming things I could think of doing. Toward morning she fell asleep and awoke this morning, nearer noon than early morning, feeling refreshed and quieted and insisting that she was quite all right to go on as we had planned.

Shortly after luncheon, which I insisted upon Natacha taking alone in her room, we went out, and looked about Genoa a little. We spent about an hour roaming about, then I made Natacha rest for half an hour, and after that we drove out to the Agricultural College where I had spent a part of my youth.

Most of my old professors were away on their vacations and I did not have as Rudy and two friendly bullocks. These animals are used instead of horses on the Italian country roads.

with some acidity, that since my time the boys who had been there were "a pack of cowards and fools," and that he often said to them, "If Guglielmi were here, he'd show you how to handle a bull! He could handle them well, and never was afraid of them!"

I quite preened under this compliment. There is enough of the small boy in me still to feel a swelling delight, a sense of prowess at this particular form of flattery.

It is true that I was, always have been and still am, crazy about cattle. Some day . . . but that is another story!

Luigi and I rambled on and on. I asked after this and that class-mate, getting, as one does, a variety of stories, some happy and full of honours, some bitter with disappointment, a death or two, some tragedies that made me very sad, as I recalled the carefree, ambitious, gay youngsters we had really been at the

the fact that they could not understand one word of Gigi's dialect. And the cold of the Italian night coming on swiftly almost froze them.

I think I shall have to rise early in the morning to finish 'his. I can't keep Natacha awake by my scribbling, and so many things come into my mind to say that I could keep on indefinitely. More in the early dawn, when I shall



A street musician of Florence, Italy.

rise quietly and sit in the rising gold sun of Italy and write . . .

Genoa, August 25th.

Each day a new leaf turned, with always the possibility of finding the reign of some new, some rare, some lovely thing.

Or, perhaps, some terrific thing. But what then? A philosophy I have always tried to instil in myself and live up to has been the philosophy of fearing nothing in life, of accepting all the things that are a part of living. I we do not suffer, if we never know the pain of body, the pain of heart and mind and soul, if we have never wept over a bier or crushed out bitter breaths against a vanquished hope, then we have never really lived at all. We have simply played through life. Made of it a perpetual carnival. Never stripped the motley masks to gaze upon the strained and pitiful faces underneath.

If I ever become the artist I hope to be I shall owe it not so much to my hours of song and dance, as to the many, many hours I have sat alone, friendless, hopeless, hungry of soul as well, God knows, as hungry of body.

I wax philosophic in the morning . . . Perhaps I should have as a maxim, "Give the morn to meditation. Give the night to joy!"

To get back to narrative . . . On our way back from the School of Agriculture, which I left with a slight moisture of the eyes, and a promise to



many to reminisce with as I might have had at another season of the year. But the old gentleman who had charge of the cattle in my time was still there—and still in charge. He was in charge of the Suisserie, where only the thoroughbreds are kept. Luigi is his name. We called him Gigi. And he remembered me well.

I told him that I had been in pictures—and found that he knew nothing whatever about it, or about me. But he did pay me the compliment of observing,

time, in spite of how we thought ourselves so mature. So much men! So much, even, men of the world!

After we had got through with the Past, I told him all that I had been doing, my struggles, my successes and my hopes for the future, and found the dear man one of the most interested listeners I have ever talked with. He made me know more than anything thus far, that I had, indeed, come home.

Doubtless it was not very interesting for Natacha and Auntie, considering

come back again one day when the other professors and some of the new pupils should be there, we got under way.

Natacha said, "You had a wonderful time, didn't you, Rudy?"

And I laughed and said that in such moments as I had lived through one was able to regain and recapture boyhood again. Re-living a thing on the scene of its action is almost as good to the imaginative mind as actually living it.

Better, perhaps, for looking backward casts a tender glow over things that were not, perhaps, as tender at the time. And looking backward is robbed of the fear, the diffidence that one feels when one, perforce, looks forward. The past is *known* to us. It has no further terrors. It has done its best—or its worst. But whichever it is, it has been done, anyway. But the Future . . . ah, there, indeed, is the Bottomless Pit, over which only such a bridge of philosophy as I have so weakly sketched may make it bearable.

On our way homeward I suggested, optimistically, as it transpired, that we stop at Lido d'Albaro for a bit of supper.

As we drove through the little town, what should I see but an advertisement of *The Conquering Power*, called here, *The Human Comedy*.

Of course "The Human Comedy" is the name of the series of Balzac's novels, from one of which, "Eugenie Grandet," "The Conquering Power" was adapted. But there is no connection between the two in the public mind, and when I asked people if they had seen "The Conquering Power," they invariably replied that they had not.

Rudy tries his hand as driver of a peasant's mule team.



As further instance of the up-and-down picture regime in this part of Italy, when we passed the most pretentious picture house in Italy, we saw advertised there as follows: "For the first time in Italy: *Joan the Woman*." The picture with Geraldine Farrar.

Then, on the other side, in a less pretentious house, an advertisement of Bill Hart in something he must have made the Lord knows how far back!

I think a Triangle picture. These were first-run houses.

And I said to myself, silently, but with great inner emphasis, "Ten years from now I will be popular in Italy, perhaps, but they don't know me now."

That much was certain. From the chance wayfarer along the road, to the first and second run picture houses, I was as I had been when I left Italy, as unknown to films as films were unknown and unexpected to me.

And so we went back to our hotel.

Milan, August 28th.

Ah, now I feel that I should sit here for as many weeks as I shall probably spend hours, in order to get in all that has happened to us.

The trip to Milan, with its delays and complications!

The meeting with my sister! The effusions! The tears of joy! The reminiscences, which I shall recount

later on, in due sequence of events, like a conscientious and technical story-teller. The overwhelmingness of seeing one of my own again . . . after so many years!

I had wired Milan, because my sister had expected me earlier in the

My valet, whom I had sent on ahead was already at the hotel with my sister. They had had no word of the delay at the time and they sat themselves down and waited from eleven in the morning until ten at night.

Meanwhile, of course, we were on the road from Genoa to Milan.

It was raining with a driving, grey persistence, and we couldn't make very good time.

When nine-thirty or ten arrived, my poor distracted sister didn't know what on earth to do.

She imagined by then, the very worst. She couldn't endure the inertia of sitting there, just sitting hands folded, heart thundering with

A
close-up
of "Giovanni"
the pride of
his owner's
heart.



week, saying that we would be delayed.

But telegraph service in Italy is the worst the world has ever seen,

and, I trust, for the sake of all travellers and messages of import, the worst the world ever will see.

I sent a telegram to my sister, and then, being aware of conditions along this line, I sent another—and then I sent another. They got the second wire ahead of the first one.

impatience and fear, one instant longer.

She was so nervous that inactivity finally became insupportable, and she said, "I am going to Genoa to see what has happened!"

She found out that a train was leaving in twenty minutes, and on that train she jumped and went to Genoa.

She arrived there two hours later, still frantic with apprehensions.

By that time we were in Milan.

I eventually got her on the long distance telephone and told her where we were, what had happened to us, how I had wired her and that, in short, we were safe and sound and quite all right, and only suffering from the disappointment of not seeing her at once.

The poor girl took a six o'clock train the next morning, arriving at ten.

We just embraced, and then embraced again. We were crying, and everyone else was crying. It resembled somewhat the day I crossed the frontier. It savoured of the same type of emotion.

(Continued on page 76.)



Gloria Swanson, too, has proved herself a farsighted business woman as well as a fine artist.

thermore, can ruin the best story ever written, so he is also concerned in the selection of these co-workers.

The longer it takes to make a picture, the greater is the cost. So every star has reason to worry if production lags while overhead mounts. Generally speaking they have no authority to speed things up or to make changes in the personnel of their producing unit. So their problem proves infinitely more difficult and calls for the utmost tact and diplomacy.

Far-sightedness is something which every star needs.

Everyone in the motion picture profession will tell you how well Anita Stewart handled her affairs. She found that her stardom meant frequent inferior pictures. So she was wise enough to give up the prestige of stardom and become what is called a "free lancer." This permits her a choice of roles. She need appear only in those productions which she feels to be worth while. Without any doubt, by making this change at the crucial moment, Miss Stewart has added years to the length of her career.

Gloria Swanson, too, is rich in this valuable quality. For years the public knew Gloria as a bizarre, exotic and over-dressed star. Her roles called upon her for no histrionic ability. Gloria, with a full realisation of this, sought roles which little by little offered her a greater emotional range. She gave what leisure she had to study. And to-day the most capricious and demanding critic admits that Gloria Swanson ranks with the finest artists of the screen.

There are any number of incidental business details connected with stardom which need management with expert

hands. The care of the fan mail alone necessitates a large outlay for secretaries, stamps and photographs.

And the business of investing surplus money might be said to come under the business of stardom, too.

The harvest years are few, and they demand every energy and attention. The money made in these years must be invested so that the future is insured.

Sometimes a star is fortunate in being able to leave these business worries to a father, mother or husband. The husband of Norma Talmadge, for instance, Joseph Schenck, has handled her affairs and Constance's, too, with the same skill and brilliance by which he has amassed his own fortune.

And we wouldn't be at all surprised if John McCormick Colleen Moore's husband, and an official of her company, looked after her business interests.

People with creative natures . . . people at all artistically inclined . . . are not apt to be gifted with commercial minds. If you are born a merchant, you are a



Above: Norma and Constance Talmadge. Left circle: Joseph Schenck.



merchant. You buy and you sell. You do the thing you are pre-eminently fitted to do and that's the end of it. But if you are a motion picture star, you find it necessary to develop tendencies which are opposed to your natural instincts.

With the men tars this does not seem so incongruous. But time and time again I marvel over the efficient way in which so many of the young girls handle their business affairs. Nor has their business ability been permitted to become flagrant. It has not, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, seared their charm. Wonders, even in the practical work-a-day world, may be accomplished by virtue of grace and charm.

It's quite a business . . . being a star.

**BEN LYON**

Isn't as youthful in experience as in looks for he starred in Edison films and with Violet Mercereau and Marion Swayne. He has dark brown hair and blue eyes and is one of the certainties of the coming year.

**ALICE TERRY**

Has received one of the movie plums of nineteen-twenty-five, viz. the role of "Queen Frederique" in the film version of Daudet's "Rois in Exile," which Seastrom is to direct.



VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE

Who is the "Tinker Bell" of Herbert Brenon's "Peter Pan." Virginia made her name in "Without Benefit of Clergy," and is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, but as "Tink" she will be reduced to five inches which is the correct height of a fairy, we believe.



WILLIAM FARNUM

Big Bill Farnum has changed his studio address from Fox's to Paramount, but he hasn't changed his style of acting nor his characteristic photoplays. He pleads guilty of owning more homes than any other movie star; in time he'll have a house in every one of the United States.

**BETTY BRONSON**

Sacrificed a charming head of chestnut ringlets for Art's sweet sake. But "Peter Pan" couldn't possibly have curls, and the effect is certainly quaintly becoming. This is an advance glimpse of her in character.

Women in White



Aileen Pringle's chiffon negligee is trimmed with a very deep border of ermine.



Norma Talmadge in cloth of silver and pearls.



Tail-less ermine and white fox were the furs used for this cloak worn by Hope Hampton.



Evening wrap of tail-less ermine, belonging to Sylvia Breamer.



Norma Shearer's simple toilette of ninon and lace.



Corinne Griffith's negligée of heavy white silk edged with ostrich feathers.

Harold Lloyd—Live Wire

by VINCENT DE SOLA



"This face," says De Sola, "is diplomatic, observant, and full of a nervous vitality. In it, however, one finds nothing of the philosophical sadness of Chaplin."

would strike in the least expected quarter like a good general, and there is enough inquisitiveness in him to discover just which that quarter is and where the weakness of his enemy lies.

But with all this, I do not mean that Lloyd is pugnacious. He is far from that. His lips and eyes show the conciliatory type plainly. Although the mind is more practical than creative, there is no doubt he is possessed of some inventive ability, and is unusually resourceful.

Of the eternal traits of human character present in his features, I would accent his analytic ability, his jealousy in emotional matters, his physical courage, and his level and sane mentality. He has a humour that is touched somewhat with irony, but is without conscious cruelty.

His attitude and opinions towards the difficulties of existence are concerned with ways of overcoming them rather than discovering their sources and meaning. He is, in a word, not philosophical in type, but is, rather, objective and active. He is one, I deduce, to whom games requiring peculiar skill, and elements of a surprising nature, have a strong fascination.

He is good-hearted, though his sympathies are not particularly deep. A stoic himself, he can bear suffering so well as not to feel deeply the sufferings of others. There is something of a gambler's spirit revealed in his face. So sure is he of his own powers to extricate himself from a difficult predicament that he would gladly test his ability by taking chances.

His code of action is an extremely simple one, and he is somewhat conventional, though adapting himself generally to the conventions of environment. He is tolerant, and can forgive anything that amuses or interests him, without condemning it.

I mark his lack of self-consciousness and a freedom from sham which must naturally result from his own matter-of-fact acceptance of himself. Only in his ingenuity would he find cause for self-esteem or vanity, and this would be of a harmless kind. He is somewhat domestic in type and requires a background of familiar things to feel completely happy.

Harold Lloyd seems to be one of the staple idols of the films, and perhaps this is due in some measure to his own stability. His rise was slow and gradual, as screen successes go. Not one vehicle, but a great many, raised him to a position which, it is fairly certain, he will retain as long as he chooses.

In this face one finds nothing of the philosophical sadness of Chaplin, none of the superior comedian's richness of human comedy, but there is much in common in the faces of both men. Both have come to the fore by creating a character of wistfulness, somewhat baffled and helpless, and have repeated that figure with unvarying repetitions for successive years.

There is so much that is unassuming in Lloyd's features that it is easy to see that this part came natural to him. Idealistic as is the brow, his face lacks vanity and romantic illusions. He sees

himself in a rather plain, matter-of-fact way, and his humour concerns itself with the vacillations weaknesses, and compromises which underlie even the most pompous or ferocious of surfaces. It is a portrait which humanity readily recognises, and the kindness of its satire is infinitely appealing.

A good deal of Harold Lloyd's character goes into this portrayal, but there are sides of him which his film playing never reveal. And most dominant of these, it would seem to me from my analysis, is his peculiar cunning in any sort of conflict or difficulty.

The alert eyes have at once the signs of frankness and inscrutability. The mouth is flexible, ready to assume a variety of expressions, and the face, when apparently in repose, shows, nevertheless, the readiness of this character to switch with alarming suddenness to an unexpected course. He



Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall

BY
JOHN FLEMING

In the spacious days of good Queen Bess lived the Vernons of Haddon Hall—Sir George Vernon and his daughter Dorothy and her cousin Malcolm. Dorothy Vernon was reputed to be the very fairest girl between coast and coast and none who had seen her could say that her claim was ill-founded. She was at the time of these happenings a laughing and light-hearted young lady of twenty-two, and betrothed—though this against her will—to her cousin Malcolm.

"I dislike my cousin Malcolm," she said to her father, Sir George. "I would marry a man of my own choosing."

"He is my choice, and I am accounted a wise man," returned Sir George. "In what way does the lad find ill-favour with you? He seems a good man to me."

"I dislike him," re-affirmed Dorothy. "As for the reason—I don't know. Must a woman know? Must she give a reason? I could not be happy with my cousin Malcolm, father. I would that you free me from this betrothal and let me marry a man of my own choosing."

"You have chosen?" the old man demanded.

"Nay," replied Dorothy, with a flash of the wit for which she was renowned

throughout the shires—"I have not chosen. Or I would not be betrothed to Malcolm."

"Tush! girl," snapped the old man. "You talk as though you are fit to choose. You talk like a man. I am your father, and wise, and qualified to

the beautiful moss-grown stone staircase to the rosary. It was, as Sir George had pointed out, the sunset hour, and the gardens were a glory, if a glory that shone not to her unseeing eyes. She walked the mossy paths, flicking fallen petals from her path and wishing she were a child again to call the fairies to her aid, to bid them bring her a fairy prince who should show an excellence for every defect of her betrothed, Sir Malcolm.

The very strangest thing about her perplexity was that she had not seen Sir Malcolm, her cousin, since they were children together. But little traits of childhood came back across her memory and she knew she could never like or respect the man that little Malcolm Vernon must have become.

So cold it all was, so calculated, so far outside of her own being, this made match, this callous arrangement between the two branches of the Vernons. If only—

Her thoughts and her perambulations came to an abrupt termination simultaneously, for there before her suddenly in the garden, begging to be put upon his way to the nearest Peak Town, was the handsomest man that ever Dorothy Vernon had seen. And he was not merely handsome.

CHARACTERS.

- Dorothy Vernon - MARY PICKFORD
- Sir George Vernon - ANDERS RANDOLF
- Sir Malcolm Vernon - MARC MACDERMOTT
- Lady Vernon - - - MME. DAUMERY
- Sir John Manners - ALLAN FORREST
- Earl of Rutland - - WILFRED LUCAS
- Queen Elizabeth - - CLARE EAMES
- Mary, Queen of Scots - ESTELLE TAYLOR
- Earl of Leicester - COURTENAY FOOTE
- Dawson - - - COLIN KENNY
- Jennie Faxton - - - LOTTIE PICKFORD

Narrated by permission from the Allied Artists Film of the same name.

choose and I have chosen for you your cousin Malcolm. There is nothing more to be said. Take a walk now in the garden and watch the sunset hues on the roses. That is more to a woman's capacity."

Putting, Dorothy went away, out of the great hall of the Vernons and down

Her cousin Malcolm was handsome; but here was one whose eyes laughed, whose mouth was kind; a man who was knowing and yet sympathetic, who took life bravely and yet with a laugh. The man, in short, that she would have bade the fairies bring to her, if she had been little again and still retained her faith in the little folk.

And then of a sudden she was lowering her lashes and she knew herself to be blushing. She saw him flourish his sword gallantly and repeat his question.

"Why—" and she got no further than that, but stopped and stared and stared at his sword and the crest of his cousin's branch of the Vernon family engraved thereon.

"That is the crest of the Malcolm Vernons!" she cried.

And he replied: "It is that indeed."

"You must be my cousin Malcolm, then, that I am betrothed to marry—my cousin that is back this very day from Italy?"

"And if I may say so, fair lady, you seem very little unwilling."

She blushed again.

"I did not think you would be like that."

"What did you imagine, then?" he asked. "Come, now—a dragon?"

"Before the reality I scarce remember. You have driven away a cloud—and I am willing."

They walked down the paths of the rosary, arm in arm, talking of birds and the roses and the sunset and the far lands that he had seen. And then when the sun was dipping and he vowed he must be upon his way, he flourished again his sword, took off his feathered hat and bowed low.

"I may see you again, and perhaps your father, Sir George?" he asked.

"Why, when we are to marry within the month, cousin Malcolm—"

"Fair lady," said the young man, "I can no longer deceive you. I won this sword in fair combat with a young man I cannot like, a mile down yonder road. He sits now, I believe, in a ditch. The arms are not mine, but his, and he must be Sir Malcolm Vernon. As for myself, I am Sir John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, and if—"

She flushed and her brows met in a tiny and beautiful frown.

"Rutland!" she cried. "Son of the Earl? Then you must know, unless you have been in hiding these many years, of the feud that exists between my family and yours. The Vernons

and the Rutlands hate and must hate to the end of time. Go! Your deception was as mean and paltry as it was base. Never more do I wish to see you. I am away this moment to warn my father and rouse the guard. If you care to save your Rutland skin, save it now, for time is short!"

She turned and left him hurriedly, and when her father learnt of her story he at once sent the guard out into the woods to bring the miscreant to book. "Dead or alive," he commanded, "but dead for preference."



"If you care to save your Rutland skin, save it now for time is short!"

He swerved round in his ponderous way to bid his daughter exercise care in her encounters, but his daughter was gone already from his side. Gone to her room, to dream if not to sleep—to dream of one she had sworn never to see again, the finest man that her pretty eyes had ever seen; the son of their ancient enemy the Earl of Rutland.

To dream of him, and to think, at long and rare intervals, of that other whom she was so soon to marry—that other who lost his sword to a better man and took his seat in a ditch.

"I wonder. . ." she mused. Though what she wondered she could not express in words.

Days of plot and counter-plot were those. Spacious days—days of life full-lived; but days of intrigue too. Though Elizabeth sat the throne, it was none too secure. Far to the North was Mary, Queen of the Scots, ever watching, ever waiting; with her faithful henchmen in Elizabeth's realm, ready to do her bidding, to give their lives for her, when the moment should come.

One such was the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke had no stouter aide than

Sir Malcolm Vernon. Very soon, if their plans carried, Elizabeth would be deposed and Mary of Scots in her place on the throne. And their plans bade fair to carry, for they were stout plans, of strong foundation.

The approaching marriage of Sir Malcolm to his neighbour and cousin Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, would provide a very excellent opportunity to bring the English Queen into the neighbourhood. Only a shelter near by was needed to hold Mary in safety until the moment of disclosure, and then at one sweep the proclamation of Mary as England's queen and the assassination of Elizabeth could be accomplished.

"But where," the old Duke asked of his younger plotter, "where can Mary hide until the moment for coming forward?"

Sir Malcolm laughed.

"Why not Rutland Castle?" he asked. "It is but a stone's throw from Haddon Hall."

"But the Earl is one of Elizabeth's men."

"Listen. We can persuade the old man, who is a poor fool at best, that

Mary's residence there is for Elizabeth's good. We will say that Mary awaits her passport to France, and that as soon as Elizabeth comes north for the wedding and grants this, she will renounce all claim to the throne and leave the country for ever."

"If you can arrange this—?"

"Leave that to me."

And it was arranged—so well arranged that young Sir John Manners was even persuaded into journeying to Lochleven Castle and escorting Mary south to Rutland Castle. The journey was made in easy stages after night-fall, and none but a handful knew that the hated Mary Queen of Scots was in England, and in that Loyalist heart of England, Rutland Castle.

Meantime, preparations for the marriage proceeded apace. But though the day grew ever nearer and heralds had brought news of the Queen's approach for the festivities, Dorothy Vernon persisted in her refusal to see her betrothed.

"I can never marry him, for I can never like him. Oh, that I might die and be from this world of trouble," she cried.

Her father's lips set and he took her wrist.

"Do you know that the son of Rutland is a prisoner and will die unless you consent to marry your cousin Malcolm?" he said in a low voice.

"Father," she sobbed, "you cannot mean it?"

"Can and do," smiled the old man. "He will be tortured and then hanged unless we keep our bargain with our cousins. What say you now?"

She said, in cold words, very little, but when again her father laid the marriage agreement before her, with a trembling hand she signed it.

That night she took her maid Jennie Faxton into her confidence. "I want you, Jennie," she said, "to take a message to Rutland Castle for me. It is a secret message and no one must know. It is for Sir John Manners. My father believes that I love him, and has balanced his life against my marriage with my cousin Malcolm. Yes, my father believes that I love him, before I can believe it myself. But I believe it now. My father is right. He has seen what I have been feeling. Though I shall marry Malcolm it is John I shall love."

And that night Jennie went to Rutland Castle, being taken within by a sister of hers who was in the employment of the old Earl. And when by stealth she crept up to the room of young Sir John to deliver the message it was a strange sight which met her eyes. A prisoner Sir John was indeed, though not an enforced one. On his way back from Lochleven the party had passed through an ambush and Sir John it was who fell. He was still weak from his wounds, and when, during a midnight audience of Queen Mary, he tottered and would have fallen, she held out her arms and it was into them that he staggered. At that moment the curtains parted and Jennie Faxton peeped in. To see Sir John Manners in the arms of Mary, 'Queen of Scots. . .

When she began the weary way back to Haddon Hall under the pale light of the moon, she carried with her a message that had never been delivered.

Upon the next morning, amid a great flourishing of trumpets, a great shaking of lances and spears and a vast waving of gaily coloured flags, in a litter of silver and fairest lace, and accompanied by a retinue five hundred strong, Queen Elizabeth arrived at Haddon Hall for the

wedding of Dorothy Vernon.

Never before in that generation had such joyous scenes been witnessed in that corner of Derbyshire. The servants were lined along the terrace top waving bunting and little flags. The foot soldiers of the Queen held the way up the terrace steps. And at the foot of the steps, in the sight of a vast gathering of countrymen and countrywomen, Sir George Vernon waited to welcome his Queen.

What a roar of greeting arose as the litter drew up. Sir George stepped forward, the Queen stepped down, Sir George knelt, the populace cheered, the foot soldiers presented arms, Sir George kissed the royal hand and then, rising, bowed low.

"Your daughter is not here to receive us," said the Queen tartly.

Sir George glanced round.

"Your Majesty," he faltered, "she was here but a moment ago. I cannot think where she can be."

The Queen passed on, ignoring his explanations or lack of them, and he felt that he would never again hold his head up in face of this slight that had been offered the great Queen. And then Dorothy came into view running, to pull up and drop a dainty curtsy before the royal lady. But the royal lady was in one of her less-pleasing moods that day, having travelled far and long from London, and she swept by without acknowledgment. Sir George angrily drew his daughter aside.

"You have offended the Queen and cast a shadow on the whole ceremony," he said. "Never—"

"Father!" she whispered. "I must

have an audience of the Queen at once and privately. I have been talking to Jennie Faxton who is back from Rutland Castle but these twelve minutes with terrible news. Mary of Scots is there! And there is a plot, with the Rutlands behind it, to place her on the throne of England!"

"What!" the old man fell back apace, staring at his daughter as if he had imagined the dreadful tidings and her lips had not moved. Then taking her hand he led her before the Queen and begged her to recount her news.

Elizabeth listened attentively and when at length she spoke it was plain that she had forgiven the Vernons their lapse.

"You have done good work which I shall not forget," she said. And then, summoning a foot soldier: "Take a hundred men of foot," she commanded, "and set a guard on Rutland Castle. Mary of Scots is there. Seize her. Take also the Rutlands, father and son. Hold them against my next command, and bring me news if your mission is attended with success."

In the excitement occasioned by the tidings Dorothy could wander a little from the seething concourse to a quiet spot along the terrace where she could be alone with her thoughts. And what bewildering thoughts they were! Suddenly she realised that this was her lover she had betrayed—John Manners, her ideal, her fairy prince come true. But few times had she met him; on that first memorable meeting in the rose garden, and two or three times since. But she realised that it was this man that she had sent in all likelihood to the block who was the only man in all the world to her. This traitor! Her lover. . .

Quicker than thought—
for her thoughts were
poor lame things
that



She threw a wide cloak over him and sat herself on his knee, but alack! Four feet and two of them a man's were peeping out from under her dress.



"I thought so," sneered Sir Malcolm. And suddenly he raised his sword.

day—she slipped to the stables and saddled her white mare. Spinning round into the high road she left Haddon Hall behind in a mist of dust. She scarce knew where she was going, or why, but when the mare's hoofs beat upon the road to Rutland Castle she knew neither surprise nor remorse. Only fear—fear that she might be too late. . .

When the lone rider was gone she spurred the horse into the high road once again. But now there was a fresh danger. The departure of the white mare had been witnessed from the high terrace at Haddon and a hundred mounted soldiers of the Queen's guard were in pursuit. Little tears of excitement trickled down Dorothy's cheeks; but soon she was laughing too. The soldiers of the Queen! What did they know of the Haddon country, that wild Peak land in which she had passed all of her beautiful young life?

She even turned and beckoned them on, taunted them and jeered at them, and then plunged into the woods, climbed the wildest crags, tore along a high wall no more than a yard across, where the merest slip meant death. And once she took the devil's jump, that fearsome leap in the heights that no stranger dare attempt. And so though the horses of the Queen's guard were heeter than her small white mare it was Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall who came first to Rutland Castle. First by a hair's breadth, but first irrevocably. The gates that closed on her panting horse were shut in the faces of the pursuit.

"Though soon," she thought, "as she ran up the dark stone staircase to the room in which Queen Mary waited, soon they must break through. This is Elizabeth's country and Elizabeth's

men must be obeyed. I have few minutes in which to save a gracious lady who has never harmed me."

To say that Queen Mary was startled by the story Dorothy Vernon brought to her is to say little. But there was no time for questions and answers. Dorothy tarried only long enough to learn that her John was on his way to Haddon Hall to tell his story at her feet; then she whipped off her gown and bade Queen Mary do the same. "Give me, too, your veil," she asked.

And in a very little time Dorothy Vernon was attired in the robes of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Mary stood in the humbler dress of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

"Go by the back door and none will stop you," said Dorothy. "Dorothy Vernon may go where she wills in these parts. As for myself—I shall be all right. I shall be in custody."

The Queen departed and Dorothy waited. There was the sound of stout blows on the great front gate of the Castle and in a very short space Elizabeth's men stood before the veiled lady, Sir Malcolm Vernon at their head, with the ultimatum of that other and greater Queen and the stark announcement that Mary was a prisoner.

"Lead on," said the bogus Mary in a whisper. And so set out the procession that was to lead the Queen of Scots to her proud conqueror.

But on the way Sir Malcolm found occasion to be by the "Queen's" side; and though the veil that she wore was too thick for him to see through it was not too thick for her hearing and she heard the words he uttered:

"Do not fear my Queen," he murmured. "Our plan yet goes

well, for this seeming set-back is in the proper hands. You are to be taken before Elizabeth now, but—Elizabeth shall die to-night and you sit in her throne!"

Arrived at Haddon Hall, the veiled lady was taken at once before Elizabeth. She stood before the throne and bowed her head.

"And so Marv at last you acknowledge defeat," said the great Elizabeth, with a smile of triumph. "Well, unveil yourself and let me look on your face for the last time!"

Dorothy put up a tiny hand and swept the veil aside.

"Why! what is this?" cried Elizabeth.

"More than your Highness has the wish to believe, I will warrant," cried Dorothy. "This man here—this traitor, Sir Malcolm Vernon, cousin though he is of mine—plots to destroy you this very night and place Mary of Scots in your throne. This plot he has whispered to me not an hour ago, as he brought me

here thinking me another captive. Had I been Mary, he would have ushered me in not a prisoner but a victor. Your Majesty—"

Malcolm Vernon staggered forward, his face convulsed with rage.

"The wench lies and knows it!" he bawled. "It is her word against mine, and what action of mine or my family's in all our life has been disloyal to your Majesty? I crave a fair hearing as a loyal subject. How comes it that we bring you here, Dorothy Vernon, and not Mary of Scots, but that by this masquerade this woman has set your enemy free?"

"There is sense in that," Elizabeth nodded.

"There is deceit and cunning in it!" protested Dorothy.

"I have known Sir Malcolm only to be right loyal these many years, and his father before him," said the Queen. "I have no reason to doubt his word. Go! And await my commands in your chambers."

Dorothy crept from the audience chamber to her own room, with a heart of lead in her bosom. Even the startling appearance of Sir John, her lover, there in her own room waiting for her, could not raise her spirits.

"If you are found here all is lost," she cried. "The Queen suspects us of disloyalty and even at this moment Sir Malcolm is pouring lies about us into her Majesty's ears. Oh, I fear me things are going ill with the house of Vernon."

"My dear lady," protested Sir John, "let all the world utter poisonous lies, yet am I here to serve you if you will but tell me that which already I think I can guess. That you love me. . ."

"Oh, John, I love you indeed," said
(Continued on page 74).

The Art of Alla Nazimova

In the following series of studies the author has chosen his subjects with great deliberation, taking only those stars whose work seems to him a permanent and essential contribution to the art of the screen. He has tried to reduce effects to causes, and to discover in each of his subjects the characteristic quality that underlies success.

Alla Nazimova is back with us again. The speaking stage could not hold her, this creature of fire and ice and rushing thought, from the drama of silent pantomime which she has made so peculiarly her own. For the kinema is in her blood—in her face—in her expressive fingertips. She thinks in terms of movement; she speaks most clearly with silence. The kinema has her—and will always have her. And yet in her genius she is free.

Nazimova has been likened to Pola Negri, to Norma Talmadge, to Theda Bara, and to all the famous emotional stars in their time. But she is like none of them. She is herself, and alone.

Other stars have flashed a brilliant portrait across the screen, have acted with power and colour, have won their places in the hearts of picturegoers the world over, but Nazimova—leaving hearts untouched—has carved for herself a niche with Chaplin on the lonely pinnacle of screen art.

The appeal of Nazimova is never to the heart, but to the head. We admire her, marvel at her, worship her, perhaps, but love her—never. We cannot love where we do not know, and Nazimova is aloof—a mystery.

The stars who have been loved most warmly have been loved for themselves and not for their shadow on the screen. It was the woman behind the actress in Mary Pickford that became The World's Sweetheart, the man behind the player in Wallace Reid who caught and held the devotion of packed audiences from Pasadena to Bucharest.

Think of your own favourite, Meighan or Betty Balfour or Novarro, or whoever it may be. You admire him, yes; you think him versatile, yes; you are glad when his parts give him dramatic scope, yes again; but the thing that holds you is the personality behind the talent, the loved familiarity, the sense of growing comradeship, and the glimpse that breaks through the celluloid now and then of the living and thinking man.

But Alla Nazimova is another matter. She is baffling, remote and impersonal; she slips from us, laughing and shaking that rebellious head of hers, and just

when we think that the real Nazimova is about to be revealed at last, she cloaks herself in another of her brilliant character-studies, mocks at us, and is gone. Like the chameleon—taking dramatic colour from every part she plays; like a Queen—unobtainable; like a street urchin, mischievous and maddening and never to be trapped.

Elusive as a Will-o'-the-Wisp. And because we do not know her, and know that we shall never know her, we find her intriguing and irresistible. We send our thoughts chasing after her, even while our hearts are loyal to Mary and Norma and Lillian, and the stars whom we have loved and understood.

Like Chaplin, Nazimova is a pantomimist—that is to say she is able to interpret all emotions, great and small, with every faculty nature has given her—head, shoulders, limbs

the turn of a finger, the set of a hip.

She acts with every part of her body. She lets every movement, however slight and restrained, carry its share of meaning. Like Chaplin, her face is

an impenetrable mask, mobile enough, but revealing not a thought of the woman, the individual and living woman, behind it.

Nazimova has such complete mastery over her powers that she can be prodigal with them and not fear; can put them to the test of every type of character of every age and nationality. She has created a dozen memorable figures for the screen, each distinct and individualised, living in a dozen little worlds apart, and alike only in one thing—that they are all—and none of them—Nazimova.

In every part she is at ease, whether in the tomboy youthfulness of *The Brut* and *Out of the Fog*, the tragedy of *The Red Lantern*, the passionate full-blooded womanhood of *Camille* and *Revelation* or the dawning maturity of young *Salome*.

Sometimes she draws her characters with the quick, broad strokes of passion, sometimes with a hint, a suggestion, the



merest trick of a shrug. But always she draws with a hand of power, of surety—the hand of a master who knows himself and his subject and his medium, knows too his audiences and their knowledge, but knows, and rejoices, that himself they will never know.

E. R. THOMPSON.

Filming A Lost Race

Captain Hurley's adventures with a movie camera in the tropical wilderness of Lake Murray where he discovered the lost tribe of Sambios.

Travel films hold a special fascination for Britishers, in whom the pioneering instinct is so deeply ingrained. Who would not, if

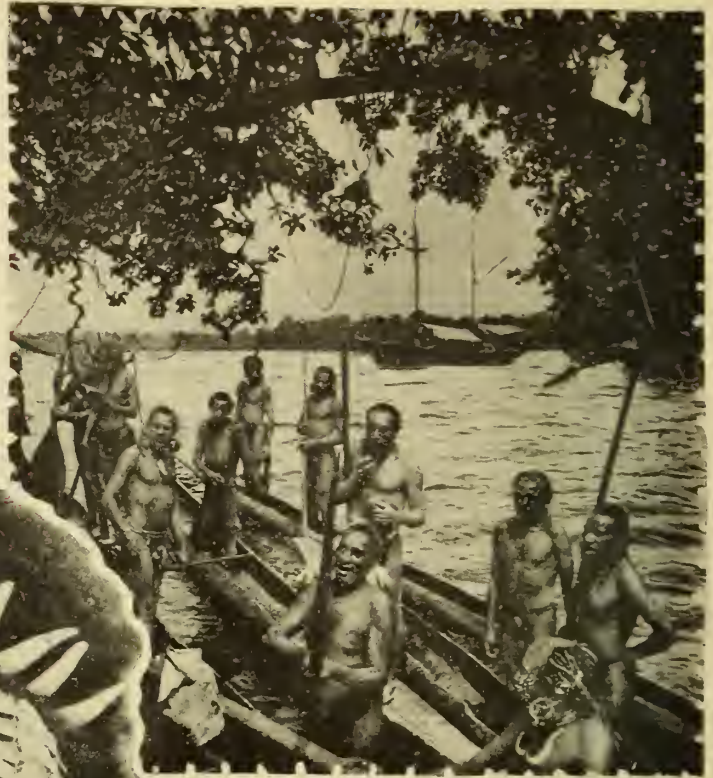
he could, seek out the far places of the earth, and the strange races of the earth? But these delights are for the few, not the many.

For the many there is the kinema, and entertainments like *Pearls and Savages*, which drew half England to the Poly Kinema, in Regent Street, London.

For Captain Frank Hurley, who with camera, wireless and seaplane, penetrated New Guinea and discovered the Lost Lake where the Stone Age Savage still

Below: Captain Hurley with a friendly Dogai of Evesi

Right: The "Eureka," and some native craft on the Fly River.



Left: A typical Papuan.

ably hot, yet wonderfully beautiful, with a beauty entirely different from anywhere else on earth.

Hurley was the first white man the Lake Murray folk had ever beheld, and his aeroplane was taken by them for a new god, and worshipped accordingly.

He was fortunate however, in being able, not only to photograph the remarkable and somewhat gruesome



Top right: Skull trophies, with their grotesque ornamentations. Right: A skull shrine showing the various trophies.

dwells, re-told there his adventures whilst the film showing them ran its magic course.

This intrepid Australian, now only thirty-four has ranged all over the world on various exploring expeditions, including Sir Ernest Shackleton's to the Pole. There it was, amid ice and snow, that the project of "a Tropical Expedition next" was formed, but it was not until after the war that it matured.

It is a vivid record of these alluring parts of New Guinea, of Papua with its pearl divers and gorgeously coloured vegetation and coral reefs, of the vast swamp of Lake Murray, and of the aborigines who inhabit that lonely world.

In the midst of the vast swamp the lake lies, crocodile haunted and unbear-





At Coira (Papua) when a woman loses her husband, she goes into mourning by divesting herself of all attire save a coating of white pipeclay. The period of mourning covers more than a year and the pipeclay is renewed as it rubs off. The women of Kaimare use the slimy river mud instead of pipeclay, with still more horrible effect.

The weird objects in the lower right hand corner are the taboo goblins of Urama. They are employed by the old men of the tribe to keep the villagers in control, and to guard certain fruits and vegetables for use at Festival time. The tribe fear and obey them when they issue from the "Dubru" (Men's club houses) and dance a strange "Ring-around-the-Rosey" through the villages and in and around the trees.

The film forms an all-too-short

record of an amazing achievement and the pictures, especially some coloured slides, are unique and wonderfully beautiful.

Captain Hurley's book, "Pearls and Savages" which is published by Putnams and contains eighty illustrations from the film, is something everyone who has enjoyed the movie will want to buy.

One thing is certain, whether Darwin's Missing Link between man and beast existed or did not exist. The Missing Link between man and man exists in the form of the Kinematograph camera. Can you doubt this as you watch primitive man outside his mud hut with his Stone Age weapons and realise that he could watch you in your cities at work and at play by the same means? JOSIE P. LEDERER.

Left: Hamoji, chief of the cannibal Sambio tribe discovered near Lake Murray

A native industry, at which all the women are proficient.



trophies these savages collect so assiduously, but to carry away some fine specimens for the Australian museums.

The three skulls seen on this page appear very grotesque with their false noses, and rows of bright red and grey seeds. These probably once belonged to the relatives of the men from whom Captain Hurley obtained them.

Besides the skulls, there are the strange shields which represent the Spirits of

the Dead, and the designs on them bear some resemblance to human faces. They are carved by means of a keen-edged shell usually, although knives are occasionally used, and are called Gope. After being carved, the Gope is decorated with red, black, and white pigment and the general effect is startling. Every man owns one of these shrines, and the more skulls, Gope, crocodile heads, spears, etc., he has, the higher his standing.

With most of these Primitives, woman is very small beer indeed, she is seldom allowed inside the great Ravi, or communal dwelling, and is usually sent right out of the village when any Tribal dances, such as are shown in the movie, are performed.

In New Guinea there are no "Merry" Widows. This one is a representative specimen.

Below: The Taboo Goblins of Urama.



Crocodiles abound in the steaming swamps of New Guinea.



The Old Order Changeth

And the old conventional screen characters are so well disguised that it's hard to tell t'other from which.

In the early infancy of the screen, films were very different things to the pictures of to-day. There was a crude simplicity about them that contrasts vividly with the constant striving after subtlety and originality of the modern director.

Characters were less complex. The hero was just a hero, and easily recognizable as such. Before the first sub-title informed the audience of his identity a hundred or more vociferous voices had cheered his slick-haired presence on the screen. He was the handsome, open-faced

Below: The Jazzy heroine—Colleen Moore

young man who loved the heroine through thick and thin. Usually some evil-natured enemy took away his character in the first reel and nobody believed in him but his trustful young sweetheart (and, of course, the audience!)

But in the last reel he always got it back again, none the worse for its tem-



The heroine smiled prettily at her honest hero-lover. (Gladys Hulette and Johnnie Walker).

Truly a wonderful man!

The villain, too possessed the same directness of character. From the moment he first

appeared on the screen, twirling a sinister moustache and ogling the heroine in a way that boded no good to the poor girl, there was no stopping the wickedness of that man.

He blackened the hero's spotless reputation, he kidnapped the heroine, he tied innocent people who never did him any harm to the railroad track, he foreclosed on the mortgage and turned whole families out into the snow, he blew up things with dynamite, he bullied little children and ill-treated dumb animals, and, in fact, committed every crime known to mankind.

The heroine herself was a gentle little thing who smiled prettily at her honest hero lover, looked horrified when the villain breathed down her neck, and generally behaved as a nicely brought up girl should. The vamp, who writhed and undulated and narrowed her eyes in the approved vampire style, spent her time smoking cigarettes and fascinating men.

These four were the principal characters in any and every movie, and as distinguishable, one from the other as black is from white.

But times have changed and films with them. It is no longer quite so easy to tell hero and villain, heroine and villainess apart, and black and white merge so cunningly into one another that it is difficult to find the meeting point. All this is very con-



When comedies were comedies and nothing else but. Chaplin's first effort. Do you remember it?

porary absence, and true love received the customary reward. He had a way, this hero, of always doing the right thing. Naughty vampires tried their wicked wiles upon him, and found him impervious to their over-blatant charms. Villains waited for him, with gangs of "toughs," and attacked him in lonely places. But dear Horace would lay half

a dozen of them out in the first round, without so much as quivering an eyelid.



Fashions in films may alter but screen villains like Stuart Holmes go on for ever.

fusing to the veteran picturegoer.

It is quite on the cards that he or she may waste a whole afternoon assiduously hating what appears to be the villain, only to discover in the last reel that he is the hero after all. On the other hand, villains are becoming gradually so polished and polite that it requires concentrated brainwork on the part of the audience to discern their real blackness of character. Incredible as it may seem they are even losing that old and time-honoured habit of hissing, always connected with them in the past.

Elderly charmers, too, are proving quite a menace to the popularity of the conventional boyish lover. And, truth to tell, they can be very charming. Lewis Stone imbues middle-aged roles with a romance greater than that of twenty-one, and Adolphe Menjou's sophisticated love-making does greater damage amongst feminine hearts than the old time methods of wooing ever accomplished.



Aileen Pringle as "The Lady" of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Elinor invented the tiger skin tradition. For years no reel vamp was complete without one.



Dear Horace (Frank Mayo, in this instance) lays half a dozen of them out.



Top: The new-style vamp exemplified by Mae Busch. Above: "The handsome open-faced young man who loved the heroine through thick and thin." (Walter Tennyson).

her apron, while the villain stands over her and threatens her.

She doesn't vainly wring her wrinkled hands and wait for her youngest son to "make good out West" and come home in the nick of time. She knows perfectly well that her youngest son hasn't got it in him to make good anywhere, let alone "out West." The modern movie mother is bobbed haired, young and charming, and can fight her own battles.

With this gradual change of characters, plots also have become different. They no longer have the same directness, and while in some cases they are infinitely better directed than the old-time stories, there are occasions when they rather over-reach themselves in a desire to express subtlety.

This, I suppose, is because directors have altered. They are getting educated. In the old days a director's last qualification was education in any shape or form. But now they are going to the other extreme. They suffer, some of them, from such an overdose of "kultur" that they no longer put entertainment first in their ideas of what the public want.

Instead they substitute "education." Something "different" in the way of films is wanted, so they take novels and plays that are obviously unfitted for reproduction in celluloid and attempt to do the impossible. The result is, in the words of the press agent, a "screen classic"—in the words of the film fan "too slow for words."

The old-time pictures may have been crude, but there is this to be said for them. If they were melodrama, at least they pretended to nothing more. For all their crudity, they knew what they were driving at—and who can say that of some of the films of to-day?

E. E. BARRETT.

Home Memories of



Below: The Pigeon Tower at Dios Dorados, a lovely bit of atmospheric architecture. It suggests the sunlit Plaza of some old Spanish town, and is an exact copy of part of an early Spanish-Californian Mission.



Above: "Dios Dorados" (Golden Days), the new home Thomas Ince did not enjoy very long. It is a Spanish ranch estate of unusual beauty, and contains thirty-five rooms, and eleven baths, besides a bowling green, tennis courts, bathing pool and palatial grounds.



Above: The Dining Room is wholly Spanish, furniture and rug having been made to order in Spain. The rafters, hand carved and stained to simulate age, add a hospitable note.

Thomas H Ince

The kinema world is the poorer by the death of this famous producer at the early age of 42.

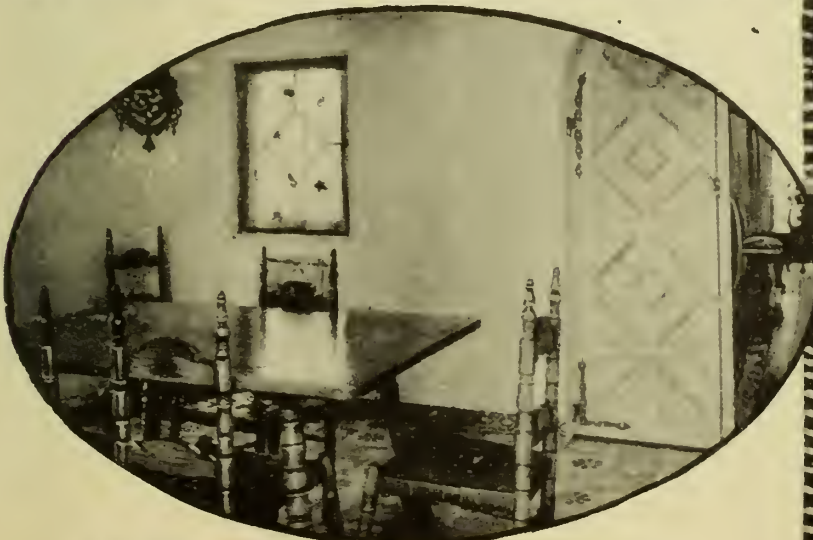


Above: A corner of the autograph room at "Dios Dorados" which contains letters and documents signed by historical, stage, and literary celebrities of England and America.



Mrs. Thomas Ince with her three sons; Bill (left), Dick and Harry.

The main hall, through the arch of which is seen the living room, with its novel grille similar to those found in old houses of Spanish origin. Note the beautiful wrought iron work everywhere.



The breakfast room has a colour scheme of blue, green and yellow. It has antique yellow lacquer furniture and is a very cheery spot.



The Star With A Broken Neck

Dick Talmadge has earned this unique title.



Left: Dick in hospital harness. Above: Back in ordinary harness in "Danger Ahead."



Above: Dick leaves the hospital as good as new.

Right: A typical Talmadge stunt.

The case of the rotund little gentleman of nursery rhyme fame, who owned to an ill-advised passion for balancing on walls, bears some resemblance to that of Richard Talmadge, film star, inasmuch



body knows, is one of the most intrepid stunt stars on the screen, has had more than one hairbreadth escape from death, and has got off with nothing worse than a few bruises, or a fractured rib or so. But in his recent film *Let's Go* an unusually daring stunt nearly ended in disaster. The scenario called for him to jump from a tremendous height on to a moving train. An eye witness says that he seemed to slip almost in mid-air, and the next thing the horrified onlookers knew was that he was lying in a huddled heap on the ground.

When the news that Dick was suffering from a broken neck went round it was a foregone conclusion that his mortal career was at an end. He was rushed off to hospital, and while his sorrowing friends were discussing the respective merits of white lilies and chrysanthemums, the skilful fingers of two of the hospital surgeons were mending the broken neck and bringing him back to life. Within a fortnight of his accident he had left the hospital, and was taking light exercise in his garden to prove his fitness. Dick's astounding recovery is the marvel of Hollywood.

as both suffered a severe fall for their pains. But here the resemblance stops, for of the first it is recorded that "Not all the king's horses and all the king's men could put Humpty Dumpty together again." And fortunately for Richard and his many devoted admirers, medical skill has saved him from a like fate.

Dick, who, as every-

Quite a number of people have a mistaken impression that Dick is related to the Talmadge sisters. As a matter of fact his real name is not Talmadge but Richard Metzetti. He is an Italian, and his first screen appearances were made when he doubled for other actors who were unable to do the difficult feats demanded by the scenario. He met Douglas Fairbanks about a year ago, who took and instant liking to the young Italian. The result was that others began to recognise Dick's possibilities, and before long he had signed a contract and was taking his first starring role. Appropriately enough, his next production is titled *Adventurous Youth!*

E. E. B.



Above: Dick and his Doctor with the patent collar he wore for several weeks.

Claire's a Cawker!

You can spell it either way, with one "r" for the Kansas town where she was born or with two "r's" for Claire herself and you'll be right each time.

Claire? She's a Cawker.
Spell it either way.
With one "r" for the town where she was born.

Claire Windsor with a fan letter she received from Sheik Ali Ibrahim of Arabia.

With two "r's" for Claire herself.

For she's a game little soul, and a clever little soul, and as lovely a little soul as you'll find in a mid-winter day. Claire's taken the knocks that life gave her and bobbed up smiling. She has taken the knocks that casting directors and producers gave her and come up smiling still.

Claire as an actress has never made a great shine—I do not think she will ever make a very great shine—but she has rested the eyes of picturegoers, tired of artificial beauty, all the world over. Claire is a thing to make any picture lovely. She cries out, with every line of her body and expression of her face, for ungrudging superlatives of admiration. Oh, she's a corker, Claire. . . . Only that's not her name.

Her real name is Ola Kronk.



Claire Windsor and her son Billy are both ardent golfers.

She told me so herself, in our first few minutes of conversation, because, she said, the name was so ugly that she likes to relieve her soul with a full confession of it from the beginning. I can dimly hear her telling me the early story of Ola—but only dimly, for to be truthful those first minutes of our interview are still in my memory little more than a dream of gold and apple-blossom and beauty. Claire's too lovely.

She takes your breath away. She seems to have more than her fair share of the good things of Aphrodite, so many charms, such an assemblage of all the lovely things that belong to all the lovely women of the screen, that you can scarcely believe in her as an individual being at all.

The princesses in fairy stories, with hair like the sun and eyes like the stars and cheeks like the blossom of a May morning must have come to Claire's christening, and made her like themselves.

Right through the first part of the conversation I was studying her colouring, so blue and pink and gold, and the grace of her movement, and the fit of her simple white frock and close-clinging toque. I believe she told me that she had been playing tennis—that she always played tennis when she had been working hard, to rest her mind.

I believe she told me that her mother looked after Billy while she was at the studio, but that she always hurried home



With Lew Cody in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

as soon as work allowed, to supervise Billy's meals and sleep and playtimes. And I believe she told me—but really I didn't gather much of it in those first few dazzling minutes. That's why I can't tell you very much about Ola Kronk.

I came to myself with a start to hear Claire announcing that her real name always reminded her of part of a motor car.

"The Kronk part, you know. I was very glad when Miss Weber made me change it for the screen."

"At least it's unusual," I murmured.

"It's Scandinavian," answered Claire.

"But I thought you were born in Cawker City?"

"Oh, yes, I'm Kansas born all right, but I'm Scandinavian by descent, and even when I was a tiny mite I was sup-

Claire and Bert Lytell in "Born Rich."



posed to look like my ancestors in the old country."

I wondered secretly if there was ever a Viking lady born who looked like



Above: A new portrait. Left: Ernest Linnenkampff chose her as one of America's fifteen most beautiful women.



Claire. If there was, I somehow don't think the Vikings would have sailed for England in such a hurry.

"And your little boy has got it too?" I said aloud.

"Yes, Billy's a real Norseman," she answered, her face lighting up proudly, "and though I am his mother, he's a fine little boy. Sometimes I can't resist the temptation to take him to the studio and show him off. He does so badly want to go, and everyone loves to see him there, for he is so quick and such a

companionable little soul. But I try not to do it very often, for I have determined that Billy shall not be spoiled like the children of so many stage and screen stars.

I want him to have a regular home life, with proper meals and education, and all that sort of thing. Of course I spoil him some myself. Whenever I go to any dance or party I always save him some little souvenir, and he keeps awake till I come back wondering what I'll bring him. But I don't want to talk about Billy too much—mothers are so boring when they talk about their children."

Before I had time to contradict her

she was flashing off on another strand of thought.

"The name of Kronk," she said, "was very nearly going to have been famous. Did you know that?"

"As a screen star?" I asked.

"No," said Claire, "as an opera singer. When I was at school I suddenly developed a voice, and my music teacher sent home to tell my father and mother that with training I might become a very famous soprano.

"I was getting on famously, and saw myself a *prima donna*, when a dreadful thing happened. I lost my voice! I was out with a skating party of my school friends one winter afternoon, and suddenly—well, I don't quite know what happened—but I fell, and my throat felt queer, and the doctors told me I had strained my vocal chords."

"Luck for the screen," I murmured.

Claire and Bert Lytell are a favourite pair of screen lovers.

Claire Windsor's home in Beverly Hills, California.



Below: She would make a delightful man-quin.



Left: Herbert Rawlinson, Claire Windsor, and Aileen Pringle on their way to open a new Movie Theatre at St. Louis.

"That's as may be," answered Claire coolly, "anyway, I didn't think of the screen for a long time after."

"Didn't you dance?" I asked.

"Was there ever a star in Hollywood," asked Claire, "who didn't dance at one time?"

"Yes," I said promptly, "Joe Martin!"

Claire laughed. She laughs quickly. She laughs delightfully. There is a quirk at the corners of her mouth.

"I've been told," she said, "that I was a waitress before I went into moving pictures. Lots of people have told me so. I dare say even you have believed it."

I looked uncomfortable, and said "O, NO!"

"Which means O YES!" said Claire. "Well, I was a waitress, but only of the studio kind. It was in my first picture, a bit I got as an extra, and the story of that part has haunted me all my life since that time."

"Then you didn't dance?" I persisted.

"Oh yes, I danced," said Claire "I danced all over Seattle, and all through the war I used to give charity matinees and dancing exhibitions for the various War Funds. But right at the end of the War I went with Billy and my mother and father to reside in Los Angeles. And it was through the girl in the next apartment that I got my first introduction to the motion picture studios."

"So they saw you—and liked you," said I. "And made you a waitress?"

"Luckily," said Claire, "without much of the usual waiting, and then came a big stroke of luck. Lois Weber saw me and took a fancy to my looks and asked me to sign a contract to appear in several of her pictures.

"How many films did you make with Miss Weber?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't remember exactly," said Claire. "I remember the early ones,

What Do Men Want, What's Worth While, and Too Wise Wives—I seem to have specialised in wives," she added.

"Which other ones?" I asked.

"Rich Men's," she answered.

"That was long ago though. I've also made *Brothers Under the Skin*, *The Strangers' Banquet*, *The Eternal Three* and a good old melodrama, *Nellie The Beautiful Cloak Model*. And lately I've been working with Bert Lytell in *Born Rich*."

She paused, and said contemplatively, "Somehow, in the movies, I always am born rich. I wish I wasn't. For myself, I prefer to play poor girl parts—but they won't let me. They say I have the gift of wearing clothes, so I wear one beautiful gown after another until

Below: A beautiful camera study of Claire.



On location with Edwin Carewe for "The Sultan's Slave."



Right: With Hobart Bosworth in "The Eternal Three."

understood the inscription, and after a great deal of delay had managed to re-address it in English and mail it on to Los Angeles.

I glanced at it. It was—er—Arabic to me.

"So it is to everybody else." said Claire, noticing my puzzled expression, "but I've had it translated, and I can tell you exactly what it means. The gentleman who writes it in that beautiful Arabian hand is a sheik named Ali Ibrahim. He says that he has seen me in a picture palace in Mecca, and had decided that I am wonderful, a fact that he thinks I ought to know."

"Wait," said Claire, "he can do much better than that.

He asks me for my picture and sends me his. He tells me he is a Nomad and ends up, 'when I am travelling I have nothing to do but think, and that is always of a delicate flower—You! Lucky,' said Claire, pensively, "that he doesn't know my real name is Ola Kronk!"

I blushed a little. I couldn't help it. I remembered my own first impressions of her. That slender gold and white lily in the theatre in New York, and the faint perfume and the clinging drapery, and the essential flower-like sweetness of her.

"Methinks," I murmured to myself as I got up to go, "that the Sheik Ali Ibrahim and I, in spite of all the leagues that lie between us are *Brothers Under The Skin!*"

SILAS HOUNDER.



I am almost satiated with luxury."

She paused and turned to the desk behind her. She drew out of a pigeon-hole a great bundle of letters carefully docketed and tied up with ribbon.

"I've not dealt with these yet," she said, slipping out the top one and looking at it, "but most of my fan mail usually comes from women."

Claire drew out a very curious looking letter from a pile on the desk behind us. She handed it across to me with a light laugh. "This," she said, "is a very different sort of fan mail."

The letter was in Arabic, and had been posted in Damascus in Feb., 1923, with the original address written in Arabic also. Evidently some brainy French postal authorities in Syria had

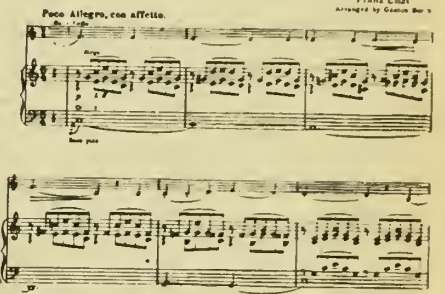
Tunes that Reached Your Heart

Via the kinema orchestra.



Liebesträum.
(Notturmo N° 3.)

Piano-Conductor.



Sentimental moments like this one (Right) are often accompanied by the soulful strains of "Liebesträum" (Hawkes and Co.) The nocturne, however, goes equally well with the scene from "Love and Sacrifice." Bottom right.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, om-pom, tra-la la!"

What would you say if, walking into a darkened room, you heard someone making this noise? Perhaps you would say nothing, and only beat a hasty retreat—thinking you had, somehow or other, found your way into a cell occupied by a poor human creature visited by mental affliction. And if, during your glimpse of the apartment, you noticed a kinematograph film playing upon a screen, you would decide that this method of entertaining the unfortunate patient was doing more harm than good.

"La, la, la, la, la, la, la!"

There he goes again, up and down the scale. Poor fellow. That cowboy film is much too exciting.

Tah, ta-ra-ra! Tah, ta-ra-ra!
Tah, ta-ra-ra!"

There he goes again! The scene changes! The patient looks at his watch! It's a stop-watch!

"Two minutes!" he murmurs.

Ah! The film has flashed over to a regal court. Two heralds are about to sound the arrival of their majesties.

"Tah, la, la, lah, la. La! La! La!"

The patient is piping that part of the "Casse Noisette" suite which opens with the strident trumpet notes.

Eureka! The poor lad has music on the brain. Been listening-in too much, mayhap, or perchance, somebody has hit him on the head with a trombone!

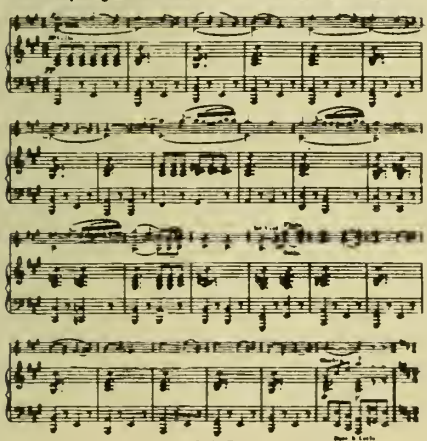
Nothing of the sort. The "patient" is simply a musical expert engaged in fitting suitable music to a film before it goes out to the kinemas. He is carefully studying each scene as it appears



BLUMENGEFLÜSTER.

IDYL.

The Whispering of the Flowers. Murmure des Fleurs.



At the head of this column are a few bars of "In a Country Lane," by Eric Coates, No. 1 of "Summer Days" (Chappell & Co.).

on the screen, and from the depths of the immense number of musical pieces he has memorised, he is selecting various appropriate items, and jotting them down on a piece of paper. The stop-watch is to indicate exactly how long each item shall last. Owing to quick changes in the screen action, many of the pieces have to be cut short before they are half-way through.

All the leading film companies issue

Right: Constance Talmadge and Ronald Colman in "A Night of Romance." Oval: J. Warren Kerrigan with Herbert Parson's song specially composed for "Captain Blood." Below: Dick Barthelmess and Madge Evans in "Classmates."

COMEDY
FOR RACE AND MOTOR SCENES, CROWDS AND QUELTY SITUATIONS!

ALBERT W. KETÉLBÉY

Allegro



Bostworth & Co



STORM MUSIC

Applicable for Thunderstorms, Storms at Sea or scenes of a destructive character.

PIANO

Allegro moderato, ma agitato

OTTO L.

Right: When Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" works overtime.



lists of "musical suggestions" to accompany each photoplay they issue, and the best kinemas do their best to follow these suggestions.

It all depends on the extent of the "library" of music held by the kinema concerned. The principal halls have stacks and stacks of music, each item having separate "parts" for the various instruments in the orchestra. Nevertheless, a competent musical director never imagines his stock is complete,

but adds to it weekly. The bigger the orchestra, the more money is required to keep the library going. A complete set of band parts for, say, a symphony, may run into a couple of guineas, while "popular stuff" may cost two shillings. Where a melody is written specially for the film, band parts are sometimes provided free of charge by the film company.

This question of expense explains



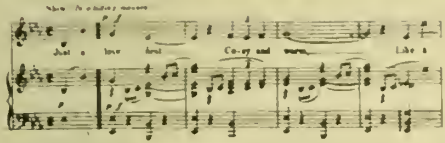
that only "high-brow" music should be played in kinemas. On the contrary, if a particular scene calls for "jazz," by all means let us have "jazz."

The use of music with films is not merely to break the silence—although it must be admitted that to view a film without some sort of musical accompaniment is like an egg without salt. No, more than being simply an embellishment, the music is part of the film performance itself.

And the main essentials towards a perfect combination of the two arts is that the music shall partly express the atmosphere of the various incidents, shall provide a pleasing "background" to the screen story, but shall not, at any time, obtrude itself over and above the picture.

The perfect musical accompaniment occurs when one's attention is not for one moment distracted from the screen to the orchestra.

And that is where the expert music "fitter" comes in. As mentioned above, all the leading film companies employ some-



This popular song from "Mary" (Chappell and Co.), is a universally beloved selection for a light love scene.

why at the smaller picture theatres one is treated to the same music over and over again—until one gets heartily sick of it. Indeed, certain halls are notorious for their habit of playing exactly the same piece to each type of screen action.

This species of kinema will give you the "Dash-Galop" with every scene of a horse race, Tosti's "Goodbye" with every love scene, "1812" Overture with every battle episode, and "Dead March in Saul" with every "death" scene. I have heard of solo accompanists—piano or organ—making the same piece of music do for any type of scene, by the simple means of altering the tempo. (This may seem an exaggeration, but it is certainly possible to transform, say, a popular waltz into a religious chant by slowing the time down, and delivering each note as an impressive chord. Try it on your piano with "The Merry Widow" waltz, and see if it doesn't turn it into a well-known "legato" frequently used in church.)



The title "Mysterious Furioso" (Winthrop and Rogers) explains its value. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night" (Lafleur) is often played for film fireworks displays.



On the other hand, an up-to-date picture theatre orchestra, with its extensive repertoire, varies its music so much that even a poor picture programme can be endured. In fact, there are many people who go to the kinema more for hearing the music than to see films.

By this means one becomes familiarised with many varied pieces, the only difficulty being to learn the names of them, so that one can, if desired, buy the piano score or the gramophone recordings, and thus enjoy these compositions at home.

Later on in this article I strive to assist the reader in this matter.

In this connection, it was that celebrated musical critic Ernest Newman, I think, who stated that one can often hear a performance of popular classical melodies by a kinema orchestra which compared very favourably with the renderings in some of the recognised concert halls.

Let this not be construed to mean

OVERTURE FINGALS CAVE.

Piano Conductor.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, Op 26
Arranged by Archibald Evans.

Allegro moderato.

1st & 2nd Viol.

Clarinet

Viola, Cello, Bassoon

Horn

Saxophone

Trumpets

(Hawkes & Co.)

Everyone knows this rippling melody to which sea scenes are invariably screened.

one to see each picture beforehand and to suggest the most appropriate type of music for each scene therein.

Hence the "Tra-la-la-la" of my opening paragraph. Sitting there in the firm's private theatre, watching the film flit through, each scene or incident suggests to the expert viewer a certain kind of music—perhaps an actual piece. Indeed, the usual plan is for him to name a particular selection in every case. In the next instalment of this article I will give a fragment of the "musical suggestions" compiled by that well-known London musical director, J. B. Hastings, for the film *Between Friends*.

Such musical suggestion sheets, which are sent to every kinema which books the film in question, also include "effects" cues. Thus, here and there throughout the lists you will find such remarks as: "Observe pistol shot," "Note chiming bells," and so on.

There are two kinds of selections to accompany films. Firstly, there is the music that is suitable because of its SOUND, that is, because of the emotion it conveys. Secondly, there is the music that is suitable because of its NAME—its TITLE.

As an example of the first, it is only necessary to point out the popular "Hebrides" overture by Mendelssohn known as "Fingal's Cave." This is so obviously suggestive of the sea, that kinema orchestras naturally apply it to a sea scene.

"Fingal's Cave" was written by Mendelssohn on the very spot which gave it its title. It starts off with a theme of about seven notes played "bass." This theme is reiterated all the way through the overture, from the



CHORUS.

Cec-ile, Cec-ile, A mo-del girl is she, She

A Jazz scene in "Between Friends" and part of the music Herbert Parsons wrote for it.

soft parts indicative of calm, during the bars typifying approaching storm, a restless sea, and squawking sea-gulls, and also with the thunderous episodes conveying the impression of angry waves booming into the mouth of the cave. Such is its nature that a competent orchestra leader can select those parts he wants and repeats them *ad lib*. Ships ploughing their way through

angry seas are usually accompanied by Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, rather like a more vivid edition of "Fingal's Cave." HERBERT PARSONS. (Reproductions of copyright musical selections by kind permission of Hawkes & Co., Winthrop & Rogers, Chappell & Co., Lafleur, Bosworth and Co., and H. Miller & Co.) (To be continued).

Cabaret Nights

Invading the realms of London's night life with a movie camera.

Have you ever wondered, as you sat in the kinema and watched the Cabaret on the screen, just how much like the real thing these representations were? If so, you will soon have the opportunity of comparing the genuine article with the film producer's idea.

Harry B. Parkinson, who you will remember only a short time ago captured "Wonderful London" in his film camera, has secured a series of twelve films showing the honest-to-goodness London night life.

For six months he has been working whilst the rest of the world has been asleep. In the wee small hours of the morning he has visited the haunts of the gay in order to show exactly what Cabaret and Night Club life are like.

This means that for the small cost of an ordinary "tip up" the kinemagoer will be able to visit the exclusive Cabarets, and Night Clubs, the cost of an evening's entertainment at which frequently runs into tens pounds or more per head.

Here on the screen will be seen the most famous Cabaret stars in the world, the most beautiful girls in two Continents, the most "outré" of stage dresses, and the most original of entertainments, besides the most wonderful modern dancing.

As no Cabaret or Night Club boasts of lights sufficiently powerful to allow of filming, Parkinson had to take his own light. A huge lorry with a portable generator was prepared, and care-

fully hidden outside the building where the film was to be made.

Then huge arcs and searchlights, as used in the Studios, were set up in the dance and supper rooms. These also had to be carefully disguised and hidden in order that the guests and performers might not be conscious of the fact that they were being filmed. Many people commented on the wonderful lighting but few suspected the real reason for it.

The camera-man and his machine were usually secreted behind banks of ferns and flowers, and for the two hours when the fun was at its height he clung desperately to his camera.

Frequently he was in such a cramped position on being released, that his legs had to be massaged before he could walk. Harry Parkinson usually appeared as one of the guests, and by cleverly worked out signals, indicated to the electricians working the lights, and the camera-man, just what he wanted.



Pat and Terry Kendal ("Midnight Follies") at the Metropole.

It is estimated that had Harry Parkinson been able to engage all the artistes who appear in the series of twelve Pioneer films, their salaries list would have run into thousands.

Four of the "Frivolities" at the New Princes.



Right: "Hootin' de Hoot" ("Piccadilly Revels") at the Piccadilly Hotel.





Sticky Finishes

by DOROTHY OWSTON BOOTH

Having successfully tried all the old methods of getting rid of their villains, movie-makers are busily evolving brand new ones.

Whatever would film producers do if villains became scarce? Suppose, for instance, that a tremendous wave of revivalism swept over the world regenerating mankind—how the movies would suffer!

It is the villain who makes the screen drama, of course. Without him the hero would have no chance to exploit his courage, his detective talents or his highbrow morals; while the heroine would miss an infinite number of opportunities for fainting gracefully into her intrepid lover's arms!

When a scenarist sets out to write a filmplay, therefore, his very first move is to select a villain. Of course, there are villains and villains! There

are the out-and-out evil plotters and arch schemers; and there are the merely medium bad men who simply wreck other folks' affairs by interference and sheer incompetence.

If the author is determined to build his story around a villain of deep dye he can choose between the Society villain, who understands the sartorial art better than any hero yet invented; the adventurous villain who specialises in picturesque robberies hold-ups and card tricks the Oriental rogue, wit' slant eyes and an evil looking dagger; or the low down, honest-to-badness rascal of the unshaven chin and badanna neckerchief.

A hero, a heroine, a few relatives and friends, and, possibly, a villainess are fitted in. The villain gets busy—the movie is made.

Almost made, that is to say! It is quite a simple matter for the hero to disentangle his love affairs, straighten out the family finances and set everything working towards a happy-ever-after ending!

Even the heroine can do all this, on occasions, and especially when she is a star in her own rights! But there is a much more difficult problem to be solved by the screen author—the villain must be got rid of!

Although the "happy ending" does not always furnish the most artistic or the most natural finish to a film it is the one most popular with the general

Reading downwards:
Charles Ray, Cullen Landis, and Harry Carey demonstrating the approved methods of dealing with screen villains.



Richard Dix disposed of the villainess (Betty Compson) in "The Woman With Four Faces," by converting and afterwards marrying her.

picture-going public. Folks who pay anything up to half-a-crown to own a plush seat in a kinema for a couple of hours expect to get their money's worth of enjoyment.

And, though there are a few people who are happiest when most miserable, the majority prefer to be able to exclaim, as the lights go up after the final fade-out, "There, I *knew* it would all come right in the end!"

So the villain must be got out of the way somehow and so effectively that there shall be no possibility of him turning up again to wreck the course of true love. It's nothing like so easy to get rid of a villain, however, as it is for a villain to dispose of his victims.

If he is the bad man of a serial, for instance, he always lives in a house simply overstocked with trapdoors, secret wells and underground passages; while the hero has his home in an ordinary four-walled building positively void of any such useful contrivances!

The author sometimes plans, therefore, for the hero to meet the rascal on the edge of a forbidding cliff. The rough-and-tumble, which nearly always ensues in the movie world when the good man meets his arch-enemy, is so nicely timed that it is always the plotter who goes over the edge.



Above: The serial way. Pearl White is an adept at this.



Above: The comedy way. Lupino Lane knocks 'em out in "A Friendly Husband."

That is such a favourite method of disposing of the villain that every kinema-goer can recall numerous illustrative examples. Sometimes it is a balcony instead of a cliff, as in *Glimpses of the Moon*, when Maurice Costello, as the villain of the piece, is hurled to his death.

There is ever the popular, time-honoured plan of bringing in a policeman just as the villain is about to clinch his final argument. If he is the sartorially perfect Society villain he will merely straighten his tie, give an extra twist to his elegantly waxed moustache—few Society villains are clean-shaven—shrug his immaculate shoulders and march out under the escort of the Law with but a scornful glance at his erstwhile victims.

Should he be the shabby bad man of the under-world he will probably require handcuffs, and his fade-out from the film will be forcible than artistic. The adventurous villain of the great outdoors is generally treated with scant ceremony and suffers short shrift at the

The method in "Between Friends" was unusual. Lou Tellegen (left) bids Norman Kerry shoot himself at midnight.



hands of the sheriff's posse which effects his capture. A near-by tree often suffices to give him a picturesque exit from life in that film.

Other quite handy and familiar ways of getting rid of shadow sheet rogues are burning them in houses which they themselves have maliciously fired to trap the hero; poisoning them with their own poison destined originally for the heroine; throwing them overboard; and blowing them up with their own pet bombs.

Walter Long, famous expert in screen villainy, could give budding film-play writers a carefully prepared list of tested methods for ousting villains.

"I have been shot, hurled from precipices, choked to death, drowned and poisoned," Long once told an interviewer. "In *The Sheik*, in the rôle of 'Omair,' I was killed in the desert.

(Continued on page 74.)

The Land of Mystery

by ALMA TAYLOR

For "The Shadow of Egypt" Alma Taylor paid her first visit to the land of the Pharaohs.

Have you ever visited a place for the first time in your life, and felt that you were perfectly familiar with it? If so, you can imagine my feelings when, after depositing my bag and baggage at the Winter Palace Hotel, at Luxor I walked out on to the Terrace to take my first glimpse of the Nile.

It was a feeling I shall not easily forget. I was not in the least surprised to hear the monotonous rhythm of the boatmen's songs. I felt as if I had heard them all before. What did surprise me was to be met with the chorus of "Yes, we have no bananas," from the dark-skinned, fascinating little urchins who pester the English visitors for pennies in the streets and bazaars.

My visit to Egypt was a wonderful experience in every way, as it was for the first film in which I have appeared in which I have not been directed by Cecil Hepworth, and it was the first occasion on which I had used grease-paint for my film make-up. Despite the terrific heat and the attacks of mosquitoes, Egypt impressed me very much indeed.

Sidney Morgan, who was directing the film seemed to "feel" this strange atmosphere too, at which he was delighted, for it was to capture this in the film that we had travelled from England.

I think everyone who sees *The Shadow of Egypt* will agree that our 6,000 miles' journey was well worth the trouble, for no studio setting, however elaborately built, could adequately convey the majesty and mystic fascination with which these real backgrounds imbue the film.

Filming in Egyptian sunshine is not the ideal business one would imagine. The heat, the flies, and sometimes the smells, make one long for the English countryside; but the wonderful awe-inspiring Temples, the Obelisks, and last but not least the Sphinx and the Pyramids, win one's admiration as soon as the cool of the evening approaches.

Perhaps you may be able to judge something of the insignificance one feels on visiting these century-old famous places, when you see the Temple of Karnak, the Valley of the Kings, and the Ptolemy Gateway in the film. How inconspicuous one feels amidst these



A snapshot of Sydney Morgan (right) and Carlyle Blackwell taken at Karnak.

miles and miles of desert, meeting the sky on the far distant horizon!

How puny are our efforts at modern city building when compared with the beauty and size of these ancient Temples! How ignorant of art are we



Above: Alma Taylor and Milton Rosmer before the Sphinx and a Pyramid. Left Circle: Alma Taylor.

twentieth century beings when we take a glimpse at the exquisite workmanship on the walls of the Tombs of the Pharaohs.

We try to imagine we are wise in our generation, but visit Egypt, and one wonders what further undiscovered secrets these towering rocks may hold.

In my spare time I visited several of the native bazaars and had the good luck to find a really beautiful scarab brooch. Bargains in these shops are really few and far between, for as is common knowledge most of "the lovely antique treasures" from the Tombs are imported from the South of England, and as Milton Rosmer as my film husband in *The Shadow of Egypt* discovered to his sorrow, the real treasures are regarded as supremely sacred by all Egyptians.

The market place in "The Shadow of Egypt." This was a realistic studio 'set.'





Flora le Breton

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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION

Brickbats & Bouquets

This page constitutes a Picturegoer's Parliament. Send a letter to the Editor expounding your views.



Rudy Valentino delivering a brickbat.

Not His Job.

I want to throw an especially hard brickbat at Rudolph Valentino. A month ago this would have been a bouquet, for I have always admired his acting very much. It is his "poetry and philosophy," as illustrated in his lately published book "Day Dreams" that arouses all my ire against the man. Why couldn't he stick to the acting sphere in which he really shines and leave the writing of bad verse to the long-haired brethren?

ERMYNTRUDE (Kensington).

Bouquets Wholesale!

I present the biggest bouquet imaginable to Norman Kerry, whom I saw in *Merry-Go-Round*. I think he's gorgeous! Although I love Norman best I also present bouquets to Rudy (and wife), Ivor, Ramon, Jacques Catelain, Dick Barthelmess, John Barrymore, Harrison Ford, Reginald Denny, Edmund Lowe, Jackie Coogan, Peter Dear, Baby Peggy, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. And, last but not least, "George" of the "Answers" page, whom I just love!

APRIL (Bristol).

The Perfect Smile.

There are all sorts and sizes of smiles to be seen in Filmland. Some positively give you the creeps; some remind you of the dental chair; some make you feel thoroughly pleased with yourself and everyone else.

But there's only one like Pola Negri's—her own!

SHARP SHOOTER.

One for Pauline.

A big bouquet to Pauline Frederick, who is, in my opinion, the screen's best emotional actress. I only wish she would let us see more of her work, instead of quitting the screen for such long intervals, and leaving her admirers desolate!

J. L. (Bognor).



Above: Pauline Frederick. Right: Alice Terry.

A British Bouquet.

A huge bouquet for Ralph Forbes because he's so sweet—and British! As well as being one of the youngest he is by far the cleverest of our film

JILL (Nottingham).

Not a Mae Murray Fan.

I am going to hurl a brickbat at Mae Murray whose film personality irritates me beyond words. In *Circe*, the *Enchantress*, she is more than usually annoying, although I must in justice confess that she has flashes in which her undeniable talent asserts itself.

The scene in which she walks for the first time after her accident is very cleverly done, and her make-up as the child is good. But she spoils a good sense of dramatic value by her absurdly exaggerated style of make-up and clothes. Her walk also is enough to give one the pip, although she dances very well.

F. H. (London).

Mae Murray.



Secret of rich lustrous Wavy Hair

The secret of beautiful hair lies in having healthy, well-nourished hair roots. If the roots of a plant lack nourishment, the plant withers. So with the hair: if dandruff chokes the scalp, or poor health lessens the natural nourishment supplied to the hair roots, the tresses become thin and straggling: they lack life and lustre and come out "in handfuls." The one thing that *must* nourish the hair roots is Lavona Hair Tonic. This wonder liquid contains an exclusive ingredient that puts the wrong conditions right and quickly and naturally makes the hair rich, lustrous, abundant and beautiful. Two marvellous points about Lavona are that it actually restores the hair to its natural, normal colour, and induces a delightful waviness. *Just try it!* Your chemist sells Lavona Hair Tonic at 2/11d. including a shampoo sachet and a coupon guaranteeing money back if not delighted.

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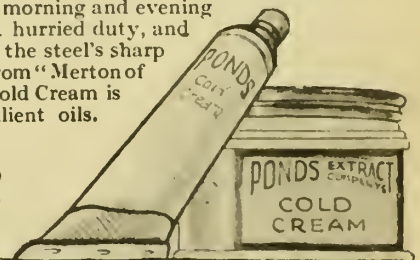
"Merton of the Movies" gives a valuable shaving hint

MR. TOM DOUGLAS is the latest member of the theatrical profession to express his appreciation of **POND'S COLD CREAM**. After referring to the excellence of this Cream for the purpose of removing grease-paint and cleansing the skin (a purpose which is keenly appreciated in all stage circles), Mr. Douglas adds—

"And I have never before used a cream so soothing and cooling for 'after shaving.'"

Every man who prefers to make his morning and evening shaves a leisurely joy rather than a hurried duty, and every man whose skin feels stung by the steel's sharp edge, will do well to accept this tip from "Merton of the Movies." But—see that the Cold Cream is Pond's—the cream with the emollient oils.

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THE DIARY OF LOLA DE TWADDLE



A film star may be a heroine to herself and to her press agent, but if you would learn the plain unvarnished truth about her, consult her maid.

6.30 A.M. Rise. Break the ice on my bath and plunge in.

6.45 a.m. Am up and out in the garden where I skip for ten minutes.

7.10 a.m. After quarter of an hour spent digging amongst my roses—I am an enthusiastic gardener—I take my frugal breakfast in the sun-parlour. This consists of a thin slice of toast and a glass of orange water. I then don film make-up—in the ordinary way, of course, I always leave my complexion *au naturel*—and at eight o'clock am at the studio, where I devote the morning to my beloved art.

12.30 p.m. Lunch. A few vegetables and a glass of cold water. I eat only



A few vegetables and a glass of water.

a small quantity knowing that moderation in all things is essential if I am to be prepared for all the terrible sacrifices that my beloved art demands from me.

All afternoon is devoted to my beloved art. No afternoon tea—a pernicious habit liable to ruin the complexion and the digestion. Sugar and pastries I avoid, and if my friends wish to please me they give me flowers rather than candies. I love flowers so much. They are so fresh, so pure, so wonderfully, wonderfully beautiful—the food on which I feed my æsthetic soul.

Forgive my digressing like this but this is a subject on which I feel very deeply. The simple wild ones appeal to me most—I suppose this is because of my artistic temperament. I have known the occasion when “a purple orchid growing by the river's brink,” as dear Ella Wilcox so beautifully puts it, has brought tears into my eyes.

6.0 p.m. I leave the studio—unless, of course, my director wishes to “shoot” some night scenes, when I cheerfully stay until midnight. It is the thought of all the wonderful pleasure I am giving my beloved public that helps me to make this sacrifice.

The car is waiting outside the studio for me, but I dismiss it and walk home

as the exercise is so good for me.

What a wonderful, wonderful place home is and how my heart yearns for it as I approach it up the long drive. My pet snake Pongo runs to greet me affectionately as I enter the hall, and dear “Mommer” comes to welcome and embrace me.

We are such “pals,” Mommer and I. Nothing has ever come between us, and if we are parted for a day we feel it dreadfully. You see, she made me what I am to-day, and naturally I feel grateful.

Then there are the cats to be seen, the parrot and the dogs and my husband. After that I bath and change for dinner and the meal is served up.

This again consists principally of toast and a very few vegetables for me.

Then “Mommer” kisses me good night and goes to bed, and my husband and I repair to the blue salon together. Then begins the most wonderful, the most beautiful, hour of my whole day. I am, of course, passionately devoted to books and music—anything, in fact, of an æsthetic nature—and as I sit and knit jumpers for Hollywood's poor and needy my husband, who, did I mention, distinguishes himself by being a “pal and a lover” as well as a husband, my husband, I repeat, reads aloud to me.

Something deep, something soul-searching, something teeming with wisdom and hidden meaning, is what appeals to us both. Something that carries us to the realms of higher thought.



My husband reads aloud to me.

If I remember rightly, the last we read together was dear Elinor Glyn's “Philosophy of the Ancient Romans.” We are very fond, too, of Charlie Dickens' books, and our favourite of all his works is “The Keeper of an Eagle,” or “The Way of the Door.”

Sometimes I sit at the piano, and in the half-light I play him some of the works of the old Masters that I love

so well. Mendelssohn's “Song of a Banana” will ring tears of love to his eyes, and he breaks down completely when I play that quaint old English folk song “Here We Come a What'lling.”

10.0 p.m. Finds me in bed, and I am asleep almost as soon as my head touches the pillow. So ends my day.

Sometimes I take round “Band of Hope” ribbons to the inmates of the Asylum for Prohibitionists, or I provide High Teas for the widows and orphans of New York Trippers. In fact, never a day goes by without someone's benefitting by my benevolence.

By Lola's Maid

9.30 a.m. I call Lola and am sworn at.



To produce a slim, girlish contour.

10.30 a.m. I manage to persuade her to sit up and take some breakfast. Grape fruit, fish, toast and marmalade, and three cups of coffee.

11.15 a.m. Lola's rather flowing figure is laced into a pair of the latest fat-reducing corsets, to produce a slim, girlish contour.

12 a.m. Lola goes to the studio. Director tells her she has held the picture up all morning. She has a fit of artistic temperament.

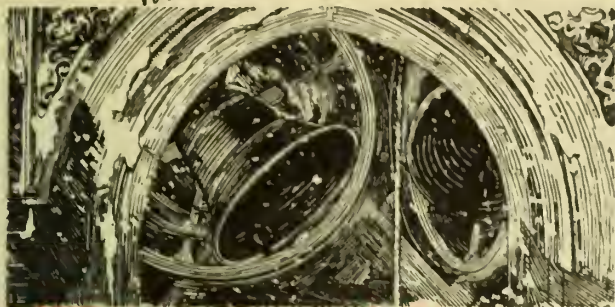
12.30 p.m. Lola lunches. Turtle soup, sole, braised steak and mushrooms, and two sundaes.

4.0 p.m. Tea. Three cups and four cream pastries.

6.0 p.m. Leaves studio, unless the director wants to shoot night scenes, when she usually has another fit of artistic temperament.

7.0 p.m. Goes out to dinner with a male acquaintance. Eats well.

I forgot to mention that she occasionally spends an afternoon (with her Press Photographer) at the Cripples' Home or other deserving institution. She generally presents the inmates with signed photos of herself.



Digestion sound as a bell

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" chime the bells, and with their cheery peal they invite in you the joy of living. But across the lives of many there is a shadow—that of digestive misery. It warps the lives of its numerous victims and distorts the merry peal of the bells into a harsh discordant clangour. So, if this season finds you depressed, apprehensive and run-down, you should ask yourself a question: "Is my digestion in good order?" Digestive troubles, like gastritis, dyspepsia and indigestion, mean untold misery they cause headaches, insomnia, lethargy; they induce complexion blemishes and make you look old before your time. The remedy is Bisurated Magnesia, which doctors prescribe and hospitals use. You may take Bisurated Magnesia, safe in the knowledge that it is positively the finest known cure for digestive disturbances. Get a 1s. 3d. package, powder or tablets, from your chemist today; try it and note the improvement in your health and spirits—see how much better you eat—how much easier you get up of a morning; how clear your complexion becomes! A digestion 'sound as a bell' is invariably

the result of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia

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Wanda Hawley

the popular American Screen Actress, who starred in the British photo-play, "Fires of Fate," says:—

"Between you and me, I'm reckoned a pretty sound judge of candies, and let me say right here that in my opinion Maison Lyons Chocolates are just perfect. Pure and refined—I should say! And their 'infinite variety'—My!!"

IT isn't wise nowadays merely to ask for "good chocolates"—always say "Maison Lyons Chocolates" and make sure. Lyons' Chocolates are famous for their unvarying quality and wide assortment. Whether bought loose by weight, or in fancy boxes, there is nothing better to be had. Make it a habit when visiting the Kinema or Theatre to ask for—

Maison Lyons Chocolates

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4/-
per lb.





Percy Marmont in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

TO BETTY BALFOUR.

(With apologies).

My heart leaps up when I behold
My idol's image nigh,
So was it when I saw her first,
And still to see her do I thirst,
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die.
The star in this case makes the film,
And I could wish my days to be
In perfect bliss spent, watching thee.

H. C. M. (Scotland).

CAN ANYONE REMEMBER?

Can anyone remember
When movies were a myth,
When Fairbanks was a boy,
And Mary, Gladys Smith?

When on a toy piano,
Little Ivor used to play,
When Rudy lived in Italy,
E'er "Sheiks" had come to stay.

Before Tom Mix and Tony
Were known the wide world o'er,
Before the first film kiss was "shot"
On the first studio floor.

When Bathing Beauties were *non est*
When Buster sometimes smiled,
Before we knew what slapstick meant—
When Charlie was a child.

When Mae was dressed in pinneys,
And Gloria wore short frocks,
When Owen had no hair to wave,
And Ramon wore pink socks?

Can anyone remember
Those days so long ago?

MARY (Nottingham).

LOIS.

I pay my homage to one star.
The movies' purest pearl,
All others she outshines by far,
"The Covered Wagon" girl!

E. M. F. (Letchworth).

SHADOWS.

Shadows upon a screen are you, yet we
Watch your adventures keenly, breath-
lessly,
Believing in their tense reality.

Men of our dreams, grave, gallant,
valiant, true,
Knights of old days and knights of this
age too,
Within our hearts romance and hope
renew.

Passions that we may never hope to
know,
Across your lives swiftly come and
swiftly go,
Hatred and vengeance, laughter, love
and woe.

Shadows upon a screen are you, yet we,
Cheered by your laughter, touched by
tragedy,
Give thanks to you for your gay
pageantry.

M. A. (Eastbourne).

TRUE TO TWO.

In all the carols I have read
The writers all are true
To *one* fair star who holds their hearts
They never run to *two*!

I fear I'm not content with one:
I love a lady fair
With sweet grey eyes, a tender mouth
And softly waving hair.

The other lady I adore
Has eyes of deepest brown,
And dark curls clustered o'er her head
And gaily tumbling down.

I'm loving Norma Talmadge and
I'm loving Agnes Ayres,
Long may they reign in happiness
And long be free from cares!

MARJORIE (Londoh).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Did They Follow Him Round?

Warwick Ward, in *Southern Love* is sketching by the side of a pond. He sees "Dolores" (Betty Blythe) dancing on the other side, and walks round to her. After a few minutes' conversation, he persuades her to pose for him while he sketches her. His sketching materials are ready to his hand, and yet he had plainly walked round to "Dolores" empty-handed. Did they swim across the pond to him, or walk round?

M. K. (Salisbury).

Speeding Things Up.

In one of the new series of *Dr. Fu Manchu* entitled *The Green Mist*, "Dr. Fu Manchu's" messenger takes a parcel to "Nayland Smith" in broad daylight, but when he gets indoors the blinds are down and the lights on. Surely it didn't get dark while he was crossing the threshold.

M. C. H. (St. Neots).

Open Sesame.

In *The Fighting Bladé*, when Richard Barthelmess is thrown into a dungeon, the doors and the iron gate without, are all securely locked. Yet when Charles appears, he merely pushes the gate with his hand and it opens.

M. H. (Brighton).

Daylight Saving.

When the escape leaves the station for Dr. Rutherford's house, in *The Third Alarm*, it is broad daylight. But by the time it arrives at the fire it is apparently night. Was the daylight put out to show up the fire?

K. R. S. (Tufnell Park).

An Accommodating Storm.

In *The Marriage Vow*, "Bob" hears a noise in the next room. He takes his revolver, walks on the verandah, while it is pouring with rain, and the lightning is flashing. He walks about a yard forward and the rain and storm have ceased as though by magic, but on reaching the next room it is raging as violently as ever. I suppose it was stopped just then in case he should get wet!

H. W. (Dalston).

Another Rope Trick.

In *Law of the Lawless* Dorothy Dalton has her wrists and ankles bound by "Costa." They are standing on the ground while he does this, yet when he lifts her on to his horse she is able to sit astride. How could she do this with her ankles tied?

M. S. (Wallasey).

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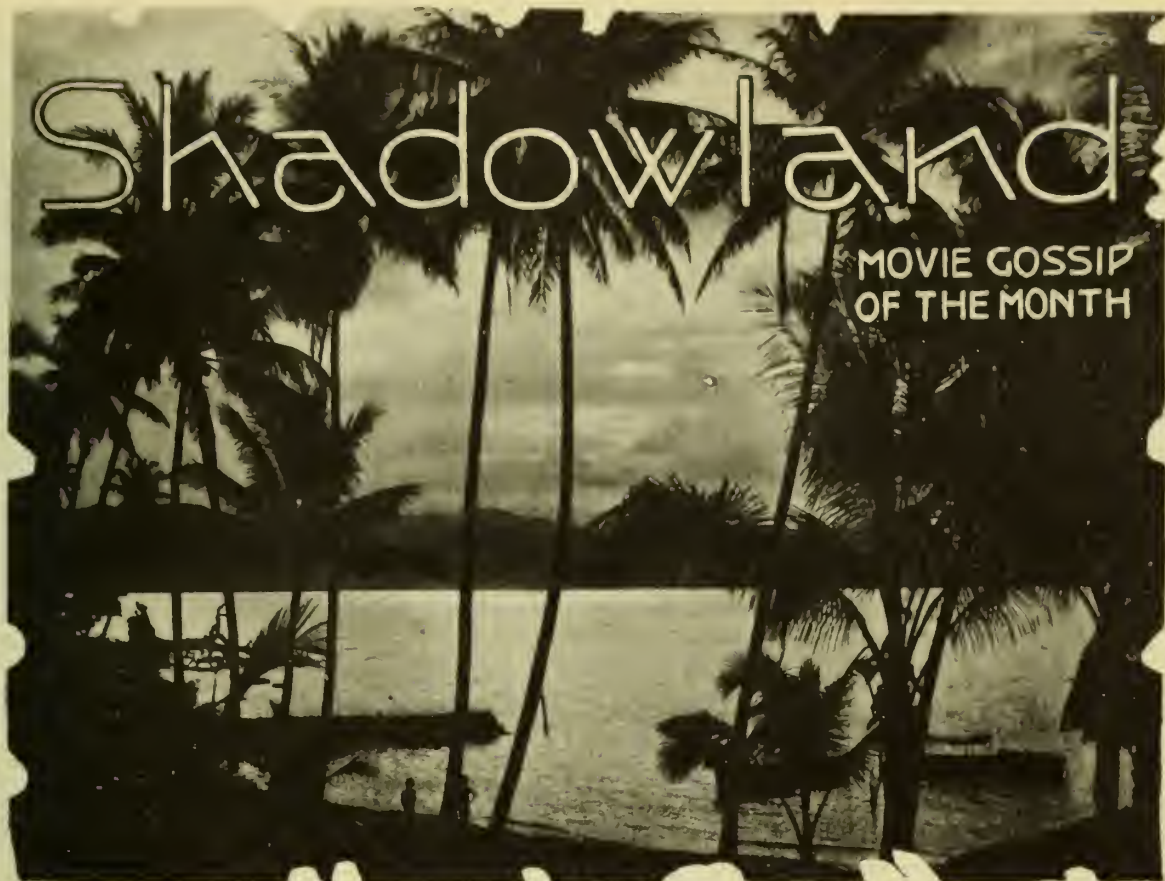


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P. Jan.



NEW York and Milton Sills have taken very kindly to each other. Milt went there to film *Interpreter's House*, and is staying to make *The Making of O'Malley*, the story of a New York policeman. Milt says his garden at home will go to rack and ruin but business is business. Mrs. Milt said a whole lot besides that.

June Mathis, who was specially engaged to do the script of Rudy Valentino's new story *The Scarlet Power*, has resigned and is going to prepare the scenario of *Sally* for Colleen Moore instead. *The Scarlet Power* was written by Natacha Rambova Valentino, under the pseudonym of "Justres Layne," and the authoress and the scenarist disagreed upon the development. The script went to June Mathis for final revision and adaptation and during the course of this a disagreement occurred, and June Mathis retired.

Betty Blythe's next will be *Folly of Vanity*, a Fox special which Maurice Elvey will direct. Betty scored her first bulls eye at Fox's in *The Queen of Sheba*.

Henry Edwards and Chrissie White shot many scenes for *The Man Worth a Million Pounds* between stage appearances in "The Man Who Came Home." The film is an ambitious one and Edwards thinks it will take quite

a year to complete. Both players find a hearty welcome wherever they appear "in the bulk," as Henry Edwards expressed it in a speech one evening. Their play, which was filmed under the title of *The Bargain* is good melodrama, and Henry Vibert, who has shared so many of this clever couple's screen successes, comes in for a goodly portion of applause in the play. They have an excellent villain, too, in the person of Wilfrid Carthness.

Lewis Stone and Alice Terry are to share leading honours in *Kings in Exile*, which Seastrom is directing. Sounds like a second *Zenda*, only better, all things considered.

Helene Chadwick had a beautiful Christmas gift sent to her in the shape of a huge vase. Whilst her furniture, etc., was being arranged in her new Beverly Hills home, the vase fell from its pedestal, and as it was a big one, inflicted a painful injury on Helene's foot. Of course it got into the papers, and evidently caught the donor's eye, for she received a large bundle from him containing a crutch, and the words: "Just learned what my gift did to your foot. Accept my regrets and this crutch."

Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schenk, Lola Bara (Theda's sister), Sidney Franklin and Hiram Abrams are in Europe and will not be back home in Hollywood again for three months.

The screen has lost one of its hardest villains. For Alan Hale has decided to leave acting alone for a while and is going to direct Shirley Mason in *The Scarlet Honey-moon*.

Lila Lee is back at Paramount studios again, opposite Tom Meighan in *Coming Through*.

We've heard a whole lot about stars and their good-luck bringers of late. Leon Errol, who plays the "Duke of Checkergivinia" in *Sally* (he created the role on the stage also) has one in the shape of a pair of shoes. They are old and disreputable, almost on a par with a pair of Chaplins, but Errol wore them in the first role which brought him to his manager's notice. He got a larger part and wore the shoes the first time he played it. The role of the waiter in "Sally" was the third first night on which he'd worn them. So he brought them to Hollywood and is hoping they will bring him another film engagement.

Godfrey Tearle just hates publicity. That is why very little noise has been made over the fact that he has made a film for Paramount under Sidney Olcott's direction. It is an East Side story *Salome of the Tenements* by the authoress of *Hungry Hearts*, and Godfrey plays the role of "Manning," the English millionaire. Jetta Goudal is his leading lady. We're strong for Godfrey as both stage and screen actor.



The cover depicts a dramatic incident from "Jack O'Navenby," a thrilling story of the Great Gay Road.

Inside this Number

32 PAGES OF Photogravure

Art Souvenirs from THE PELICAN, THE FIRST KISS, and CHRISTMAS CABARETS, are contained in this beautiful supplement to the January *Romance*.

THE same number also includes twelve fascinating stories of love and romantic adventure by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Will Scott, Paula Duresque, Ian Hope, and other popular authors. Take home a copy of this delightful magazine to-day.

The January
Romance
NINEPENCE.



Some Britishers abroad. Left to right: Milba Lloyd (Mrs. G. K. Arthur), Mrs. Clive Brook and daughter, "Kipps," Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook snapped in Ince studios.

Everyone in Hollywood agrees that Colleen Moore's impersonation of the aged "Selina Peake" in *So Big* was the best thing the little star had ever done. "Especially," remarked one of her friends, "that bit where you laboriously cross the room to your chair." Colleen just smiled and after a bit, with characteristic frankness replied: "Well that bit wasn't Art, it was Nature. You see I'd had my first riding lesson the previous day and so . . ." If you've ever done likewise, you'll see Colleen's point.

Alice Joyce seems to have definitely returned to the screen, for she is scheduled for nearly a year's work. Her first film is *A Man's World*, with Percy Marmont, Helena D'Algy and Ford Sterling also in the cast.

House Peters, too, is well in the spotlight, for besides *The Tornado*, which has already been trade shown this side he is making *Raffles*, and several other stories for Universal.

Fifty stars adopted a novel method of raising money for the Near East Relief Fund. On a certain day, they all lunched at United Studios on stew, black bread, stewed peaches and hot chocolate, and gave the difference between the eight cents this magnificent repast cost and the amount of their usual lunch-checkue to the fund. Dorothy Mackaill, Pat O'Malley, Louise Glaum, John Bowers, and Marguerite De La Motte had their own table and cracked so many jokes that they almost forgot to eat.

John Gilbert is the "Prince Danilo" of Stroheim's *Merry Widow* film, with Mae Murray as "Sonia," and Tully Marshall and Josephine Crowell in support.

Noah Beery is a happy man these days for he has won his first film fight for sixteen years. "Ever since I went in for 'heavies,'" he complains, "I have been a human shock absorber. Heroes by the dozen have knocked me out in the last reel. I think every leading man on the screen has punched my jaw at one time or another. But in *Contraband*, I got a bit of my own back and after seven hours filming I beat Ray McKee and put him to sleep for a few minutes." Noah, who is six foot one, and correspondingly brawny, is one of the best hated villains in movieland.

Marguerite de la Motte has received a whole lot of dancing shoes from Anna Pavlova, the famous Russian Ballerina. Marguerite and Pavlova both patronise the same shoemaker, who has strict orders from the dainty little film star to always include some "broken in" ones of Pavlova's with the new ones. Marguerite used to be one of Pavlova's troupe before she went on the screen, and she has never forgotten it.

Lloyd Hughes is devoting all his spare time to clog dancing of the variety known as "race-track-leg-shaking." He is playing "the Dancin' Kid" in *Dirie*, and naturally has to live up to it. His favourite instructors are two darkies who are ardent followers of the "Sport of Kings" in Kentucky.

George Carosella, an animal tamer of the Zelig zoo had a terrifying experience the other day. "Queenie," a lioness, suddenly turned on him and caught his head between her jaws. She had been suffering from toothache, and it doubtless affected her temper, but Carosella had to fight her off with a pitchfork and was badly lacerated about the face and head.

Propos of music and the movies one of the finest kinema orchestras is Louis Levy's at the Shepherd's Bush Pavilion. It numbers twenty-five and their selection is one of the most popular items on the programme. This kinema boasts also of a magnificent organ, which is broadcast regularly every week, and they have managed an extra special musical treat in connection with *The Ten Commandments*, which is showing there this month.

Buck Jones has just finished a film entitled *The Man Who Played Square*. No, it isn't a Crossword Puzzle.

George O'Brien who made a promising first appearance in *The Man Who Came Back*, is playing Sir Gerald Du Maurier's role of "Tony" in the screen version of *The Dancers*, with Madge Bellamy opposite.

With cooking nowadays raised to the status of an art, special attention has to be paid to the brand of baking powder used in the making of cakes and other dainties, and all good cooks must of necessity use Borwick's Baking Powder, which besides being the purest and best, is also the most economical means of raising the lightest pastry, cakes, puddings, etc., requiring not only less baking powder, but about half the usual quantities of butter, lard or dripping, with also a great saving in eggs. The result of using Borwick's Baking Powder, will be proven in the deliciously flaky and nutritious comestibles themselves—just try it.

Nazimova has finished work on *The Redeeming Sin* for Vitagraph and has commenced a new one titled *My Son*.

Betty Balfour's next feature *Satan's Sister* will be made partly in the West Indies. George Pearson and his players are getting ready to depart.



Helene Chadwick.

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Picturegoers' Guide



Theodore Roberts as "Moses" in "The Ten Commandments."

Another Scandal (F. B. O.; Jan. 19).

A rather highly-seasoned story of feminine wiles and masculine futility based upon Cosmo Hamilton's novel of the same name. Excellent acting by Lois Wilson, Flora Le Breton, Hedda Hopper, Holmes E. Herbert, Ralph Bunker, Zeffie Tilbury, and Bigelow Cooper. Good triangle drama.

The Call of the Wild (Pathé; Jan. 19).

A faithful screen version of Jack London's well-known story of the gold rush days on the Yukon featuring "Buck," the dog star, Jack Mulhall and Walter Long. Excellent entertainment.

The Cost of Beauty (Napoleon; Jan. 5).

Strong fare concerning a deliberately childless wife and her subsequent redemption and reformation. Well played by Betty Ross Clarke, Lewis Dayton, Tom Reynolds and James Lindsay. Morbid entertainment.

Cyrano De Bergerac (Pathé; Jan. 5).

A coloured film version of the well known drama of the "Three Musketeers" period produced by Augusto Genina and played by Pierre Regnier, Linda Moglia, A. Ferrari, U. Casilini and A. Bernard. Good romantic fare.

The Dangerous Blonde (European; Jan. 12).

Excellent comedy romance about a hen-pecked husband who gets mixed up in a scandal because of some foolish letters he sent to an adventuress. Laura La Plante stars, supported by Edward Hearn, Arthur Hoyt, Philo McCullough, Eve Southern, Margaret Campbell, Dick Sutherland and Frederick Cole.

Daughters of Pleasure (Rose; Jan. 26).

Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, Edith Chapman, and Wilfred Luca in a somewhat sentimental story about a girl who moulded her life upon the "Like father—like daughter" idea. Excellent acting and photography.

Decameron Nights (Graham Wilcox; Jan. 16).

An interesting example of modern technique in sets, lighting and photography,

this screen version of the Boccaccio Drury Lane drama is Herbert Wilcox's best production to date. Continuity is weak, but acting by Werner Krauss, Ivy Duke, Randle Ayrton, Hanna Ralph, Xenia Desti, Lionel Barrymore, Bernhard Goetzhe, Albert Steinweck, George John and Jameson Thomas is good. Good romantic entertainment.

The Desert Outlaw (Fox; Jan. 8).

Buck Jones and Evelyn Brent in a strong and original adventure story of the western plains.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall (Allied Artists; Jan. 12).

Mary Pickford in a congenial role as the hot-tempered, mischievous, sixteenth-century heroine of Charles Major's romance. A sumptuously and faithfully-

mounted period story in which the star is supported by Anders Randolf, Marc MacDermott, Mme. Daumery, Allen Forrest, Wilfrid Lucas, Claire Eames, Estelle Taylor, Lottie Pickford and Courteney Foote. Marshall Neilan directed. Excellent entertainment.

Fair Week (Paramount; Jan. 22).

The answer to "Can a fat man be a hero?" in the person of Walter Hiers in a good circus comedy drama, with some remarkably good characters and types. Constance Wilson opposite, also Carmen Phillips, J. Farrell MacDonald, Robert Mack, Mary Jane Irving, Earl Metcalf and Knute Erickson.

Flaming Barriers (Paramount; Jan. 26).

A strong romance of firefighters with a thrilling forest fire as its climax. Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno, and Walter Hiers are the stars, and Charles Ogle, Robert McKim, Luke Cosgrove and Warren Rogers support. Good, exciting fare.

The Gaiety Girl (European; Jan. 5).

Mary Philbin in a picturesque if none-too-correct as to details film version of "The Inheritors," by J. A. R. Wylie. Joseph J. Dowling, William Haines, Otto Hoffman, James O. Barrows, De Witt Jennings, Freeman S. Wood, Tom Ricketts and Grace Darmond also appear. Good entertainment.

The Gay Corinthian (Butchers; Jan. 26).

A typically British story not unlike *M'Lord of the White Road* with Victor McLaglen as its fighting hero. Good support from Betty Faire, Cameron Carr, Donald Macardle, George Turner, Jack Denton, Noel Arnott and Ex-Guardsman Penwill. Good costume romance.

High Speed (European; Jan. 19).

Fast action comedy drama about an athlete's hard fight to win the lady of his heart. Played by Herbert Rawlinson, Carmelita Geraghty, Bert Roach, Otto Hoffman, Percy Challenger, Jules Cowles, and J. Buckley Russell. Good entertainment.

Maurice Elvey and Shirley Mason discussing a scenario.



Miss Gladys Jennings

the British film Juno, refreshes herself by taking a plunge between scenes being taken at Marlow last summer for the Gaumont film of Ian Hay's play "The Happy Ending."

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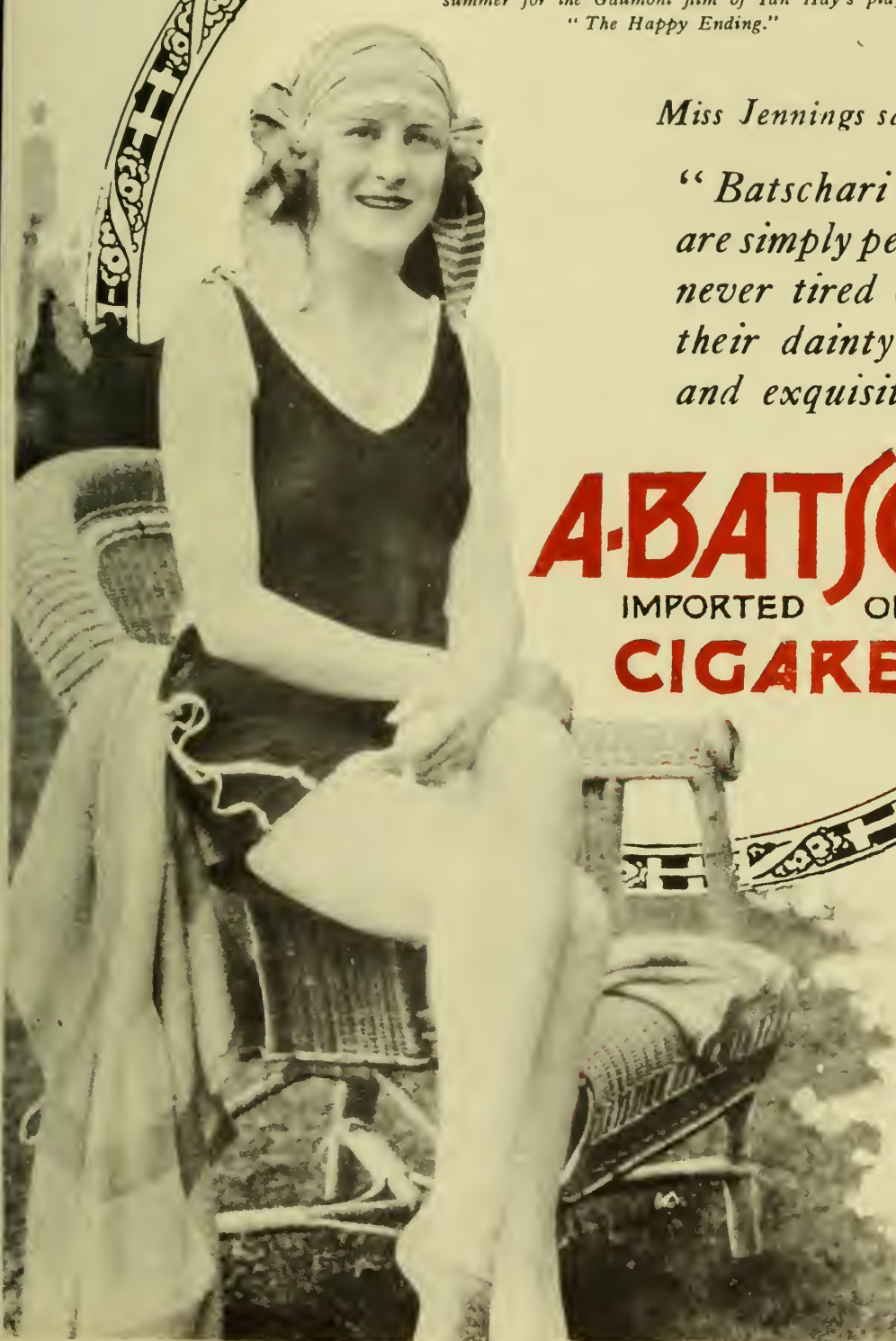
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Edna Murphy,
and Harold
Miller in
"Leatherstocking"

Honour Among Men (Fox; Jan. 5).

Edmund Lowe in a romantic story of love and trickery in a small kingdom. Sheldon Lewis, Claire Adams, Diana Miller, Walter Wilkinson and Frank Leigh complete the cast. Good entertainment.

The House of Youth (Jan. 19).

A very modern jazz story which develops into drama dealing with the adventures of a girl who is out to enjoy life, but who is the victim of a scandal which nearly finishes her career. Jacqueline Logan stars, with Malcolm MacGregor, Vernon Steele, Gloria Grey, Richard Travers, Lucila Mendez, Edwin Booth Tilton, Hugh Metcalf and Barbara Tennan in support.

In Fast Company (Unity; Jan. 19).

Stunts, stunts, and again stunts by the indefatigable Dick Talmadge amid a curious conglomeration of cheap melodrama, slapstick and exaggerated acting. Mildred Harris, Sheldon Lewis, Charles Clary and Snitz Edwards head the supporting cast. Fair entertainment.

The Iron Man (European; Jan. 22).

Lucian Albertini, Margaret Morris, Jean de Brax and Jack Dougherty in as breathless a serial as has ever been screened. About a girl's adventures in Paris and her pursuit by a wicked uncle. Not for the sophisticated fans.

The Last of the Duanes (Fox; Jan. 12).

A new kinematization of Zane Grey's story with Tom Mix in Farnum's place. Eventful Western melodrama in which Tom and "Tony" achieve fresh laurels all the way. Marion Nixon, Brendesley Shaw, Frank Nelson, Lucy Beaumont, Jack Curtis and Harry Lonsdale comprise the cast.

Leatherstocking (Pathé; Jan. 15).

Harold Miller in a serial version of Fenimore Cooper's adventure stories of early days in the West. Good atmosphere, settings, and acting by the star Lillian Hall, Edna Murphy, James Pierce, David Dunbar, Aline Goodwin, Frank Lackteen, Ray Myers and "Whitehorse."

The Lightning Rider (F. B. O.; Jan. 12).

A Mexican border melodrama, not new as to plot and incident but entertainingly developed and briskly handled. Harry Carey is featured, with Virginia Brown Faire, Thomas G. Lingham, Frances Ross, Leon Barry, Bert Hadley and Mdme. Sul-Te-Wan in support.

The Love Nest (Phillips; Jan. 11).

The adventures of a pair of newly-weds in search of a house starring Owen Moore, supported by Richard Travers, Jean Scott, Snitz Edwards, Marjorie Kelso, Kate Lester, Frank Campean, Charles Graham, Bernard Siegel, Robert Kenyon and Richard Lee. Light and very bright.

The Love Story of David Copperfield (Phillips; Jan. 12).

A Nordish production giving a brilliant impression of Dickens' novel. Incidental in character, but exceedingly interesting. Buddy Martin, G. Smith, Elsie Nielsen, Karina Bell, Karen Caspersen and R. Christiansen are the principal players.

The Man Who Came Back (Fox; Jan. 26).

A vivid screen version of the popular play of the same name in which Dorothy Mackaill and George O'Brien star, supported by Cyril Chadwick, Ralph Lewis, Harvery Clark, Edward Piel, David Kirby, and James Gordon. Melodramatic but effective.

The Mating of Marcus (Stoll; Jan. 5).

A slender story about a girl who will not desert her sister even for the man she loves. Dollie and Billie, the music hall duo are the stars, whilst David Hawthorne, George Bellamy, Mdme. d'Estene, Gladys Hamer, W. G. Saunders and Moore Marriott lend adequate support. Fair entertainment.

Mdlle. Midnight (Metro-Goldwyn; Jan. 12).

Well told Mae Murray melodrama, ornately mounted and dressed and so full of action that its obvious and uninspired story escapes criticism. Clever character work by the star, Monte Blue, Robert

McKim, Robert Edeson, Nick de Ruiz, Nigel de Brulier, Johnny Arthur, Otis Harlan and Evelyn Selbie.

Miami (F. B. O.; Jan. 5).

Betty Compson in a sensational and rather crude melodrama written around the American "reckless set" and showing some fine views of the well known Florida seaside resort. Lawford Davidson, J. Barney Sherry, Hedda Hopper, Lucy Fox, and Benjamin F. Finney, Jr. also appear.

The Notorious Mrs. Carrick (Stoll; Jan. 12).

"Disa," Peggy Lynn, Cameron Carr, and A. B. Imeson in a murder mystery drama in which long distance wireless vindicates the innocence of a girl accused of murder. Fair entertainment.

Our Leading Citizen (Paramount; Jan. 5).

Tom Meighan in a George Ade story of American town politics and election manoeuvres in which the modest hero is aided in the achieving of his desires by many witty sub-titles. Lois Wilson, William P. Carleton, Theodore Roberts, Guy Oliver, James Neill, Lucien Littlefield and Charles Ogle contribute capital character studies. A pleasing movie.

The Royal Rivals (Springer; Jan. 26).

A German-made historical drama of the days of Phillip II of Spain over emphasised to such an extent that its effect is ruined. Conrad Veidt, Dagny Servaes, and Eugen Klopfer head a long cast. Only unsophisticated fans will enjoy this one.

The Seventh Sheriff (Artistic; Jan. 8).

Richard Hatton, Neva Gerber, Arthur Morrison, Charles Murphy and Martin Turner in a very ordinary Western drama about a hero who takes on all kinds of dangerous jobs. Fair entertainment.

Shadows of Paris (Paramount; Jan. 12).

Pola Negri in an underworld story of Paris during and after the war, directed by Herbert Brenon. Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche, Huntly Gordon, Rose Dione, Gareth Hughes, Vera Reynolds, Edward Kiplin and Maurice Cannon support the star. Rather disappointing Apache drama.

The Sign of the Rose (Wardour; Jan. 26).

George Beban in a Christmassy story about an Italian, his daughter, and his long lost wife. Helen Sullivan, Jeanne

Edmund Lowe and
Claire Adam

in
"Honour
Among
Men"





Pierre Regnier as "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Carpenter, Charles H. Elder, Gene Cameron, Louise Calmenti, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Dorothy Giraci and M. Solomon comprise a good cast. Good, sentimental drama.

Singer Jim McKee (Paramount; Jan. 19).

William S. Hart in a story by William S. Hart. It concerns a self-sacrificing Westerner and contains some good thrills and climaxes and some melodramatic acting by the star. The cast includes Gordon Russell, Phyllis Haver, Bert Sprutte, Ruth Miller, Edward Coxen, William Dyer and George Siegmann.

The Spitfire (W. & F.; Jan. 19).

The story of a society girl who earned her living on musical comedy stage showing, some interesting behind-the-scenes incidents and some lovely gowns. Betty Blythe, Pauline Garon, Robert Warwick, Lowell Sherman, Elliott Dexter and Ray Allen act well. Good entertainment.

Surging Seas (Gaumont; Jan. 19).

Charles Hutchison in a sensational drama of the high seas containing many thrilling water stunts and chases. Edith Thornton opposite, and George Hackathorne, David Torrence, Earl Metcalf, Charles Force and Pat Harmon.

The Ten Commandments (Paramount; Jan. 5).

A great entertainment produced by Cecil De Mille, with a fine spectacular biblical prologue emphasising an absorbing if melodramatic modern story. All star cast comprising Theodore Roberts, Charles De Roche, Estelle Taylor, Julia Faye, Terence Moore, James Neill, Lawson Butt, Clarence Burton, Noble Johnson, Edythe Chapman, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Robert Edeson, Charles Ogle and Agnes Ayres. Excellent entertainment, don't miss it.

That French Lady (Fox; Jan. 19).

Shirley Mason as a girl with extraordinary views upon marriage, but who is cured of them by a mother's devotion and sacrifice. In the cast are also Theodore Von Eitz, Lucy Beaumont, Harold Goodwin, Kate Lester, and Charles Coleman. Contains one good opportunity for "Pulling Pictures to Pieces" experts. Good entertainment.

Three Days to Live (Western Import; Jan. 1).

A novelettish Oriental thriller about a wicked Rajah whose spell nearly ruined (Continued on page 74).

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(See pages 6 and 7.)

the happiness of a pair of youthful lovers. Played by Ora Carew, Jay Morley, George Webster, Dick la Reno, Hal Stephens and Helen Howell. Blatant mystery romance.

Triumphant Youth (Phillips; Jan. 26).

A love-romance of the Western plains starring Alleyne Ray as a young society girl who "makes good" on a wild and woolly Texas ranch. Mildred Bright, J. W. Johnston and Robert Frazer head the supporting cast.

The Turmoil (European; Jan. 26).

Domestic drama about a self made man who tried to mould his family to his own pattern and what happened when his children rebelled. An effective dam-burst provides a thrill, and the acting is unusually good. Emmett Corrigan, George Hackathorne and Eleanor Boardman are featured, and are capably supported by Winter Hall, Theodore Von Eltz, Edward Hearn, Pauline Garon, Eileen Percy, and Victory Bateman. Good entertainment.

The Way of a Man (Pathé; Jan. 12).

A super-adventure serial of early Western pioneering days by the author of *The Covered Wagon*. The players are Alleyne Ray, Harold Miller, Florence Lee, Bud Osborne, Kathryn Appleton, "Whitehorse." Lillian Gale, Chet Ryan and Lillian Adrian. We recommend this one.

Western Firebrands (Ducal; Jan. 5).

Big Boy Williams in a timber-land story containing some thrilling stunts and a romance. J. Conrad Needham, Bill Horne, Virginia Adair, Jack Pitcairn and Bert Apling support the star.

The Wine of Youth (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; Jan. 26).

Adapted from Rachel Crother's play "Mary the Third" this flapper picture is conventional in development but quite good comedy-drama about an adventurous girl. The cast includes Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon, William Haines, Ben Lyon, William Collier Jnr., Robert Agnew, Eulalie Jensen, E. J. Ratcliffe and Gertrude Claire.



Laurette Taylor.

Women and Diamonds (Ducal; Jan. 12).

An Anglo-African tale of revenge and a murder mystery with good South African settings, acting, and action. Victor Maclagen and Madge Stuart head the cast which also includes Florence Turner, Norma Whalley, M. E. Wetherell, Cecil du Gué, Walter Tennyson and Sir Simeon Stuart.

Wolves of the Night (Fox Re-issue; Jan. 29).

William Farnum in a gripping drama about a miner's plucky fight against human wolves of finance. Louise Lovely opposite the star, also Charles Clary, Irene Rich, Lamar Johnston, G. Raymond Nye, and Al Famont. Good of its class.

Venus of the South Seas (Pioneer; Jan. 1).

New Zealand's first production featuring Annette Kellerman in a story of pearl fishing containing some fine under-water scenes in which the star and some Maori divers appear. Nolan Purdie, Robert Ramsay and Norman French have the chief supporting roles. Novel entertainment.

Maria Jacobini in the dual roles of "Katja" and "Yamile" in "Daughters of the Desert."



TEMPESTS & TRAGEDIES

(Continued from page 15).

prerogatives of the Storm Interventive by killing off villains at critical moments, but it does not confine its activities wholly to this pastime.

Is a man already engaged to a girl when he meets the 'only woman'? Then enter the Storm Eliminative. Fire, water or wind obligingly kill off the poor girl and the poor girl obligingly tells the man to marry the 'only woman' before her death. But it is surprising how much killing off some of these frail heroines require.

In *Lucretia Lombard*, Monte Blue, engaged to Norma Shearer, wanted to marry Irene Rich. Well, it took a forest fire, prowling of terror-stricken wild animals and a burst dam before Norma gave up the ghost, while Irene Rich who had gone through just as much, survived to marry the hero.

Sometimes, of course, accidents will happen and I for one, have hardly recovered from seeing the hero of *The White Sister* dead at the end of the film. Ronald Coleman, who plays this gentleman, is drowned during an eruption of Vesuvius. Drowned during the war unscathed and after demobilisation went and broke his leg by stepping on an orange peel.

But whatever the method the fact remained that he was killed by Nature before the end of the film, while a villain like Alan Hale in *The Covered Wagon*, after being buried almost to his neck in a quagmire survives that and is shot like any ordinary villain.

In *Flowing Gold* it took thunder and lightning, a cloud-burst, and burning oil to bring Anna Q. Nilsson to the arms of Milton Sills and even then the latter had to be half-stunned before he discovered how he loved her.

The Storm Retributive shows to advantage in *The Ten Commandments*. Rod la Rocque having broken all the commandments at least once each, flees from justice in an open motor boat on a raging sea. Of course, his fate is a foregone conclusion, he is dashed against a cliff and—most excellent touch—his body is seen in the calm of next day floating in the water and across his chest is the spar on which is painted the name of his boat, and the name of his boat is 'Defiance.'

Perhaps the most popular is the Storm Dramatic. The heroine escapes from the clutches of the villain into the raging night, "more gentle and more kind than he," witness *To Have and To Hold*, *The Spoilers*, etcetera, etcetera. It hasn't many variations but we've all seen it. Does the action flag? Let's have a storm. Have we some thousand odd dollars to spend? Let's have a storm. Do the public want a knock-out natural spectacle? Let's have a storm. And lo! there is a storm.

WILLIAM B. TURNER.



Showing Pictures at Home

MOST movie fans aspire to a home projector of their own but are compelled to forego themselves this pleasure because of the expense involved. This expense can be curtailed if you follow the practical hints given by the writer of this article. A toy cinema need not necessarily be treated as a toy.

It would be very nice to be able to show real moving pictures at home during the long winter evenings.

As a matter of fact home kinematographs are on the market, but most of them suffer from the rather serious complaint of being distinctly expensive, though old "junk" kinematograph film can be bought cheaply enough. As most of us know by this time the film from which kinematograph pictures are shown contains sixteen little pictures placed end to end in each foot of its length, and the rate at which the film goes through the machine is about one foot a second. This means that sixteen times a second the film has to stop travelling for a brief instant while the mechanism uncovers the lens and covers it again.

Common sense tells us that a machine which will do this in a reliable way must cost some pounds. But those astute folk, the Germans, have succeeded in making toy machines which show moving pictures after a fashion. These only cost a few shillings, and with reasonable luck one can be got hold of which will give a considerable amount of amusement before it caves in.

A recent and well-meaning article in a certain Sunday Newspaper gave hints on how a toy projector of moving pictures might be made to take long spools of film and show a six foot picture, using for illuminant a gas jet burning inside an unventilated biscuit tin. In writing that, the author's wish was doubtless father to the thought. Yet certain of his suggestions were quite to the point. It is a fact that a good lens in kinematography is more than half the battle. At the expense of being

"low" as the old-time critic would have said, no more likely place exists wherein to get hold of a disused motion picture projection lens cheaply than the humble but handy pawn-shop. Often a stealthy glance into the window will disclose a dusty tray of lenses among which, our luck still being good, a two or three inch cine projection lens may be found. Unless the lens bears the name of a well-known British optician (a most unlikely thing), the purchaser should bear in mind that its probable original value was anywhere between seven and ten shillings, so that a "couple of bob" at most should suffice to secure it.

The way to fit it to a toy kinematograph, in place of the toy lens, will depend upon the design of the machine itself. In general, the original toy lens and its sliding mount should be removed and a light tin tube soldered in place into which the new and more important lens may slide, focussing being done by pushing it farther or drawing it less far in or out before the opening where the film passes through the projector "gate trap."

Now about the illuminant. I do beseech you not to try the gas burner inside the unventilated biscuit tin. In the first place it won't burn properly. In the next place it probably will burn sufficiently well to make the tin so hot that as soon as an end of film touches it by accident there will be a blaze and a general conflagration. And then we shall be having to offer a prize for the best solution of the problem "Where used the house to stand?" For safety we should stick to electric light for our projection experiments. Either a small gas-filled focus lamp may be used, run-

ning through a resistance off the house mains, if we are rich and lucky enough to be able to arrange it, or failing this we must borrow the accumulator off somebody's car, or motor bike, or wireless set, and use the current to light a gas-filled motor headlight bulb of a voltage the same as the accumulator and of as high a candle power as we can conveniently get. The strongest of these motor headlight bulbs take four amperes at twelve volts, give one hundred candle power, and will keep alight for many hours together when run off two "Ford" accumulators connected in series, which means that the red terminal of one accumulator is connected to the black terminal of the next cell with a short length of insulated electric light wire.

So long as a fairly cool light, such as the enclosed electric bulb is used, and nothing of the nature of a naked flame, almost any reasonably light-tight and fire-resisting material will do to take the place of the trumpery tin magic lantern portion of a toy kinematograph. Since wireless is in fashion, and has already once been mentioned, I might suggest that an excellent light proof container for the electric bulb would be one of the compressed fibre tubes sold for winding inductance coils upon. They only cost a few pence each. Fit the lamp holder upon a round wood block which can be slid back and forward inside the tube, and mount the condenser of the kinematograph at the other end of it.

Finally, do not attempt to run longer film lengths than two hundred feet at most at a time on a toy machine, and be sure to let the film coming from the gate-trap fall into a fireproof metal container, and not on to the floor. A large zinc bath will be much better than nothing, a sanitary milking pail best of all.

Generally home displays with magic lanterns or small kinema machines fail to do themselves the justice they might because of scattered light coming out into the room. A very little general light will "bleach" a picture of the screen and make it look grey and uninteresting. When you go to a regular cinema, if it is nicely arranged (as not all of them are) you find a comfortable amount of coloured, yellow or red, light where the seating is placed but so shaded that practically none of it gets to the screen, and the same thing should be aimed at by anyone giving a picture entertainment at home. If you are only quite a few in the room it will be all right to turn the general lighting right out. If a party is in progress it will be safer to have some small lights such as night lights placed in the end of the room farthest from the screen and with shades so placed in front of them as to cut off from the screen any direct light from them. Failing anything more elaborate a large book can be stood on end before each night light.

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 22).

For, once again, I had crossed a frontier. A frontier of a different kind, but a frontier just the same. A frontier of human emotion. A frontier of a suspended relationship.

There is something about the ties of early childhood that pull at the strings of the heart as no later relationships have the power of doing. For it is not only the person, but the whole setting of old, familiar days that arises to confront one.

I saw not only my dear sister, Maria, but all of our childish scenes together, pranks and larks, quarrels and makings-up.

There had once been four of us children in my father's house; but it was with Maria that I conspired and connived, got into and out of mischief, and generally conferred with on all of our little enterprises.

In those few moments with Maria, we kept up a constant battery of "Do you remember this?" and "Oh, do you remember that?" Now and then the equally ready tears would come, because of a memory shared in madness.

Since my mother passed away, Maria has gone through a lot of suffering. She was left quite alone at my mother's death. My brother is married and living quite a distance from her and such relatives as we have in Italy are distant connections and not especially congenial with Maria.

Of course, she asked me all kinds of questions about my work, and I told again the story of my arrival in America, the days of starvation and discouragement, the beginnings that seemed to get nowhere, the final landing upon my feet. She wanted to know all about how pictures are made, about the other stars, the directors, the studios. She wanted to hear all about June Mathis and the part she

had played and played so definitely in my "discovery," and then told me that she had never seen a picture of mine, but had gained all her knowledge of my activities through the fan magazines and newspapers I had sent her, and from my letters. She intimated that she got most of her knowledge from the magazines and papers. Like most of my sex, I am, I suppose, neither a very frequent nor a very prolific letter writer.

The third day we were in Milan, I arranged to have my sister see *The Four Horsemen*. I asked an official connected with the industry to have a copy of the film shown her, and through his courtesy it was run for her. But the projection room had no light, and the picture was so badly cut that my aunt, who was with us, said she was glad that she had seen it in Rome.

But my sister, none too critical, of course, was enchanted. She had, she naively informed me, no idea that I was "as good as that!"

I felt that after all the years I had struggled to win from her that look of admiration and respect, *The Four Horsemen* had finally done the trick for me, where my early smoking and other feats had dismally failed. . .

We have had three days of Milan. And we have gone about and have seen as much as we could see. We didn't attempt to do a very great deal in the town. Milan would take the most casual tourist at least a month. The same as Florence and Rome.

But we did see the surrounding country. Motoring, of course. Which is the only way to see a country.

We have enjoyed Milan. Of course I enjoyed it because it held my sister for me. And Natacha got a fair amount of rest. I tinkered with the car and we took marvellous rides, and to-morrow we start on our way again. (Another long instalment next month.)

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL

(Continued from page 38).

Dorothy. "I have loved you, I do believe, since the first time I saw you—but hide! Someone comes!"

When the guard burst into the room four feet, and two of them a man's, were seen peeping out from under her dress. The guard dragged her away and Sir John sprang to his feet, flung back a window and escaped.

"Well, he has gone," said the captain of the guard, "but she remains. Her Majesty will be informed of this, my lady. We will see what she has to say."

And it transpired that Elizabeth had very little to say. But it resulted in Dorothy being cast into the cells.

At moonrise there was a noise like rats at the grating of the dungeon of Haddon Hall. But it was not rats, but more like magic. For there stood Sir John Manners.

"Come," he said, "there is no time to be lost. The guard have heard me and are coming by that other door. In an hour the Queen dies. Warn her."

Dorothy made her way by strange secret passages into the bedroom of the Queen, who sat up startled.

"Your Majesty!" cried Dorothy. "I come once more to crave your ear."

"Silence, traitor!" said the Queen. There came a furtive scraping on the door, and Dorothy's face went white.

"They come now to do their evil work! Oh, listen, I beg you, your Majesty, before it is too late. See! Hide behind this hanging here."

She drew a hanging of the great bed across her Queen's form as the door was burst in and Sir Malcolm staggered in with drawn sword.

"You!" he cried in astonishment. "Stand away from that curtain!"

"But—" "Do as I command, for I am master here now. If—" The curtain fell back and the regal figure of the Queen was disclosed. "I thought so!" laughed Sir Malcolm. And suddenly he raised his sword.

But at that moment there was a shivering of glass; the great stained window fell inward in a million pieces and into the room bounded Sir John Manners. There was the flash of steel against steel, a muffled groan, and the body of Sir Malcolm Vernon fell a-sprawl across the floor, empty of life.

The Queen in affected anger granted Sir John Manners his life in return for the saving of hers but banished him there and then.

And so it befell that as Sir John rode so sadly away from Haddon Hall that he did not even raise his eyes and bid a last farewell to a certain trysting place a peremptory voice bade him halt. "Her Majesty hath not commanded my comings and goings," quoth Dorothy. "Think you that steed of yours, John, will carry two?"



Valentino in his car on the way to the studios.

Worth Their Weight in Gold

A few film folk to whom Antipon and rubber corsets mean less than nothing.

To the thin the fat are always a source of laughter. I have still to discover why several stones of superfluous flesh should have such a hilarious effect upon the on-looker, but there it is, a fact proven and indisputable. The vision of an ordinary-sized individual running to catch a train evokes neither interest nor amusement, but a fat person in the same predicament—how excruciatingly funny!

Hollywood is a little Mecca for fat people with histrionic talent, for there is always a demand for them, and unlike the sylphlike beauties and romantic heroes that invade the casting director's office in their hundreds, they have not become so numerous as to overcrowd the market. Plump people, of course, abound, but real honest-to-goodness fat is worth much to its possessor.

Willard Louis would never have been given the chance that started him on the highroad to success if his plumpness had not first caught the director's eye. It was on this account that he was given the role of "George, Prince of Wales"

Right: Joe Cobb of "Our Gang" is nearly as broad as he's long. Below: Babe London and Walter Hiers who add weight to Christie Comedies.



Above: Nellie Lane, the world's fattest woman. Left: Lloyd Hamilton (Ham).



in *Beau Brummel*, and he played this so well that he was afterwards given the starring role in *Babbit*.

Walter Hiers is another who makes capital out of his rotundity, and Babe London, the Christie Comedy girl, would probably never have embarked on a screen career had she been built on slimmer lines. As it was, she was more or less pitchforked into the movies by a force of circumstances, altogether too strong for her to resist.

She lived on her uncle's farm in Iowa, and her one ambition was to study art. Then she moved with her family to San Diego, California, where she attended high school and the art academy. The other girls with whom she played and studied were nearly all set on screen careers, but Babe used to laugh good-naturedly at the idea, until one day she came upon a small moving picture company "shooting" scenes for a film.

They needed a fat girl and before she knew what was happening she found herself engaged for the part. After that she went to Los Angeles, where she found work plentiful, and she decided to take the opportunities that came to her, save money, and take up her art studies again later on.

Then there is Joe Frank Cobb, the large square boy, who is a member of Hal Roach's "Our Gang," and Lincoln Stedman, whose beaming youthful countenance is well-known to picturegoers.

All have a very definite place in the regard of those who watch their films, and all may well be grateful to the adiposity that has proved, not a handicap, as might at first appear, but a valuable asset.

E. E. B.





Jackie Coogan in "A Boy of Flanders."

ODEAL (Birmingham).—George it is, Odeal. I don't like being "Sir-d." (1) Ivor Novello is playing in "The Rat" at the Garrick Theatre just now. (2) Sorry I can't tell you if Ivor is "heart-whole and fancy free." He doesn't pour his love troubles into my sympathetic ears, as you fans do your film worries. (3) I think he would sign that sketch for you if you asked nicely. Write him at his flat, 11, Aldwych, Strand, London, W.C.2.

B. P. FAN (Herne Hill).—(1) Try Astra-National Productions, 101, Wardour St., London, for stills from *Bull Dog Drummond*. You have my blessing, if you think it will do you any good.

GOT-EM-BADLY (Harrogate). — You didn't sign your letter so I've given you the most appropriate name I could think of after reading it. Have passed it on to the "Thinker" with your request.

PEGGY MACHREE (Stroud Green).—Letter forwarded to Pauline Frederick. I hope she'll answer you, but nothing's certain in this life, you know.

LYNETTE (Birkenhead).—(1) Jack Holt is married and has several children. (2) Adolphe Menjou is married. Job had nothing on me for patience.

G. E. G. (Stamford Hill).—(1) Interview with Alice Terry and Rex Ingram appeared in December 1923 PICTUREGOER. I'll do my best to get those other interviews for you sometime. (1) *Scaramouche* was released September 22nd. *The Arab* won't be generally released until February 23rd, 1925.

MARY (Worcester).—(1) Violet Hopson is married to Walter West. (2) Release date of Ruth Roland's next film not yet fixed. (3) Address letters to Lillian Douglas and Chrissie White e/o these offices.

EVELYN (Breconshire). — (1) Henry Victor was born in London. (2) He isn't married. (3) His chief films are: *She, Beyond the Dreams of Avarice, Old Wives' Tales, Diana of the Crossways, Bill of Divorcement, The Royal Oak, The Prodigal Son, The Scandal, The Eternal Survivor, Colleen Bawn, His Grace Gives Notice, and The Love Story of Aliette Brunton.*

M. E. D. (Brondesbury).—(1) Ramon Novarro is at present in the East, finishing work on *Ben Hur*. (2) So far as I know

he doesn't intend to visit England at the moment. (3) I should stick to the stage if I were you. There are very few chances of making good in film work now, especially as only one or two British studios are working.

MYRTLE (Cambridge).—(1) Dale Fuller has been chosen by Elinor Glyn to play "Countess Olga" in the film version of her novel *His Hour*. This will be the first well-dressed role she has had. (2) Her last film was Von Stroheim's *Greed* which the Censor has not yet passed for presentation over here. Call me dear if you want to—I'm used to having the affections of fair unknowns showered upon me.

CRYSTAL-GAZER.—You win your answer and lose your bet at the same time. I smoke anything but "Woodbines"! (1) Lewis Stone is married to Laura Oakley. He has two daughters. (2) I think he would send you an autographed photo if you ask nicely. (3) I don't know whether marking the envelope "private" would ensure a personal answer, but there's no harm in trying. (4) Yes, quite a lot of people love Lewis—you're not the only one by a good many thousand.

O. R. (Byfleet).—(1) J. Warren Kerrigan was born July 25th, 1889, at Louisville, Kentucky. (2) He lives in Hollywood now. (2) He's not married, because he has never yet found anyone to come up to his mother—so if you think you're the kind of girl likely to "remind him of his mother," now's your chance. (5) His latest film is *Captain Blood*, a Vitagraph picture in which he plays with Jean L'age.

CONNIE (Fulham).—(1) Conway Tearle has dark hair and eyes. (2) Douglas Fairbanks has black hair and hazel-brown eyes. Glad to hear you haven't any serious designs on either.

PUZLED PHYL (Lanes).—Your worries are difficult to explain on paper, but I'll do my best. (1) Inspiration Films are a special company in which the Gish sisters and Richard Barthelmess are interested. (2) Ritz-Carlton is a new Company formed for the production of Valentino films. They are only affiliated with Paramount Pictures for business purposes. That is, Ritz-Carlton attend to the production and Paramount releases the films. (3) The

same thing explains other similar cases. Richard Barthelmess, for instance, releases most of his films through First National. Does that clear away the fog, Phyl?

SIX IMPROVERS (Birmingham).—Your somewhat heated epistle has been passed on to "The Thinker." Ever tried a soap box in Hyde Park?

DAFFODIL.—(1) Try Fox Film Co., 13, Berners St., Oxford Street, London, W.1, for photos of Tom Mix. (2) House Peters was born in Bristol in 1888. (3) He's married and has a little daughter, Patricia. (4) Wallace Reid was married to Dorothy Davenport. Glad you think PICTUREGOER "a ripping book." Words wouldn't do justice to my particular style of beauty, Daffodil.

PHYLIS (Leicester).—I've forwarded your letter, and most magnanimously forgive you. (1) Gloria Swanson has a little daughter, and also an adopted boy.

PICTURE MAD.—Sorry, no casts in these columns. Send stamped, addressed envelope for an answer through the post.

DEIRDRE (Sussex).—I get many "nice chatty letters, full of nice things about PICTUREGOER" from people who want me to do something for them, that I can't remember your particular one. If you sent me a letter to Rudolph I certainly forwarded it, so you must blame the G.P.O. if you haven't had an answer. Send in your other letters and I'll see that they go to the right addresses.

BETTY (Brondesbury). — Letter forwarded.

IN THE DARK (Manchester).—Judging from the number of people who are perfectly sure that I'm a handsome, clean shaven young man, I should have been "auto-suggested" into an Adonis years ago. (1) Nigel Barrie was born Feb. 5th, 1889. (2) His latest release is *Claude Duval*. (3) An art plate of Nigel appeared in February 1924, PICTUREGOER.

TWO RUDY WORSHIPPERS (Isle of Wight).—I hasten to relieve your state of "horrible anxiety" in my usual helpful fashion. Rudolph Valentino certainly doesn't intend to cultivate his "atrocious little beard" after the film for which its growth was necessary is finished.

LILLEE OF THE VALLEE (Stourbridge).—Glad to hear you had such a nice photo from your favourite.



Philo McCullough and Laura La Plante in "The Dangerous Blonde."



Marjorie Hume and Carlyle Blackwell in "Two Little Vagabonds."

NOT A FILM FAN (Brighton).—(1) A star is anyone whose name goes above the title—i.e. Gloria Swanson starring in *Manhandled*. A star is not necessarily a better actor than a featured player. It is simply that his or her name is used as the greatest draw for the public when the film is shown. (2) Lewis Stone has been starred in some films but has been playing featured roles recently.

M. F. (Grange Park).—I've decided to give up the idea of a harp to go with my halo, and to invest in a ukelele instead. I hear it's easier to play. (1) Jackie Coogan is most certainly *not* a girl, but a very boyish small boy.

CARMELITE (Southport).—(1) Carmel Myers was born April 9th, 1901. (2) She was married to a Mr. Karnblum. (3) Her next film is *Babbitts*, released this month. (4) Send your letter and photo to me in a plain stamped envelope and I'll forward it for you. So you're a fan at last, my child. You all come to it sooner or later.

MONTE-FOR-EVER (Portsmouth).—(1) Monte Blue's just got married.. (2) Write him c/o Warner Brothers, Hollywood, California. (3) Your plea is granted. You'll find an interview with Monte in this issue. I hope you're duly grateful.

F. D. P. T. (Yorkshire).—(1) Letters forwarded on arrival. (2) Joseph Schildkraut was born October 9th, 1896, in Roumania, and Richard Dix in 1894, at St. Pauls, Minnesota. (3) Charles de Roche is about thirty. (4) I'll do my best to get you an art plate of Charles later.

A REGULAR READER (Chelsea).—(1) Gregory Scott's birthday is December 15th. He's about 30 years old, and he isn't married. He hasn't done very much film work recently.

MARJORIE AND ETHEL (Plaistow).—(1) Gladys Cooper's films to date are: *The Bohemian Girl*, *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, *My Lady's Dress*, and *Masks and Faces*. (2) I believe most of her pictures have been shown in America.

SHINGLED (Wimbledon).—I've forwarded your letter to Huntley Gordon. I'll do my best to get you an interview later.

SANTO TERESITA (Bristol).—Still suffering from a bad attack of curiosity, I see. (1) Nita Naldi was born April 4th, 1899, in New York. (2) Sessue Hayakawa is

at present in Hollywood, where he has contracted to make a picture with Famous-Lasky. Title isn't announced yet.

CRICKLEWOODITE (Cricklewood).—You have my august forgiveness—if you think you need it. (1) Cullen Landis was born July 9th, 1896, at Nashville, Tennessee. (2) Address Marion Davies c/o Cosmopolitan Prods., Second Avenue, N. Y. C. (3) Address Viola Dana c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

VALENTINO (Manchester).—Release dates in London and the provinces don't always tally. In some cases the provinces see films before we get them in London—and vice versa. So now you know!

BUBBLES (Exeter).—You can get personal answers from me if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, but I can't promise that they'll be immediate. It depends on whereabouts your letter comes in my postbag. (1) Eric Von Stroheim is married. He was born in Austria in 1885. (2) Try Jury's, 19-21, Tower St., London, W.C. for stills from Ramon Novarro's pictures. He hasn't been to England yet, and so far has made no plans about visiting us. Thanks for your kindly admiration. I'll have it framed.

POLA'S ADMIRER (London).—(1) *Lily of the Dust* is your favourite's latest. She's now at work on *Forbidden Paradise*, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and after that she is to make *A Woman Scorned*, directed by James Cruze.

MARY (Manchester).—Yes, I'm a handsome young chap. I should become quite conceited if it weren't for my mirror! (1) Alma Rubens has been engaged to play *Gerald Cranston's Lady*, in the film version of Gilbert Frankau's novel.

F. L. (Hastings).—(1) Ronald Colman next in *Romola*, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. (2) Henry Ainley was born August 21st, 1879. (3) Kenneth Harlan born July 26th, 1895 in New York.

SOUTH AFRICAN (Liverpool).—Thanks for halo. I've added it to my collection, and shall take it out and admire it on rainy days. (1) Rudolph *not* Rodolf is correct. (2) Mae Murray's married to Robert G. Leonard. (3) Rod le Rocque's next release will be *A Society Scandal*.

ZUFFKINS (Berks).—(1) No casts given in these columns, Zuffkins—not even for you. (2) Ivor Novello is 5 ft. 10 ins.

(Continued on page 80).



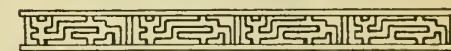
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and, although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.—W. Grace Hartland (Dept. 19), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

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“Nana” (George Ah) tries out his make-up.

VICTOR (Surrey).—I've forwarded your letter to Pearl White. Her address is c/o Eclair Studios, Paris, France.

PETER FAN (Hatfield).—(1) Peter Upcher isn't doing any film work at the moment. He's touring on the legitimate stage.

A. B. (Port Elizabeth).—The best way to get a signed photograph from Alice Terry is to write to her direct. I expect she'll let you have one. Address her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

R. T. (Johannesburg).—Wants to know what it means to be “starred” in a film. “Screenically” speaking, “stardom” is what Blanche Sweet was given as a reward for being bad, and Lillian Gish was given for being good. But usually it's a title given to an actor or actress to persuade the public they're watching someone worth seeing. There are other definitions of the word—but you asked for mine!

W. L. (London).—Letter forwarded.

NORA S. (Lichfield).—Glad to hear my good wishes have had so potent an effect on their victim. (1) I've forwarded your letter to Ramon and repeated the dose. (2) “Peter” in *Passions of the Great*, was played by a German whose name isn't given in the cast. Sorry!

TOMATO (Sale).—Richard Dix was born 1894 and Tom Meighan in 1888.

K.L.B. (Bath).—Carol handed to “Carols” Editor with my blessing. You've certainly been lucky in getting signed photos from your favourites.

ANNIE (Durham).—Glad you like PICTUREGOER and my own flowing wit. (1) Try Fox Film Co., 13, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1. for stills for *St. Elmo Murray* and *The Exiles* and Jury's Imperial Pictures, 19-21 Tower Street, W.1. for stills from *Trifling Women*. (2) The usual price is 2/- to 2/6. (3) John Gilbert is starring in the film version of Elinor Glyn's *This Hour*. (4) Send for a postcard list from Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, and you will find John's name included.

DENIS (Wickmere).—(1) Lillian Gish was born October 14th, 1896, in Spring-

field, Ohio. (2) Lillian was on the stage before she started film work. She was a child actress and toured with the Pickford family when their name was Smith. (3) I believe she is of rather a retiring nature. (4) I think she would answer you if you wrote—anyway, there's no harm in trying.

E. M. (W. Dulwich).—(1) Address Gloria Swanson and Sessue Hayakawa, c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Address Constance Talmadge and Conway Tearle c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California.

ROCHETTE (Ramsgate).—You're a late comer, but I'm pleased to meet you all the same. (1) Thomas Meighan was in *The Miracle Man*. (2) Charles de Roche's name is—Charles de Roche! (3) He's about thirty years old, of French extraction. (4) Charles isn't married to date. His address is c/o Lasky Studios. (5) Shirley Mason is starring in *My Husband's Wives*, a Maurice Elvey production.

ANN (London).—Pola Negri is at Lasky Studios. (2) She has just finished work on *Forbidden Paradise*, and is going to play in *A Woman Scorned*, directed by James Cruze.

R. T. (Lincoln).—Sorry you're sorry—you needn't be! (1) Claire Windsor's latest is *Born Rich*. (2) She has a little son named Billy.

F. A. (Southport).—(1) Address Alice Terry c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Culver City, California, and Rudolph Valentino, c/o Ritz-Carlton Prods., 6-8, West 48th Street, New York City. (2) Of course I'll wish you luck if you think it will do any good.

FLICKER (Aberdeen).—Quite well thank you, Flicker. My memory has been developed by continuous use—it never has time to get rusty! I've sent that letter and hope you get a reply e'er long.

LANGITE (?)—Now you come to mention it, I am rather a dear, aren't I? (1) I've forwarded your letter to Matheson Lang in my usual delightful fashion. (2) Matheson is married to Hutin Britten.

DICK'S ADMIRER (S. Africa).—There's evidently nothing feline about you or

you'd have departed this life long ago. Thing that out! (1) Dorothy and Lillian are both 5 ft. in height; Anna Q. Nilsson is 5 ft. 7 ins. and so is Dick Barthelms. (2) Sorry, no casts in these columns. (3) Tom Mix is so well known that I think that letter will probably find its way to him, although the address was rather vague. (4) Send a postal exchange coupon (obtainable at any Post Office), with your letter.

MURIEL (Oswestry).—Thinks I'm "a wonderfully patient man." So do I, Muriel! (1) I've forwarded your letter to Pearl.

K. HALL (Beeston).—You must be almost as clever as I am. (1) Fred Thompson was the hero in *Just Around the Corner*—not Carl Brissen. Carl is a stage star. (2) It must have been Reginald Denny's double you saw at Bournemouth. Reg hasn't been over here—his wife deputised for him.

K. B. L. J. (Brighton).—(1) Send your letters on to me, and I'll see that they're forwarded. (2) "Stills" are photos depicting scenes in a film. (3) Try Jury's Imperial Pictures, Ltd., 19-21, Tower St., W.1. for stills from *Scaramouche*.

GRAY (Birmingham).—I'll do my best to get you some more photos of your favourite later on. (1) Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms and has a little daughter. He has blue eyes and fair hair. (2) Pola Negri isn't married now. She lives in Los Angeles, and has recently become a naturalised American.

FELIX (Gloucester).—(1) Does it matter? He isn't anyway. His latest film is *White Slippers*. (2) Margaret Leahy isn't doing any more film work at present. Her picture, *The Three Ages*, went the round

of the kinemas in the usual way. (3) Matheson's address is c/o Stoll Studios, Cricklewood. He'll probably send you a photo if you ask nicely. No photo of me, though, Felix. I'm too kind hearted to inflict such things upon my friends.

TIZI (Birmingham).—(1) Annette Benson, Nina Vanna, Clive Brook and Warwick Ward were in *The Money Habit*. (2) Art plate of Herbert Rawlinson appeared in Feb. 1922. (3) I can't tell you off-hand how many questions I've answered through PICTUREGOER, but if you really want to know you can take a look through the back numbers and count them up for yourself.

VICTORIA (Reigate).—Letters forwarded. As you seem to think me a "nice, kind man," I suppose I shall have to live up to my reputation

A New Arrival.

A welcome little stranger is the Baby Ciné Projector which Pathe's have recently put on the market. It connects to an ordinary house electric installation and will project a clear 4 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. picture. The films, which are only 8 in. wide, are supplied ready for immediate use, and a very wide show of Sport, Travel, Comedy, Drama, Natural History, etc., etc., are available.



STICKY FINISHES (Continued from page 57.)

Yes, and come to think of it, I was nicely hanged in Marshall Neilan's picture, *Go and Get it*. I died game, too! Went to the gallows smoking a cigarette; lots of heroes couldn't do that!

"And yet no audience ever appreciates the poor villain! He is always 'Unwept; unhonoured, and unsung.' He is despatched out of the story somehow, and that's all that matters!"

A somewhat new note in the despatch of villains is struck in *Between Friends* by the pact which is arranged between the hero and villain. According to this agreement Norman Kerry, the false friend who has seduced the film wife of Lou Tellegen, agrees to commit suicide on a given date and at a certain hour to satisfy the hero's desire for vengeance.

At the appointed moment, however, the hero repents his revengeful idea, and, by mental telepathy, prevents Kerry's self-imposed death. Kerry, not being a dyed-in-the-wool villain, and in a spirit of contrition, goes away out of the country leaving Tellegen to his newfound happiness.

This leads one to remember, of course, that in despair of finding new ways of getting rid of their villains, some writers convert them. You and I have seen some wonderful conversions on the screen.

Somehow, though, in the case of

black-hearted scoundrels and crime-hardened schemers, at any rate, these sudden regenerations are horribly unconvincing. One has a feeling that the villain's blackness is being washed over with a thin coating of white which will rub off at the slightest friction.

A short while ago scenario writers were very much smitten with the idea of sending women wrongdoers out into the desert to die as a means of getting them out of the way of the hero and heroine.

The classic example of this, of course, is *Bella Donna*; and one must admit that the sight of beautiful Pola Negri stumbling out to her fate amidst a desert sand-storm surrounded by ravaging beasts of prey, left a far more vivid impression than the shooting, drowning or throttling finish meted out to so many male criminals.

A very charming villainess is Betty Compton in *The Woman with Four Faces*. From being a crack safe-breaker she is converted and seals her regeneration by assisting the "powers that be" in an organised raid on the opium traffic.

And, of course, there are numberless instances of picturesque good-bad men who tire of their villainy and suddenly perform mighty deeds of heroism. William S. Hart loves playing such roles, and in his latest movies he is a heroic villain after his own heart!

WHEN you take off your hat, critical eyes will be turned in your direction. Can you meet them.

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What Do You Think?

YOUR
VIEWS
AND
OURS



"Why will these film stars disguise themselves so much? In the last film in which I saw Gloria Swanson, she did her hair in at least five different styles.

Queries Unlimited. And why will they dress out of keeping? In the same film Miss Swanson who had gone to inspect some oil fields, wore in the evenings dresses that even the most luxurious woman would envy.

And, as for the general American production, I don't consider it a patch on any English films. Witness *Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills* and then you will see the difference. What do you think?"

R. S. H. (*Langford*)

"It has occurred to me while seeing one of the Song pictures that the two arts do not properly synchronise; I find one jars on the other."

Down With Song Films. The mind is incapable of taking in more than one set of word symbols at once, and one has to choose between the singer and the film. One cannot read the subtitles and follow the song intelligently at the same time. At the same time orchestral music does not react in this manner being mostly taken in a semi-conscious, dreamy fashion which does not serve for vocal music. One may listen to an orchestra and carry on a conversation, doing both intelligently but it is impossible to read and follow the words of a song at the same time. Has any other reader noted this?" *W. A. D. (Liverpool).*

"Have you noticed how, after a Charlie Chaplin film, for the next 12 months Charlie's ideas are served up again and again in all forms? Now do you think this is fair? I think the public should show their disapproval of such injustice.

Daylight Robbery. Last evening I went to see *The Destroying Angel*, and as Leah Baird stands on the platform waiting for a lover (who doesn't turn up) the train comes in and the lights are shown on her face and on the wall—Charlie's idea taken straight from *A Woman of Paris*.

Isn't there some law to prevent this kind of thing? It's enough to keep our little comedian from utilising his original ideas. Ditto with *The Marriage Circle* and countless others. I'd like to know what others think."

Ethna (Cardiff).

"What do you think about devoting this page next month to readers' solutions of the German mystery film *Warning Shadows*. The aforesaid solutions would be so diverse and give all you people connected with the film industry an idea of how many filmgoers take the cinema seriously. My theory is this:

Warning Shadows represents an *allegory*.

Jealous Husband—Germany; Wife—France; Lover—England; Cavaliers—Our allies, Japan, Italy and Spain; Maidservant—Belgium; Manservant (with face reminiscent of

war-time Huns) who binds the Wife—Bolshevik Russia; the other Manservant who pleads, a forlorn remnant of Imperial Russia; Mesmerist—America trying to show Europe the folly of petty jealousy.

"The Chinese silhouettes might have forecast China's Civil War, the Chinese holding the wool representing the industrial side doing *It Might—And* away with the idle *Again It Might* pleasure-loving Manchus *Not.* (the other figure

being by his dress obviously a mandarin). Well that might have been interpolated with the main story to show that for the present the Yellow Peril is somewhat remote. China insular to the backbone is quite content with looking after her own affairs and won't bother about us, and does not want us to bother about her. The jealous husband having so many swords in his study might mean a polite hint that in the event of another war, Germany will have enough arms to supply us all and we had better look out, or go on making weapons of destruction ourselves."

Thinker (London).

"I wish the British film industry was not at such a low ebb, for there really is more scope for good film stories in this little island than all the rest of the world put together and including those British film making in America and Germany, enough local talent to compete with any other race under the sun."

Hamlet (Westminster).

"Apropos of the 'Big Twelve,' I consider that such a question is simply asking for trouble! Of course, if you want lists of everyone's favourite stars, you are certainly setting

I Plead Guilty. about it in the right way! To my way of thinking, 'Tandy' does not seem able to distinguish between talent and genius. Filmdom does not contain a dozen to whom the word genius may truthfully be applied. I hand the palm to Ramon Novarro amongst actors and Rex Ingram amongst producers.

Gooseberry (Ches.)



THE THINKER.



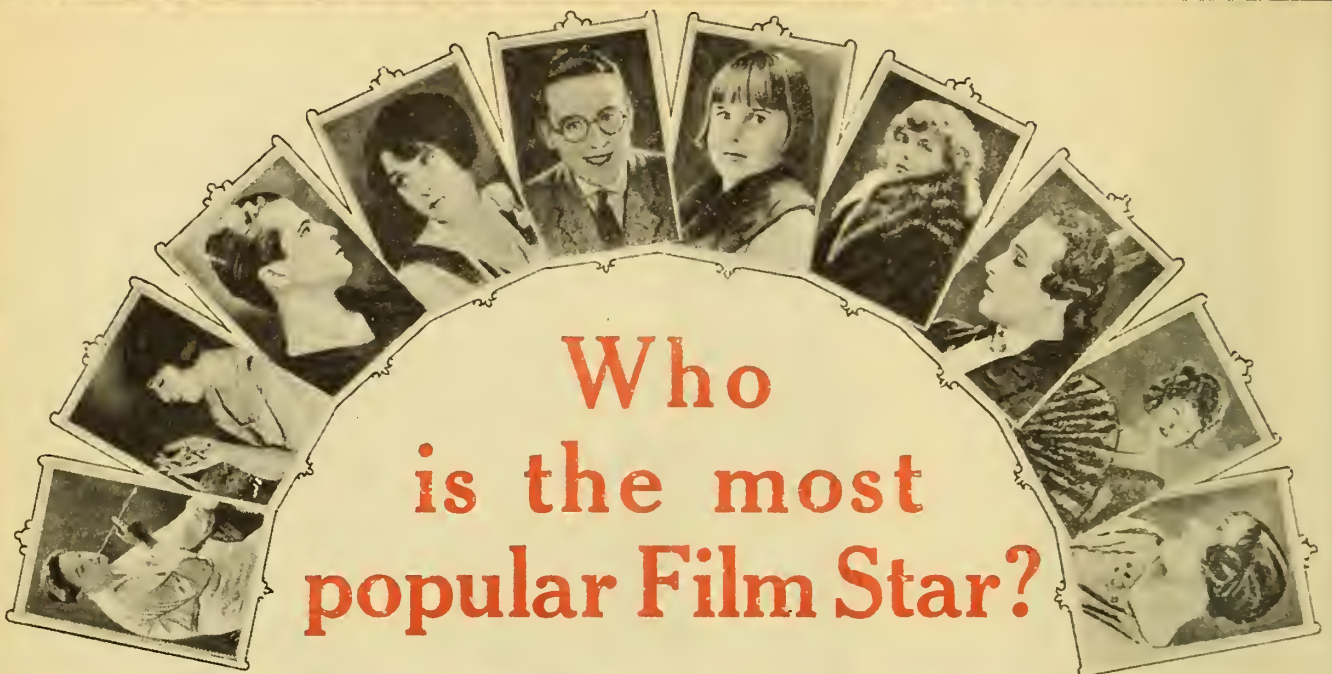
A specimen of the 'Passing Show's' famous 2-colour covers. Note the wonderful list of contributors. Did you ever see such an array of talent for twopence?

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HAROLD LLOYD? A Christie or Mack Sennett Comedy? Charles Chaplin? Felix the Cat? What is the funniest thing on the screen? Opinions are divided, but there's only one view when humorous weeklies come under discussion, and that is that the 'Passing Show' is far and away 'Britain's Brightest Weekly.' Take a copy home to-day.

THE PASSING SHOW

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Who is the most popular Film Star?

1. Ivor Novello 2. Bebe Daniels 3. Ramon Novarro 4. Norma Talmadge 5. Harold Lloyd
6. Jackie Coogan 7. Alice Terry 8. Rudolph Valentino 9. Betty Compson 10. Gloria Swanson

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WHO is the most popular Film Star? Your opinion in the great "PICTUREGOER" £500 Film Star Popularity Contest may win you the Grand First Prize of £250 or one of the many other big Cash Prizes that are being offered. Register your vote *now* on the Free Voting Coupon opposite.

Never before has a competition been so popular or more widely discussed, and it **CLOSES ON MARCH 7.** The Free Voting Coupon **WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.**

All you have to do is to place the film stars shown above in what you

consider will be their correct order of popularity in accordance with the popular vote. Remember that all the Prizes *must be won* and that there is *no entrance fee.*

Every reader of the "PICTUREGOER" will take a pride in seeing that his or her favourite stars occupy a proud position when the result is announced. Your vote this month will help to decide the greatest question in Film-Land—"Who is the most popular Film Star?"

All voting coupons must reach the "PICTUREGOER" not later than Saturday, March 7.

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FREE VOTING COUPON

Write clearly in ink, in the spaces below, the names of the Ten Film Stars appearing on the opposite page, in what you consider is their order of popularity. Coupons must be filled in as directed in the Rules and Conditions governing this Competition. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided below and post this coupon to the "PICTUREGOER," Film Star Competition, 85-84, Long Acree London, W.C.2.

CLOSING DATE MARCH 7.

1st

2nd

3rd

4th

5th

6th

7th

8th

9th

10th

I have read, and accept, the Rules and Conditions governing this Competition

NAME

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Rules and Conditions governing the "PICTUREGOER" £500 Film Star Popularity Contest.

- 1.—Acceptance of these Rules and Conditions is a specific condition of entry for this Free Competition, and the decision of the Editor of the "Picturegoer" upon any point whatsoever must be accepted as final and legally binding.
- 2.—On the opposite page appear the photographs of ten famous Film Stars. Decide in your own mind which of these ten Film Stars will be regarded as the most popular by the general public. Then write his or her name in the first space on the Voting Coupon which you will find herewith. The name of the Film Star whom you consider will be regarded as the next most popular should be written in the second space and so on until the names of each of the ten Film Stars have been filled in.
- 3.—The popular order will be determined by the totals of the votes received from competitors themselves. That is to say the most popular Film Star will be deemed to be the one which receives the largest number of votes for the first place. The second will be the one which receives the greatest number of votes for second and first places added together, and so on.
- 4.—The Competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order as determined by the Competitors themselves, will receive the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on.

- 5.—In the event of a tie, the Editor reserves the right to combine the prizes so affected and to divide the amount or amounts equally amongst those competitors who tie.
 - 6.—All votes must be recorded in ink on the official Voting Coupons which must not be altered or mutilated in any way, and the competitor must write his or her name in ink in the space provided.
 - 7.—Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt, and the Editor will not be responsible for any entries lost, delayed or mislaid.
 - 8.—No correspondence may be entered into in connection with this Competition.
 - 9.—The Editor may disqualify any competitor for non-compliance with these Rules and Conditions, or for any other reason he may consider good and sufficient.
 - 10.—This Competition is limited to "PICTUREGOER" readers in the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.
- * * *
- The result of the Competition will be announced in the "Picturegoer," and every prize winner will be individually notified. Final Free Voting Coupon appears THIS MONTH. Competitors may send in as many attempts as they like provided that each attempt is sent in on a Free Voting Coupon cut from the "Picturegoer." Closing date Saturday, March 7.



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Viola Dana

Movie Down-and-Outs

Going down, down, down to the uttermost depths of movie degradation seems to be a favourite pastime of screen heroes. Perhaps the lovely heroines who rescue them have something to do with the craze!

If I have to watch many more movie heroes going "down into the depths," I can't be answerable for the consequences. I probably shan't wait to pour out my soul in a series of brickbats addressed to the Editor of PICTUREGOER'S "Brickbats and Bouquets" page—I shall heave 'em there and then at the screen and get a little satisfaction out of life before they jail me.

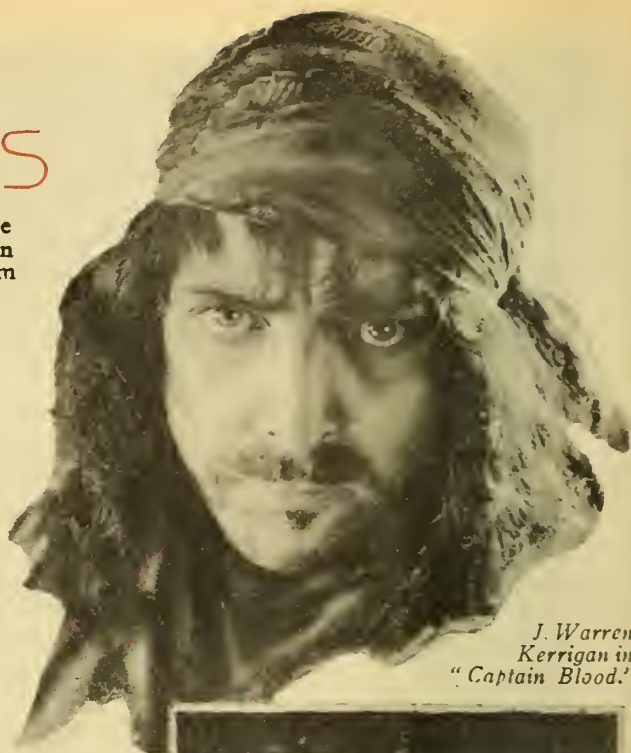
It isn't that I mind their going down there (wherever it is)—I know that the pure young heroine will always be on hand to do her famous reclamation scene in the last reel. What I do object to is the way they set about it. One minute we see them slick-haired, well washed and shaved, with trousers immaculately creased, and the next—ye gods and little fishes, what a change!

Even their own mothers might well fail to recognise their beautiful darlings, in the dirty and unkempt specimens into which they degenerate. They neglect to brush their clothes and change their linen, let face fungus grow undisturbed upon their countenances, and become members of the Anti-Soap Brigade. And, worst phase of all for the long-suffering audience to watch, the deterioration is not merely physical but mental.

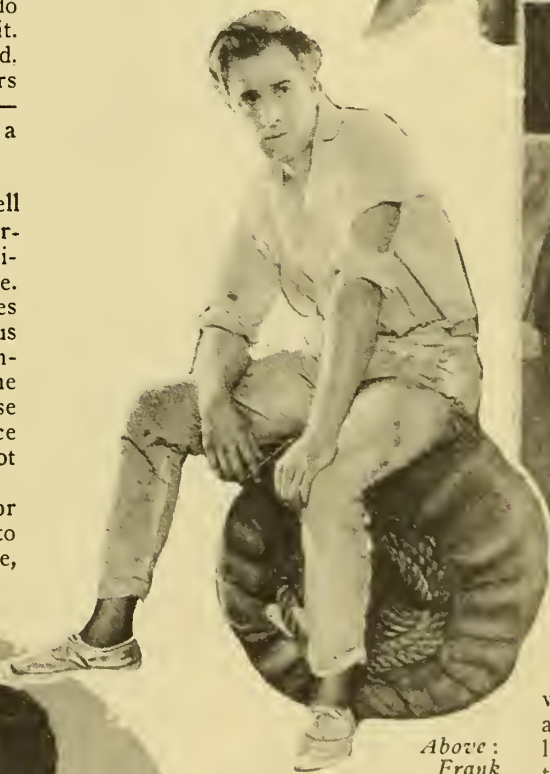
They take to drink or drugs—or both—and in a very short time, to judge from their screen appearance, are in a state of wild-eyed idiocy.

Presently they begin to SEE THINGS! Crawly, creepy, unpleasant things on the curtains and the ceiling, where obviously none should, in the natural course of events, be found. After a while their pasts begin to worry them horribly.

All the people they



J. Warren Kerrigan in "Captain Blood."



Above: Frank Mayo can look the part to the life, so can James Kirkwood (left).



Usually a woman's influence redeems them

shock to the system. He clutches wildly at the curtains, rolls his eyes and rumples his hair, makes hysterical lunges at imaginary people, and goes through intricate wrestling bouts with himself, until worn out with the unaccustomed exertion, he sinks unconscious to the floor.

This is where the heroine is scheduled to find him and pray over him—after which he sits up, much purified and uplifted, and begins to take an interest in his personal appearance again.

Just occasionally, in our most modern films, it is the heroine who deviates from the straight and narrow path, and then it is the hero who does the praying and the heroine who repents of her sins.

But in *The Red Lily* Fred Niblo, the author and director, executed a

have ever wronged turn up in unexpected corners of the room and vie with each other in going through facial contortions, calculated to strike terror to the strongest of minds.

The "down and out"—whose mental apparatus needs bolstering up at the best of times—gets "downer and outer" with each succeeding



master stroke in sending both hero and heroine well on the way to perdition, and snatching them both, like brands from the burning, at the last minute.

And their reasons for thus sinking into the depths are for the most part so absurdly trivial. Father refuses to send next quarter's allowance—see the result in the Stoll picture *Not For Sale*; the woman in the case has the good taste to refuse to marry our hero—down into the depths he goes.

Somebody lays an obviously false accusation of theft at his door, and instead of calling the accuser a liar to his face and facing the thing like a man of spirit, he allows those convenient "depths" to swallow him up, until everybody else in the film has seen through what the audience found as clear as daylight at the very beginning, and he returns without a blemish on his character.

In *Christine of the Hungry Heart*, "Christine's" first husband, played by Warner Baxter, owes his downfall to "wine, women and song." He finally arrives at the ignominy of a prison hospital, where, judging by his appearance when he escapes, shaving is considered an unnecessary luxury.

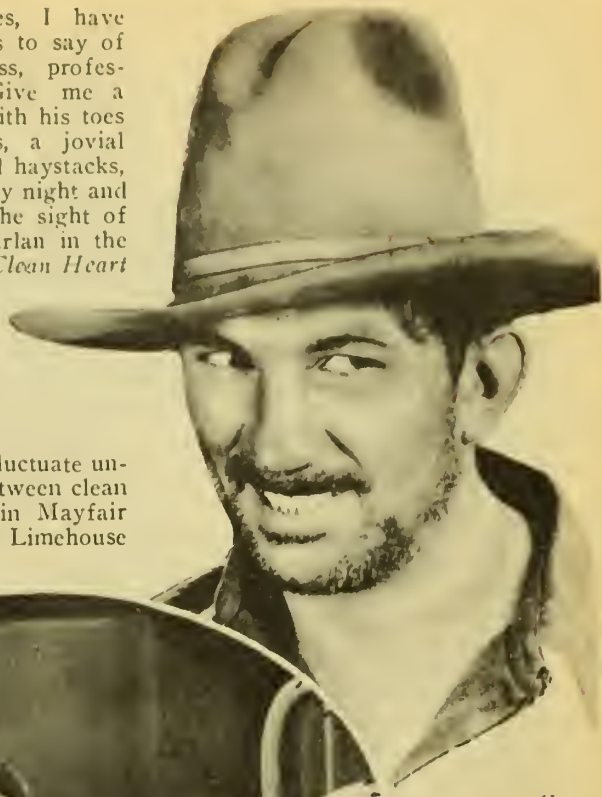
His erstwhile wife, herself somewhat of a wanderer, finds him in a church where he has gone for shelter, and takes him up into the mountains just in time to provide us with the inevitable deathbed scene, without which no film can be judged complete.

The most thorough down and out I have ever seen was played by Percy Marmont in the Vitagraph film *The Clean Heart*. The mental tortures that man suffered—for no very obvious reason—exceeded in wildness those of any other film hero it has ever been my misfortune to watch.

It needed the death of one perfectly good tramp, and the maiming of a perfectly nice girl, to restore the glimmerings of commonsense to his weak and bemused mind. Personally I think it would have been all to the good if they'd taken him out and drowned him when quite young—but then, of course, there would have been no film.

But if my sympathies are not with

the hero in his distresses, I have nothing but pleasant things to say of the real honest-to-goodness, professional down and out. Give me a weather-hardened tramp, with his toes hanging out of his boots, a jovial rover sleeping in barns and haystacks, and plundering hen roosts by night and mine eyes will delight in the sight of him. A man like Otis Harlan in the afore-mentioned film, *The Clean Heart*—plump, jolly and care-free, despite the dirt and rags—is worth half-a-dozen of those milk and water young men who never know their own mind from one minute to another and fluctuate until the end of the picture between clean sheets and a feather bed in Mayfair and a doss house down in Limehouse way.



Above: Victor McLaglen in "The Beloved Brute." Left: Ramon Novarro and Enid Bennett in "The Red Lily."



A fine representative group of movie down and outs in "The Lighthouse by the Sea."



Percy Marmont and Otis Harlan on the tramp in "The Clean Heart."

Victor McLaglen and Hugh E. Wright had a pretty good time in *A Sailor Tramp*, even though poor Hugh pegged out at the end.

There's something about a real tramp to win one's admiration. No last minute death-bed repentance for him; no simpering heroine kneeling by his side with tears of glycerine grief making channels through the grease paint—that's a weakness in which he would scorn to indulge. He dies as he lives, the movie tramp, and he's the only down and out for me.

E. ELIZABETH BARRETT.

A Chinese Puzzle

The description suits Anna May Wong to a T.



Anna's mother treasures this baby picture of her.

Then she spoke.

"Say, Julianne," she remarked, "I got this coat at a bargain sale downtown and, gee, I don't know now whether I like it or not. You know how it is with anything you get at a sale. Afterward, you're apt to think it looks like something the cat

dragged in."

She revolved slowly in the centre of the small room, a slim, smartly clad figure. Julianne assured her she liked the coat and presently, seemingly more satisfied in regard to her recent purchase, she departed in the general direction of Bagdad.

Julanne smiled. "She surprised you, didn't she? But here's a peculiar fact about Anna May Wong," she said. "By the time you've talked with her for five minutes you forget that she is Chinese."

Improbable as this sounds, it is absolutely true. Anna May Wong, among Americans, is so thoroughly one of us that her Oriental background drops completely away.

Left: Anna May in "The Thief of Bagdad." Below: With Tom Meighan and company in "The Alaskan."

I first met Anna May Wong about a year ago. She was lending her Oriental beauty, as the poets say, to Douglas Fairbanks' production of *The Thief of Bagdad*. I had dropped in at the studio to have a chat with Doug's leading woman, Julianne Johnston, and, the dressing-room door being open, Anna May walked right in. She nodded briefly in my direction.



Does she, chameleon like, become as thoroughly Chinese when among her own people? Are her Americanisms merely part of a clever pose? That she is an exceptionally clever actress one cannot doubt. She may merely wander through a corner of the picture, but she'll register a hit, every time. Witness the delightful flashes of her in *Lilies of the Field*. Which is the real Anna May Wong? The Chinese maiden or the American one? I sought her out not long ago, endeavouring to find an answer.

She had just returned from a sojourn among the peaks of the Canadian Rockies, where, with Thomas Meighan, Estelle Taylor and other famous Players-Lasky talent, she did her bit toward giving *The Alaskan* to a waiting film world.

She was, she declared, when we became settled in her dressing-room, feeling low.

"Maybe the altitude up there affected me," she said; "but say, do you ever wonder what Life's all about, anyway?"

I agreed that occasionally I did.

"Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to go on living," she continued, moodily regarding the toe of her smart white kid slipper.

"Why worry?" I remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," Anna May sighed restlessly. "I'm pretty tall for a Chinese girl, you know," she added. "It always seems to hand a director a shock when he sees me for the first time. They all have the idea I should be about four feet tall. I guess most of them don't know that the people from the North of China aren't small."

Anna's parents came from there. She was born, though, in Los Angeles.

"But not in Chinatown," she told me. "I never lived down there. My father has a laundry. I'm not ashamed of that. He sold it once, but bought it back again. He said he'd die inside a year if he didn't have something to occupy his mind, so he might as well have his laundry, I guess."

"Do your parents dislike having you work in the studios?"

"Oh, they didn't like it at first," said Anna May. "But my father has given up trying to rule me, now. A Chinese man does absolutely rule his family, you know. Sometimes I wonder how my mother can stand it to 'yes' my father all the time. Believe me—nothing like that for me!



She's all Oriental when in her native background, but with Americans she becomes one of them immediately.

"Funny—the way I got into pictures. I'd always been crazy about them, ever since I was a little kid. Used to go to movie shows every chance I got. My father told my teachers to punish me every time they caught me doing it, but that didn't stop me. I remember following a Ruth Roland serial once. I guess I got whipped after each instalment.

"One day a friend took me out to one of the studios. Marshall Neilan was making *Dinty*. He asked me to come to work the next day. Can you beat it?" queried Anna. "It was just like a story. I've worked in pictures ever since."

"You're happiest in the studio environment, among Americans?" I asked her.

"I—I couldn't give up my work, to live the life of an average Chinese woman, if that's what you mean," she said. "I couldn't be happy married to a man who'd make me do that. Not long ago I visited some Chinese friends in San Francisco. Say, the women didn't do anything but sit around and talk about their husbands and babies, and their housework. I couldn't live such a narrow life."

I was satisfied. Anna May Wong is as American as she appears to be. Keen, ambitious and abreast of the times.
H.C.



Anna May declares she will never give up her work and live the life of an ordinary Chinese woman.

Merton of the Movies

by HARRY LEON WILSON

The serial rights of this famous story, which has won world-wide success in play and film form, has been acquired by the PICTUREGOER. Kinema enthusiasts will find it the most joyous story ever written of the magic land that lies behind the silver sheet.



Illustrated by photographs from the Paramount film of the same title.

At the very beginning of the tale there comes a moment of puzzled hesitation. One way of approach is set beside another for choice, and a third contrived for better choice. Still the puzzle persists, all because the one precisely right way might seem—shall we say intense, high keyed, clamorous? Yet if one way is the only right way, why pause? Courage! Slightly dazed, though certain, let us be on, into the shrill thick of it. So, then—

Out there in the great open spaces where men are men, a clash of primitive hearts and the coming of young love into its own! Well had it been for Estelle St. Clair if she had not wandered from the Fordyce ranch. A moment's delay in the arrival of Buck Benson, a second of fear in that brave heart, and hers would have been a fate worse than death.

Had she not been warned of Snake le Vasquez, the outlaw—his base threat to win her by fair means or foul? Had not Buck Benson himself, that strong, silent man of the open, begged her to beware of the half-breed? Perhaps she had resented the hint of mastery in Benson's cool, quiet tones as he said, "Miss St. Clair, ma'am, I beg you not to endanger your welfare by permitting the advances of this viper. He bodes no good to such as you."

Perhaps—who knows?—Estelle St.

Clair had even thought to trifle with the feelings of Snake le Vasquez, then to scorn him for his presumption. Although the beautiful New York society girl had remained unsullied in the midst of a city's profligacy, she still liked "to play with fire," as she laughingly said, and at the quiet words of Benson—"Two-Gun Benson" his comrades of the border called him—she had drawn herself up to her full height, facing him in all her blond young beauty, and pouted adorably as she replied, "Thank you! But I can look out for myself."

Yet she had wandered on her pony farther than she meant to, and was not without trepidation at the sudden appearance of the picturesque half-breed, his teeth flashing in an evil smile as he swept off his broad sombrero to her. Above her suddenly beating heart she sought to chat gaily, while the quick eyes of the outlaw took in the details of the smart riding costume that revealed every line of her lithe young figure. But suddenly she chilled under his hot glance that now spoke all too plainly.

"I must return to my friends," she faltered. "They will be anxious." But the fellow laughed with a sinister leer.

"No—ah, no, the lovely señorita will come with me," he replied; but there was the temper of steel in his words.

For Snake le Vasquez, on the border, where human life was lightly held, was known as the Slimy Viper. Of all the evil men in that inferno, Snake was the foulest. Steeped in vice, he feared neither God nor man, and respected no woman. And now, Estelle St. Clair, drawing-room pet, pampered darling of New York society, which she ruled with an iron hand from her father's Fifth Avenue mansion, regretted bitterly that she had not given heed to honest Buck Benson. Her prayers, threats, entreaties, were in vain. Despite her struggles, the blows her small fists rained upon the scoundrel's taunting face, she was borne across the border, on over the mesa, toward the lair of the outlaw.

"Have you no mercy?" she cried again and again. "Can you not see that I loathe and despise you, foul fiend that you are? Ah, God in heaven, is there no help at hand?"

The outlaw remained deaf to these words that should have melted a heart of stone. At last over the burning plain was seen the ruined hovel to which the scoundrel was dragging his fair burden. It was but the work of a moment to dismount and bear her half-fainting form within the den. There he faced her, repellent with evil intentions.

"Ha, señorita, you are a beautiful wildcat, yes? But Snake le Vasquez will tame you! Ha ha!" he laughed carelessly.

With a swift movement the beautiful girl sought to withdraw the small silver-mounted revolver without which she never left the ranch. But Snake le Vasquez with a muttered oath was too quick for her. He seized the toy and contemptuously hurled it across his vile den.

"Have a care, my proud beauty!" he snarled, and the next moment she was writhing in his grasp.

Little availed her puny strength. Helpless as an infant was the fair New York society girl as Snake le Vasquez, foulest of the viper breed, began to force his attentions upon her. The creature's hot kisses seared her defenceless cheek.

"Listen!" he hissed. "You are mine, mine at last. Here you shall remain a prisoner until you have consented to be my wife." All seemed, indeed, lost.

"Am I too late, Miss St. Clair?"

Snake le Vasquez started at the quiet, grim voice.

"Sapristi!" he snarled. "You!"

"Me!" replied Buck Benson, for it was, indeed, no other.

"Thank God, at last!" murmured Estelle St. Clair, freeing herself from the foul arms that had enfolded her slim young beauty and staggering back from him who would so basely have forced her into a distasteful marriage. In an instant she had recovered the St. Clair poise, had become every inch the New York society leader, as she replied, "Not too late, Mr. Benson! Just in time, rather. Ha ha! This—this gentleman has become annoying. You are just in time to mete out the punishment he so justly deserves, for which I shall pray that Heaven reward you."

She pointed an accusing finger at the craven wretch who had shrunk from her and now cowered at the far side of the wretched den. At that moment she was strangely thrilled. What was his power, this strong, silent man of the open with his deep reverence for pure American womanhood? True, her culture demanded a gentleman, but her heart demanded a man. Her eyes softened and fell before his cool, keen gaze, and a blush mantled her fair cheek. Could he but have known it, she stood then in meek surrender before this soft-voiced master. A tremor swept the honest rugged face of Buck Benson as heart thus called to heart. But his keen eyes flitted to Snake le Vasquez.

"No, curse you, viper that you are, you shall fight me, by heaven! in American fashion, man to man, for, foul though you be, I hesitate to put a bullet through your craven heart."

The beautiful girl shivered with new apprehension, the eyes of Snake le Vasquez glittered with new hope. He faced his steely-eyed opponent for an instant only, then with a snarl like that of an angry beast sprang upon him. Benson met the cowardly attack with the flash of a powerful fist, and the outlaw fell to the floor with a hoarse cry of rage and pain. But he was quickly upon his feet again, muttering curses, and again he attacked his grim-faced antagonist. Quick blows rained upon his defenceless face, for the strong, silent man was now fairly aroused. He fought like a demon, perhaps divining that here strong men battled for a good woman's love. The outlaw was proving to be no match for his opponent. Arising from the ground where a mighty blow had sent him, he made a lightning effort to recover the knife which Benson had taken from him.

"Have a care!" cried the girl in quick alarm. "That fiend in human form would murder you!"

But Buck Benson's cool eye had seen the treachery in ample time. With a muttered "Curse you, fiend that you are!" he seized the form of the outlaw in a powerful grasp, raised him high

aloft as if he had been but a child, and was about to dash him to the ground when a new voice from the doorway froze him to immobility. Statue-like he stood there, holding aloft the now still form of Snake le Vasquez.

The voice from the doorway betrayed deep amazement and the profoundest irritation:

"Merton Gill, what in the sacred name of Time are you meanin' to do with that dummy? For the good land's sake! Have you gone plumb crazy, or what? Put that thing down!"

The newcomer was a portly man of middle age dressed in ill-fitting black. His grey hair grew low upon his brow and he wore a parted beard.

The conqueror of Snake le Vasquez was still frozen, though he had instantly ceased to be Buck Benson, the strong, silent, two-gun man of the open spaces. The irritated voice came again:

"Put that dummy down, you idiot! What you think you're doin' anyway? And say, what you got that other one in here for, when it ought to be out front of the store showin' that new line of gingham house frocks? Put that down and handle it careful! Mebbe you think I got them things down from Chigaco just for you to play horse with. Not so. Not so at all! They're to help show off goods, and that's what I want 'em doin' right now. And for Time's sake, what's that revolver lyin' on the floor for? Is it loaded? Say, are you really out of your senses, or ain't you? What's got into you lately? Will you tell me that? Skyhootin' around in here, leavin' the front of the store unprotected for an hour or two, like your

time was your own. And don't tell me you only been foolin' in here for three minutes, either, because when I come back from lunch just now there was Mis' -Leffingwell up at the notions counter wanting some hooks and eyes, and she tells me she's waited there a good thutty minutes if she's waited one. Nice goin's on, I must say, for a boy drawin' down the money you be! Now you git busy! Take that one with the gingham frock out and stand her in front where she belongs, and then put one them new raincoats on the other and stand him out where he belongs, and then look after a few customers. I declare, sometimes I git clean out of patience with you! Now, for gosh's sake, stir your stumps!"

"Oh, all right—yes, sir," replied Merton Gill, though but half respectfully. The "Oh, all right" had been tainted with a trace of sullenness. He was tired of this continual nagging and fussing over small matters; some day he would tell the old grouch so.

And now, gone the vivid tale of the great out of door, the wide plains of the West, the clash of primitive-hearted men for a good woman's love. Gone, perhaps, the greatest heart picture of a generation, the picture at which you laugh with a lump in your throat and smile with a tear in your eye, the story of plausible punches, a big, vital theme masterfully handled—thrills, action beauty, excitement—carried to a sensational finish by the genius of that sterling star of the shadowed world, Clifford Armytage, once known as Merton Gill, in the little hamlet of Simsbury, Illinois, where for a time, ere yet



"You fiend!" he muttered, and contemptuously smote the cynical face with an open hand. Snake le Vasquez remained indifferent to the affront, smiling insufferably across the slumbering street.

he was called to screen triumphs, he served as a humble clerk in the so-called emporium of Amos G. Gashwiler—Everything For The Home. Our Prices Always Right.

Merton Gill—so for a little time he must still be known—moodily seized the late Estelle St. Clair under his arm and withdrew from the dingy back store-room. Down between the counters of the emporium he went with his fair burden and left her outside its portals, staring from her very definitely lashed eyes across the slumbering street at the Simsbury post office. She was tastefully arrayed in one of those new checked gingham house frocks so heatedly mentioned a moment since by her lawful owner, and across her chest Merton Gill now imposed, with no tenderness of manner, the appealing legend, "Our Latest for Milady; only \$6.98."

He returned for Snake le Vasquez. That outlaw's face, even out of the picture, was evil. He had been picked for the part because of this face—plump, pinkly-tinted cheeks, lustrous, curling hair of some repellent composition, eyes with a hard glitter, each lash distinct in blue-black lines, and a small, tip-curved black moustache that lent the whole an offensive smirk. Garbed now in a raincoat, he, too, was posed before the emporium front, labelled "Rain-proof or You Get Back Your Money." So frankly evil was his mien that Merton Gill, pausing to regard him, suffered a brief relapse into artistry.

"You fiend!" he muttered, and contemptuously smote the cynical face with an open hand.

Snake le Vasquez remained indifferent to the affront, smirking insufferably across the slumbering street at the wooden Indian proffering cigars, before the establishment of Selby Brothers, Cigars and Confectionery.

Within the emporium the proprietor now purveyed hooks and eyes to an impatient Mrs. Leffingwell. Merton Gill, behind the opposite counter, waited upon a little girl sent for two and a quarter yards of stuff to match the sample crumpled in her damp hand. Over the suave amenities of this merchandizing Amos Gashwiler glared suspiciously across the store at his employé. Their relations were still strained. Merton also glared at Amos, but discreetly, at moments when the other's back was turned or when he was blandly wishing to know of Mrs. Leffingwell if there would be something else to-day. Other customers entered. Trade was on.

Both Merton and Amos wore airs of cheerful briskness that deceived the public. No one could have thought that Amos was fearing his undoubtedly crazed clerk might become uncontrollable at any moment, or that the clerk was mentally parting from Amos for ever in a scene of tense dramatic value in which his few dignified but scathing words would burn themselves unfor-

gettably into the old man's brain. Merton, to himself, had often told Amos these things. Some day he'd say them right out, leaving his victim not only in the utmost confusion but in black despair of ever finding another clerk one half as efficient as Merton Gill.

The afternoon wore to closing time in a flurry of trade, during which, as Merton continued to behave sanely, the apprehension of his employer in a measure subsided. The last customer had departed from the emporium. The dummies were brought inside. The dust curtains were hung along the shelves of dry goods. There remained for Merton only the task of delivering a few groceries. He gathered these and took them out to the waggon in front. Then he changed from his store coat to his street coat and donned a rakish plush hat.

Amos was also changing from his store coat to his street coat and donning his frayed straw hat.

"See if you can't keep from actin' crazy while you make them deliveries," said Amos not uncordially, as he lighted a choice cigar from the box which he kept hidden under a counter.

Merton wished to reply, "See here, Mr. Gashwiler, I've stood this abuse long enough! The time has come to say a few words to you—" But aloud he merely responded:

"Yes, sir!"

The circumstance that he also had a cigar from the same box, hidden not so well as Amos thought, may have subdued his resentment. He would light the cigar after the first turn in the road had carried him beyond the eagle eye of its owner.

The delivery waggon outside was drawn by an elderly horse devoid of ambition or ideals. His head was sunk in dejection. He was grey at the temples, and slouched in the shafts in a loafing attitude, one fore foot negligently crossed in front of the other. He aroused himself reluctantly and with apparent difficulty when Merton Gill seized the reins and called in commanding tones, "Get on there, you old skate!" The equipage moved off



"Buck Benson's" keen eyes fitted to Snake Le Vasquez—

under the gaze of Amos, who was locking the doors of his establishment.

Turning the first corner into a dusty side street, Merton dropped the reins and lighted the filched cigar. Other Gashwiler property was sacred to him. From all the emporium's choice stock he would have abstracted not so much as a pin; but the Gashwiler cigars, said to be "The World's Best 10c. Smoke," with the picture of a dissipated clubman in evening dress on the box cover, were different, in that they were pointedly hidden from Merton. He cared little for cigars, but this was a

the bony ridges of the horse. Blows meant nothing to Dexter, but he could still be tickled into brief spurts of activity. He trotted with swaying head, sending up an effective dust screen between the waggon and a still possibly observing Gashwiler.

His deliveries made, Merton again tickled the horse to a frantic pace which continued until they neared the alley on which fronted the Gashwiler barn

relief as the bridle was removed and a halter slipped over his venerable brow.

Ascertaining that the barn-yard was vacant, Merton immediately became attentive to his charge. Throughout the late drive his attitude had been one of mild but contemptuous abuse. More than once he had uttered the words "old skate" in terms of earnest conviction, and with the worn end of the whip he had cruelly tickled the still absurdly sensitive sides. Had beating availed, he would with no compunction have beaten the drooping wreck. But now, all at once, he was curiously tender. He patted the shoulder softly, put both arms around the bony neck, and pressed his face against the face of Dexter. A moment he stood thus, then spoke in a tear-choked voice:

"Good-bye, old pal—the best, the truest pal a man ever had. You and me has seen some tough times, old pard; but you've allus brought me through without a scratch; allus brought me through." There was a sob in the speaker's voice, but he manfully recovered a clear tone of pathos. "And now, old pal, they're a-takin' ye from me—yes, we got to part, you an' me. I'm never goin' to set eyes on ye agin. But we got to be brave, old pal; we got to keep a stiff upper lip—no cryin' now; no busin' down."

The speaker unclasped his arms and stood with head bowed, his face working curiously, striving to hold back the sobs.

For Merton Gill was once more Clifford Armytage, popular idol of the screen, in his great rôle of Buck Benson bidding the accustomed farewell to his four-footed pal that had brought him safely through countless dangers. How are we to know that in another couple of hundred feet of the reel Buck will escape the officers of the law who have him for that hold-up of the Wallahoola stage—of which he was innocent—leap from a second-storey window of the sheriff's office on to the back of his old pal, and be carried safely over the border where the hellhounds can't touch him until his innocence is proved by Estelle St. Clair, the New York society girl, whose culture demanded a gentleman but whose heart demanded a man. How are we to know this? We only know that Buck Benson always has to kiss his horse good-bye at this spot in the drama.

Merton Gill is impressively Buck Benson. His sobs are choking him. And though Gashwiler's delivery horse is not a pinto, and could hardly get over the border ahead of a sheriff's posse, the scene is affecting.

"Good-bye, again, old pal, and God bless ye!" sobs Merton.

II.

Merton Gill took his meals at the Gashwiler home. He ate his supper in moody silence, holding himself above the small gossip of the day that engaged Amos and his wife. What

(Continued on page 76).



"Foul though you be, I hesitate to put a bullet through your craven heart," he cried.

challenge; the old boy couldn't get away with anything like that. If he didn't want his cigars touched let him leave the box out in the open like a man. Merton drew upon the lighted trophy, moistened and pasted back the wrapper that had broken when the end was bitten off, and took from the bottom of the delivery waggon the remains of a buggy whip that had been worn to half its length. With this he now tickled

there the speed was moderated to a mild amble, for Gashwiler believed his horse should be driven with tenderness, and his equally watchful wife believed it would run away if given the chance.

Merton drove into the barn-yard, unhitched the horse, watered it at the half of a barrel before the iron pump, and led it into the barn, where he removed the harness. The old horse sighed noisily and shook himself with

Your Last Chance

The PICTUREGOER £500 Popularity Contest is in its closing stages. Hurry up with your votes.



Marshall Neilan looks worried over his fan mail, but our competition judges say "let 'em all come."

Saturday, March 7th is the last date for sending in your voting coupons, so if you are out to win that first prize of £250 keep an eye on the calendar. A record entry is assured and letters are pouring in by every post, so the judges are going to have a very busy time when it comes to registering the votes.

All the necessary details that will enable you to enter this wonderful free popularity contest will be found in the advertisement pages of this issue. If you are a new reader of the PICTUREGOER study the rules carefully before filling in your coupon.

Rudolph Valentino, Harold Lloyd, Ramon Novarro, Ivor Novello, Alice Terry, Norma Talmadge, Jackie Coogan, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels or Gloria Swanson—which star will lead the poll? It is for you and other readers of PICTUREGOER to decide, and the prizes will be awarded to those readers who are clever enough to forecast the popular vote.

Filling in the coupons should be a labour of love for every kinema fan, but valuable prizes will fall to those who know what the public wants.

No one should know this better than the public itself, so consider carefully the ten stars. Think of their work in this film and that film, think of their films as entertainment compared each with the other, then unscrew your fountain pen and get to work filling in coupons. You are not tied down to one vote, you may send in as many as you please, but closing time is upon you and you will have to make your decision now.

Remember your vote may turn the scale in the favour of your best-beloved stars, so do not be content to look on whilst more energetic enthusiasts carry off the spoils. *And there is no entrance fee whatsoever.*

Last month a number of the leading kinema managers expressed eulogistic views on THE PICTUREGOER competition, and exhibitors everywhere are co-operating to make the contest a record success. Mr. F. W. Graham, Managing Director of Grand Amusements Ltd., Burnley, writes:

"I consider THE PICTUREGOER scheme an admirable one. It will arouse great interest everywhere, as it certainly deserves to do. I have announced the contest at every performance, and every patron has received one of your competition sheets, which have been eagerly sought after."

And now, PICTUREGOER readers, it's up to you. Remember, Saturday, March 7th is the last day for entries, and, if you have not voted already, get busy at once and let us have your views. You may send in as many entries as you like but an official coupon must be enclosed with each attempt.

Who is the most popular screen star? The decision rests with you.

Cecil B. De Mille with a batch of competition entries. Every post brings huge mails like this to THE PICTUREGOER Offices



My Trip Abroad

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

On this road it had rained and the inevitable dust had settled down in peace and quietude. The road was practically a straight line, 300 or 350 kilometres from Milan to Bologna, on the via Emilia. This is one of the old Roman roads. Of course, it is nothing like the concrete roads we have in America, but those old Roman roads are good roads for all that, and you can make good time on them. Naturally, too, there is not the traffic on them that makes motoring over the good roads in America so tedious and difficult.

We stopped near Parma for luncheon. Whenever we struck a town, we sped through it. We didn't want to stop at any regulation hotels. Both of us are so tired of hotel food. We stopped, instead, at little wayside inns, where we got fresh spring chickens, marvellous bread, marvellous butter and marvellous wine.

In Bologna, I had my first accident. Fortunately for me, it turned out to be humorous rather than serious. When we got to Bologna, we went through the town, and it was just at sunset that we arrived at the piazza. There was a telegraph pole there, and the telegraph pole was in the shade. The pole was painted a greyish colour, the same as the ground, and I was just crawling along (for a change), looking around, when Natacha said loudly, "LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!"

I said blankly, "WHERE?"

And, so saying, I was into the pole!

I only bent the fender, but I got sore because it was my only accident, and what with all the criticism of my driving, I was sort of pridefully bent upon achieving a record for myself. It



Rudy before
the famous
Trojan Arch
overlooking the
Coliseum,
Rome.

never rains but it pours. I had another little accident the same day. I must have been more than ordinarily day-dreaming, or scenery-blind. For, as we were going along one of the country roads, I ran right into a little cart with an ancient crone driving it. I did no harm at all as a matter of fact. And in common justice to myself and my own skill at the wheel, I must record that this especial circumstance was the fault of another autoist, and not mine. He came steaming along

behind me. I tried to avoid him sharply, skidded, and ran into the old lady's small cart. I hit the side of the cart with my first wheel. The old woman started cursing me in Italian. She may be there cursing me yet. And if her vocabulary of profanity and ferocity of her anger are any omens, she probably is.

One of the delights of motoring in Italy is that the country changes with every province you enter. The customs change. The types of people change. The way they dress changes. Even the breed of animal changes.

Everything. As we entered Tuscany, we noted these things particularly. I am ever on the lookout for animals, which so nearly became my lifework, and here I pointed out a bull with very long horns and of a peculiar, greyish-white colouring. We met a cart with two of these bulls on the road and I stopped and had my picture made between the two of them.

It was growing late by this time and we kept going steadily after this brief stop, because I had to cross the Appenines. They are even worse than the Alps. In the Alps there are not the short hairpin turns that one finds in the Appenines. I couldn't enjoy very much of the scenery. My scenery consisted in the wheel of the car and keeping my eye strictly

upon the stretch of road immediately before me.

We finally arrived in Florence at eleven o'clock at night, covered with layers of thick, white dust and utterly exhausted.

Of Florence, city of lovers and Art, I shall write to-morrow!

My arrival in Florence was not what one would describe as living up to that beautiful city.

It is another spot on this earth where one should arrive either on wings, so



A snap
taken at the
Coliseum, Rome.

to speak, or glide gracefully in in a scenic attitude.

One has no idea how difficult it is to be scenic with fourteen pieces of luggage strapped (rather precariously) to a dusty car. I had upon my arrival in Florence two automobile trunks on each side of the fender, on the top of the car were six valises, two hat boxes and then a huge leather steamer trunk, three cameras and all the utensils I might have required (but really didn't very much) to tinker with the car, if tinkering became a dire necessity.

We managed the best way we could that first night in Florence, and in the morning, with a gusty sigh of relief, I had the car thoroughly washed, greased and so on. I must say that I attended to necessary details before I gave any attention whatsoever to the beauties of the beautiful, feminine city. I even stood around and supervised the car's grooming, and couldn't help preening myself a bit before the mechanics by telling them the trip we had made, the rate of speed we had made it at, and the comparatively little trouble I had had.

While in Florence we went about and did some shopping that we needed. Not the romantic thing to do in Florence, I fear, but even as with poetry so it is with the allied mistress, Romance. One puts them off and on like bright vestments only to be donned at certain hours for particular occasions. Natacha tells me that I can be the most practical man under the sun, and I well remember that one of the things she first liked

me for was my handiness about the house.

What we really shopped for in Florence more than any other things, were books. Costume books. We had heard that there were rare finds to be had

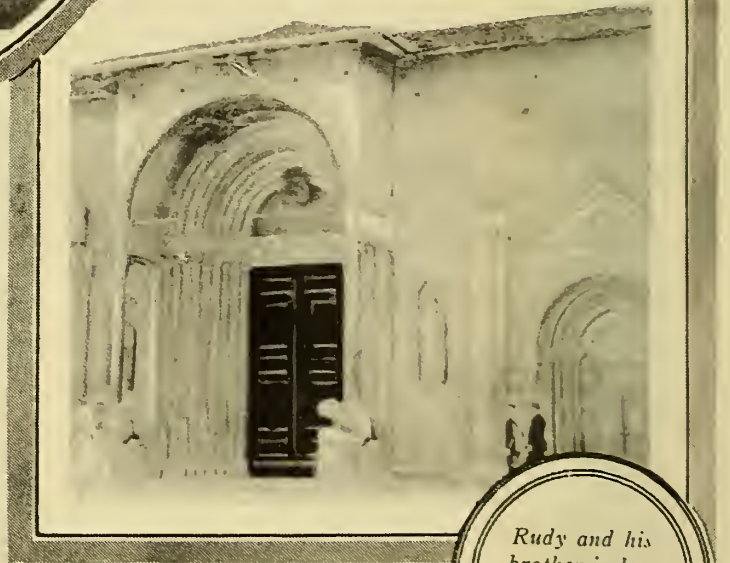
we found only after a really exhaustive search.

Some day we are coming back to spend a considerable period of time in Florence. It would be like paying a beautiful woman a curt compliment and then turning one's back, to say something about Florence unless one could say a great deal.

Leisure is needed for Florence. To hurry through the city is to annihilate the impressions one should get. On the morning of September fifth we left Florence early for the ride to Rome.

It was raining like blazes, if there is such a thing. And in such a state we started off, stopping for luncheon at one of those small villages right in the province where Chianti is made.

From there, warmed by the Chianti, we proceeded. I wanted to make Rome by afternoon, but I couldn't do it on that road. There were too many turns and sharp corners and while I might have achieved the feat had I been alone Auntie and Natacha had me pretty well



Rudy and his
brother-in-law
before a classic
facade in
Rome.

down in that section of the town known as Lungarno.

That, by the way, is where Dante used to parade in days gone by. The well-known tableau picture of the meeting of Dante and Beatrice took place on just that spot. On the cold stones

we tread to-day an immortal love had birth. I felt as though my feet were pressing the rich aromas from the very stones.

We are always on the look-out for costume-books, because you never can tell when you are going to need them. In picture work, where, with any picture one may be called upon to dip back into periods only too little familiar to have a collection of these books is, I think, invaluable. Both Natacha and I feel very strongly about authentic detail. Many a whole is marred because of incongruities that peer out and strike one like wrong notes struck in a symphony.

We found, in Lungarno, one particular book first published in 1500, with sketches of oriental costumes of that period. A very rare book. Almost impossible to find. This particular thing

trained and amenable by this time.

I facetiously observed that Rome was not reached in a day, and Natacha said that she very devoutly hoped NOT.

And so, about ten o'clock at night, we drove up to the very best hotel in a small village and then I set about finding a garage.

Finally, after a long search, and after waking up three or four families (ten o'clock is the middle of the night there), we found a stable, a little larger than the others, and so we could put the car up.

Oh, yes, before putting up for the night, we went by Siena, and as we went by we saw an antique shop which somewhat attracted our attention, as antique things (and persons) always do.

We stopped, went inside, and were lucky enough to find at this place and at a ridiculous price a marvellous period copy of Anne of Cleves by Holbein. There are only two originals extant and this is one of them. All the others were burned in the collection at Windsor Castle at the time of the fire there. Our copy is almost quite priceless. We were as gleeful as small children would be if, digging one day on some small insignificant beach they should suddenly happen upon the treasure of Captain Kidd!

Also, in this same shop, I saw a marvellous saddle tree of the thirteenth century, all hand-carved ivory with the coat of arms of the Scaligeri family. But they wanted too much money for that, and with much sorrow and much regret I decided that I couldn't buy it. I believe I shall regret my prudence rather than be pleased at it.

Of course that shop in Siena lost us more time and I had to pay for the pleasure by seeking out the unknown quantity of a garage by the reluctant light of a moon all but unavailingly struggling with the rain.

The next morning, early, we left our rather ambiguous quarters, got the car and drove straight, and without mishap, to the Excelsior Hotel in Rome.

When we arrived there we just rested.

We were tired from the long journey,

The Roman cattle-markets, with their bustle and queer types and customs interested Rudy keenly.



the hotel was comfortable and we reclined through most of the afternoon, having both luncheon and tea served in our rooms.

In the evening I had dinner at the hotel with Baron Fassini, who was very much interested in motion pictures years ago, before the ones who are interested in them now had made them what they are.

Baron Fassini was formerly President of the Unione Cinematografica, Italiana. With Baron Fassini was

Count Cine, Secretary of the Unione.

We had dinner and talked about pictures, art, that sort of thing. Naturally they were tremendously interested in how we do things in America, and asked innumerable questions about studio production, the scenario end of it all, the star system, the exhibitor, cameras, everything. They were also interested in my own career, and once again I told the story of my beginning with its subsequent falls and rises. A great many falls, too!

restive feet. The click of the camera, the vernacular of the studio world, even though in a language I had never heard it in, made my blood tingle and my palms itch. I felt like turning right about face and rushing back to America shouting, "I am ready! I am ready! Let's go!"

On my way back from the full survey, Emil Jannings was there and we had some pictures taken with him and with Commendatore Ambrosio who owns the film company, and who pro-



A photo taken on one of the "Quo Vadis" sets in Ambrosio studios. Emil Jannings and Commendatore Ambrosio, the producer of "Cabiria," are seen with the Valentinos.

We made a date to go the next day to see the *Quo Vadis* sets, and so, this morning, we went to Fassini's apartment in the Palazzo Titi, where he has the first floor. Mussolini, by the way, lives on the second floor and they are great friends.

Count Cine came for us and we drove over to the Villa Borghese where most of

their big open-air sets are made. Their studios are too small to contain the sets they need for big productions. They were shooting some scenes when we arrived and the sets were very lovely. I saw some of the big mob scenes made and really, it made by mouth water! I felt as they say an old-time actor feels when, after a long period of inactivity, he gets the smell of grease-paint in his nostrils again. Or as a race horse feels when the smooth run of the track is once again under his

duced *Cabiria* and later merged with the Unione.

We met Mrs. Jannings, who speaks excellent English. Jannings does not speak English. Not one word of it. He was born in America, but was taken to Berlin when only six. His wife is English, and notwithstanding that he speaks German and I not one word of it, we got along famously.

Everything we wanted to say to one another we managed to say and be mutually and perfectly understood. Everyone was surprised at our fluent conversation and the interchange of ideas, theories, ipinions and questions.

After we had had the pictures taken we went all over the sets with Jannings. Then we went and had luncheon. The Commendatore Ambrosio, Mr. and Mrs. Jannings, the two directors who are directing *Quo Vadis*, Signor Jacobi and Gabriele d'Annunzio, son of the famous romancer and poet.

Among other things that took place during this conversation between Jannings and I was Jannings asking me if \$2,000 a week, was a good price for a character actor in America. I said, "Between \$2,000 and \$2,500, they are fair figures and a good man ought to get about that."

"For God's sake, shut up!" begged Ambrosia, "don't tell Jannings that!"

But I replied that actors always stick together, it is a part of the ethics of this so ethical profession!

Jannings was very enthusiastic about America. He wanted to find out all about it, and I told him, among other things, how popular he is there. I told him how splendidly *Passion* had gone over, and also *Deception*. He was as pleased as a child. He quite beamed with pleasure and delight, and it was nice to see that delight so mirrored on the face of Mrs. Jannings, the tribute might well have been made direct to her.

Then I asked him how he had visualised that splendid make-up for Henry the Eighth. He told me that he had got hold of the Holbein painting of Henry the Eighth, put it on his dressing table, and made up accordingly. He became, he said, as familiar with that famous painted figure as he might be with an intimate friend, whose every detail of costume, whose every shading of colour and line of expression was habitual and familiar to him.

I know that many people wonder, and ask, whether screen actors are the same off the screen as they are, or appear to be on the screen. I think it is like most questions, largely a matter of the individual. Some of us are the same off the screen as we seem to be on, and others are quite surprising. Jannings

him "King of Motion Pictures." He couldn't quite understand me, for the first time, and Mrs. Jannings explained it to him. He told his wife that what I was telling him was the greatest compliment he had ever received in his life and he made the most perfect "retort courteous" by having her tell me that he was immensely pleased to have received this compliment from the "King of Screen Lovers"!

Gallant, too, you see. I must write more about him to-morrow.

Rome, Sept. 8th.

There is probably nothing in the world more interesting than talking "shop" with a man who is in the same "shop" with oneself.

Thus it was that Emil Jannings and I talked Screen . . . Screen . . . Screen . . .

He had seen *The Four Horsemen*, although he has never been in America. As I recall it, I think he said that he saw it



Three specimens of Italian street musicians.

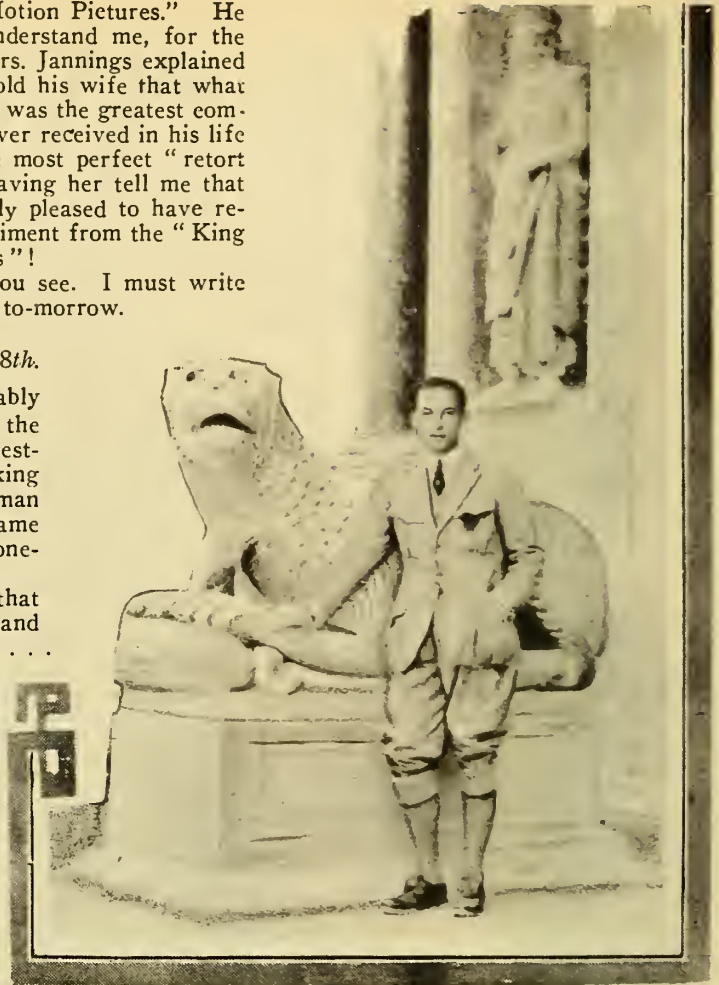
I would call surprising. Off the screen, he is different from what I, personally, had imagined. Quite unassuming. Very good-natured. A man of about 42 or 43. Very big and husky. But looking at him without his make-up you would never realise that he is the splendid actor you have seen playing Louis Fifteenth, Henry Eighth and Peter the Great. He has none of that dash he has so admirably and unforgettably on the screen. His outstanding characteristic seemed to me to be his good nature and a great sense of humour.

I told him that in America they call

weeks preceding the actual filming of the story. We agreed that the finest results are obtained by an actor entering into the skin of the role he is about to interpret.

The restaurant is in the ancient villa and from where we sat we could see the whole panorama of Rome, a most gorgeous sight from that vantage point.

After luncheon, Jannings had to get to work and so he left us to the care of Ambrosio, who took us around to see the interiors.



Rudolph Valentino's imagination was thoroughly captured by the Coliseum, Rome, near which this picture was taken. "It is one spot of the earth," he remarked, "of which lovers love to dream."

in Paris. He was tremendously interested in the making of the film, in the remarkable way in which the film made me, and in all the details that led to my obtaining the part, my interpretation of the part once I did obtain it, etc. I told him how I read the book by Ibanez, and then simply lived the character for the

They have ten or twelve studios in Rome, all very small saving the Cinese studio. The others do not amount to anything at all, judged from our American standpoint, or, indeed, any standpoint at all. They have no lighting to speak of. They have no equipment. Their laboratories are very bad indeed, and there is, in fact, none of the modern equipment we have in America at all.

Ambrosio himself said to me that what they lack most of all is not only improved studio conditions, but directors. "If," he said, "we only had the directors you have in America. Our directors are nothing. It hampers us more, really, than anything else in developing such talent as we have."

On the way back to our hotel, we drove a bit through Rome, and learned that in the past thirty years or more many important changes have been effected, especially from the point of view of health and sanitation.

There are new thoroughfares, wider streets almost everywhere, and there has been quite a general demolition of the old-time slums. This, in conjunction with the general, modernised sanitation, has caused Rome to be one of the most sanitary and healthiest cities in Europe.

(Continued on page 76.)

An Open Book

by
VINCENT
DE SOLA

"Baby Peggy is one who will always pick out the plums of life," says De Sola.

ONCE before I have essayed to read a child's face—Jackie Coogan's—and now I have Baby Peggy Montgomery allotted to me for careful and critical analysis. All this solemn pondering, this meticulous weighing of shaded adjectives, does, perhaps, seem a trifle pompous in conjunction with a sheerly juvenile face.

And how to write of such a charming young person? Surely not with grave words and solemn dissertation! Miss Peggy Montgomery deserves I feel, a style lighter than mine, more delicate and gallant, wearing a note of homage and not forgetting a cap of laughter.

It is a remarkable little head. The eyes are older than the child, and they do not lack penetration. I think they are not bad judges of character in their fashion. I fear, however, that they show some traces of susceptibility to bribery. A villain, properly armed with lollypops, might here have his way.

They are maternal, too. That maternal instinct, I think, with some of its wiseness and tolerance, some of its simple devotion to an instinctive code of sacrifice and protection is not merely a latent trait on the hands of the future, but one that will possibly dominate in years to come.

Of course there is mirth here, a keen feeling for comedy! It is not unaccompanied by curiosity, I regret to state.

The brows are practical. They show, in conjunction with the eyes, some rather striking tendency towards quick spurts of temper, but this, perhaps, is merely the fire of the artist. Certainly she is generous, forgiving, and capable of profound remorse for her sudden little flares, which do but offset her lively humour.



"It is a remarkable little head, for the eyes are older than the child."

She is optimistic. As yet, certainly, she feels that this is the best of all possible worlds. Later, I conjecture, there will be enough of emotional force in this character to cause her to taste something of the brooding depths of life, but what else would you have? The mere comedian, untouched by a sense of formless tragedy, is at best a superficial fellow. It is sadness that marks the line between the great Droll and the mediocre one. Baby Peggy has a humour too vast, too, authentic, to be content with mere laughter alone.

She is ever so malleable to affection, and she has many affections. Some would declare her fickle, but not I. In this face I can readily see that

much of her sweetness is but graciousness, awarded as a queen awards, and possessing only the significance of generosity. It is but for the few that she feels deeply after all.

I am afraid that there is a touch of obstinacy in the chin. When affection is not employed to persuade her or when, perhaps, her temperament is ruffled by those who

arc insensitive to the delicately-strung nature of the great artist, she may—she may have a faint tendency to put her foot down—if necessary, both feet down.

It is a singularly direct little head, the head of one who will probably always be fortunate enough to take the plums out of life. So many persons fail or fumble because they are not quite sure of what they want. They vacillate between contradictory philosophies and aims. Baby Peggy seems to show a very strong, a very certain feeling for the issues which actually interest her.

In due course, idealism will be developed here; already there are signs of its presence. There will be sentiment and kindness, and enough self-assurance to carry her through to her ultimate goal.

Making the Stars at Home



When Hollywood stars come to New York on business or pleasure, they invariably stay at the Algonquin. Frank Case, seen above between Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford makes it his business to make them comfortable, and he knows his job.

"I'll meet you at the Algonquin." That phrase has probably been spoken by more famous mortals than any other sentence in the lexicon of language.

Douglas Fairbanks has said it to Mary Pickford as they separated for different engagements on most of the many busy days that famous pair spend in New York. Richard Barthelmess has made countless such appointments with his wife, Mary Hay. Every motion picture and dramatic critic and noted writer and journalist in the city or on a visit to the city has remarked it now and again to an equally distinguished friend.

The Algonquin Hotel, West Forty-Fourth Street, New York City, is the unofficial home and meeting place of most of those who bear the names the world knows. Moving picture stars, stage players, writers—all know the place, have made it a deep-rooted habit. There are innumerable more pretentious, richer, and more "fashionable" hotels in the city. But the Algonquin faith remains unshaken.

The reason is clear. It is Frank Case.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. Case came to the Algonquin in a minor capacity. To-day he owns the lease on the building, is proprietor and host.

He is a man of many friends. Those friends are the great and interesting ones who come to his hotel.

Interesting people are Mr. Case's hobby. He smilingly admits it. "I am a lion hunter," he says. His hotel is his trap and—though he perhaps would not admit to this—he himself is the bait.

At luncheon on a single day one might see scattered about one of the small and receptive dining rooms such celebrities as Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, John Drew, Claire Windsor, Heywood Broun, noted columnist and dramatic critic of the *New York World*, and a dozen others of nearly equal prominence. Nor would it be a legal holiday or old home week or a convention. Any day at all would do. It is the fashion among those who are above fashion, the established custom of those who are too wise for most established customs.

Frank Case was loath to talk when we called upon him. He received us, was cordial, but was reserved. He seemed on the defensive.

"You know," it came at last, "I'm afraid to have things written about the Algonquin. People are so apt to associate it with the tawdriness and cheapness which goes with the term 'theatrical hotel.' It isn't that."

Our eyes wandered over the empty lobby—it was mid-afternoon—rested on the panelled walls, the delicately comfortable blue arm chairs and couches, the soft, inconspicuously-toned rugs. We relaxed in the peaceful welcome the room bespoke.

"Rather not!"

"It is hard for people to understand," he said. "These people come here. They have come here for many years. But—but they are my intimates. They aren't simply interesting people on parade. I know them. Why, I've known Fairbanks for fifteen years or more. Known him intimately. And William Farnum . . . people like that. John Barrymore. And all these writing chaps."

"Friendships, of course . . . but the association the Algonquin has? Its name as a gathering-place of interesting people? Wasn't that deliberate?" we asked.

"Certainly."

"How did you go about it?"

"Why, I really don't know exactly. For instance: Joseph Hergesheimer, who wrote 'Cytherea,' 'The Bright Shawl,' and the rest—they've been movies as well as books—came here once in a crowded season. There wasn't a room in the house. It put him in rather a hole, for before he'd

arrived in town he had made a number of business appointments which used the Algonquin as an address. The clerk couldn't help him. Was sorry, but such was the situation. I was called into consultation. Mr. Hergesheimer told me his name. That settled it. Mr. Hergesheimer wasn't simply a traveller in serious need of a place to sleep. He was the man whose books had given me so many hours of pleasure—who had already won my esteem, and, I may say, friendship with his work. Well . . . he got a room. It can be done.

"And I've very deliberately done it. First there was my natural interest and respect for important people—people who are interesting and have done interesting things. Then—as an easy and pleasant way of combining business and pleasure—there was my hotel and the reputation which I knew it would gain if 'celebrities' made it their rendezvous.

a corner table with his wife, Natacha. Claire Windsor usually stops at the Algonquin when she is not on the coast, and Barbara La Marr, although she, too, can scarcely be called a "regular," is seen there increasingly often.

The Algonquin dining room has a certain round table situated near the centre of the room. Here, the disgruntled say, is the board 'round which reputations of plays and players are made and broken. Here sit the New York newspaper critics when they foregather of a noontime or at night after an opening. Their clique was once dubbed "The Vicious Circle," and the name has stuck.

Edward Goulding, the well-known scenario writer who helped Hergesheimer put "The Bright Shawl" into screen form, is on hand frequently—often dines with Richard Barthelmess. "Names" abound.

John Drew, most famous of American leading men of the older generation, and uncle of the Barrymores, has lived at the hotel for many years.

Evangeline Booth, Commander of the Salvation Army, lives there, and the Algonquin is the official headquarters of the Salvation Army in New York.

The Bishop of Kansas and the Bishop of Michigan are friends of Mr. Case's and invariably stop at his hotel while they are East.

Frank Case has made his hotel and his home the home of the stars—stars of every firmament.

At the Algonquin each Tuesday noon in the Green Room there meets the increasingly well-known "Woman Pays Club," a cheerful organisation of professional women engaged in and around the several arts.

Elsie Ferguson has been a member for several years, and Mary Eaton, who played in the picture *His Children's Children*, is a member. So are the Gish girls. So is Mabel Ballin. The better known and more successful motion picture and theatrical press agents form an important group, and there is a distinct smattering of sculptors, painters, interior decorators and representatives of the other arts.

The Algonquin has drawn them as it has drawn most of the other worthwhile people of our day.

JOHN VANDERCOOK.



The lounge and dining room of the Algonquin Hotel.

"Yes—I am a tuft-hunter. It's my hobby. And I've made it my business."

"I suppose after it first started, after Mr. Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for instance, came here and let it be known that it was their habit to come here, the rest followed?"

"Yes. The rest was, or were, easy. But it isn't easy to hold them."

That has been the brightest feather in the cap of Mr. Case. They have stayed. And more of "them" have come each season and returned again . . . New fashions in hotel—new skyscraper, several-million-dollar piles in the Grand Central district have won away some fickle famed ones—but most of them gravitate back to the Algonquin. It has a "pull" that cannot be denied.

Mr. Case is invariably on hand. At meal hours he is to be found at his own special little table just within the doorway of the main dining room. He knows a considerable percentage of those who come. He nods to them all. Most stop and exchange the "time of day" with him.

It is here that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford lunch nearly every day they are in New York. Thomas Meighan, who, since he has come to live permanently in New York is to be seen everywhere, is invariably on hand. Valentino, though he is not a real habitu , often lunches at



The Algonquin from the outside, West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

Modes in the Movies

The Wardrobe Mistress is one of the most important personages in the Studio, for even the greatest of producers must defer to her upon questions of clothes.

Twelve years ago, Clara Kimball Young went into a Broadway Kinema and watched herself act in a Vitagraph two-reeler wearing an evening-frock composed of butter-muslin and cotton lace. An hour later, she sat in another cinema and saw another Vitagraph picture featuring Ella Hall and the same frock!

Chiefly owing to the feminine fans, the dollar-a-day dress allowance is now as extinct as the Dodo and those early movie houses whose walls would quiver alarmingly when the heroine stamped her foot. Nowadays the wardrobe mistress is one of the most important personages in the studio and can expend as much money as she likes.

Famous-Lasky have a special fashions bureau in Paris, from which the latest news regarding the length of a skirt or the shape of a sleeve can be swiftly transmitted to Hollywood. Their representative is often on the lawns at Ranelagh and Hurlingham, scanning the gowns displayed there with an eagle eye.

Girls who pine to break into the movies, here is a tip for you! Study the pros and cons of dress designing and take up wardrobe work. It is infinitely easier to gain a footing in this direction than it is to fight your way to importance by the usual means.

Dull, you exclaim? Not a bit of it!



Think of the joys of concocting your schemes from the most beautiful and expensive materials, and of being consulted deferentially by the Great Producer whose wrath may wreck an actress's career. No dieting, no worry-



Reading downwards: Corinne Griffith is the wardrobe mistress's delight.

Eleanor Boardman in one of her ultra-elaborate "Souls For Sale" costumes.

Right: Ethel Traill draping one of Norma Talmadge's early Victorian dressing gowns.



This black velvet and silver creation was specially designed for Leatrice Joy's wear in "Triumph."



ing about your popularity returns, and a salary cheque just as fat as the star's, if not fatter!

With modernity assured, the main problem for the wardrobe mistress is to match the clothes with the part. If she's dressing May McAvoy or Gladys Walton for a flapper role, then she must concentrate on fluffy tulle and impertinent little hats and ultra high-heeled

slippers worn with contrasting stockings. Thus is the suggestion of youth and general frothiness subtly heightened.

If she is planning an outfit for a Society bride, the designs must be conservative as well as youthful. Afternoon and evening frocks are graceful, trailing affairs in order to invest the wearer with a certain amount of dignity. Consider the clothes of Agnes Ayres in *Bought and Paid For*, or those which appeared with Enid Bennett in the latter reels of *The Fool's Awakening*.

When the picture is an accomplished fact, the clothes are still an asset. At Lasky's most prodigal of all the studios in sartorial matters, the dresses are refurbished for the use of extras in future productions. Sometimes it is only necessary to camouflage with some new drapery or a striking tie, but frequently the entire garment is torn up and the material cleaned, pressed and re-fashioned.

And it is whispered on the sets that Gloria Swanson dislikes extremely to see an extra player promenading about in a re-hash of one of the wonderful gowns which have graced her own fair shoulders.

At Goldwyn's they believe that to tamper with a dress like this destroys its personality. Many of their creations appear in several pictures, as for instance the gorgeous brocaded wrap which was worn by Mae Busch in *The Christian* and also by Eleanor Boardman in *Soul's for Sale*.

Afterwards the clothes are sold off at a fraction of their value to the company's stenographers, telephonists and other women workers. This probably accounts for it being so difficult to distinguish between a star and a seamstress during the evening exodus from

Seamstresses and expert dressmakers carrying out the original designs for costumes used solely in the studios.

Right: A corner of a work-room wherein movie modes are made.



Fur cloaks like this one abound in the movies.



A lounging robe worn by Claire Windsor which looks as though it had got the Cross-Word Puzzle fever badly.

Culver City, when all the Goldwyn folk are going home.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, two of the kindest-hearted girls in Film-land, give their "old clothes" to the prop-boys and electricians to take home to their wives. The only exceptions to this rule were the exquisite period costumes Norma used in *Ashes of Vengeance*.

Some few of these she presented to the various players by way of souvenirs, but the majority were carefully laid away with a view to some future spectacle picture.

The independent players, whose expenses come out of their own pockets and not from the capacious treasury of a wealthy Corporation, buy their dresses as they go along. When the film is complete, they ring up one of the wardrobe dealers whose crowded little shops abound in the side-streets of Los Angeles.

He is only too ready to purchase any wearing apparel they wish to dispose of, for he knows he can easily sell it again at enormous profit.

HETTIE CRIMSTEAD.



**BOB CUSTER**

A college graduate who has but recently graduated into Screenland. He is starring in a series of Western pictures, and has previously played some half-a-dozen cowboy rôles in Harry Carey and other productions.



FRANCES HOWARD

Makes her debut in pictures as the star of 'The Dark Swan,' in which Elsie Ferguson was to have played. She is a well-known stage player, who made a hit in "The Best People" in New York.



VICTOR
GARCONI

WILLIAM HAINES

Runs Ben Lyon fairly close in popularity. William is usually to be found in flapper pictures like "Wine of Youth." His newest is "The Midnight Express." He has light brown hair and dark eyes.



VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

The sunny-haired heroine of all the Fox screen pantomimes has just returned to film-land, aged seventeen, and prettier than ever in "The Café of Fallen Angels." Put it there, Virginia!



CONWAY TEARLE

In the costume he likes best in "The Great Divide." Conway hates being dolled up in fancy dresses. Regulation evening dress isn't his ideal garb, although he is considered one of the best dressed men in the movies.

The Screen Fashion Plate



May Allison's musquash coat shows a novel scalloped effect around the hem.



Its deep turn-over collar lends extra smartness to Aileen Pringle's cloak.



Beige caracul heavily trimmed with badger forms this magnificent wrap worn by Virginia Browne Faire.



Mabel Forrest's elaborate Russian squirrel wrap with cascade trimmings of Coco fox.

White fox and moleskin are, in Sylvia Breamer's case, a novel and effective combination.

The Follies Girl

Margaret Livingston answers to that name, because it was in the title role of that film she first became a star.

air of life and vitality about her that almost seems to magnetise one to admiration. In America she is known to the public as "The Follies Girl," because it was in the title role of this film that she first came into the limelight.

Margaret's stardom has been won through the medium of hard work and perseverance, for despite the breezy outward appearance, she has quite a talent for real hard work. She was born in Salt Lake City about twenty-three years ago, and in 1919 she came to Los Angeles with several short stories and a published novelette to her credit.

On the strength of these she applied for and obtained a job as "title expert," at one of the leading studios, but she didn't hold it for long. A girl of her type was needed for the film *Within the Cup*, and she doffed her laboratory apron and stepped into the part.

Margaret's last film before she became a star was *Her Marriage Vow*, in which she played with Monte Blue. She has also played in *Wandering Husbands* with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, and in *Divorce* with John Bowers.

E. E. BARRETT.

Three characteristic studies of Margaret Livingston, showing her extreme mobility of expression.



This is an era of new stars, rising triumphant from the motion picture ranks. Scores of them will grace the doming films of 1925, challenging the supremacy of the older favourites, and amongst them, scintillating as brilliantly as any, Margaret Livingston takes prominent place.

An unusual type, Margaret—exceptionally pretty and attractive beyond the average. Red hair, thick and lustrous, frames a piquant, interesting face. When she talks, flavouring her English with slang, there is an amazing

Oval: A scene from "The Follies Girl."



The Humming Bird

BY JOHN FLEMING



In one respect that figure of Parisian life, the youth called "The Humming Bird," was a model boy. He was seen but not heard. If he had been heard, or at least heard in advance, there might have been much salt sprinkled on the tail of "The Humming Bird." But the police were baffled. They were always able to follow his footprints—up to a point—after the event; but they never could hear his footfalls before. "The Humming Bird" had a huge press, but he sent out no advance notices.

"It seems to me," said La Roche of the Paris police one day, "it seems to me that if we are alive in a hundred years time, and he too, we shall still be looking for our little chirper. He has a charmed life, or a charmed career. How many is it now—a hundred burglaries? And not once have we got near enough to him to lay our fingers on even his shadow. The end of it will be resignation for me. Disgrace! And all through a chit of a boy. Why, he can be no more than twenty. Or so those who have seen him vanishing in the distance assure me. Myself, I have not yet had the privilege of setting eyes on my master."

Randall Carey, Paris correspondent of the *New York Universe*, was in La Roche's office that afternoon.

"I reckon it would be as big a feather in my own cap if I were in at the snaring of this fellow," he muttered. "Look here, La Roche, I will make you an offer. The uniform admits, but it closes many doors when it is seen along the street. In theory

the police can go anywhere and everywhere; in practice, no. A journalist can get where the police are often locked out. Tell me all you know, and I'll pass along what comes my way. We'll work together, and between us, I don't see why we shouldn't snare the beauty. You don't want to lose your job. Well, neither do I. Two heads are better than one."

"There is something in your notion," admitted La Roche.

"And to start with, tell me just how I can get near to our bird," said Carey.

"As near as I can tell you it will not be very near!" said La Roche, with a wry smile. "All we can say is that the Bird heads always for Montmartre, but always he seems to vanish there."

"There is a place in Montmartre I know well," said Carey. "A thieves' rendezvous, Le Caveau. Perhaps you have heard of it?"

"Heard of it? Searched it! But the Bird was not there."

"I'll go there and find out what there is to be found out. Later I'll report to you."

CHARACTERS.

Toinette - -	GLORIA SWANSON
Carey - -	EDWARD BURNS
La Roche - -	MARIO MAJERONI
The Owl - -	MME. D'AMBRICOURT
Henrietta Rutherford	HELEN LINDROTH
Charlot - -	CESARE GRAVINA
Zi-Zi - -	JACQUES D'AURAY

Narrated by permission from the Paramount film of the same name.

Many types of a certain kind of humanity gathered at Le Caveau. It was less of a kingdom of crime than a tiny world of crime, comprised of many little kingdoms. Each empire had its ruler, and there was no queen of all those queens more fascinating than Toinette. Toinette. . . Small, pretty; a girl with a way with her; regal. . . All heads were turned to regard her when she passed. In every way she turned all heads.

Randall Carey found himself watching and thinking of her and envying the crooks and apaches who were her companions. To Randall Carey respectability suddenly presented its drawbacks.

"If—" But he pulled up his thoughts in time; remembering someone who waited for him across the

seas in far away New York.

No mention of the "Humming Bird" had passed the lips of any denizen of that underworld since he had crossed its threshold an hour ago. He might remain here for a day, a year or forever and never be nearer to the truth about the "Humming Bird" than he was at that—

His thoughts jerked to pieces in the crash of a sudden altercation two tables away. A hulking brute of considerably more than six feet had plucked Toinette to himself and kissed her. At this moment she was attempting to drag herself free, and in that short glance Carcy could see the red lines swelling up on her wrist where the bully was holding her. With a tingle almost of pleasure Randall swung away from his table and leapt at the big man. His fist shot out and the bully disappeared beneath the table. And then—

And then, as Carey himself phrased it afterwards, in his own way, "things kind of occurred."

Carey found himself suddenly a prince of Toinette's empire, leading her forces against those of the enemy's. Before the bully could spring to his feet, a dozen of his followers had done as much for him, and soon the thick air was filled with thicker shouts and the futile protests of the proprietor.

It was short and crisp; and in the end the bully's warriors strode arrogantly out of the place, leaving behind them the still form of Randall Carey, with Toinette bending low above him.

"He is not dead," she murmured, looking up at the faithful few who remained in the vicinity. "He will come round very soon. Get a taxi."

Unrestricted by the finer feelings of the underworld, and with a touch that really had something of art in it, she flicked out the contents of his pockets and began to search his letters for his address. If she found more, how could she be called to account?

When Randall Carey at length grew clear about worldly things he discovered to his considerable astonishment that he was resting in his own bed, with a bandage of linen tied round his head. He put his hand to his head and felt it suddenly tingle. He tried to remember. . . And then he remembered well enough, up to a point; but could not recall how he had managed to get home and put himself to bed. As for the bandage—

Rather wearily he rose and dressed and looked uncertainly about the room. He sniffed and was aware of the last faint traces of some perfume that was



"I want no thanks," said Toinette.

foreign to the place. Then, his senses quickening, he staggered to his bedroom door, opened it and found in his little sitting room, curled up asleep, Toinette. A big easy chair was the most comfortable bed available.

"Toinette!" he cried; and she awoke with a start.

"Then you are quite better?"

"How could it be otherwise," he replied gallantly, "when I have you to thank for this."

"I want no thanks," said Toinette. "Besides, are not my own thanks due to you for saving me from that elephant of a fellow?"

"One thing puzzles me," he said. "No one in that frightful cave had an inkling of my real identity. Of that I am sure. How then comes it that when I am—er—returned damaged I am returned to the right depot. How could you know I lived here?"

"Why," replied Toinette with a laugh, "that was the very easiest thing of all. I went through your pockets and found some letters with your address."

"I see," said Carey gravely.

"You are shocked?" asked Toinette, observing his expression. "But for what do you think I go to the Cave? To read tracts? No. Of course you are wise—"

"Toinette," Randall Carey asked many days later, "would you like a chance—a real chance to start again and go straight? I am speaking frankly. Of course I know one does not go to the Cave to read tracts or study geology. I am not going to beat about the bush. You are, I am sure, of the kind that calls a spade a spade."

"I am a crook!" Toinette laughed, "but remember I found you also at the Cave. The pot and the pan, eh?"

Well, well, go on. What did you intend to say?"

"Scarcely more than I have said already. Would you like this chance I have spoken of, an opportunity to come out of the caves for good. Believe me, I am in a position to offer this chance to you?"

Her eyes met his, and there was a startling tenderness in them. He felt a sudden tinge within him and found himself trying to remember—someone. He looked away as she replied:

"Perhaps I will think of it. They say the leopard cannot change his spots. But did the leopard ever try, I wonder? It is an interesting notion. But all my friends are in the Cave, you know. In this other world you speak of I know no one."

"You know me."

"I found you at the Cave."

"True. But I am not—shall I say?—a Cave man. La Roche, chief of the police, is one of my closest friends. He would look the other way for my sake. He would—he would refuse to be aware that my little friend Toinette had any past that needed hiding."

She stared in frank wonder at this speech.

"You would do this for me?"

"Indeed I would."

"But why?"

"That might take too long to tell," he countered. "But you have not given me your answer."

"You want to be—my friend?"

"Your friend, yes. Yes. . ."

Suddenly Toinette produced a small card photograph and held it before him.

"When I went through your pockets last night," she said, "I found this. Who is the lady?"

He stared at the photograph and

then took it from her and put it back in his own pocket.

"A lady friend of mine, back in New York, where I come from."

"But who is she?"

"She is the lady to whom I am engaged."

Toinette rose and crossed the room to the door.

"May I ask," she said as an afterthought, "what it was that brought you to that place last night?"

"Not disloyalty to this lady, as you seem to think," Carey replied. "I came, as a matter of fact, to learn something of the 'Humming Bird.' I have

been frank with you up to now. I shall continue to be frank, I hope. I have an arrangement with La Roche. Together we hope to put salt on this little Bird's tail. You look amazed. But it is my business. Each to his calling, eh?"

"Why, yes," said Toinette. "Which is why I return to mine."

"But are you sure that it is the thing for which you are best fitted?"

Toinette laughed a little silvery laugh that was torture to the man.

"Yes I am sure—now."

"But—?"

"Good-bye," she said. And before he could speak again she was gone.

For some few weeks there followed a still peace, a peace as ominous in that behind-the-scenes of the Paris underworld as on that wider stage of Europe. Carey and La Roche pursued their enquiries with unrelaxing persistence, but these enquiries led them nowhere. As far as ever were they from learning the truth about the "Humming Bird." Carey went no more to Le Caveau; but across the ocean mail boats carried letter after letter until one day he thought he had an excuse for visiting the cave den again. Those were the last days of that fateful July of over ten years ago; and whilst he hesitated additional cause was given him for his visit.

With the suddenness of lightning war spread across the continent, and before sunset of the first day Randall Carey had said good-bye to journalism. In the uniform of the Foreign Legion, unhesitating at last, he turned his steps towards the Cave to take farewell of Toinette.

"I wanted to say good-bye to all my friends," he said. And at this she laughed.

"Does that include the whole of the police force?"

"Why, those days are gone too, I am afraid," replied Carey. "I don't know that I'm sorry."

"Not even when they cuded in failure?"

"You mean the 'Humming Bird?' Oh, of course we are as far as ever from probing the mystery of that young man. But somehow, in these days of turmoil, the 'Humming Bird's' sins seem, well—remote. How shall I put it?"

"I know what you mean," said Toinette.

"There is something else I wanted to tell you," Carey went on. "That girl whose photograph you found in my pocket that night you saved my life."

"But—"

"Oh, yes you did. Well, it's—it's all off. That little affair. I found out the truth in time. We all make mistakes, they say. She—she was mine."

He did not meet her eyes. Had he endeavoured to do so he would have observed that her own were fixed wistfully but unseeing on the remote peak of the far-off Eiffel Tower.

"And now about yourself," he went on abruptly. "This happening has changed the world, you know. Things can never be the same again. What is your own position?"

"I think," said Toinette, "I shall do my little bit by forming a battalion of my boys and looking after them until they go away. Afterwards—well, who can talk of the afterwards in these days?"

Toinette was as good as her word. All else was abandoned for her new campaign. And so well did she instil into her own apaches a novel patriotic fervour that soon there was no man of her "gang" at the Cave who did not wear the uniform of his country. Headed by Zi-Zi, her fiercest lieutenant, one day they marched away; and Toinette was left alone.

* * *

It was a winter's night at the beginning of 1918. Mrs. Marshall Carey's house on the outskirts of Paris was shrouded in darkness, for a warning had just come through to the effect that an air raid was imminent. Every shutter was drawn, though within doors the house was cosy and well-lighted. In a comfortable chair, alone in a big room sat Mrs. Marshall Carey's nephew Randall, seeing pictures in the fire, wondering. . .

Hours seemed to pass. Dull thuds were heard, growing nearer, retreating. Sharp shots and hoarse cries were on every hand. Carey wished he could totter to the window and see, know if "they" were coming on victorious or be driving back to defeat. Through the chinks of the shutters he could see the searchlights sweeping the sky. And then he seemed to doze; to awake with a start, and think that it must be the pain in his wounded leg that had caused him to awake.

But his leg seemed easy—easier than it had been for many weeks. Then—?

He looked round, and there before him in the room was Toinette.

"You?"

"Randall!"

"Toinette!"

Instinctively they embraced; and fell apart in surprise at this unspoken confession of love.

"But—" he gasped when her blushes had subsided, "how come you to be here at all?"

"I—I saw in the newspapers that you were wounded and I came on here the first opportunity I had. I called and saw your aunt. She is a sweet woman, Randall. She told me when I arrived that you had been calling for me when you were very ill."

They sat side by side and he took her hand.

"Weeks ago I loved you, Toinette," he murmured. "Aye, months ago. I think I loved you, or wanted to love you the very first time I ever saw you. When I was away in the trenches I used to dream of you. I wrote to you, but perhaps my letters went astray. I never received a reply."

"I never got your letters," said Toinette. "I—you see, I was unable to receive them. I have been away."

"Love—"

"Perhaps," said Toinette, "you should not make love to me until you know all. Once you asked me if I would like to turn over a new leaf and begin life afresh. I did not accept your offer, but I would now—unless it is too late. Perhaps it is too late. . ."

"Never!" cried Carey.

"Wait. I said that I first learnt of your illness, of the fact that you had been wounded, in the newspapers. But that, Randall, was seven weeks ago, as you must know yourself. You will wonder why I did not come to

Toinette instils into her own Apaches something of her own patriotic fervour.



your side sooner. I could not. I was in prison!"

She hung her head, but he only patted her hand and stroked her hair as a wise parent would that of a child.

"Well? What of it?"

"You do not mind?"

"Once I offered to help you. It was because I loved you, as you must have guessed. I found you in the Cave, Toinette, and one does not go to the Cave to study theology. But I knew that then, and I loved you then. Can I know more. Why should I love you less?"

"Even so, you do not understand all," Toinette went on. "That I might be by your side I planned and planned to break out of gaol. But no opportunity offered until to-night. To-night in the air raid, the prison was hit, and my way was clear. In the turmoil I escaped and I came straight here. Perhaps that was indiscreet. Perhaps it was unfair to you?"

It was delightful of you!"

"But you don't understand even yet. I am—I am still a convict. My very clothes are prison clothes, and at any moment they may come for me! How can you love me, knowing that. We can never hold up our faces in public. If I remain free and you marry me how shall we live? Where shall we live? How can you progress in your career with me by your side? Always will remain that dread fear. Always shall we be waiting for that rough hand on the shoulder of—your wife. Randall, it is unthinkable."

"So long as you love me," he vowed, "all will come well. And love me you must, Toinette. Say it. Let me hear the words on your own lips."

"But—but I mustn't, Randall. It wouldn't be right."

"Right?"

"To you."

"Bah! I have been in the trenches, my darling, for three long years. Do I care for myself any longer after that. I want just to take care of you, and—"

"Listen!"

She clutched his arms in alarm, and pointed to the door. From the corridor outside came the sound of voices and one of those voices fell like a cold hand on the hearts of both. It was the voice of one who was at once enemy and friend, the friend of the lover, the enemy of his beloved—La Roche, the chief of the Paris Police. "They have come for me already!" she whispered.

"I must hide you!" he cried.

"Never!" said Toinette. "At least I will spare you that last indignity—the pain of having your lover found hiding in your room. Let them come. If it is not to be—"

She broke off. The door opened and into the room came Mrs. Marshall Carey and La Roche. Carey flushed and bit his lip, and Toinette lowered her eyes before the official uniform of her enemy.

"I am ready to come with you," she said in a low voice. "Believe me, please—Mr. Carey has acted in ignorance of—"

"But my dear lady," La Roche interrupted. "I have not come to take the 'Humming Bird.'"

"What!" cried Randall Carey, starting forward.

"You did not know?" asked Toinette demurely.

"I did not even guess."

"But—"

"Pardon me," La Roche broke in,



"You," she said with a smile, "have captured the 'Humming Bird' after all."

"but my time is limited and I must come to the point at once. I seek not the 'Humming Bird,' but Toinette who enlisted the Montmartre Wolves in the early days of the war. I come to tell her that because of that, the facts of which have only now reached them, the Government grant her a free pardon. I come to bring you the Croix de Guerre, won by your staunch com-

rade Zi-Zi, the last of your little band of heroes, who, dying, bequeathed it to you."

Randall Carey looked in frank amazement from Toinette to La Roche and back again. This news was news to him indeed; and his expression showed as much.

"The Montmartre Wolves?" he murmured.

"The Montmartre Wolves; yes," said La Roche. "You know of them? You have heard of them?"

"Heard of them? More than that. I met them."

"I saw them and was side by side with them in their most glorious exploit."

"It was in their fiercest engagement that I was wounded first. And you mean to tell me—"

"That they were raised by Toinette here. Indeed they were. And their valour and their exploits are a lasting memorial to this little lady. What more can a grateful government do than show its gratitude in this form."

Carey turned to Toinette and took her hand.

"My darling," he said softly, "I always loved you, as you know, and as I want my dear aunt and my good friend here to know now; but I am proud of you as well—prouder than I thought I could ever be of anyone."

"I knew Zi-Zi—for a time I was his friend in the trenches; and there was no one there would have thought he came from the Cave in Montmartre. The country had reason to be proud of him. Equally proud it must ever be of the little woman who was his inspiration and the inspiration of all his fellows. My Toinette!"

La Roche handed the cross to her with a graceful bow, and blushing prettily she pinned it on her bosom. Then with a smile he added: "Bless you my children," and with heavy playfulness took his departure. A moment or two later Mrs. Marshall Carey followed him, and Randall and Toinette were together alone.

"And so," he said, taking her in his arms, "you are the 'Humming Bird' What, Miss, have you to say to that?"

"Only," she said with a smile, "that you have captured the 'Humming Bird,' after all."

"And I mean to hold it fast," he assured her, "so that it will never go free any more. Are you frightened?"

"No, for the 'Humming Bird's' wings are clipped. Besides there is no need to fly." And Toinette pressed her lips to his.

The Art of Adolphe Menjou

The author of this series has chosen his subjects with great deliberation, taking only those stars whose work seems to him a permanent and essential contribution to the art of the screen.

Adolphe Menjou is perhaps the most negative artist on the screen.

To be negative is not to be negligible, however; not a quality of weakness, but of power.

To be negative is to reserve and conserve one's forces, to retain in oneself a limitless supply of strength, to be magnetic, and desired, and inimitable.

To be negative is never to sell one's dramatic birthright for a mess of dollars, but to know, and never to divulge, the secret of power. Buster Keaton is a negative artist—John Barrymore has moments of negative genius—Adolphe Menjou is a negative artist *par excellence* at all times and altogether.

I do not like to think of Menjou as a star, although he can claim the title to-day if it pleases him. But somehow the name is too gaudy, too positive, for the man who owns it. There is nothing secretive in stardom, nothing to hint at an enigma, to allow for reserve.

Nor do I like to think of Menjou as the characters he has played in his various films, as "Pierre Revel" or as "Professor Stock"; for always it is Menjou, and not the character who makes his mark upon the memory. He is not versatile. Lift him from film to film and the parts which have best fitted him will be found to fit perfectly into one another. "Pierre Revel," if he had been a marrying man, might just as well have married "Mizzi" as "Professor Stock." But no other actor on the screen could have created either "Stock" or "Revel."

There is one, and only one Menjou. When does he ever waste a gesture, a movement, or a glance? When does he ever express more than the merest hint of his feelings in his face, or show concern, or emotion, or positive opinion?

Menjou has never in his whole screen career expressed anything, in superlatives.



And that, perhaps, is the true reason for his many years of insignificance, of dull, obscure work behind the camera, under the shadow of many a brilliant luminary who would be proud of Menjou's patronage to-day. For in the kinema superlatives are the only royal road to fame, and he is a rash man who neglects them in his early years. A rash man—and an admirable one.

Adolphe Menjou, as a personage, was not before Chaplin found him and made him great in *A Woman of Paris*. But Adolphe Menjou, as a hack actor, had been working beneath the sunlight arcs for many a year. He had played in *Through the Back Door*, *The Sheik*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Eternal Flame*, *Singed Wings*, *Bella Donna*, *Clarence* and many others. He had played in them all competently, but without more than a hint of that peculiar quality which was to colour all his later work. He played villains, always. But somehow his villains, for all their shirt-fronted, eyebrowed competence, were never very convincing.

Then came Chaplin.

And under his guidance, Menjou discovered Menjou, and the screen discovered its only villain who is also an artist of the first rank and a living, breathing man.

In *A Woman of Paris* the art of Menjou was evolved and stabilised and

defined. In *The Marriage Circle* it received its confirmation and its final polish. And now Menjou the artist is ready for his lifework. And what, so far as we can distinguish them in his negative genius, are the qualities which he commands?

Culture — polish — intelligence — here are three. A subtle and irresistible sense of humour. Perfect poise, coolness and balance. A secret laughter turned against himself, a slight suggestion of puzzlement, and a still slighter suggestion that nothing in the world exists which has power to surprise or startle or puzzle him to his dying day. Silence. A deceptive blandness of countenance. The power to empty his face of all expression. The power to record, with smashing effect, the absence of all thought, emotion or opinion whatsoever.

Menjou is an artist who appeals straight to the emotions of his audience. We never feel, as we do with Nazimova, a lack of kinship through all the fascination of the player. We want to meet him. We want to laugh with him. We flatter ourselves that we, and we alone, could understand him. And that is exactly what he means each one of us to feel.

Doing nothing, he flatters; saying nothing, he suggests; acting nothing, he is. He never commits himself. He never explains himself.

A genius of negativity, Adolphe Menjou.

E. R. THOMPSON.

The Earnestness of Ernest

Torrence is a Scot, so he fully realises the importance of being Ernest.



Top left: As "General Orlando Jackson" in "The Fighting Coward." Above: As "Petit Patou" in "The Sideshow of Life."

Left: In "Broken Chains;" and Below: Ernest as "Captain Hook" in "Peter Pan" crosses swords with one of the boy actors on the set, under the approving eye of Herbert Brenon.

tained more stars than Dick Barthelmess and Gladys Hulette. I noticed him first as "Mahaffey" in *The Prodigal Judge*, where as the bibulous, lovable friend of the Judge he achieved an instantaneous success.

No one seemed to realise that a genius had suddenly appeared in the Vitagraph studio; nevertheless, in an otherwise negligible picture, a Personality effectively prevented the audience from being bored. Ernest Torrence had arrived.

Genius will out, and something like *Tol'ble David* was bound to follow. Even then I don't think many people suspected the number of scintillating character studies that were to follow close on each other's heels: I myself, with all my Torrential prejudice, was a bit nervous lest the standard of his Luke Hapburn had been pitched too high and that he would not be able to keep it up.

Now I know differently. Torrence can keep up his brilliant character studies till further orders. For Torrence is a great actor. One of the seven deadly sins of directors is that once they find that a man can play a certain type of part well, they never again, if they can help it, let him play any other.

We shall never know how many real artists have had their careers destroyed because of this. The crucial moment in Torrence's life came when he realised the sort of part he had been cast for in *Broken Chains*, a film that

I believe in Ernest Torrence.

I believe that he is one of the greatest dramatic actors the screen has ever produced.

I believe that success will never turn his head.

I believe in the power and originality and enthusiasm that he brings to every part he undertakes.

I believe that he has made a great many other "heavies" in Hollywood look sick.

I believe that to limit his powers to villains is like chaining down the North Wind.

O, yes, I believe in Ernest Torrence. But then I have always believed in him, even before people suddenly awoke to the fact that *Tol'ble David* con-



was simply a mediocre copy of *Tol'able David*.

He had a sudden glimpse of the dull, villainous future that lay before him. There was a scene in which he had to go to the limits of brutality by molesting a baby's coffin on its way to the churchyard.

He sarcastically remarked to the director that it would be an improvement if he struck a match on the coffin in order to light his pipe. The director agreed—enthusiastically—and that was the end of Torrence's ambitions as a realistic villain!

To his everlasting credit he broke loose. Turning his back deliberately on the successful "type" that was bringing him much praise and money, he managed to persuade unwilling directors that there were other subtle shades of characterisation besides those of brutality, and that he was perfectly willing to begin at the beginning and see what he could do with them.

Jesse Lasky took him at his word. He gave him his first chance of sympathetic work in *The Covered Wagon*. The congratulations of film lovers are due to both. Jesse Lasky was able to give the world some magnificent films, and Torrence saved himself from a headlong flight to oblivion.

There are plenty of reasons why Torrence should be a good actor. He has been on the stage ever since he was a boy, unlike many other stars who set out to be lawyers, doctors or schoolmasters and then suddenly changed their minds—for better or worse.

From Edinboro', where he lived as a boy, he was sent to Germany to study music under Pruchner, the favourite pupil of Liszt. Here he learned all the requirements of an opera singer, and developing a rich baritone voice, an uncanny talent for acting, and a gift of dry humour quite his own, he was lured to the London musical comedy field. He spent several years in George Edwards' shows and in the later Savoy operas, and was then engaged by an American company to play the part of the Captain in "The Night Boat," on Broadway, and the Scotch comedian in "The Only Girl."

But the picture people, luckily, would not leave him any peace, and so the stage lost a genius and the screen found one.

Like Emil Jannings, the real life and screen life of Ernest Torrence are worlds apart. It is a high compliment to his artistry that if you were to meet him in real life you would have some difficulty in recognising him for the brutal "Luke Hapburn" or the fantastic Clown of *Singed Wings*. In himself Torrence is like a rare old bit of seasoned timber. He is Scotch, and upright, and a Puritan. He lives very simply in a simple copy of an old English Manor House hidden behind the more pretentious dwellings of Hollywood. His only extravagance is his grand piano. He will play to you

if you let him, but he never brags. He seems to believe that the man and the actor are, and should be, totally distinct.

He has a personality so strong that no film that he plays in can be really poor. In spite of all the forces arrayed against him he managed to save the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, despite Lon Chaney's posturings and mouthings, the stiffness of Norman Kerry and the vapidness of Patsy Ruth Miller. He and Tully Marshall together gave *The Covered Wagon* a place that it really does not deserve in history. It was a good film: they very nearly succeeded in making it a great film.

E. R. THOMPSON.

Oval: Ernest in "North of 36."
Below: A Scene from "The Hunchback," in which he played "Clopin."



In "West of the Water Tower."

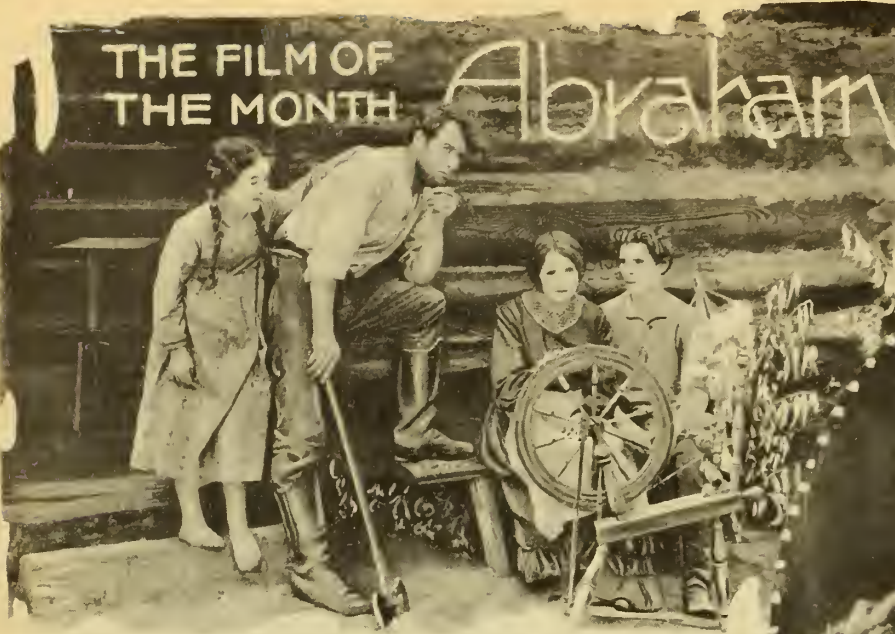


In "Ruggles of Red Gap."



THE FILM OF
THE MONTH

Abraham Lincoln



Abraham Lincoln with his father, mother and sister.



Ruth Clifford
as "Ann
Rutledge."



Above: Early
Days. Abra-
ham teaches
himself arith-
metic, using
the back of
a shovel for
his slate.



Left: An early romance.
Lincoln's first love was
Ann Rutledge, the
blonde beauty of New
Salem. Right: George
A. Billings as "Abra-
ham Lincoln."



Above: Lincoln is introduced to the lady he afterwards married, Mary Todd (Nell Craig). Left: Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and their sons. These do not appear for any length of time in the film this side, though the death of one was shown in the American releases.



Above: Mrs. Lincoln begs her husband to heed the warning he has received not to leave home that evening, but "Abe" refuses to disappoint the people.

Left: At the theatre on the fatal night just before the assassination of Lincoln. Film-lovers should not miss this production, the finest historical and biographical film yet made.

Conrad Nagel At Home

If we magazine writers don't stop bally-hooing Conrad Nagel as the original saint of the movie world, I'm afraid he may break out and do something devilish! He simply hates being called good, and his respect for his religion makes him dislike the idea of having the fact that he goes to church commented on.

I must admit, however, that he doesn't go to wild parties, nor drink, nor get arrested for speeding, nor get mixed up in any divorce scandals—all of which things, of course, are supposed to mark a man in pictures as a regular guy. Too bad, isn't it, that he's had only one wife, and never beat her!

Yet, strange as it may seem the Nagel household is one of the most interesting in Filmland. The Nagels are both musical, both play the piano and sing, having studied with Conrad's father, who is an accomplished musician. If you care for the best in music, you can hear it in the Nagel home. Also you can hear good talk about the newest books and plays, with both of which the Nagels keep abreast. I don't think they care much about some of the lurid, so-called high-brow literature of the day, however; but they aren't narrow-minded, either. It is just that they have taste.

Mrs. Nagel is young, beautiful, and had an excellent chance as an actress, but she refused several offers for the screen, preferring, strange as it may seem, to make a home for her husband and baby to having a career of her own.

Little Ruth Margaret comes in for a good deal of the family's worship. She is her father's idol, and every day that he isn't working, he takes his little three-year-old daughter down to the sea for a swim. The baby is learning to swim. He is going to take her to the



Which leads me to recollect that Mrs. Nagel always goes with her husband on location, when he is working. If it is only for a day, they enjoy being together in the odd, out-of-the-way-places that picture-companies have a fashion of picking out.

The present home of the Nagels is a pretty, rather old-fashioned house, with plenty of big windows



Mr. and Mrs. Nagel in their Garden.

Conrad rides every day of his life.

and sun-porches, on a quiet little street of Hollywood. There are big pepper trees in front of the door, and there are many beautiful rose bushes and shrubs about the ample yard.

Inside, the place is roomy and charming, modestly furnished, but a real home.

A man just naturally must have some household faults, and Conrad is no exception. His wife says that he isn't at all an easy man to provide food for! There are certain things that he just won't and can't eat. Included are onions and most vegetables, and as for garlic it is clear out of his life.

He likes string-beans and peas, and nothing else in the vegetable line. But—prepare for a shock!—Conrad loves limburger cheese! He eats rather sparingly of meat, but is rather fond of sweets.

Conrad loves children, but woe to the youngster who harms his roses! Nevertheless, even to such he is merciful and teaches them much about flowers and how to grow them even when he catches them red-handed.

GRACE KINGSLEY.

theatre some day, but not yet. But she goes motor-ing with her p a r e n t s whenever they take a

trip. She is never left to the tender mercy of servants, except when her father and mother go away on location, and then not for any long periods.



The Way Their Money Goes

Screen stars being quite human folks, much of it goes the same way as yours and mine. Some of them have curious methods of depleting their pay cheques.

You won't find the names of the movie stars in the Hollywood telephone book. Their phone numbers are guarded with all the secrecy of the formula for the deadly explosive in a screen serial, for, once let them be revealed, and that half of the population of Los Angeles which spends its time trying to sell something to the other half, would be calling them up from morn to midnight to offer them washing machines, oil wells, automobiles, fancy hogs, ranches, bootleg gin, divorces, chances of charity raffles, babies to adopt, and lots in Oak View, View Crest or Crest Acres.

Hollywood is the richest city *per capita* in the world. Millions are made here every week, and there are plenty of philanthropic souls to see that these millions don't burn holes through the stars' pockets. The picture people



Above: Viola Dana owns this Beauty Parlour and Edna Flugrath manages it. Left: "The upkeep of my bob is my chief extravagance," says Mae Murray.

can't go shopping on Fifth Avenue, Haymarket or the Rue de la Paix, so the shops come out to them.

The most expensive tastes may be gratified within a ten-mile radius of the Famous Players studio, whether they are tastes for first editions, old masters, Paris gowns, antiques, authentic Empire beds, imported laces or pedigreed pups—and gratified quickly!

When the word went around recently that Shirley Mason was fond of dogs, the streets about her home were choked for days with mongrels, curs, canine mistakes, Pekes, Chows and Russian *borzois*, accompanied by their hopeful owners.

One store in Los Angeles sends an expert abroad twice a year to pick up rare books and old manuscripts for the movie



Above: Mrs. Buck Jones with two of his pedigreed police dogs.



Tom Mix.

trade. Pola Negri spent twenty-five hundred dollars on books there not long ago. It was there that Corinne Griffith bought a tiny manuscript copy of one of Alfred Noyes' earlier poems as a present for Walter Morosco. George O'Hara, noted for literary tastes, often drops in to pore over newly arrived treasures, and to buy a bit of Americana or an autographed Poe for his library of first editions. I know this sounds press-agency—but I've seen them.

"They all come in here," the manager says, "and they don't think Ibanez is the name of a brand of cigars either!"

It is a thankless task to rob people of cherished illusions, yet,

isinglass windows in her next mail. Knowing this, the movie colony has become thrifty. Not that Charlie Chaplin's mantel is decorated with a tin bank to put his pennies in, not that Mary darns Doug's socks of an evening, but the conversation in screen circles nowadays sounds like a realtor's convention.

The first thing that most stars buy is a home. Every foothill in Hollywood sprouts Italian villas, Spanish haciendas and French chalets owned by some cinema celebrity. Here is Sessue Hayakawa's medieval castle, there is Theodore Roberts' English country house. The ink was scarcely dry on Warner Baxter's new Ince contract before he dashed out and bought a colonial knocker, and then he found a house to go with it.

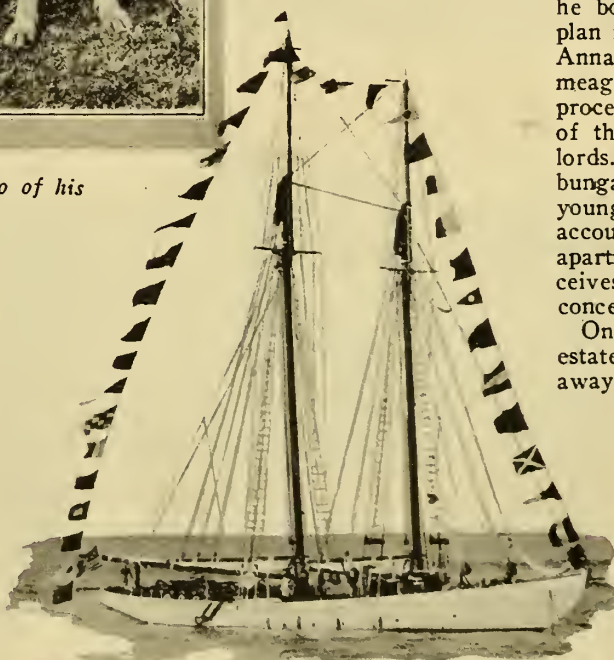
Jackie Logan has just moved into a charming bungalow for which she has been saving ever since she got her first studio cheque.

"But the prices always went up as soon as they knew I was in the pictures," she laughs. "I had to read the 'For Sale' columns for nearly a year before I found a place I could afford."

Huntley Gordon frankly admits that he bought a house on the instalment plan in order to force himself to save. Anna Q. Nilsson is eking out the meagre earnings of a star with the proceeds of her chicken ranch. Some of the picture players are even landlords. Noah Beery has built several bungalows whose rents go into his young son "Pidge's" college bank account. Norma Talmadge owns an apartment house, and doubtless receives complaints from irate tenants concerning leaky plumbing.

One of the most confirmed real estate addicts is Monte Blue, who salts away every cent he can lay his hands on in portions of California scenery known to the initiated as "view lots." If Los Angeles ever grows to be the size that its enthusiastic boosters claim it is already, Monte is going to be very wealthy. William Farnum owns a house a trifle smaller than Buckingham Palace and seventeen acres of climate which he is planning to turn into a sub-division. George Hackathorne has just acquired title to two offices in a new Hollywood Boulevard skyscraper to rent to a dentist, a doctor or a scenario writing school.

Down on Washington Boulevard a huge electric sign, "Roland Square," revolves night and day, marking one of Ruth's real estate ventures. Another is the co-operative apartment house, The Roland, which the serial star is building to sell at thirty thousand for a four room apartment! Of course they are calling Ruth Roland the



Cecil De Mille's schooner-yacht "The Seaward," cost many hundreds of dollars.

contrary to our best spinster novelists the screen stars spend very little on expensive vices, drinking, drugs and colourful orgies. Once, perhaps, but Hollywood has learned its lesson.

The wisest of the film stars realise that success isn't going to last forever. The popular idol who is sitting pretty to-day may be sitting on a park bench to-morrow. The beautiful star whose fan mail has to be brought in an asbestos sack to the studio now may find nothing but envelopes with little

Bebe Daniels.



Hollywood homes like this one which belongs to Theodore Roberts cost a goodly number of dollars.

Hetty Green of Hollywood, but Agnes Ayres is a close competitor for the title. Louise Fazenda lives very simply while she saves her money to buy a home of her own. "No mortgages for me!" she says. "When I buy I'm going to own more than just the address."

Mr. and Mrs. Mary Pickford—as Doug gallantly terms them—put most of their money into their next pictures. Mary is a wise little business woman. As someone has remarked, if Mary Pickford had started life running a peanut stand, she would have cornered the world's supply of peanuts in less than six months! Poor Charlie Ray was not so successful when he invested all his savings in producing *The Courtship of Myles Standish*.

A favourite joke in Hollywood is to speak of sending one's laundry to Mary Miles Minter. In spite of her mother's bitter complaint that Mary was so extravagant that she spent one hundred thousand dollars in four months, the little star evidently used her head for other purposes than supporting golden curls, for the laundry brings her in a good income. What business could be more remunerative?

"The Foothill Garage," one of the busiest and biggest in the city, is owned by Viola Dana, although she doesn't personally overhaul bulky carburetors. But Edna Flugrath, her sister, has left the films to manage her new beauty shoppe—the final "pe" is silent except on the bill!

Beauty, by the way, is one of the most expensive items in the feminine star's budget. "I don't dare eat a chocolate cream drop for fear it will show!" wailed one screen flapper, staring hungrily at a confectionery display. "You know, in the movies it's a case of take care of the pounds and the pence will take care of themselves!"



Above: Adolphe Menjou and his beloved little coupé. Right: Jacqueline Logan, too, likes a nice home.

Louise Fazenda has a mechanotherapy doctor treat her between scenes at the studio. Norma Shearer employs massage to keep her young slimness. Nita Naldi lost twenty-five pounds in order to play opposite Valentino, but the electric treatments reduced her bank roll even more miraculously. Eleanor Boardman on the other hand, often takes a few days off and goes on expensive milk diets at a private sanatorium in order to gain weight.

"The upkeep of my bob is my chief extravagance!" Mae Murray declares. "From the moment I put my hairpins away in moth balls I've spent enough on my hair to feed and clothe a family. When I am working I pay an expert twelve dollars a day to curl that bob!"

Most stars spend large sums on clothes. "When I was poor," Betty Blythe confesses, "I used to long to go to fashionable tea places and gorgeous hotels. And now that I can afford it you'll find me on Peacock Alley nearly every afternoon!"



With a philanthropic desire to brighten up the corner where she is, Betty brought eleven trunks of Paris finery back with her! Corinne Griffith and Norma Talmadge indulge their feminine love of fig leaves, and Myrtle Stedman doesn't consider being the flapper mother of a two hundred pound son any

A stable of six polo ponies runs away with a substantial portion of Jack Holt's income.



Monte Blue puts a whole lot of his cash into "view lots" in Los.

reason for economising in her wardrobe. Moth and rust does not get a chance to corrupt Myrtle's earnings, for she invests them in the fine art of living and entertaining lavishly.

The "diamond breakfasts" which Cecil B. De Mille gives his casts at the finish of a picture are Arabian Night affairs in which butlers pass trays of diamond-studded jewellery among the guests for their selection. On one

Below: Leatrice Joy deposits a cheque at the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles, of which Cecil De Mille is Vice-President.



side of his nature De Mille is a keen business man investing in a bank, a phosphate company, and a real estate development, on another side the love of luxury which his pictures display is expressed in his marble palace of a home, his yacht, "The Seaward," his ranch playground, "Paradise," and the finest private collection of diamonds of all colours in America. Curiously enough, his own sleeping room is as ascetic and bare as a monk's cell.

On evenings when an awe-struck world is permitted to watch Bull Montana step out in all his splendour of diamond studs, stick pin and cuff links, one wonders that the traffic laws do not require him to put dimmers on his headlights. Even in informal wear the Bull dazzles with his diamonds and solid gold dental display. A friend once ventured, the story goes, to hint to the Bull that it was not correct form to wear quite so many carats at a time. Mr. Montana gazed fondly down his vast expanse of sweater front studded with rainbow fires. "Them as has 'em, wears 'em!" said he succinctly.

But the Beau Brummel of Hollywood is that son of the great open spaces, Tom Mix, with his hundred suits of clothes, his fifty pairs of shoes, his monogrammed sports shirts made to order at forty bucks per, his hundred dollar hats.

"And yet, what the d— am I working for?" Tom demanded of a friend the other day. "When I was poor, I could go hunting if I felt like it—now I got the finest collection of guns in California, and all I hunt for is my director! I got the most expensive carved bed outside of a museum, and last year I spent a hundred and forty nights in it and the rest of the time in bum hotels on location. I got a yacht and no time to sail on her, I got dude clothes—and all I wear is buckskin riding breeches and flannel shirts! Who am I working for? I'll tell you who—I'm working for Levy the jeweller and Bernstein the tailor!"

The Mix jewels, in which the cowboy star has invested much of his wealth because no insurance company would take him as a risk, include several anklets and a wrist watch set into an eleven carat diamond, but lest any ambitious young burglar should happen to read this, I may add that they are kept in a bank vault.

Valentino is another star who purchases luxury. When he was in Europe last year he travelled with a suite of secretaries and a train of automobiles.

(Continued on page 74.)

Darwin was right!

These clever monkeys do everything but talk.



Above: In "In-Bad the Sailor."

Was he? Opinions differ vastly on the subject, but those who have seen Fox's chimpanzee stars, Max, Moritz and Pep, are inclined to think that there was something in the learned professor's much-abused, much-ridiculed theory, after all.

These three monkeys are claimed to be the best trained and most intelligent chimpanzees in the world, and assuredly it is no idle boast. In their films they do everything but talk—indeed, it might almost be said that they can do that, too, for they use the telephone in the most realistic fashion. They cycle, skate, motor and wear fashionable clothing, smoke cigars, cigarettes or pipes, eat and drink, in an almost uncannily human way, and in a recent film one of them gave an impersonation of a mannequin, complete with parasol, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. And for the parading of all this versatility before the camera they—or rather, their owner—receive the modest salary of £200 per week!

When they are not working on the set the three are allowed a fair amount of freedom, and they can often be seen, strolling sedately about in the grounds around the studio, looking for all the world like a trio of little, dried-up old men, or chasing each other up and down the passages amongst the offices. Visitors to Fox Studios who have not been prepared for this spectacle are liable to receive a severe shock to the system—in fact it is recorded that one old gentleman, unexpectedly coming upon all three of them grimacing in a dark corner, put it down to the fact that he hadn't taken enough water with it overnight, and went out straight away to sign the pledge.

On another occasion an elderly lady,



Three on a Ladder in "The Monkey Farm."

on her way to visit Shirley Mason in the star's dressing room encountered "Moritz" who was enjoying a smoke in one of the corridors. The sight so alarmed the poor lady that she fainted clean away, and when she returned to consciousness she found



Above: In "The Cowboys."

"Moritz" quietly fanning her with her own fan, as he had been taught to do on the screen.

Teaching the simians to perform their various stunts is quite easy, according

to their trainers Reuben Gastang and Charles Judge. They are quick to pick up anything new, and have even been known to introduce one or two gags of their own into the comedies in which they have starred. But a far more difficult task is that of making them up for the camera.

In their old two-reelers this was considered unnecessary, and they made their first acquaintance with grease paint when their latest and biggest comedy *Darwin was Right* came to be filmed. They haven't quite got used to it even now. Of the three Max seems the most disturbed about it, and though he submits to having it smeared over his face, his expression the while is one of ludicrous wonderment. "Moritz" only keeps his on so long as the director is looking at him, then off it all comes and the operation has to be done all over again. And "Pep," the youngest and most frolicsome of the trio, thinks it's just a grand new game and rollicks around in the midst of the application, to the despair of the harassed applicant.

E. E. B.



Explaining what makes this little old world go round in "The Monkey Romeo."

The Phantom of the Opera

One of the big pictures of nineteen-twenty-five.

Universal studios, at the present time, have a decidedly Parisian atmosphere. To the casual observer it is as though the outstanding landmarks of the French

gossiped together in those cafes, thronged those streets, and filled the vast tiers of the Opera House to overflowing.



Mary Philbin commences an adventurous ride.

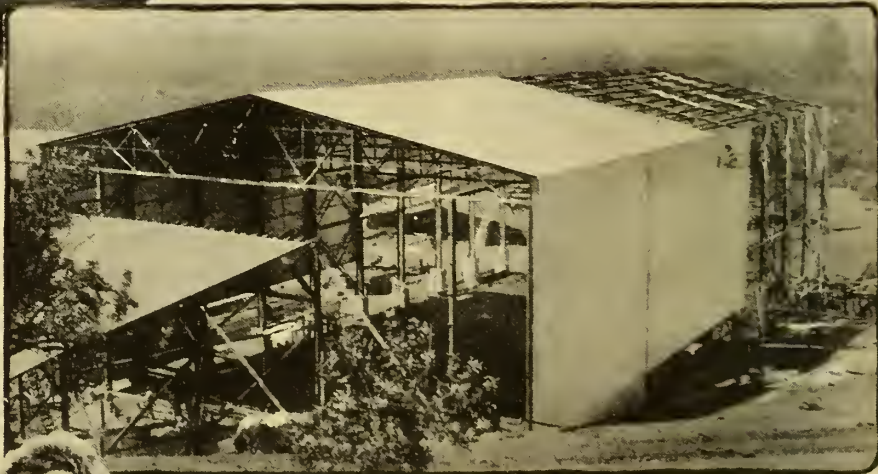
capital had been miraculously transplanted—lifted up bodily from their original surroundings and deposited pell mell at Universal City.

On entering the studio gates the first thing that greets the eye is the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, built especially for the filming of *The Hunchback*. Wandering curiously past this, one comes upon a massive replica of the famous Paris Opera House, and all around it a maze of Parisian streets, well-known cafes and other buildings. Now they are all deserted—empty shells with no sign of life or movement in them—but a short time back fashionable crowds

Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry.



The Phantom in his boat. As Lon Chaney plays him he is the most terrifying thing in Los.



Above: The complicated steel work foundation for the Paris Opera House sets.

Gay revellers nightly gathered here, and in their midst a little group of people worked out an eerie drama to its eerie ending. "Christine Daae," the beautiful opera singer, "Raoul de Chagny," a young French nobleman, and one known as the "Phantom Erik"—these were the principal players in the great drama. At the last name those versed in the superstitions of the Opera House shudder involuntarily, for of the terrible and sinister figure of "Erik" none can think without a feeling of horror difficult to suppress.

Stalking through the riotous crowds, striking a chill to the hearts



Mary Philbin.

Below:
The Phantom and the heroine.



mainly, with his dreadful mental influence on "Christine Daae" (played by Mary Philbin) and her ultimate rescue by "Raoul de Chagny" (Norman Kerry).

Much of the action of the film takes

of the gayest, dominating the fortunes of the opera singers with his morbid influence, he seems the very incarnation of those dread phantoms, who, popular belief has it, hold ghostly concourse in the cellars beneath the Opera House.

This is the role that Lon Chaney takes in the filmed version of Gaston Leroux's "The Phantom of the Opera," and never has he succeeded in making himself look quite so horrible as he does with this particular make-up. According to the author of the book, "Erik, the Phantom" was a music teacher who would have been an opera-singer himself had it not been for a terrible facial disfigurement.

This made him look so ghastly that women had been known to faint at the sight of him, and in consequence he had to keep his face covered when he walked abroad. The story deals

Right: Rupert Julian and the first all metal stage in filmland (it housed the Opera sets).



place in the cellars where the properties of the different operas are stored, and the result is eerie in the extreme. For instance one scene is enacted with the palace and brilliant trappings of "Le Roi de Lahore," with its Hindu settings, as a background, and another in a vault where the giant dragon Fafnir, the serpent and enchanted forests of "The Nibelungen Ring" are lying.

Besides this there is a staged version of Marguerite's garden in *Faust*.

When it was first decided to film this story, Rupert Julian the director had some idea of taking the entire company to Paris, to obtain the necessary scenes, but it was afterwards found more practicable to take Paris—or as much of it as they needed—to the company. The replica of the famous opera house was erected in a little over nine weeks (its original took nine years to complete!)

The framework is made of steel, the walls and roof being reinforced with corrugated iron, and 175,000 ft. of lumber were used on it. Inside, the splendour of the original is duplicated, even to the carving and the great glass chandelier in the centre; the auditorium is the full height of five tiers, while the main staircase has been reproduced completely.

Three thousand people were used in the crowd scenes for this film, and more money was spent on it by Universal than on any of its predecessors. So, if lavish sets, unstinted money, and an exceptionally good cast are enough to assure a good film, *The Phantom of the Opera* promises to be one of the best of America's picture offerings for 1925.



Underground passages play a large part in the film.

What'll You Do Mary?



A "snap" of Mary and Dick taken at Florida.

Mary and Dick were moving. They have taken a long-term lease on a brown-stone edifice in the East Nineties.

I arrived at the said brown-stone front in the East Nineties about four in the afternoon and the door was opened to us by a young man in workaday clothes, rolled-up sleeves, turned-in collar-band and smudges. "Come in, we're moving," said Richard, handsome for all his smudges.

I trailed him over the precarious footing of rolled-up rugs and came, in the back room, upon Mary Hay Barthelmeß, enveloped in a huge apron, also adorned with smudges, down upon her hands and knees, polishing table legs, floors, etcetera. "Come in, we're moving," she said,

Below: Mary takes tea with Mrs. John Harriman who makes her film debut in "Classmates."



Another "snap" showing Dick Barthelmeß welcoming his wife who went out to West Point to see some exterior for "Classmates" filmed.



Unlike the girl in the popular song Mary Hay hasn't "got a plan of her own." She hasn't decided what she'll do after "New Toys."

extending an elbow to be taken in lieu of a hand.

Mary Hay perched on the extreme edge of a chair and surveyed the glistening results of her handiwork. "Dick's the funniest boy," she said, laughing, "he takes this moving business all on his own shoulders—did you notice—and honestly, he hasn't done a thing, not ONE THING, that won't have to be done all over again. I give you my word, all he has done is to hang the pictures, and as they haven't been dusted in three years why, of course, they'll all have to come down again and be dusted. Also, he has hung the fish . . ."

Mary paused, as if mentioning a Personage with whom one should be familiar. "The fish . . .?" I was vague.

"Yes, the fish he helped to catch down in Florida. It weighs about thirty pounds. It is the most important thing in this house at present. Dick has dragged it around from room to room, trying the effect on every bit of wall space. It has ended, eventually, in his own room, on the wall opposite to his bed. But here, I'm not giving you very good copy, am I?"

I said that I liked hearing about the house.

"We've taken a three-year lease," said Mary Hay, "the longest we've ever been in any one place. Now that we have the baby we can't be jumping around from place to place all the time. We have to consider her. You want to hear about *New Toys*, don't you?"

"I want to know how it happened, your playing opposite to Dick, who suggested it, whether you are going to remain on the screen, all that sort of thing," I said.

"Well," said Mary Hay, "it's simple enough.

When I was working on the stage and Dick on the screen, we really never saw one another at all. I would be working most of the night, Dick would be working all day. Then Dick thought it would be good for me to do a picture with him. Last year when we saw 'New Toys' on the stage, we realised that it was exactly the story for us.

"In fact, people will doubtless say that it is the story of our real selves. I really have a better part in the picture than Dick has. It is a story that he wouldn't think of doing without me.

"As to whether I remain on the screen or not, remains to be seen. I doubt it. I'm not pretty enough to do very much in pictures. Most of the big ones on the screen are pretty, very. And I wouldn't be satisfied to be just one of the rank and file."

Later on, Dick pausing for a moment in his



Mary Hay declares she isn't pretty enough to do very much on the screen. Remembering her work in "Way Down East" we beg to contradict the lady.

strenuous career of picture-hanging, gave his version of this matter:

He said that there was some controversy about the advisability of their playing together from the fan point of view, but he also said that everyone knows he is married and that he believes they will be interested in seeing what Mrs. Richard Barthelmess looks like, and how they look together.

"Now if it were Valentino or Novarro," said Mary Hay, "it wouldn't be the thing to do, probably. It's different with Dick."

"Mary," said Dick, "is really a dancer. A very fine dancer. But she has never had the opportunity to show it. She hasn't much of a singing voice, just enough to get a number across. Therefore, what is it that has put her over in her shows? *Her personality.* If her personality has put her over on the stage, there is no reason why it shouldn't do the same for her on the screen. I believe that it will. This picture will prove a lot, of course. It is but idle prophecy to talk

about it now. But I do believe that Mary will make good"

"If I don't in this," said Mary, "I never will in anything on the screen. The story is so absolutely the vehicle for me."

"I've often thought," Dick said, "that I would be better off if I had struck some sort of a pose."

I laughed and told Dick that I thought a pose was only necessary to fill the vacuum created by the lack of any true ability. In his own case his success. . .

"But I'm not successful," Dick said, "not yet."

"Oh, well," I said, "that is a matter of opinion, but most opinions would be against you. After all, what is success?"

"It's always," said Dick, "just around the corner."



After which I departed, leaving Mary to her polishing, Dick to his pictures and both of them to motor back to Westchester later on to dinner and the baby.
GLADYS HALL.



W. S. Hart.

IN SHADOWLAND.

When you go into the pictures
And you find to your surprise
That a star you're very fond of
Is there before your eyes—
Don't they just light up and twinkle
At the sight of that bright star,
As you beam at your companion—
Think how fortunate you are.
Sure they're like old friends, these
shadows,
Though they never come to stay,
And there's something in the heart of
them
That steals your own away.
So here's to all our favourites,
Whoever they may be,
And here's a health to Lewis Stone,
Who's captivated me.

E. H. (Hammersmith).

THE KID.

Oh, Jackie Coogan, don't grow up!
I like you as you are.
Do please remain a jolly "Kid";
The greatest movie star.
In every film, *The Kid*, *My Boy*,
Trouble and Circus Days—
Especially *Long Live the King*—
I loved your winning ways.
So let us sing "Long Live the King,"
"The King of Kids, Young Jackie,"
I'd love to serve your majesty
E'en as a humble lackey!
JACKIE'S ADMIRER (Surbiton).

TRUE BLUE.

Of all the famous fellows
Who act upon the screen,
My hero is the finest
That ever has been seen.
He hasn't Rudolph's slumbering eyes,
Nor Tommy Meighan's smile,
Nor yet Novarro's easy way
The fan's hearts to beguile.
He's fought against some startling odds
And in the end he's won,
He's raced with death and thrilled us all
And more than that he's done.

He's tall and dark and handsome,
He's gentle, brave and true,
And now I guess I'll tell you—
His name is Monte Blue!

PATRICIA (Coventry).

LILLIAN.

Dainty of mien and tiny of form,
Dear little Lillian Gish;
With a smile she has taken me wholly
by storm,
Wonderful Lillian Gish;
Hair like spun cobwebs, eyes all-
gleam,
Fair little Lillian Gish;
Star-like and wistful, she comes from a
dream,
Shy little Lillian Gish;
She is a poem, a flower of delight,
Fairy-like Lillian Gish,
She holds my heart in her small hands
so white,
Beautiful Lillian Gish.

DIANA (Twyford).

TO NIGEL.

Highwayman bold! Gay rogue who of
old
Rode o'er the heath when the moon
shone on high,
And heedless of danger, to each pass-
ing stranger
Your "Stand and deliver!" would cry.
Highwayman bold! With other folk's
gold
You rewarded each dark, lonely ride,
And now on the screen your gay
devilry's seen,
Your "Stand and deliver!" still cried.
Highwayman bold! Your wicked ways
hold—
After long years of quiet you've made a
fresh start—
For you caught me by chance and with
one flashing glance
Made me "Stand and deliver!"—my
heart.

NIGELFAN (Hove).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2].

Did the Warder Do It?

In *The Count of Monte Cristo* the "Abbe," while in his prison cell, moves his bed to one side, lifts a stone slab underneath it, and goes along the passage, he had been making during his imprisonment to "Edmond Dante's" cell. When the two come back into his own cell the stone and bed are both neatly arranged against the wall.

E. V. (Colombo).

A Very Quick Change.

In *Pied Piper Malone* the father is seen reading the paper to his wife, who is sitting close by dressed in a white dress and shawl. Annoyed at something he reads, he throws down the paper. His wife stoops to pick it up and her dress has changed to a black one. As she had not left her chair how could she possibly have changed?

B. J. (Richmond).

An Elusive Tree.

"Gil de Berault," in *Under the Red Robe* is seen entering his room at the Inn. A tree is plainly visible through the window on the left-hand side. Later when "Gil de Berault" climbs out of the window, there is no tree of any description in sight. Yet when he is back in his room the boughs are still visible through the panes.

J. D. (Balham).

Obedient Lizzie.

In *The Reckless Age*, Reginald Denny and his friend arrive at the station in a motor. They jump out and when they return later the car has accommodatingly turned round for their return journey.

S. R. (Dulwich).

He Took It Quietly!

There are some scenes of the Battle of Waterloo (June 8th, 1815), in the Samuelson film *A Royal Divorce*. Just before the battle a closed chaise drives up to "Napoleon's" headquarters and the "Empress Josephine" steps out. Napoleon seems slightly surprised to see her, but taking into consideration the fact that Josephine died at Malmaison on May 29th, 1814 (over a year before Waterloo) I think Napoleon should have shown rather more emotion than he did!

W. B. T. (Brixton Hill).

Did She Go to Bed in Them?

In *Flaming Youth* the heroine's sister is in bed. She gets out and sits on the edge, drawing a wrap round her shoulders, and then walks across the room. It is noticed that she has on a pair of bedroom slippers, but as nobody sees her put them on the natural inference is that she slept in them!

P. D. (Bedford).

Persecuting Percy

It seems to be every director's favourite sport these days. Percy Marmont's screenic sufferings are exceeded only by those of Lillian Gish.

"Another," said Percy wearily, as I was shown in.
 "Another what?" I asked.
 "Another persecution," he replied.

I looked at him. I looked frigidly at his bored, serious face, at the little frown gathered between his brows, at the whole droop of his body as he rose to meet me, as limp and spiritless as a man could be. I drew myself up with contrasting dignity, determined to hold my own. I was annoyed.

"Of course," I said, "if you are busy, I won't stay. But considering I have come all the way across America to talk to you about your film career, and considering—"

I broke off. Suddenly I was aware that a change had come over the man. Very slyly, very gradually, through the serious mask of his face had crept a humorous light. Under drawn brows his eyes were challenging, quizzical, and a little triumphant. The straight line of his mouth was uncertain. I had a horrid suspicion that I had made a fool of myself—a suspicion which amounted the next moment to a certainty. Percy threw back his head and laughed like a schoolboy, so broadly, so infectiously, that it would have been impossible not to join in the joke.

"My dear old chap," he said, slapping me on the shoulder. "You do take things seriously, don't you? I believe I really hurt your feelings with that greeting!"

"A bit, perhaps," I confessed.
 "Forget it," he said. "I was just fooling. They call me a character actor, you know, and I was trying on the martyr touch. Believe me, I've been looking forward to this visit of



Percy, the pond and the pelican, which he says reminds him of his native England.

Below: Marmont as a London coster in the stage version of "London Pride" the British war play. Bottom right: Percy joined the Fire Brigade for "The Midnight Alarm."



yours ever since you cabled me you were coming. It's more than a red-letter day when I can see a friend from the old country."

"Well," I confessed, "I felt a bit like that myself when I heard I was to interview you. I've many good friends in the movies over here, but somehow an Englishman like you—"

"Is different."

"Yes."

"Even when he hands you the icy mitt as soon as you cross the threshold of his home?"

"Even under those most unpleasant circumstances," I told him gallantly, "I





Left and Below: Percy Marmont with and without face fungus.

am charmed to meet our most distinguished actor who—

"Oh, cut it out," said Percy hurriedly, "Let's have a drink."

He went across the room and opened—

No, I won't give away his secrets. But he opened it, anyway, and brought out—. Never mind what he brought out. You may take my word for it that the taste was sound enough.

"But what is this?" I asked him, reproachfully. "I had always been led to believe, from a careful publicity, that Mr. Percy Marmont the distinguished actor, was a paragon of a person who never told a lie, or indulged in strong liquors, or came back late from his club at night."

"Go on believing it," said Percy with a grin. "It's a pleasant belief and looks good in print. But meanwhile meet the real Percy Marmont, who is, I'm thankful to say, a human being." And he poured me out another.

"But let's get this straight," I said. "Do you mean to tell me and an anxious world of picturegoers that you're not the perfect Mark Sabre of the screen? Do you mean to say that you smoke—"

"And drink."

"And tell polite lies?"

"And tell real old whoppers. And play Mah Jongg. And sometimes forget to shave. I confess it all."

"Mr. Marmont," I said sternly, "do you know what happens to a young man who leads this vicious sort of life? Do you realise what the future holds for him? Do you know that when he grows up he is lost totally—"

"And marries a girl in the *corps de ballet*?" Percy finished the quotation for me. "Yes, I know my Gilbert and Sullivan like all good Englishmen. I'm not a bit the nice young man you know from the screen. It's just as well to



Right: Percy Marmont, Gertrude Short and Ralph Bushman listen in whilst on location for "The Man Life Passed By."



warn you in good time."

"You're not?" said I. "Then shake." And we settled down to enjoy ourselves.

"By the way," I said presently, "why did you make that remark about another persecution—are you in the habit of being persecuted more than most of the popular stars?"

"I've been persecuted all my life," he answered. It's my profession. I don't know whether there is something about my face or my figure or my mentality that invites ill-usage, but whenever they want someone they can kick and brow-beat and send to the devil in every possible way they send post-haste for me. I've nothing much to say in favour of my face, but sometimes I wonder whether it has really asked for all the ill-treatment it gets. Even the camera has done its bit in the way of persecution."

"I always thought you photographed particularly well," I remarked.

"I HOPE I don't," he answered. "I hate the screen Marmont. Sometimes when my films are run through I can hardly bear to look at them, so much does the sight of my own face bore and irritate me. But the camera is an unintentional persecutor. All the rest have been deliberate."

"You mean the sort of rough luck that happened to Mark Sabre?"

"I mean every kind of pictorial suffering, physical and mental. I seem to have got a corner in persecution. Some day I shall write an autobiography and call it 'Persecuted Percy.' People would buy it thinking it was screaming farce, and they would find themselves up against stark tragedy!"

"I suppose you are a pathetic type," I reflected, looking him up and down, studying his keen, sensitive face and slight figure, the honest eyes, the interesting touch of grey in the hair at his temples. "I'm a pathetic fool," said Marmont, smiling at my scrutiny. "I must be, to judge from the sort of



In "The Man Life Passed By" with Jane Novak.

parts they are always wanting me to play. If ever there is a hero who is inclined to be impractical and dreamy, send for Percy. If ever there is a hero who makes the devil of a mess with his job, send for Percy again. And if ever there is a hero who is unquestionably weak in the upper storey, send for Percy every time!"

"You shouldn't suffer so attractively," I told him.

"Bless you, they wouldn't mind. They let me make the most horrible faces and behave in the most horrible way without turning a hair. They say it's Strong and that in moments of Strength men do carry on like that. For my own part, I believe that the twitch of an eyelid,



Left: Percy and his pipe.

the wrinkling of the forehead, or the slightest movement of the mouth, carries far more dramatic impression than emphatic gesture. So I try to tone down my acting as much as possible. But it isn't always easy in the life of agony which my characters have to go through!"

"Ever get any holiday from persecution?" I asked.

"Very seldom. But of course it varies in quality, as well as in quantity. The shortest and most drastic persecution was my very first—was, in fact, my introduction to theatrical life. They seem to have spotted me as a sufferer from the start!"

"What happened?" I asked.

"I ran away from home in England, when I was still a boy. I was mad to go on the stage, and tried my luck with a touring company which was playing "The Only Way." The manager looked at me and decided that I would do very well for a young French aristocrat on his way to the scaffold. The part took about three minutes to play, and was painfully vivid for those three minutes. So that was when the suffering began."

"And it has gone on without a break ever since?"



In "Love is Everything," he was a sculptor.



A studio portrait.



The parlour Sheik, complete with camel.

"Almost. Perhaps when I was on the stage I had a few more respites than the screen has given me. You see, I played in every sort and condition of dramatic production, from heavy tragedy to musical farce, and with a repertoire of that kind, you can't suffer all the time."

"Oh," said I, gloomily, "you were another of those horrible versatiles, like Conway Tearle."

"Yes, horrible," he echoed. "Most horrible of all, I was a baritone singer. And some people liked it."

I shuddered.

"Don't tell me," I said, "that you also played with Cyril Maude, Sir Herbert Tree, and George Alexander."

"I'm afraid so." He grinned. "It's the correct thing to have done, isn't it? But I did. I'm sorry, but it's true."

"Go on," I said faintly, "I can bear it."

Oval: An out of doors picture. Below: A study in perturbation.



"Then Liverpool Repertory Company. Australia. South Africa. And there I made my first film. I put in a couple of days' work as a roughrider to please a friend of mine who was connected with the moving picture business. And I learnt the ropes from a half-naked Zulu who could not speak a word of English. He didn't have to teach me how to look persecuted, though; I knew that all right."

He paused to fill his pipe.

"It's a dull story," he said. "I wish I could make it more picturesque for you. I wish I could make you believe that I graduated from the ranks of Christie Comedy or the Mack Sennett bathing beauties. But the fact is that I stopped off at New York on my way home from Australia and fell straight on my feet into the movies. And there I've been ever since—more or less persecuted."

"Died much?" I asked him cheerfully.

"Frequently," he assured me, and with most touching particulars. "I started the dirty work of suicide quite early on in my career, and I put in some good suffering stuff in all my early work with Vitagraph such as *The Winchester Woman*, *Slaves of Pride*, *The Climbers*,

Dead Men Tell No Tales, and *The Vengeance of Durand*.

But as the years went on the persecution became much more subtle and sophisticated. Somebody spotted me as an intellectual type, not to be killed off lightly, and I think it must have been at this point that it occurred to producers that I would do equally



In "If Winter Comes" his best liked movie.

well as an impractical scholar or as a village idiot. Anyway, it was written down that either my brain, or the complete absence of it, was the valuable thing about me, and they called off the dagger and revolver stuff, and put me down for a course of mental persecution instead."

"Aren't you going to give me a list of your films?" I asked, in astonish-

(Continued on page 69).



Fay Compton

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"I consider it a most soothing and refreshing preparation."

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Movie Valentines

Straight from California.



If you like 'em peppy choose Viola Dana for your 1925 Valentine, but if you prefer something more pensive, page sweet Agnes Ayres below.



Saint Valentine has been visiting Hollywood and his influence is plainly discernible in these specially posed photos of popular screen stars.

Top: Thomas Meighan;
Left: Pola Negri;
Below: Agnes Ayres.





"The Crowning Glory of a Woman is her Hair"—it is the Dominant Detail; the one Unfailing Charm

Ivy Duke



Miss IVY DUKE, the Popular Film Actress, writes:—

"Maison Lyons Chocolates are perfection. They have only one drawback—they're so delicious that they don't last long!"

"A comfy seat, some Lyons Chocs., and—wow E'en wilderness were Paradise now!"

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How YOU can have rich, wavy hair

Of every twelve attractive women one sees at theatres, restaurants, dances or wherever beauty counts *one only* may have good features . . . The others attract subtly, because of their lovely hair and the clever way they have arranged it. Realising this, the world's richest women spend hundreds annually, on professional hairdressing, but the world's most beautiful women almost invariably use Lavona Hair Tonic, which costs little; and gives unrivalled results. Lavona Hair Tonic contains a secret, exclusive ingredient that acts like magic. It grows new youthful hair, of such vitality as to display the richest, most captivating waves possible, and it gives the hair the glorious colour it should naturally have. At the same time the

tresses are thoroughly freed from dandruff and grease and just gleam and glisten with healthy loveliness. No dye in Lavona—no trouble; nothing internal to take; nothing extra required. Even a wonderful shampoo is given free with every package. This shampoo is the safest and best you can get—we give it free because of the danger of ordinary shampoos. So, for 2/11d. you can get at any chemists a complete outfit—complete even to a printed guarantee of hair loveliness or refund of price. The coming months hold much in store for the girls who use Lavona!

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which is so irritating and sometimes distressing, an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille is a tonic to the throat and makes the voice clear and strong. Besides having a soothing effect they have a delicious slightly acidulous flavour characteristic of the fresh juice of black currants, which is the principal ingredient of the pastille.

They are most palatable and may be taken as often as desired without causing any ill-effects, as they contain nothing deleterious.

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Brickbats & Bouquets

This page constitutes a Picturegoer's Parliament. If, you want to catch the Speaker's eye send a letter to the Editor expounding your views on film plays, film stars, or filmatic topics in general.

Norma
Talmadge.

One for the Casting Director.

In my opinion the person most deserving of brickbats is he who is responsible for the casting of a picture. Sometimes minor characters are so miscast that they spoil an otherwise good film, and very often the principals themselves are quite the wrong type for the roles they are taking. For instance, Matheson Lang, though he acted adequately as "Dick Turpin" was the direct antithesis of the highwayman in personal appearance. According to the contemporary and Harrison Ainsworth's description of him, the real Dick Turpin was short, red-haired and pock-marked! Ivor Novello and Nigel Barrie as "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Claude Duval" respectively, should have changed roles. Charles Edward Stuart was tall and dignified as well as handsome—Barrie would have been ideal in the part (Novello wasn't). Claude Duval was small and dapper as well as good-looking—Novello would have been perfection in the part (Barrie wasn't). Douglas Fairbanks as "D'Artagnan" was a rude awakening from Dumas' conception and William Farnum as "Sidney Carton" in *The Tale of Two Cities* was a scream.

FIDELITY (London).

Buck blows his own trumpet.



Mixed Applause.

I should like to present a very fine bouquet to Norma Talmadge who, in my estimation, is the finest emotional actress on the screen. I am also a Valentino admirer, although I place Dick Barthelmess before him. The only fault I have to find with the latter is that he doesn't star in better pictures; in most of those in which I have

Harrison
Ford.



seen him lately, his talents have been quite wasted. Amongst our British actresses my first presentation is to Gladys Cooper, who is second to none for beauty and fine acting. Fay Compton is not far behind her, and Alma Taylor is very sweet, only I wish she would put more "pep" into her work and star in better pictures. Brickbats (by the cartload) should be hurled at Douglas Fairbanks, who is certainly no Adonis, and at Agnes Ayres, whose poor acting quite spoiled *The Sheik* for me.

BOUTON D'OR (Kilmarnock).

The Perfect Lover.

Opinions differ on the subject of the perfect screen lover, but to my mind Harrison Ford, more than any other, deserves that title. The others are very clever, of course, but Harrison is



everything that can be desired, so please hand him a large bouquet from me at the first opportunity.

E. F. (Mitcham).

Bull Has a Double.

I am rather difficult to please with regards to film stars as a rule, but after due consideration I have decided to award my bouquet to Bull Montana. I am afraid you will think that my admiration is rather a selfish nature when I tell you that my friends all tell me I am like this actor. It used to worry me a lot at first, but after I had seen him on the screen I came to the conclusion that after all the best and the worst of us have our uses. Then I wrote to "Aunt Jane," the lady who advises people in a weekly paper I read, and she said exteriorly didn't matter so long as one had a beautiful nature. So I am sending my bouquet to the beautiful nature with which I hope Bull Montana has been gifted.

JIMMY (Sunbury).

Buck Jones For Ever!

In my opinion Buck Jones is just wonderful—the handsomest man on the screen and one of the best actors if he were only given a chance. Some of his films certainly do not do him justice, but despite this Buck is, was, and always will be, my favourite star. I love him better than any one else on the screen and should like to shower him with bouquets.

BUCK'S ADORER (Catford).

The Beloved Brute

Victor MacLaglen's first American star picture.

That's Victor MacLaglen, in case you don't know. The title was bestowed upon him by Marguerite de la Motte, when the two were working together on the film of that name. All things considered, it is an appropriate one, for despite the almost brutal strength of the boxer film star, there is an appealing quality about him that makes him a general favourite. —especially with the ladies.

Victor was born in South Africa and his father was a minister out there. He is one of six brothers, all of whom are over six feet tall, and perhaps it was partly this fact that helped him to acquire the strength that was to mean so much to him in after years. In that atmosphere of virility and manhood he found every

Three studies of Victor showing his magnificent physique.



encouragement to go in for sport and all sorts of gymnastics, in order to achieve real physical fitness.

The result was one which very often happens in the case of any normal, healthy boy, brim full of life and animal spirits. Home became too small a place, the wanderlust took possession of him, and soon after he left school he had sailed for Ontario, with little more than his fare in his pocket, and the indomitable courage of youth in his heart.

For a short time he tried his hand at farming, and then, finding it too tame, he joined the ranks of some silver prospectors. The new venture brought him many thrilling adventures, but very little silver, and he was on the point of looking round for some other means of making a fortune, when a fortunate chance decided his future career for him. A professional boxer came into the camp, offering to take on "all comers," and MacLaglen, knowing nothing much of the science of boxing,



Above: With Marguerite de la Motte in "The Beloved Brute."

but having great confidence in his own splendid strength, took up the challenge and knocked out the professional.

From that moment he knew that the ring was the only place for him, and he went into training with deadly seriousness. He is a boxer very much after Jack Dempsey's build, and his record of winning fights is a large one. At the age of eighteen he was the champion heavyweight boxer of the Pacific North-West, and he afterwards became the champion heavyweight boxer of Canada. One of his biggest fights was with Jack Johnson in a six-rounds no decision contest.

Victor's first film was made after he came to England. It was titled *The Call of the Road*, and it proved that he was almost as talented an actor as fighter. Others followed in quick succession.—*The Prey of the Dragon*, *Corinthian Jack*, *The Glorious Adventure* (a Stuart Blackton Production), *A Sailor Tramp*, *The Sport of Kings*, *The Romany*, and *M'Lord of the White Road*.

When Stuart Blackton was assembling his cast for *The Beloved Brute*, he remembered MacLaglen and decided that he was the actor best fitted for the title role. He cabled for him to come over, and Victor accepted the part with alacrity, for it is one after his own heart. In it he fairly revels in fights and tackles, in some scenes, not only one but a dozen or so men at the same time, handling them all with consummate ease and skill. A wrestling bout with William Russell is a great feature of the film, and the two men prove themselves so well matched that they provide a scene of breathless interest. It would be hardly fair to tell you the result here, but suffice it to say that the "Beloved Brute" lives up to his reputation to the end! E. E. B.



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Frank Mayo
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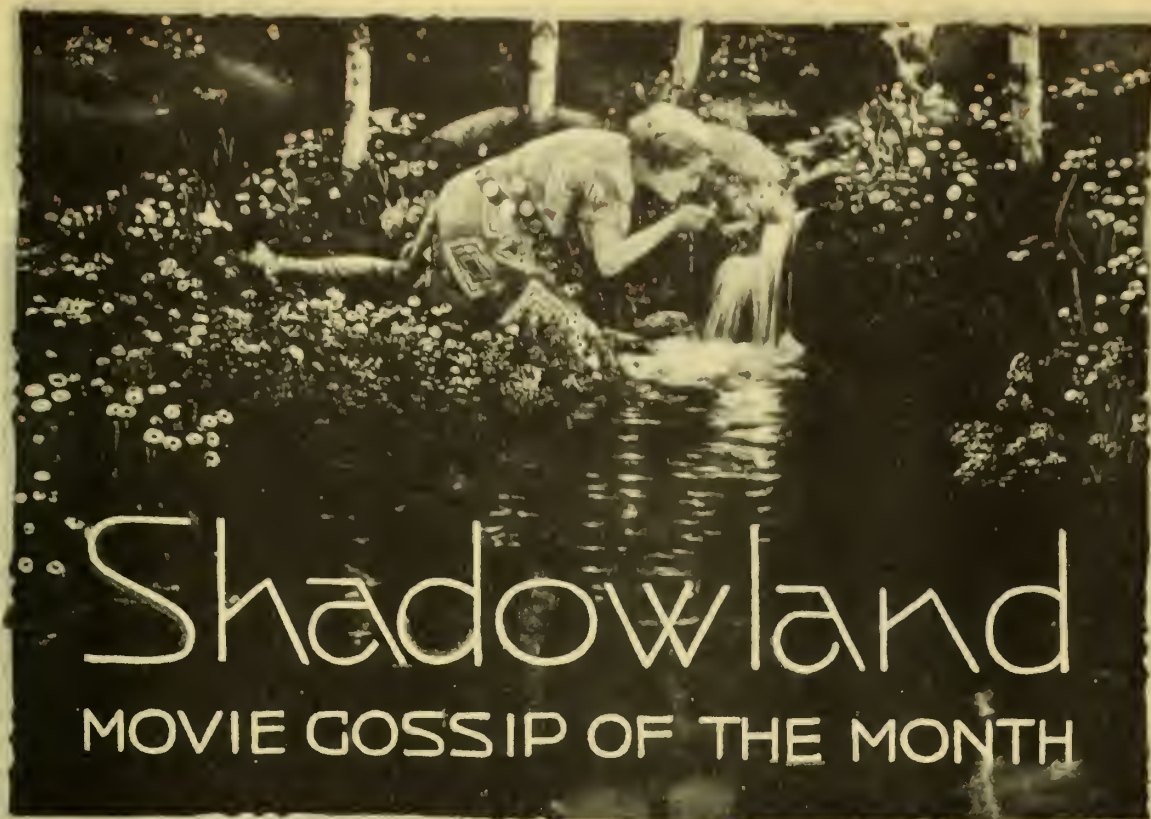
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MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

Two Movie Moguls visited London recently in the persons of Joseph Schenck and Samuel Goldwyn *née* Goldfish. The first-named came to give the once-over to trade conditions and distribution problems this side, with the purchasing of stores as a sideline. He told us that United Artists (called Allied Artists this side) contemplate producing twelve pictures a year and that Norma Talmadge films will be included amongst these as soon as her First National Contract is ended, which will be in about a year's time. The first big release of Allied Artists will be Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*, which will be trade shown this month.

"The film," he observed, "is primarily for the women of all countries. If I can manage to please them, then I am satisfied, for I believe they matter most. But I do not think women like the costume film. It is too remote—they cannot so easily become one with the heroine, and so Norma Talmadge has abandoned the idea of filming *Madame Pompadour*." Joseph Schenck is touring the whole of the British Isles, before visiting the Continent, which he means to tour very extensively.

The mission of Samuel Goldwyn or, at least, part of it, is to find a girl to portray "Juliet" in a film version of the immortal drama to Ronald Colman's "Romeo." "She must possess screen personality," declares this pioneer producer. "And some dramatic if not filmatic experience." Our own choice would fall on Mary Philbin and none other. Mr. Goldwyn was on his way to Germany to try to persuade Dr. Froud,

the psycho-analyst, to join forces in producing a story by a girl of eighteen, which he declares one of the most remarkable love stories ever written. So now we know the worst.

David Powell, whose name we have missed for some months from casting directors' lists is playing lead in *Back To Life*, a new Whitman Bennett feature just completed.

Rudolph Valentino has offered to present a gold medal to the motion picture actor or actress who gives the best performance of this year. Decisions will be made by vote, which looks good for the U.S. mail business.

Douglas and Mary are at work again, he on a Spanish romance in *Li Zono* (one of his best), and she on a story something akin to *Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley* which will be directed, not by Von Sternberg, but by Micky Neilan. The Sternberg feature, which requires an industrial background will be filmed at Pittsburg a little later in the year.

The Adolph Zuhor ten thousand dollar prize for the story which made the best picture of the year has been awarded to Rafael Sabatini for *Scaramouche*. A distinguished body of judges which included representatives of the drama, the Press, and the Arts were heartily congratulated by Zuhor on the wisdom of their choice, which it is hoped, will encourage other distinguished authors to write with one eye on screen possibilities.

Sabatini's romance was the final choice, out of the seventeen pictures which were selected. These were *Abraham Lincoln*, *A Woman of Paris*, *The Iron Horse*, *The Marriage Circle*, *The Sea Hawk*, *The Ten Commandments*, *The Thief of Bagdad*, *America (Love and Sacrifice)*, *Anna Christie*, *Beau Brummel*, *Girl Shy*, *The Humming Bird*, *Merton of the Movies*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, *Secrets*, and *The Enchanted Cottage*. The choice was then narrowed down to three, *A Woman of Paris*, *The Thief of Bagdad* and *Scaramouche*. Chaplin's film, however, fell down as regards story, and of the others, *Abraham Lincoln*, *The Ten Commandments*, *The Iron Horse*, *America* and *Girl Shy* were written especially for the screen. Yet a novel written solely as a novel won the prize. This subject is an interesting one and will be dealt with more fully in a forthcoming issue.

Shirley Mason has received a fan letter from a little twelve-year-old Japanese schoolgirl. Shirley plaintively declared that, though she was always fond of her lessons, they didn't teach Japanese where she went to school so it was unintelligible to her. The Japanese Consulate, however, were very willing to oblige with a translation of the letter, which was on finely-perfumed rice paper, and read thus: "It is with great pleasure that your worshipping people of Yokohama see your pictures. Bye and bye your people miss you with large tears. Will you please not come back soon again in your pictures to your people." This interesting



Richard Dix amuses a juvenile audience with 'Peter' his handpicked talking doll.

document was addressed to "Dear Honorable Shirley Mason."

Gloria Swanson is reported engaged to a French Count. She did not make that second picture in Paris, much to her disappointment and will be at home again quite shortly.

Rodney, by the way, paid a short visit to London and was rewarded by one of those dense yellow fogs of which London seems to have the special monopoly. He didn't see much of the town for the first few days.

Victor Seastrom's *He Who Gets Slapped* which had its initial English presentation at the Tivoli, London, is unique in that both the British and the American Press unanimously agree as to its merits. In many cases where American praises, England censures. It is an age-old story which might have been called a film version of the Prologue to *Pagliacci*, but it is treated in Seastrom's best form, vigorously, realistically, and with many touches of symbolism which will appeal to discerning film lovers. The high spot of the movie is a scene in which the Clown returns to the ring to fetch a stuffed heart which had been buried in the sand there during his act, and stands meditating with it in his hand. The lights of the ring die out gradually until only a single white spot illumines the face of "He," before all is entirely black. It is a pity, though, that the title by which the play based on the same Russian story was known, i.e., "The Painted Laugh," was not used for the movie also.

Seastrom is working on *Kings in Exile* which he has re-titled *Confessions of a Queen*. The complete cast consists of Alice Terry, Lewis Stone,

Helene D'Algy, John Bowers, Eugenie Besserer, Otto Hoffman, Francis Hatton, Joseph Dowling, Frankie Davis and Andre de Beranger.

Monte Blue and Marie Prevost are once more at work on the same set in *Recompense*, directed by Harry Beaumont. Both players have recently signed long term contracts with Warner Bros., and will be seen together in several dramas this year.

Harry Morey in reminiscent mood the other day recalled some of the girls who applied for positions in his company when he was making his own star films at Vitagraph. "Among those who were at first extras then promoted to 'bits,'" he said, "were John Bunny, whose first 'bit' was the role of a barman in one of my Westerns, Corinne Griffith, Betty Blythe, who soon rose to be my leading lady; Alice Joyce, Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge. But they've all climbed to the top of the tree now."

Lucille Ricksen, who has been doing such fine ingenue work at Ince's has organised The Climber's Club. Each member is a potential star and they are all under twenty. Their idea is to do "something finer and better," and they solemnly meet and discuss each other's characterisations. They also study "worth-while" dramas and the work of Duse and other famous artistes. Shannon Day belongs, Derelys Perdue, Clara Bow and Alberta Vaughan.

You may or may not have heard of Clare De Sorey, who has several screen appearances to her credit. But you assuredly will hear of her in the future, for she has been selected by Ernest Linnenkamp as one of his fifteen types of representative American

beauty. Linnenkamp is a Viennese artist, who has been commissioned by a Swiss Studio to paint the thirty most beautiful women in the world. He has decided to choose fifteen European types and fifteen American. The register of the latter still lacks four names, but amongst the first eleven appear Claire Windsor and Mary Philbin.

Jack Pickford is playing in support of Nazimova in *Her Son*.

The latest in the way of adventure serials concerns a kind of female Tarzan, a girl who since the age of four has a strange power over all the animals in her father's circus.

Tom Meighan is scheduled to make a picture in Ireland. He will finish his present film, make one more and then set sail for the Old Country.

Cecil B. De Mille may be in England by the time this issue is on sale. He has severed his connection with Paramount films, and will produce independently, releasing his screen plays through one or other of the big companies. He has a large party with him, including of course his scenarist, Jeanie McPherson.

With many fans, a bag of goodies is a highly necessary part of the kinema programme. Chocolates and sweets are all very well, but there is also much to be said in favour of home-made chocolate confections. A little Bournville Cocoa and a copy of "Chocolate Cookery" (which can be had on application to Cadbury Bros, Ltd, Bournville) are the necessaries for this. By following the simple directions therein novel chocolate dainties can be made for both home and kinema consumption.

Wallace Beery didn't star in "Curly Top," but this looks as though he had ambitions that way.



PERSECUTING PERCY

(Continued from page 60.)

ment, as he puffed at his pipe and seemed to think the subject ended.

"My films?" he repeated, and laughed heartedly.

"Not on your life. Why should I? I never had any parts that really satisfied me until *If Winter Comes* and—Good Lord! Don't films age? It seems almost a lifetime ago already since we were over in England making the Canterbury scenes. What is it? Two years? Nearly three? Not as much? Jove, what a time that was, and how good it was to be home again. Even the London omnibuses gave me a thrill. And Whitehall—do you know what lucky devils you are to have a Whitehall? I wouldn't change it for any street in the world."

"No chance," I asked, "of work bringing you back to England again in the near future?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No luck," he said. "I've an American schedule as long as your arm." "Persecutions all the way?"

"Only a few at present," he answered, blowing away the disturbing vision of Whitehall in a puff of smoke from his pipe and coming back to reality with a visible jolt. "Quite a pretty bit of trouble in *Doctor Nye*, and an uncomfortable shindy or two in *Miracle*. But I've been through worse times in the last couple of years."

I thought of my last screen vision of Percy Marmont, nerve-wracked and broken in *The Clean Heart*, with the newspaper presses rolling over him, and the ghost of himself pointing the way to oblivion in the Thames. I told him so, and he laughed cheerily.

"Yes," he said, "*The Clean Heart* ought to have been billed as featuring Percy the Persecuted. I think it was my high water mark of suffering. By the way, could you stand that man Wriford—didn't he strike you as a most unpleasant personage? If Blackton's technique hadn't interested me so much, I think I should have found the film horribly unsympathetic. But I don't mind telling you that it took some playing!

"I had a much easier time in *The Light That Failed*, where I had nothing to do but fall into a part which the real actors of the world have already prepared for popularity."

"Dick Helder?" "Yes. 'Dick Helder slowly going blind. What a part! I—' Suddenly he stopped, looked wildly at his watch, and sank back into his chair.

"What's the matter?" "Six-thirty. Appointment about a persecution at six. Never mind."

"What are you going to do?" "Have another . . . And we did. G. K. SELWYN.

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Abraham Lincoln (*Ass. First Nat. Feb. 16*).

An animated biography of Lincoln, from his childhood to his assassination. Sketchy but excellent on all points. The cast includes George A. Billings, Danny Hoy, Ruth Clifford, Nell Craig, Irene Hunt, Westcott B. Clark, Eddie Burns, Pat Hartigan, Otis Harlan, Louise Fazenda, William Humphrey, Eddie Sutherland, William Moran, Walter Roger, James Welch and Willis Marks. Don't miss it.

Across the Border (*Ducal; Feb. 2*).

Big Boy Williams in the stirring adventure story of a courageous cowboy. Patricia Palmer opposite the star. Not a highly original story and quite good as Western entertainment.

Along Came Ruth (*Metro Goldwyn-Jury; Feb. 26*).

Romantic light comedy starring Viola Dana as a girl with plenty of pep who wakes up a small town and its inhabitants. Supporting Viola are Walter Hiers, Tully Marshall, Raymond McKee, Victor Potel, Gale Henry, De Witt Jennings and Adele Farrington.

The Arab (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; Feb. 23*).

A pictorial treat consisting of an educational film of the Orient plus a conventional melodrama. Excellent atmosphere, also Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro directed by Rex Ingram. Cast includes Count Jean de Lemur, Maxudian, Paul Vermogal, Adelqui Millar, Alexandresco, Justa Uribe, Jerrold Robertshaw, Paul Francisci, and Guisepe de Compo.

The Breaking Point (*Paramount; Feb. 23*).

Based on Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel in which the millionaire hero forgets his past and develops a brand-new identity as the result of a shock. Matt Moore and Nita Naldi star, with

Patsy Ruth Miller, George Fawcett, John Merkel, Theodore Von Eltz, Edythe Chapman, Milt Brown, Charles A. Stevenson and Naida Faro in support. Good entertainment.

Bright Lights and Shadows (*Pathe; Feb. 2*).

All about a country girl's meteoric rise to theatrical success, and her subsequent disillusion and return. Plenty of thrills, also Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman, Harrison Ford, Edmund Breese, Claire Dolorez, Effie Shannon and Tyrone Power. Not for the critical.

Broadway or Bust (*European; Feb. 16*).

Hoot Gibson away from his usual ranch, getting badly tangled up in a romance which would have been better treated as broad comedy. Gertrude Astor, Ruth Dwyer, King Zany, Stanhope Wheatcroft, and Fred Malatesta support the star. Fair entertainment.

Broken Barriers (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; Feb. 16*).

A powerful problem drama of modern life dealing with the romance of a girl with unconventional ideas. All star cast comprises Norma Shearer, James Kirkwood, Adolphe Menjou, Mae Busch, George Fawcett, Robert Agnew, Ruth Stonehouse, Robert Frazer, Winifred Bryson, Edythe Chapman and Vera Reynolds. Good social drama.

Butterfly (*European; Feb. 23*).

A story of New York's fast set and a sister's devotion. Very well produced and played by Ruth Clifford, Laura La Plante, Kenneth Harlan, Norman Kerry, Cesare Gravina, Margaret Livingstone, T. Roy Barnes and Freeman Wood. Good entertainment.

The Dawn of a To-morrow (*Paramount; Feb. 19*).

Over-sentimental as a story but excellent as to action, direction and

photography. Adapted from Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular novel and play. Jacqueline Logan stars, supported by David Torrence, Raymond Griffith, Roland Bottomley, Alma Bennett, Marguerite Clayton, Guy Oliver and Teinpe Piggott.

The Desert Outlaw (Fox; Feb. 9).

Buck Jones and Evelyn Brent in a romantic Western drama about an innocent outlaw's sacrifice and a girl's love for an erring brother. William Hayes, De Witt Jennings, Diana Miller, Claude Payton and Robert Klein make up the cast. Fair entertainment.

The Devil's Bowl (Gaumont; Feb. 19).

Something new in Westerns. A tense drama of romance and mystery and a man who roamed the desert to avenge his sister. Neal Hart stars, with Kathleen Bennett, W. J. Allen, Frone Hale, Wm. McLaughlin, John Berk and Gertrude Ryan in support. Excellent entertainment.

The Eleventh Commandment (Gaumont; Feb. 2).

Rather an unconvincing theme of family pride and a sister's sacrifice redeemed by good acting and production. Fay Compton and Stewart Rome share stellar honours, and are supported by Lilian Hall-Davis, Jack Hobbs, Charles Quartermain, Brian Ahern, Louise Hampton and Dawson Millward. Fair entertainment.

The Family Secret (European; Feb. 9).

A skilful blend of Baby Peggy and a melodramatic story by Frances Hodgson Burnett about a child who was always in the way. The cast in-

cludes Gladys Hulette, Edward Earle, Frank Currier, Cesare Gravina, Martin Turner, Elizabeth Mackey, Martha Mattox, Milla Davenport and Lucy Beaumont. Good entertainment.

Fight and Win (European; Feb. 2).

Ten two reels featuring Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion. On *The Leather Pushers* lines, though not quite so joyous. Besides the star, the permanent cast comprises Hayden Stevenson, George Ovey, Chuck Reisner, Ed Kennedy, and Esther Ralston. Good entertainment.

Find Your Man (Gaumont; Feb. 9).

Rather stereotyped Western lumber melodrama redeemed by the attractive work of Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star. June Marlowe, Eric St. Clair, Charles Hill Mailes, Pat Hartigan, Fred Stanton, Lew Harvey and Charles Conklin act well. Good melodramatic fare.

For Sale (Ass. First Nat.; Feb. 2).

A screen indictment of society marriage customs in which a girl is placed on the matrimonial market to save her parents from bankruptcy. The fine cast includes Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Ellis, Mary Carr, Tully Marshall, Vera Reynold, Phillips Smallery, Christine Mayo, Frank Elliott, and Marga La Rubia. Fair social drama.

The Girl in the Limousine (W. & F.; Feb. 16).

Six reels of Larry Semon in his usual comical stunts providing good entertainment for those who like prolonged knockabout farce. Claire Adams opposite Larry, also Charlie Murray, Lucille Ward, Oliver Harding.

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Rex, Alice, and Ramon on location for "The Arab."



Norma Shearer and James Kirkwood in "Broken Barriers."

The Guilty One (Paramount; Feb. 16).

Excellent mystery drama, well directed, and developed, and played by Agnes Ayres, Edward Burns, Stanley Taylor, Crauford Kent, Cyril Ring, Catherine Wallace, Clarence Burton, and George Seigman.

Hearts of Oak (Fox; Feb. 16).

Hobart Bosworth in a melodrama of love and sacrifice, containing some fine Arctic and storm scenes and a wireless finale. The supporting cast include Pauline Starke, Theodore Von Eltz, James Gordon, Francis Powers, Jennie Lee and Francis Ford. Not for the over critical.

Hold Your Breath (Gaumont; Feb. 9).

An excellent thrill comedy with some really breath-taking stunts performed by Dorothy Devore, ably assisted by Walter Hiers, Tully Marshall, Jimmie Adams, Priscilla Bonner, Jimmie Harrison, Patricia Palmer, Max Davidson, Jay Belasco, Budd Fine and Eddie Baker.

In Fast Company (Unity; Feb. 16).

A merry whirl of fast action comedy with Dick Talmadge living up to his title of "the mile a minute star." Mildred Harris opposite, also Sheldon Lewis, Charles Clarey, Douglas Gerard, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Snitz Edwards, Marshall Ruth and Max Ascher.

Konigsmark (W. & F.; Feb. 2).

Elaborate romantic drama based on the disappearance of Konigsmark in George I reign. Huguette Duflos is the star, with Georges Vaulter, Henri Houry, Marcy Capri, and Jaque Catelain in support. Good sentimental fare.

The Humming Bird (Paramount; Feb. 9).

An apache story of the Parisian underworld and the Great War, not over original, but well told and full of punch. Excellent acting and photography. Gloria Swanson stars with Edward Burns and William Ricciardi, Mario Majeroni, Mme. D'Ambri-court, Helen Lindworth, Cesare Gravina and Jacque L'Amery. Excellent entertainment.

The Love Story of Alette Brunton (Stoll; Feb. 23).

The first Gilbert Frankau story to be screened, a strong triangle drama well directed and acted by Isobel Elsom (in a dual role), Lewis Gilbert, Henry Victor, James Carew, Minnie Leslie, Mrs. Hayden Coffin, and H. Humberston Wright.

The Man With the Iron Mask (W. and F.; Feb. 23).

A fine French historical drama based on the Dumas story and featuring Vladimir Gaidarow. Somewhat heavy entertainment.

Married People (Wardour; Feb. 2).

Mabel Ballin and Percy Marmont in an after marriage story of a woman and two men. Ernest Hillard, Bobby Clarke, Dick Lee, Bertha Kent, J. Well Dillon and Louis Dean.

North of Nevada (Pathe; Feb. 16).

Fred Thompson and "Silver King," his horse in a fine stunt Westerner with many original touches and plenty of punch. Hazel Keener, Josef Swickard, Taylor Graves, Wilfred Lucas, Joe Butterworth, Chester Conklen and George Macgill support the star.

Outwitted (Phillips; Dec. 16).

Eugene O'Brien in a rather slight story of a crooked land deal that resulted eventually in a victory for the proposed victim. Fair entertainment.

The Painted Lady (Fox; Feb. 2).

A melodrama of contrasts in which a girl criminal finds regeneration on a South Sea Island. Dorothy Mackaill and George O'Brien star, with Harry T. Morey, Lucien Littlefield, Lucille Ricksen, Frank Elliott, Margaret McWade and Kate Toncray in support.

The Passionate Adventurer (Gaumont; Feb. 23).

Alice Joyce and Clive Brook in a strong drama of London life. Unconvincing but well produced, photographed and played. Supporting cast includes Marjorie Daw, Victor MacLaglen, Lillian Hall Davis, J. R. Tozer, Mary Brough and John Hamilton.

Ridgeway of Montana (European; Feb. 19).

Jack Hoxie in a fast moving Westerner which opens up as a romance and finishes as a thriller. Olive Hasbrouk opposite the star, also Herbert Fortier, Lou Meehan, Charles E. Thurston, Pat Harmon and Pierre Gendron. Good entertainment.

The Stirrup-Cup Sensation (Butcher; Feb. 26).

Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome in

a Campbell Rae Brown racing drama with a startling climax. Judd Green, Cameron Carr, Gertrude Sterroll, Fred Hearne, James Stacey, Bob Vallis and "Peter" also appear. Good entertainment.

Single Wives (Ass. First Nat.; Feb. 9).

Treats of a pair of neglected wives and of how a broken leg brings happiness. Corinne Griffith and Milton Sills star, with Kathlyn Williams, Phyllis Haver, Phillips Smalley, Joe Austin, Lou Tellegen, H. B. Walthall and John Patrick in support. Excellent acting and quite good social drama.

Slim Shoulders (Wardour; Feb. 16).

Drama concerning a girl who had to disguise herself and burgle her lover's house to recover a vital document belonging to her father. Irene Castle and Rod La Rocque star, with Warren Cook, Marie Burke, Mario Carillo, Anders Randolph and Matthew Betz in support. Fair entertainment.

Terror (Ducal; Feb. 23).

Pearl White's last film to date, a crook melodrama with Parisian settings not nearly up to the star's usual offering, although, she, herself, is charming. For Pearl White fans only.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; Feb. 9).

Will cause great grief to Hardy lovers, as it has been modernised and mis-cast. It contains the most artistic screen murder we've yet seen, also much fine acting by Blanche Sweet, Conrad Nagel, George Fawcett, Victory Bateman, Courtney Foote, Jos. J. Dowling, and Stuart Holmes. Tragic entertainment.

The Thief of Bagdad (Allied Artists; Feb. 2).

Douglas Fairbanks in his beautiful screen fantasy, in which an Arabian Nights thief reforms for love of a princess. Wonderful settings and trick photography and a good cast comprising Julianne Johnstone, Snitz Edwards, Anna May Wong, Winter Blossom, Brandon Hurst, Etta Lee, So-Jin, Noble Johnson, M. Comant, Charles Stevens and Sam Baker. Excellent fairy tale fare.

Three Women (Gaumont; Feb. 19).

Pauline Frederick, Marie Prevost, May McAvoy, Lew Cody, Willard Louis, Mary Carr, and Pierre Gendron in a Lubitsch feature brilliantly directed and acted. Story is commonplace, wandering from subtle modern character studies into sentimental melodrama. Excellent, though sophisticated fare.

Tiger Thompson (F. B. O.; Feb. 9).

A story of hidden plunder with some fine rescues and fighting scenes. Harry Carey stars, supported by Margaret Clayton, John Dillon and Jack Richardson. Good entertainment.



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MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 22.)

Rome, September 10th.

Last night we had another fascinating evening. We dined with the Baron Fassini in his apartment in the Palazzo Titoni, and from there we motored to his castle at Nettuno.

It is an hour and a half drive from Rome, right along the sea coast. The sea coast of Italy! And the castle is rebuilt from the original plans found in the original ruins.

I walked through the moonlight.

And a creepy feeling came over me. I felt that these walls, if they could only speak, could tell tremendous tales, still fascinating.

I think that it would fascinate me to live in such a place. Perhaps I have very steady nerves, or, even, an imagination that needs such stimuli. But I have always felt strangely akin and at home in places of this kind.

We had a delightful supper at the castle. Certainly the possibility of ghosts didn't affect my appetite, nor Natacha's, either. That much I can testify to, with positiveness. It is a marvellous spot, and one to which Mussolini often goes for a rest. The Baron showed us the room where Mussolini sleeps when he goes there.

The baron told me that any time I might care to make pictures there, he would be happy to let me use the whole castle if I needed it for sets. It is rebuilt as it was in the eleventh century.

It was a delightful evening, steeped in atmosphere and the aroma of reminiscence that made the ancient splendours live again, almost as though the peoples who had been there were come back again. Secret doors and dungeon fastnesses, dim, ghostly corridors and vaulted dining halls . . . baronial splendours brought to date without the sacrifice of the dead hands that had wrought them and the dead spirits that had inhabited them. Only a great imagination, directing master hands, would have achieved this result.

It would be a glorious thing to make a picture there, and some day I hope to do so. No critic, I feel sure, would ever be able to complain of lack of authenticity, were a picture of that period to be made in this castle at Nettuno.

I have not met Premier Mussolini and my time is now so brief that I fear this pleasure is to be denied me. A dinner was to have been arranged in order for me to meet him, and they wanted us to remain longer, but when we returned to the hotel to-night, we found some telegrams awaiting us that had to be attended to and Natacha has decided that she will go back to Nice.

I couldn't, I can't go back very well, without losing at least three-quarters of the purpose of my trip, which is to go to my home town and to see all of my family. We talked it over and



Another "snap" taken before Commendatore's Ambrosio's "Quo Vadis" sets; the producer is the first figure on the left.

decided that for me to go back would be sheer nonsense. In a way, Natacha, much as she loves Italy, is not sorry to go, I think. She hates open cars and the dusty roads (not to mention my driving), and so to-morrow evening I shall put her on the train, a sleeper, to Nice. Auntie will remain with me and she and my sister and I will go on together.

I will write to-morrow after Natacha has gone.

Rome, September 11th.

Natacha has gone.

I am alone to-day for the first time in many months. I could write a dissertation on loneliness if I had the time. It is like a mist from the sea striking chill to the bone.

In an hour or two we start for Campo Basso, where my brother is. Auntie, my sister and I. Auntie and my sister have arranged to sit together in the back seat of the car so that they may not know the worst that the road (and again my driving!) has to hold for them. Natacha says that I am either neurotic about my prowess at the wheel, or else that I have a guilty conscience, else I would not dwell so constantly upon it. I tell her that my record speaks for me. I have nothing to say.

Now for the next lap of the journey!

Campo Basso, September 12th.

We had a wonderful road yesterday, from Rome to Campo Basso. I found myself wishing desperately that Natacha had been along to observe my tactics on that unwontedly good stretch of road. And there was marvellous scenery on the way there. Almost impossible to describe. The landscape kept shifting all of the time and one would have to have a kaleidoscope for

a mind to be able to do it justice. Shifting beauty . . . colours that dissolved into other colours . . . grandeurs that gave way to grandeurs . . .

Even the people kept changing, as is the way in my country. Their costumes, their customs, their official languages. Their dialects, even. So that it was one panorama of continual change.

Cities have a beauty that is as marvellous as the beauty of the countryside to me. They are enchanted spots if you see them with your eyes half closed. Pinnacles, towers and turrets, opalescent and serene, piercing the very skies with a kind of a daring and courage that is breathtaking. They are none the less majestic because they are man-made, for they are born of towering dreams and inspired, even though unconsciously, by the turrets of high mountains, the lift of rock foundations, the sweep of ancient pyramids.

And so I won't attempt the volumes here . . . some day, perhaps, when I am an old man with a long white beard and my fund of picture reminiscences has run out, I shall return to the scenes of splendour I have traversed on this trip and give my picture of it to a waiting world.

We did see, however, a very interesting sight as we neared Campo Basso in the province of Abruzzi in the Appenines. The country people hereabouts have still preserved their ancient and ancestral costumes as well as the like customs. On this particular day they were just coming back from a *fiera*, or market day. From the hamlets and small villages round about they go, driving their cattle, their pigs, carrying their produce, whether of the loom, or the fields, or the vineyards, their milk and cheese to sell, everything they have.

And also to buy there what they will need for some time to come. It is a medieval sight and rich with atmosphere and colour. It seems more like a page out of some old medieval volume than an actual sight seen in this modern twentieth century.

We met them all as they were coming back. They were dressed in gaudy, colourful clothes, most of them were carrying things on their heads. Few of them have carts, and so they walk, those who have carts driving ahead of them what they have bought. It was a very interesting sight to me and at no time during my trip did I so wish for a motion picture camera as I did during that hour. There were marvellous types there. Marvellous colouring of costumes. Some of the very young girls were perfect types, the most perfect I have yet seen.

The general type runs to very white teeth, hair as black as the blackest part of the night, piled and worn straight down, dazzling complexions that seem to have caught and combined the warm Italian sun, the full-flooded moon, the tinge of the grape. I said to my sister and to Auntie that a motion picture director looking for types would find a veritable wealth of material here. All sorts of types, too, not only the young beauty type. Character types. Old men. Old women. Mothers with tiny babes clinging to their skirts, to their hands and arms and knees.

And I have never seen anything of this sort in a picture. That is why I believe that if you are to take a picture having to do with Italy or any other country, want *locales*, want special types of character, the only place that it can be truly and rightly done is in that special country.

People say, "But why travel? We can build the locales. We can imitate the types." Maybe . . . maybe . . . but I don't think so. Not for the people who know. And it is, I think, a common tendency to undervalue what the fans know. They know more than they often charitably, say that they know. What you build isn't it, when all is said and done. It is mere imitation and while imitation may be flattery, may be ingenuity, may be skilful, may even be past detection, it isn't the thing itself. It can't be. Besides, these true types on the screen would be immensely interesting to everyone. And I hope some day that if I do a picture with an Italian setting, and a call for these types, I can do it here, where these types are, so that people in America will see something new. Real nature. Not people and places made up to look like nature and deceiving fewer than they think.

I am glad we were lucky to see this *fiera*, for

my aunt had heard about the *fiestas*, but had never seen them. She was very enthusiastic about it all and so glad she had had the opportunity to see it.

We kept on after that slight digression at the *fiera*, where we loitered along, picking out this or that type and asking and answering innumerable questions and arrived at Campo Basso at 5.30 that evening.

We went straight to my brother's house without any preliminary telephoning or message and went, also, straight up the stairs.

As I opened the door, I saw, the first thing, a little bit of a boy about nine years old. He just looked at me once, straight in the eyes, and said "Uncle Rudie!" I said, "Yes!" and then he made a fast spring, nothing short of marvellous in its agility and direct aim, and was about my neck, hugging me tight.

I had never seen him before, of course, as he was born while I was in America.

After the outburst of this first meeting he calmed down comparatively, and began asking me all sorts of rapid-fire questions:

"Have you any dollars in your pockets?"

"What do they look like?"

"How did you come?"

I tried to answer the questions as rapidly and as succinctly as he put them, but I was hard put to it to keep up with him, I will admit.

When I answered the last question, saying, "By automobile," he detached himself from me and scampered down the stairs. Crazy about automobiles. Like I was when I was a kid. Automobiles, cattle and horses. That's all I really cared about when I was his age.

Then I turned to my sister-in-law, who had, perforce, remained in the background while the effusions of her son went on. She had really had no chance to interrupt and I had had no opportunity to as much as shake hands or say, "How d'you do."
(Another long instalment, next month).

Italy abounds in views like this



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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 17.)

to him meant the announcement that Amos expected a new line of white goods on the morrow, or Mrs. Gashwiler's version of a regrettable incident occurring at that afternoon's meeting of the Entre Nous Five Hundred Club, in which the score had been juggled adversely to Mrs. Gashwiler, resulting in the loss of the first prize, a handsome fern dish, and concerning which Mrs. Gashwiler had thought it best to speak her mind? What importance could he attach to the disclosure of Metta Judson, the Gashwiler hired girl, who chatted freely during her appearances with food, that Doc Cummins had said old Grandma Foutz couldn't last out another day; that the Peter Swansons were sending clear to Chicago for Tilda's trousseau; and that Jeff Murdock had arrested one of the Giddings boys, but she couldn't learn if it was Ferd or Gus, for being drunk as a fool and busting up a bazaar out at the Oak Grove schoolhouse, and the fighting was something terrible.

Scarcely did he listen to these petty recitals. He ate in silence, and when he had finished the simple meal he begged to be excused. He begged this in a lofty, detached, somewhat weary manner, as a man of the world, excessively bored at the dull chatter, but still the fastidious gentleman, might have begged it, breaking into one of the many repetitions by his hostess of just what she had said to Mrs. Judge Ellis. He was again Clifford Armytage, enacting a polished society man among yokels. He was so impressive, after rising, in his bow to Mrs. Gashwiler that Amos regarded him with a kindling suspicion.

"Say!" he called, as Merton in the hall plucked his rakish plush hat from the mirrored rack. "You remember, now, no more o' that skylarkin' with them dummies! Them things cost money."

Merton paused. He wished to laugh sarcastically, a laugh of withering scorn. He wished to reply in polished tones, "'Skylarkin'! You poor, dull clod, what do you know of my ambitions, my ideals? You, with your petty life devoted to gaining a few paltry dollars!" But he did not say this, or even register the emotion that would justly accompany such a sub-title. He merely rejoined:

"All right, sir, I'm not going to touch them," and went quickly out. "Darned old grouch!" he muttered as he went down the concrete walk to the Gashwiler front gate.

Here he turned to regard the two-story brick house and the square of lawn with a concrete deer on one side of the walk, balanced by a concrete deer on the other. Before the gate was the cast-iron effigy of a small Negro in fantastic uniform, holding an iron ring aloft. The Gashwiler carriage horse had been tethered to this in the

days before the Gashwiler touring car had been acquired.

"Dwelling of a country storekeeper!" muttered Merton. "That's all you are!"

This was intended to be scornful. Merton meant that on the screen it would be recognised as this and nothing more. It could not be taken for the mansion of a rich banker, or the country home of a Wall Street magnate. He felt that he had been keen in his dispraise, especially as old Gashwiler would never get the sting of it. Clod!

Three blocks brought him to the heart of the town, still throbbing faintly. He stood, irresolute, before the Giddings House. Chairs in front of this hostelry were now vacant of loafers, and a clatter of dishes came through the open windows of the dining-room, where supper was on. Farther down the street Selby Brothers, Cigars and Confectionery, would be open; lights shone from the windows of the Fashion Pool Parlour across the

relentlessly by it without slackening speed, the mail bag being flung to the depot platform. But sometimes there would be a passenger for Simsbury, and the proud train would slow down and halt reluctantly, with a grinding of brakes, while the passenger alighted. Then a good view of the train could be had; a line of beautiful sleepers terminating in an observation car, its rear platform guarded by a brass-topped railing behind which the privileged lolled at ease; and up ahead a wonderful dining-car, where dinner was being served; flitting white-clad waiters, the glitter of silver and crystal and damask, and favoured beings feasting at their lordly ease, perhaps denying even a careless glance at the pitiful hamlet outside, or at most looking out impatient at the halt, or merely staring with incurious eyes while awaiting their choice foods.

Not one of these enviable persons ever betrayed any interest in Simsbury, or its little group of citizens who daily gathered on the platform to do them honour. Merton Gill used to fancy that these people might shrewdly detect him to be out of place there—might



"These comedies make me tired," said Merton, "I never see one if I can help it."

way; the City Drug Store could still be entered; and the post office would stay open until after the mail from No. 4 was distributed. With these exceptions the shops along this mart of trade were tightly closed, including the Gashwiler Emporium, at the blind front of which Merton now glanced.

Such citizens as were yet abroad would be over at the depot to watch No. 4 go through. Merton debated joining these sightseers. Simsbury was too small to be noticed by many trains. It sprawled along the track as if it had been an afterthought of the railroad. Trains like No. 4 were apt to dash

perhaps take him to be an alien city man awaiting a similar proud train going the other way standing as he would aloof from the obvious villagers, and having a manner, a carriage, an attire, such as further set him apart. Still, he could never be sure about this. Perhaps no one ever did single him out as a being patently of the greater world. Perhaps they considered that he was rightly of Simsbury and would continue to be a part of it all the days of his life; or perhaps they wouldn't notice him at all. They had been passing Simsburies all day and all Simsburies and all

their peoples must look very much alike to them. Very well—a day would come. There would be at Simsbury a momentous stop of No. 4 and another passenger would be in that dining-car, disjointed for ever from Simsbury, and he with them would stare out of the polished windows at the gaping throng, and he would continue to stare with incurious eyes at still other Simsburys along the right of way, while the proud train bore him off to triumphs never dreamed of by natural-born villagers.

He decided now not to tantalize himself with a glance at this splendid means of escape from all that was sordid. He was still not a little depressed by the late unpleasantness with Gashwiler, who had thought him a crazy fool, with his revolver, his fiercely muttered words, and his holding aloft of a valuable dummy as if to threaten it with destruction. Well, some day the old grouch would eat his words; some day he would be relating to amazed listeners that he had known Merton Gill intimately at the very beginning of his astounding career. That was bound to come. But to-night Merton had no heart for the swift spectacle of No. 4. Nor even, should it halt, did he feel up to watching those indifferent, incurious passengers who little recked that a future screen idol in natty plush hat and belted coat amusedly surveyed them. To-night he must be alone—but a day would come. Resistless Time would strike his hour!

Still he must wait for the mail before beginning his nightly study. Certain of his magazines would come to-night. He sauntered down the deserted street, pausing before the establishment of Selby Brothers. From the door of this emerged one Elmer Huff, clerk at the City Drug Store. Elmer had purchased a package of cigarettes and now offered one to Merton.

"Lo, Mert! Have a little pill?"

"No thanks," replied Merton firmly.

He had lately given up smoking—save those clandestine indulgences at the expense of Gashwiler—because he was saving money against his great day.

Elmer lighted one of his own little pills and made a further suggestion.

"Say, how about settin' in a little game with the gang to-night after the store closes—ten-cent limit?"

"No, thanks," replied Merton, again firmly.

He had no great liking for poker at any limit, and he would not subject his savings to a senseless hazard. Of course he might win, but you never could tell.

"Do you good," urged Elmer. "Quit at twelve sharp, with one round of roodles."

"No, I guess not," said Merton.

"We had some game last night, I'll tell the world! One hand we had

four jacks out against four aces, and right after that I held four kings against an ace full. Say, one time there I was about two-eighty to the good, but I didn't have enough sense to quit. Hear about Gus Giddin's? They got him over in the coop for breaking in on a social out at the Oak Grove schoolhouse last night. Say, he had a peach on when he left here, I'll tell the world! But he didn't get far. Them Grove lads certainly made a believer out of him. You ought to see that left eye of his!"

Merton listened loftily to this village talk, gossip of a rural sport who got a peach on and started something—And the poker game in the back room of the City Drug Store! What diversions were these for one who had a future? Let these clods live out their dull lives in their own way. But not Merton Gill, who held aloof from their low sports, studied faithfully the lessons in his film-acting course, and patiently bided his time.

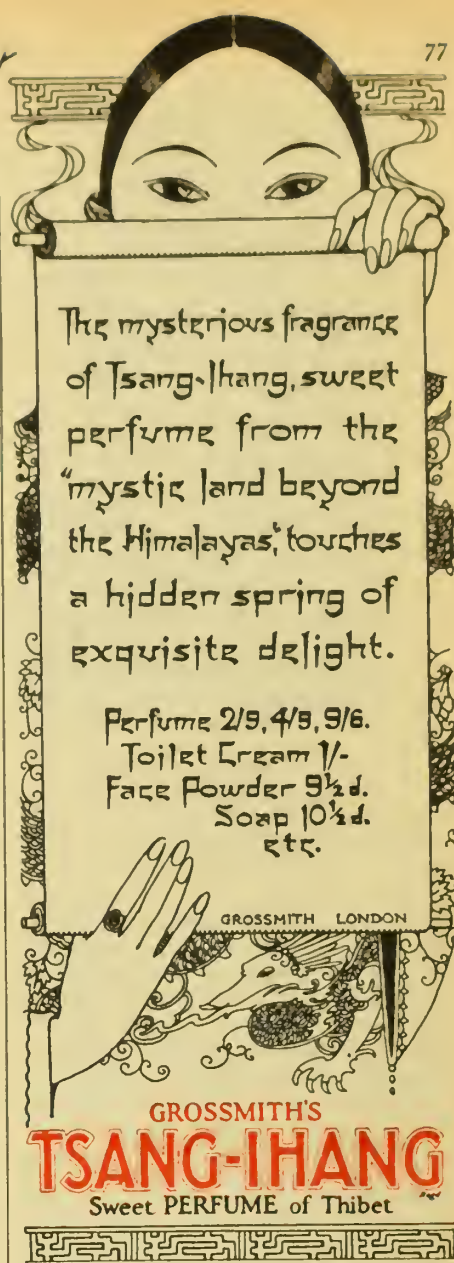
He presently sauntered to the post office, where the mail was being distributed. Here he found the sight-seers who had returned from the treat of No. 4's flight, and many of the less enterprising citizens who had merely come down for their mail. Gashwiler was among these, smoking one of his choice cigars. He was not allowed to smoke in the house. Merton, knowing this prohibition, strictly enforced by Mrs. Gashwiler, threw his employer a glance of honest pity. Briefly he permitted himself a vision of his own future home—a palatial bungalow in distant Hollywood, with expensive cigars in elaborate humidors and costly gold-tipped cigarettes in silver things on low tables. One might smoke freely there in every room.

Under more of the Elmer Huff sort of gossip, and the rhythmic clump of the cancelling stamp at the back of the drawers and boxes, he allowed himself a further glimpse of this luxurious interior. He sat on a low couch, among soft cushions, a magnificent bearskin rug beneath his feet. He smoked one of the costly cigarettes and chatted with a young lady interviewer from *Photo Land*.

"You ask of my wife," he was saying. "But she is more than a wife—she is my best pal, and, I may add, she is also my severest critic."

He broke off here, for an obsequious

Japanese butler entered with a tray of cooling drinks. The tray would be gleaming silver, but he was uncertain about the drinks; something with long straws in them probably. But as to anything alcoholic now—While he was trying to determine this the general-delivery window was opened and the interview had to wait. But, anyway, you could smoke where you wished in that house, and Gashwiler couldn't smoke any closer to his house than the front porch. Even trying it there he would be nagged, and fussily



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asked why he didn't go out to the barn. He was a poor fish, Gashwiler; a country storekeeper without a future. A clod!

Merton, after waiting in line, obtained his mail, consisting of three magazines — *Photo Land*, *Silver Screenings*, and *Camera*. As he stepped away he saw that Miss Tessie Kearns stood three places behind the line. He waited at the door for her. Miss Kearns was the one soul in Simsbury who understood him. He had confided to her all his vast ambitions; she had sympathised with them, and her never-failing encouragement had done not a little to stiffen his resolution at odd times when the haven of Hollywood seemed all too distant. A certain community of ambitions had been the foundation of this sympathy between the two, for Tessie Kearns meant to become a scenario writer of eminence, and, like Merton, she was now both studying and practising a difficult art. She conducted the millinery and dressmaking establishment next to the Gashwiler Emporium, but found time, as did Merton, for the worth-while things outside her narrow life.

She was a slight, spare little figure, sedate and mouselike, of middle age and, to the village, of a quiet, sober way of thought. But, known only to Merton, her real life was one of terrific adventure, involving crime of the most atrocious sort, and contact not only with the great and good, but with loathsome demizens of the underworld who would commit any deed for hire. Some of her scenarios would have profoundly shocked the good people of Simsbury, and she often suffered tremors of apprehension at the thought that one of them might be enacted at the Bijou Palace right there on Fourth Street, with her name brazenly announced as author. Suppose it were *Passion's Perils*! She would surely have to leave town after that! She would be too ashamed to stay. Still she would be proud, also, for by that time they would be calling her to Hollywood itself. Of course nothing so distressing—or so grand—had happened yet, for none of her dramas had been accepted; but she was coming on. It might happen any time.

She joined Merton, a long envelope in her hand and a brave little smile on her pinched face.

"Which one is it?" he asked, referring to the envelope.

"It's *Passion's Perils*," she answered with a jaunty affectation of amusement. "The Touchstone-Blatz people sent it back. The slip says its being returned doesn't imply lack of merit."

"I should think it wouldn't!" said Merton warmly.

He knew *Passion's Perils*. A company might have no immediate need for it, but its rejection could not possibly imply a lack of merit, because the merit was there.

They walked on to the Bijou Palace. Its front was dark, for only twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, could Simsbury muster a picture audience; but they could read the bills for the following night. The entrance was flanked on either side by billboards, and they stopped before the first. Merton Gill's heart quickened its beats, for there was billed none other than Beulah Baxter in the ninth instalment of her tremendous serial, *The Hazards of Hortense*.

It was going to be good! It almost seemed that this time the scoundrels would surely get Hortense. She was speeding across a vast open quarry in a bucket attached to a cable, and one of the scoundrels with an axe was viciously hacking at the cable's farther anchorage. It would be a miracle if he did not succeed in his hellish design to dash Hortense to the cruel rocks below. Merton, of course, had not a moment's doubt that the miracle would intervene; he had seen other serials. So he made no comment upon the gravity of the situation, but went at once to the heart of his ecstasy.

"The most beautiful woman on the screen," he murmured. "And look at her nerve! Would your others have as much nerve at that?"

"Maybe she has some one to double in those places," suggested the screen-wise Tessie Kearns.

"Not Beulah Baxter. Didn't I see her personal appearance that time I went to Peoria last spring on purpose to see it? Didn't she talk about the risk she took and how the directors were always begging her to use a double and how her artistic convictions wouldn't let her do any such thing?"

They passed to the other billboard. This would be the comedy. A painfully cross-eyed man in misfitting clothes was doing something supposed to be funny—pushing a lawn-mower over the carpet of a palatial home.

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Miss Kearns.

"Ain't it?" said Merton. "How they can have one of those terrible things on the same bill with Miss Baxter—I can't understand it."

Those censors ought to suppress this sort of buffoonery instead of scenes of dignified passion like they did in *Scarlet Sin*, declared Tessie.

"They sure ought," agreed Merton. "These comedies make me tired. I never see one if I can help it."

Walking on, they discussed the wretched public taste and the wretched actors that pandered to it. The slapstick comedy, they held, degraded a fine and beautiful art. Merton was especially severe. He always felt uncomfortable at one of these regrettable exhibitions when people about him who knew no better laughed heartily. He had never seen anything to laugh at, and said as much.

(To be continued).

THE WAY THEIR MONEY GOES

(Continued from page 50.)

Elinor Glyn and Conway Tearle have incorporated themselves so that they cannot write cheques indiscriminately for all who bring them a tale of woe, as they did formerly, without first calling a meeting of the board of directors! In Conway's case, both his wife and his lawyer have to sign a cheque before he can get cigarette money!

Mrs. Buck Jones takes charge of Buck's pay envelope and doubles it by clever trading at the Horse and Mule Market every morning. But she allows Buck spending money for pedigreed police dogs and blooded riding horses.

A substantial part of Jack Holt's income goes toward keeping a stable of six polo ponies.

George O'Hara has two massive hand-carved phonographs in his living-room, one, he explains, for jazz, the other for music. Milton Sills is lost when he sees a fifty dollar iris bulb or rare gladiolus for his garden. Robert Frazer's radio set fills one room in his bungalow. Cullen Landis finances a ball team, not as a paying investment, but because he was a kid himself not so long ago.

Automobiles are hardly to be accounted luxuries these days, when the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker possess them, but many of the movie stars' autos are built entirely to order, and some have solid gold metal parts! Barbara La Marr owns six imported cars, Tom Mix possesses five. Jack Gilbert has a hobby for collecting accessories for his two cars. On the other hand, Adolphe Menjou, the polished man of the world, whom one would expect to see driven in a limousine with a uniformed chauffeur, bumps over Hollywood ruts and thank-you-marms in a little coupe with "My Fourth Ford" printed on the tire carrier behind!

Pola Negri banks most of her money. Her European mind translates American dollars into the coin of her native Poland. Some day Pola will go back home and be immensely wealthy, incredibly wealthy. Meanwhile she is renting a home instead of purchasing, because fifty thousand dollars in Polish money—why, it would buy most of Warsaw!

I should be glad to enliven this article by describing some screen celebrity's private zoo, which he keeps in gold-plated cages in his back yard, or the champagne baths a popular film vamp indulges in, but, as a matter of fact, the movie stars spend their money in much the way that you and I spend ours—only more so!

DOROTHY DONNELL.

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G. B. (1) Paul Richter has fair hair and blue eyes and is about 5 ft. 9 ins. in height. (2) Adelqui Millar has dark hair and eyes, and is 5 ft. 10 ins. in height. (3) Julianne Johnstone has golden-brown hair and grey-blue eyes. (4) Bunny Graner played the boy hero in *The Town That Forgot God*, and Adelqui Millar was "Merapi" in *The Moon of Israel*. Thanks for good wishes!

MARIETTA, R. V. (Glasgow).—(1) Gerald Ames is the best swordsman on the films, and the owner of quite a formidable number of medals for his fencing prowess. Conway Tearle, John and Lionel Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, Lewis Stone, and scores of others are all very good fencers. (2) Rudolph Valentino's real name is Antonio Guglielmi.

F. R. (Johannesburg).—No casts in these columns. Sorry! I've passed your carol along with my blessing.

DAIBATSUE (London).—Casts are seldom given with German films, and the name of that actor isn't available.

DEVIL M' CARE.—Thanks for your kind offer to come and sweeten my labours for me. When I need someone to apply cold bandages to my fevered brow I'll let you know. (1) It doesn't take me any time to evolve my "witty answers." (2) I'm not a clerk and I don't sit on a high stool—can't afford anything more expensive than a soap box! (3) I don't just work to pass the time away, nor are my motives those of pure and unselfish affection for inquisitive fans. They are, alas, of a more mercenary nature!

C. A. R. (Watford).—(1) "Those heavenly photos" that you covet are called "stills." They can sometimes be obtained from the Film Co. releasing the film in question. (2) Try Jury's, 19-21, Tower Street for stills from *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and Allied Artists, 86-88, Wardour Street for stills from *Way Down East*. (3) There is no prospect of *Scaramouche* being re-issued just yet.

NORMA'S ADMIRER (Eastbourne).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Pola Negri was born Jan. 3rd, 1899. (2)

Barbara La Marr was born in 1898. (3) Constance Talmadge isn't married now. (4) Film stars usually answer their fan mail. Yours may have gone astray, so I should write again if you don't hear soon.

ANXIOUS (Shrewsbury).—I think Fred Paul would let you have a photo if you asked nicely. Address him c/o Stoll Studios, Temple Rd., Cricklewood.

PEARL'S ADMIRER (Glasgow).—I'll do my best for you, but don't be too hopeful.

EVELYN (Peterborough).—Of course I'm a wonderful man. (1) I've forwarded your letter, and I think Mae Busch will send you a photo. (2) Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John M. Gunnerson.

G. R. (Bristol).—I have "obliged" with my usual amiability.

C. B. (Streatham).—(1) Joseph Schildkraut was born in 1895; he has black hair and brown eyes and is 5 ft. 11 ins. in height. He's married to Elsie Bartlett Porter a New York actress. He has done a lot of stage work but has made only two films to date—*Orphans of the Storm* and *The Song of Love*. (2) Art plate of Joseph appeared in June 1924 PICTUREGOER. (3) Art plate of Lillian Gish appeared in July 1924 issue, one of Estelle Taylor in Sept. 1923, and one of Ivor Novello in Dec. 1924 issue.

IVY DUKE'S ADMIRER (Walthamstow).—"Knows I'm charming, although I persist in saying I'm not." I shall have to buy a bigger bushel to hide my light under if this sort of thing goes on. (1) William Norris played the part of the old Dutch father in *The Love Snob*. (2) Ivy Duke is quite as pretty off the screen as she is in her films. At present she is touring in the play "Husband Love," with her husband, Guy Newall. (3) *The Great Prince Shan* was released October 26 last.

PATRICIA (London).—(1) Marie Doro hasn't made any films since *Sally Bishop*. Some of her former pictures are *The Morals of Marcus* (first version), *The White Pearl*, *The Wood Nymph*, *Diplomacy*, *The Heart of Nora Flynn*, *Oliver Twist*, *Twelve-Ten*, *A Sinless Sinner*, *The Lash*, and *The Maid of Mystery*. (2)



Some PICTUREGOER fans on De Mille's "Golden Bed" set. The two centre figures are Lillian Rich and Rod La Rocque.

Joseph Schildkraut has only played in two films to date, *Orphans of the Storm* and *The Song of Love*.

E.P.W. (London).—Thanks for thanks in advance. You're an optimist! (1) Danny Foster played the part of "Lawrence Blake" in *Paddy-the-next-Best-Thing*. (2) Carlyle Blackwell was "Lord Leicester" in *The Virgin Queen*. (3) Dorothy Phillips starred in *Once to Every Woman*.

NOVELLITE (Hull).—Letters forwarded to their various addresses. An art plate of Tom Meighan appeared in February 1923 PICTUREGOER.

CRUMPET (Surbiton).—Thanks for sending me your love. It's surprising how affectionate you're all growing. (1) We haven't published an art plate of Gloria Swanson lately, but an illustrated interview with a very large photo on the first page appeared in Sept. 1924 PICTUREGOER. (2) Gloria has brown hair with a red gleam in it, and grey-blue eyes. (3) She isn't married now. (4) She is making a film entitled *Madame Sans Gene*.

FREDA (Brentwood).—Letter forwarded.

F.P. (Regents Park).—(1) Betty Balfour was born March 27, about twenty years ago. (2) An art plate of Betty appeared in May 1924 PICTUREGOER, and a page article was published in the Christmas Number. An interview appeared in December 1922 PICTUREGOER.

V.M. (Rock Ferry).—Glad to see somebody isn't suffering from curiosity. I've forwarded your letter.

J.B. (Bristol).—I'll do my best to persuade the Editor to let you have that interview some time this year. (1) Creighton Hale is married and has two little boys. (2) Neither Andréé Lafayette or Richard Dix are married.

E.C.G. (Ireland).—I have duly obliged.

KWASINA (Surbiton).—(1) The cast of *Dr. Mabuse* was a German one. Rudolph Klein Rogge played the title rôle. (2) Eille Norwood is married. (3) Mary Pickford's first husband was Owen Moore.

CURIOUS (Harrow).—Your other name is Legion! (1) Mary Alden and Harry

Morey played in *The Empty Cradle*. (2) Gerald Ames' birthday falls on September 17. He's touring the provinces at present in a stage production.

A.M.D. (Neath).—(1) Interview with Leatrice Joy appeared in October 1923 PICTUREGOER, and you will find most of her films mentioned. No art plate of her yet but I'll do my best for you. (2) Jack Buchanan is in the early thirties. He is best known for his stage work, but has played in one other film besides *The Happy Ending*. (3) You'll find quite a lot about Jack in the British Studio Gossip of last November.

J.E.B. (Broadstairs).—After reading through your three pages of effervescent gratitude I feel that my life, after all, has not been lived in vain.

Don't worry your head over Picture-play problems. We employ a man to worry for you. His name is George, and he is a human encyclopaedia for film facts and figures. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped self-addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c/o "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GELLS (Bucks) Says: "I manage to find all my information without asking a single question."—You're a man (?) after my own heart, Gells. Long may you prosper and all of your ilk. I've forwarded your letter and wish you luck.

FILM FAN (Bath).—You may tell the boys in your form that the mighty George applauds your taste in film stars—you'll find this a less sanguine weapon than fists. (1) I think Matheson Lang will send you a photo if you ask him. Send me the letter and I'll see that he gets it. (2) To date Matheson has only indulged in one wifie. Her name is Hutin Britten and she sometimes plays with him on the stage.

IRENE (Rotherham).—I've passed your letter on to the "Thinker." Your idea is quite an interesting one.

CONNIE (Joppa).—Your curiosity doesn't exceed the average, so there's no need to apologise. (1) Clive Brook has fair hair and blue eyes. (2) His birthday is June 1, and he's in his early thirties. (3) Write to him c/o Ince Studios, Culver City, California, for an autographed photo. (4) His latest film is *Christine of the Hungry Heart*. (5) He's married to Mildred Evelyn, and has a baby daughter.

JUDY (Croydon).—I'm Patience minus the monument—I haven't got time to climb all those stairs every day. (1) Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosca. She was born Nov. 24, 1899. (2) I'm afraid there's very little chance of *The Sheik* being shown again just now. It has already been re-issued once.

BONTON D'OR (Kilmarnock).—Thanks for your wholesale appreciation of PICTUREGOER. You're certainly a loyal reader. (1) So far as I know Norma Talmadge is not of Jewish extract. (2) There is no truth in the rumour that Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello are engaged. (3) Alma Taylor's latest picture is *The Shadow of Egypt*, but it hasn't yet been released. Alma isn't married. (4) I'll see that your brickbats reach the right quarter.

RUBBERFACE (Champion Hill).—Letter to Rudolph has been forwarded. Flattery hasn't turned my head—I'm used to it!

AILEE (Banstead).—(1) Send your letter to Richard Talmadge to these offices, in a plain stamped envelope, and I'll forward it for you. (2) An article about Richard appeared in January PICTUREGOER.

MOLLIE (Birmingham).—Sorry, Mollie, but we don't publish "movie letters" in PICTUREGOER. Try your hand at a "Carol" instead, and I'll see what I can do for you.

CHUM (Torquay).—Glad your glad! (1) I'll see what I can do about an art plate of Ramon Novarro some time in the New Year. (2) Schildkraut is pronounced with the "i" long as though it were two "ee's." All good wishes reciprocated with interest.

N.F.H. (Tavistock).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Colleen Moore—whose real name, by the way, was Kathleen Morrison—was born August 19, 1900. (2) She's married to John McCormick, and she hasn't any children. (3) She has a brother, Cleve Morrison, who is about sixteen or seventeen years old, and no sisters.



Charles de Roche.



Pola Negri is really helping Cecil De Mille into a boat after a swim. The water has obscured all of him except his head.

DORIS (London).—Thanks for thanks. No close up of myself on the front page of PICTUREGOER—mine is one of the faces that looks best at a distance. (1) Send your letter to Henry Victor to me and I'll see that he gets it. I can't give you his address as his movements are rather uncertain at present.

W.A.C.M. (Kensington).—Letter forwarded.

GOOSEBERRY (Cheshire).—Glad to hear you have plenty of patience—you'll need it if you're a film fan. (1) Rex Ingram has decided to come back to the films, and is at present directing *Mare Nostrum* with Antonio Moreno in the leading rôle. (2) The first "Ben Hur" Company, in which George Walsh was the star, was recalled from Italy when the Metro-Goldwyn Amalgamation took place, and a fresh company, with Ramon Novarro as "Ben Hur," was sent over. (3) I've handed your enclosure to the "Thinker."

DOLLY (Gloucester).—Glad I provide you with some slight amusement for the winter evenings. I've forwarded your letters.

R.T. (Dulwich).—(1) *Charley's Aunt* is being filmed with Syd Chaplin in the title rôle. An art plate of him, as he will appear in the film, was published in last month's PICTUREGOER.

CHIC (Clacton-on-Sea).—Letter forwarded.

ANNE (?)—(1) Modesty forbids my answering your first question. (2) Adolphe Menjou's surname is pronounced Mahnjhou, as near as I can write it. (3) He's married and isn't a scrap like the characters he portrays on the screen, but a model husband and father, if his press agent's words go for anything.

MARY (Cricklewood).—I've forwarded your carol with the usual recommendation to mercy. (2) *Henry of Navarre* has been released and shown at most of the cinemas.

J.W.—(1) Have forwarded your letter to Bebe Daniels and wish you luck. I think she will probably let you have that autographed photo.

PEN (Cardiff).—(1) Mary Pickford will probably make *Cinderella* her next film, although this isn't quite certain. She

has a new director, Josef von Sternberg, with whom she expects to do great things. All the best, Pen!

JACK (London).—(1) Richard Dix was born in 1894. (2) Matheson Lang is married to Hutin Britten. (3) I don't know why actors in German films don't have their names published in the casts. Maybe it's their natural modesty.

NANCY (Shrewsbury).—Letters forwarded to Ramon.

ELAINE (Dublin).—(1) "Buck" Jones's real name is Charles Jones. (2) Buck signed his first picture contract in October, 1919, with Fox Studios. He has been married nine years and has a little daughter. (3) Buck was born in Vincennes, Indiana, and his address is 6015, Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood California.

RUDY-FOR-EVER (Leek).—(1) I can't promise you another interview with Rudolph just yet, and you've had enough art plates of him, lately, to make Non-Rudolphites your enemies for life. However, I've passed your carol on with my blessing. (2) Rudolph's beard isn't a permanent affair, but has been grown so that he may bring the right amount of realism to the rôle of a Spanish grandee in his next film. After that, you will rejoice to hear, it will be shaved off.

ALINE (Birkenhead).—Sorry I couldn't answer you in the December number, as you asked, but my post bag is bigger than the space allowed me in PICTUREGOER and I have to deal with your various wants in turn. (1) I've forwarded your letter to Jameson Thomas. (2) Frank Mayo was at one time married to Dagmar Godowsky, but he isn't married now. (3) Frank was born in 1886.

INTERESTED (Kensington). says: "I'm sorry to say I am not one of your charming sex." No need to apologise, Interested, for what, after all, is not your fault but your misfortune! (1) Release date of *A Sainted Devil* isn't fixed yet, and no copy of the film has reached this side, to date.

CARROTS (Dublin).—I've quite enough to do with satisfying the curiosity of importunate fans, without being an Editor. (1) Conway Tearle has black hair and dark brown eyes, and was born in 1880.

(2) An interview with Conway appeared in August 1924 PICTUREGOER and an art plate in April 1924 issue.

LAVENDER (London).—(1) Lois Wilson isn't married yet. She was born June 28th, 1896, at Pittsburg. (2) Monte Blue was born Jan. 11th, 1890, at Indianapolis. He's married to Tova Jansen. Monte's latest completed picture is *The Dark Swan*, in which he stars with Marie Prevost and Helene Chadwick. (3) Clive Brook is in America working at the Thomas H. Ince studios. (4) So far as I know, there is no prospect of *The Black Gang* by "Sapper" being filmed.

POLA NEGRI FOREVER (Forfar).—Thanks for all your good wishes—same to you and many of 'em. (1) Ernest Torrence is about forty years old. His last film was *The Side Show of Life*, taken from W. J. Locke's book *The Mountebank*. (2) Pola's last German-made film to be shown over here was *Mad Love*.

ANNE (Durham).—(1) Letter forwarded to Warwick Ward. (2) C/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California would probably find Mr. Freeman Woods.

P.F. (London).—You've evidently got it badly! (1) Joan Morgan's twentieth birthday is the first of this month, so you'd better hurry up if you want to write to her for the event. (2) Joan has deep blue eyes, fair hair and a roses and cream complexion. She is 5 ft. 1 in. in height. (3) Some of her films are *The Lowland Cinderella*, *The Lilac Sunbonnet*, *The Road to London*, *The Great Well* and *Swallow*, and her next release will be *The Shadow of Egypt* in which she plays the rôle of a young Egyptian girl. She has also played on the stage in the revue "A to Z," and is at present playing in "The Fool." (4) Her hobbies are sports of all kinds, swimming, riding, dancing and walking, playing the piano and singing (she has a contralto voice).

BETTY'S ADORER (Cambridge).—(1) Betty Balfour isn't married or engaged to date. She is an only child and was brought up by an aunt. (2) Betty does not come of a professional family. (3) She wears her hair bobbed now. (4) She has just sailed for Jamaica, where most of the scenes of her new picture *Satan's Sister* will be shot.



Maurice "Lefty" Flynn with his favourite pipe.

Because I am kindhearted and hate the idea of a Thinker losing his chance of a big money prize in the

A Hint in Time.

PIC-TURE-

GOER Popularity Contest, I hasten to remind you all to fill in your coupons without delay. March 7th is positively the last day upon which entries may be received, so, should you have changed your mind as to the respective merits of the various stars, there is still time to fill in another. At the moment, two stars are easily ahead of all the rest. I am not allowed to divulge their names, but there is going to be a stiff fight for first place.

George Fitzmaurice, the well-known producer, sends the following thoughts. "Critics never tire of telling us that the

Art Or—

I disagree. Romance in the kinema rides in seven-league-boots for saint and sinner to enjoy. Drama, high and low is portrayed; ideals of truth and honour are for ever being held up as the laws of life. Motion pictures provide emotional and mental stimulation like music and poetry. Moreover, many people only know the beauties of nature through the kinema. My contention is that the greatest art is that which appeals to the greatest, not the fewest, number."

"I am an ardent film-fan and am also iconoclastic enough to cut out the illustrations from PIC-TUREGOER and paste them into a l b u m s .

A Cutting Reply.

Consequently, when, as in the November issue, I see four 'stills' of my favourite actress—Norma Talmadge—in my favourite film—*Secrets*—printed on both sides of the page, I feel rather sore. Please, Mr. Thinker, can we have the illustrations in the monthly story at least, so printed that any one can be taken out without our having to cut across another picture we may want?"

U. B. Y. (Brixton Hill).

[The answer's "Buy two copies a month!"]



"In December's issue of the PIC-TUREGOER, Phyllis, Manchester wrote that Rudolph Valentino was unsuitable for the role of

Her Ideal "Beau."

"Monsieur Beaucaire," writes L. E. G. (Cambridge). Since the film has been made, I have read the story, and I consider Rudolph the ideal "Beaucaire" Booth Tarkington pictured his hero as gay and debonair, therefore, wherein can he fail? and where the fairness is concerned, Rudy wears a white wig in parts of the film, and is converted into the fair "Beaucaire," I ask you again, where does he fail? A certain critic says, 'Valentino was so suited for the part, that he didn't need to act,' and I agree with him, because when I read the story I pictured Rudolph himself as the gallant hero in silks and satins. If he had not been so perfectly suitable for the role, the film could never have been made."

"I'll praise Betty Bronson, but being and staying, a true Doro-worshipping 'fan'—Forgive me, dear Thinker, I cannot help saying,

One Fan's Views.

how she could have played 'Peter Pan'! I'm sure her portrayal would easily prove it—that Barrie has chosen in haste. To say it's a question of taste won't remove it; of course it's a question of taste. Good taste to all

Marie's admirers is native, they haven't been blind from their birth; And they're of all folks the most argumentative that dwell on the earth!

"But this is my honest, sincerest contention —Sir James made a mighty mistake. Though Betty be all

He's Very Positive. that her press-agents

mention (if so she walks off with the cake!), a masterpiece shines by the stuff that it's made of, and more is not given to man. Though Marie can act (what was Brenon afraid of?), she needn't—she is 'Peter Pan.' Though difference with Barrie seem but suicidal, I know who the player should be; the spirit of faery, an angel, an idol—he's Marie to me!"

E. J. F. (London).

[I'm afraid that your partiality for Marie rather blinds your judgment E. J. F. Personally, I think that Sir James Barrie made a very wise choice].

"I should like to express my sincere appreciation of Edmund Lowe's splendid work in *The Silent Command*, and *In the Palace of the King*.

His acting is excellent... restrained yet forceful. It is a joy to watch his

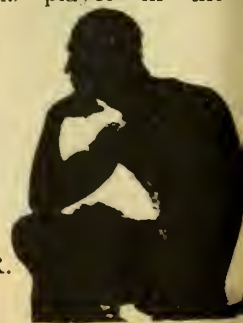
movements... so utterly free from self-consciousness. Like Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Henry Walthall, and a few others, his eyes express every emotion, and in his acting, there is a complete absence of exaggerated gestures and facial contortions. I presume he is a newcomer to the silver sheet (since we have seen but little of him) but I should like to see his name at the top of the list with the other bright 'stars.'

But... doesn't anyone else think so? I have waited in vain for a reference to this player in the *Picturegoer*."

Don John (Plaistow.)

[You had it last month, Senor(a). Watch out for your favourite in *The Fool*.]

THE THINKER.



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6. Norma Talmadge.
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10. Rudolph Valentino.

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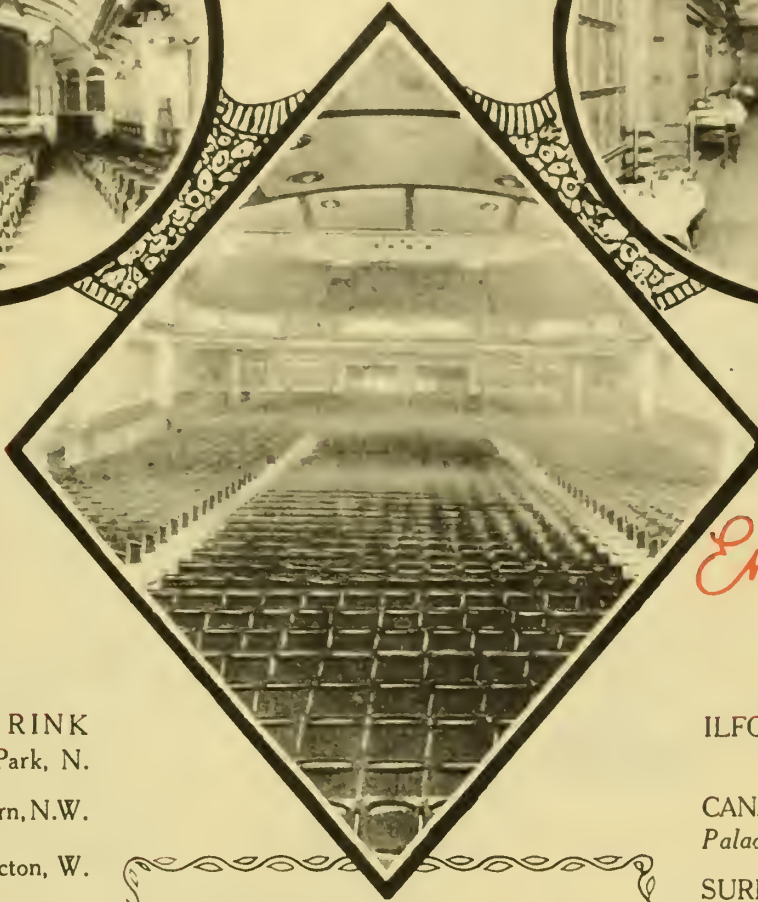
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Thomas Meighan





NAZIMOVA AND MILTON SILLS

As they appear in "A Madonna of the Streets," in which Nazimova returns to screenland. But it looks like being one of Sills' last for he seems determined to become a director.

PICTURES AND
THE PICTUREGOER
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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Beauty is the touchstone of Life," says Lady Diana Manners. It can certainly transmute dolls into dollars.

"Women do not kiss when they are sad," says Pola Negri. True; they mostly seem to prop up doorposts—having previously called for the largest glycerine bottle in stock.

"Love," says John Gilbert "is sharing." But not when it comes to sharing close-ups.



Von Sternberg, who made *The Salvation Hunters*, says he has photographed thought. I wish he'd photograph what the average producer thinks are the thoughts of the average audience. It would explain such a lot of films.

Somebody has just presented Harold Lloyd with a magnificent tiger skin. Now he will doubtless make a new comedy called *Three Squeaks*.

Ruth Clifford is to marry as soon as she has finished with *Judgment*, which, it seems to me, is just about the reason why most people marry.

"Visitors," says Jane Novak, "see more of England in a few days than some of us see in many years." And if what American producers show us is really England I'm not surprised it's kept well hidden.

According to America, "Queen Mother Alexandra" selected *Monsieur Beaucaire* for her birthday party from a number of other films. Dear, dear! And here's poor King George thinking he ordered it himself for her as a surprise.

Whenever I see a still photograph of Douglas Fairbanks there's one thing I want to know. How on earth do they manage to make him keep still long enough to expose the negative?



Doug Fairbanks

"There's genius behind that picture," said she. "Yes," he replied, "but, O my! what a long way behind it is!"

Barbara La Marr recommends "dashing" girls to use heavy oriental perfumes. We know those girls well. But the dash has always been ours.

Once more we are promised "bigger and better pictures." The rumour that Ananias died some 2,000 years ago is clearly devoid of foundation.

Betty Balfour cables that she has had an interesting conversation with Ramsay MacDonald in Jamaica. Up to date Ramsay MacDonald has not cabled that he has had an interesting conversation with Betty Balfour. What Jamaica that?



Betty Balfour.

Betty Compson says that the word "register" has been "kidded to death." And we think that kids have been registered to death, too, on the screen.

They cast Anna May Wong for "Tiger Lily" in *Peter Pan* because they said she looked like a Red Indian. This is the first plausible theory I've seen to account for the war in China.

Lillian Rich was a brunette. But Cecil de Mille wanted a blonde. So he put a blonde wig on Lillian. So simple! Maybe somebody will now put a silk-hat on Strongheart and call him Adolphe Menjou.

"I know a lot of women who are not actresses," says Constance Talmadge. And I know a lot of actresses who aren't, either.



Constance Talmadge

To the correspondent who writes to say that her friends tell her she has a film face, I can only suggest that they probably didn't mean to be unkind.

"Konigsmark," I am misinformed by a publicity agent, "is the greatest love story ever told." They always are, but they're not always called *Konigsmark*.

"What could a heroine want more," says a publicity man, "than to be kissed by George Hackathorne?" We know heroines who are mercenary enough to want a good deal more.

THE WASP.

Missing the High Spots

High spots of drama are as rare in the movies as rain in the Sahara. Even the producers of acknowledged masterpieces are apt to bungle them and even miss them altogether sometimes.

door that mattered.

It is a curious thing that these high spots of drama are as rare in the movies as rain in the Sahara, and that even the cleverest and most experienced

producers seem to find difficulty in achieving them. Out of a hundred competent, well-made pictures, chosen from any country in the world, only one, perhaps, will have hit the high spot in its climax. And even the producers of acknowledged masterpieces are apt to miss or bungle it.

The common or garden film, the kind that is known as "good popular entertainment," or the melodrama "packed with thrills and heart throbs" from the first reel to the last embrace, is of course dependent for its livelihood on high spots. The height of these does not matter too much. But the number is everything. And the result is as freckled with them as a patient with the measles. But I am speaking of the single high spot which marks, or should mark, the climax of the film of real merit. I am speaking of the great moments of the greatest directors on the screen. And I do not find them great enough.

Only the other day I saw Victor Sjöström's *He Who Gets Slapped*. And when we reached the famous scene in the Academy, and the other famous scene in the circus, where the laughter of the audience drives the hero to despair, I marvelled again and again at the opportunity for drama which Sjöström had let slip. The psychological



Lon Chaney.

If anyone were to ask me suddenly what was the best movie ever made, I should find myself at a total loss for an answer, my brain pivoting from America to Germany, from France to Sweden, half a dozen titles revolving in my head. But if anyone were to ask me what, in my opinion, was the best moment ever caught in a movie, I should not hesitate for a minute in giving my answer. For sheer dramatic power and genius, there has never been a moment to touch the close of the fight in *Tol'able David*.

The pause, the fragment of suspense as we watch the outside of the cabin, ignorant of what has happened within. Then the door, slowly opening, moving like a crippled thing—and at last David, on the threshold, his great fight over.

That scene stands out in *Tol'able David* like a spot of white light on the fabric of the whole.

It is a perfect example of climax, prepared for and delayed to the last moment of possible suspense, and then flashed on to the expectant mind in all its power and beauty. A lesser director would have shown us the outcome of the fight, filming the master stroke which must have left David the victor. And the scene would have failed to grip. There would have been no high spot of drama for the memory.

Since *Tol'able David*, a great many directors have tried to copy the successful suspense method of Henry King, and all sorts of doors have slowly opened in all sorts of films, but they have never opened on drama. It is easier to copy the manner of a touch of genius than to catch its spirit. And it was the thought behind the opening

Ivan Mosjoukine as "Kcan."



Dick Barthelmess as the hero in "Tol'able David."



Pierre Gendron who plays the son in "The Lover of Camille."

point, remember the psychological climax, is that a world laughed at him. It does not matter in the least what world.

It is not, in either case, a world made up of individuals, but a world made up of laughs. The characteristics of the separate laughers are about as noticeable to the clown as the exact temperature of the room in which they laugh. And, above all, the laughs in both cases are, to his ear, exactly the same. It does not matter that the laughers in one case are learned gentlemen in evening dress, and in the other a crowd of country folk out for an evening's amusement. That is only the second impression, the distinction of a thinking mind.

The first impression is of laughter in the abstract, universal laughter. And the screen is perhaps the only art that could show this subtlety and stress it without breaking. Why could not Sjostrom have photographed a wall of laughter? Why not show us hundreds of laughing faces, without personality, with character, just hundreds of mouths agape and agrin? Mosjoukine did it in *Kean*. He showed us the actor haunted by the imagined laughter of a footman; he showed us all thought and beauty, all hope and imagination swallowed up, actually swallowed, in a gaping mouth.

He pictured laughter with the most powerful dramatic effect. Sjostrom could have worked miracles with such a method. For *He Who Gets Slapped* centres entirely round the fact of that laughter. On the stage it was called *The Painted Laugh*. Laughter should be the high spot of Sjostrom's film. And it is not.

I regretted, too, the high spot, attempted but missed, in *The Lover of Camille*. We have been led to believe in Deburau as the greatest pantomimist in the world. A series of clever suggestions, an atmosphere, and the really clever miming of Monte Blue have induced this belief. Then, on his greatest night of all, he fails. His son, young Deburau, takes his place at the last moment, and the climax of the film

comes with the father's realisation that his son will be the greater actor.

A fine climax, if we had watched it reflected on the father's face alone. But alas! we are allowed to watch the performance of the son. And young Pierre Gendron, who plays the part, is no mime. The high spot of the drama falls flat in unbelief. It is not often that the Germans make mistakes in dramatic emphasis, and it seems almost ungrateful to pick holes in such brilliant productions as *The Golem* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. But the fact remains that the high spots in each of these pictures have been missed by a hairsbreadth.

The climax of *The Golem*, the earlier, at least, of the two climaxes, is the scene in court where the old Rabbi calls upon the heavens to strike down the king and his scoffing companions. The rafters crash down upon them, and only the supernatural strength of the Golem can save them from death. A great and terrible moment—but the rafters are the producer's, not the courtier's, ruin.

Painted canvas—an obvious featherweight. The perfect high spot would have suggested the terror and built the rafters vast and inexorable in our own imagination. The climax of *Dr. Caligari* marks the discovery that everything seen in the film has been seen through the distorted eyes of a madman. One moment of revelation would raise the power of the whole film.

However, it is an ungrateful task to talk of opportunities missed in films that have really achieved a fine measure of art. It is ungrateful, and never-ending. For every marksman misses somewhere. And after all, it's better to have aimed and missed than never to have aimed at all.

E. R. T.



Monte Blue as "Deburau" in "The Lover of Camille."

The Shepherd King

One of the first films to be made with an international cast in the Holy Land.

It is the fashion for the motion producer at a loss for a story, to turn for his subject to that oldest of all books, the Bible. Here there is no lack of excellent material—romance, tragedy, stirring adventure, and all that goes to the making of a good picture—lying ready to the hand of whoever cares to use it.

It remained to J. Gordon Edwards, director of the spectacular *Queen of Sheba*, however, to realise the dramatic possibilities of the story of David and Saul, and in *The Shepherd King* he has given us quite a dignified and well arranged adaptation of the Old Testament story.

The film opens with the arrival of the Israelites at the promised land. It then passes over many years, when we see King Saul hourly expecting the attack of the Philistines. He is tempted to offer up the burnt sacrifice that must precede the battle, without waiting for the arrival of the Prophet Samuel in the camp, and is told that as a punishment his kingdom will be taken away from him. Samuel, seeking a new ruler, chooses David, a humble shepherd lad, telling him that he shall be king at an appointed time.

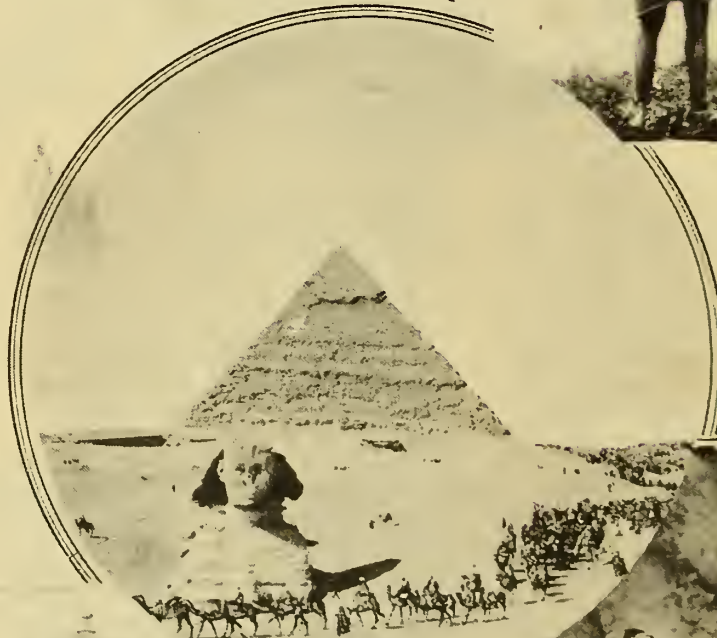
The boy is sent to Saul, who is troubled with a grievous melancholy at times, and by his songs and the music of his harp he lifts the shadow from the king's heart. He meets

Circle: The Israelites on their way to the Promised Land. Below: A group of the chief characters in "The Shepherd King."

Michal, Saul's youngest daughter, and the two fall in love with one another. Later he saves her from a lion and is allowed to go out in battle against Goliath, the giant champion of the Philistines, whom he slays. Saul promises him Michal's hand in marriage if he will defeat the Philistines, and bring back one hundred enemy banners in token of his victory. He goes forth confidently to battle, with only a handful of warriors at his command, but Doeg, an officer of the Court who has secretly sworn to compass the king's downfall, warns the Philistines to prepare an ambush. The news of this is fortunately brought to



Above: The youthful David with his flocks in Egypt
Below: The prophecy of "David the Shepherd King."





One of the many beautiful exteriors.

David by a prisoner who has escaped from the enemy camp, and he is able to defeat his enemies and fulfil his promise to Saul.

But his great triumph arouses the king's jealousy and, after a narrow escape from death, David is banished from the court and returns to his flocks. Later, Doeg leads an army against the king's palace. Saul and Jonathan are killed, but David arrives just in time to save Michal and to marry her, after which he is crowned king amidst general rejoicing.

This is only a brief outline of the story presented in *The Shepherd King* but it is enough to illustrate the possibilities. Most of these have been taken full advantage of by the producer, and there are several really impressive and spectacular scenes—notably the one in which David is seen returning home with his victorious army, after the defeat of the Philistines. The ordinary sets were, of course, built specially at the Fox Studios, but many of the scenes were taken in Egypt and Palestine at the actual locations where the historic events took place thousands of years ago.

This gives an added realism to the picture, and in this way the film has a considerable advantage over the stage version from which it has been partially adapted, for who does not prefer to see the real thing, if it is possible, rather than a pasteboard imitation?

The film was amongst the first of the biblical pictures to be made actually in the Holy Land, for although it has only just been Trade Shown over here, it was finished some years ago, and has been kept in storage ever



Above: The triumphal entry of David into the City.



Above: Violet Mersereau as "Michal."

since. Its cast is entirely continental, except for Violet Mersereau, who emerged from retirement to play "Michal." Nerio Bernardi is a personable "David," and Guido Trento as "Saul" gives a very good character study of the king, whose jealous fears as he realises his rapidly declining power, re-act upon him for his own downfall.

On the whole it is a film that will interest most picturegoers, for it has all the ingredients of a popular entertainment. E. E. BARRETT.

Below: David (Nerio Bernardi) soothes King Saul with his music.



Merton of the Movies

by HARRY LEON WILSON



The second instalment of a movie story that will appeal to every movie fan.

Merton Gill, an assistant in a small town general store cherishes secret ambitions of screen stardom. He buys all the film magazines published, hoards his wages, and spends every available moment playing "hero" in imaginary screen-plays, using the store dummies for his "heroine," and "villain." After closing time, Merton calls at the Post Office for some new magazines, and meets Tessie Kearns, the Simsbury-dressmaker, who aspires to achieving fame as a scenario writer. Her latest effort "Passions Perils," has been rejected and returned to her.

the way my things keep coming back—well, I guess we'd both get discouraged if it wasn't for our sense of humour."

"I bet we would," agreed Merton. "And good night!"

He went on to the Gashwiler Emporium and let himself into the dark store. At the moment he was bewailing that the next instalment of *The Hazards of Hortense* would be shown on a Saturday night, for on those nights the store kept open until nine and he could see it but once. On a Tuesday night he would have watched it twice, in spite of the so-called comedy unjustly sharing the bill with it.

Lighting a match, he made his way through the silent store, through the stock-room that had so lately been the foul lair of Snake le Vasquez, and into his own personal domain, a square partitioned off from the stock-room in which were his bed, the table at which he studied the art of screen acting, and his other little belongings. He often called this his den. He lighted a lamp on the table and drew the chair up to it.

On the boards of the partition in front of him were pasted many presentments of his favourite screen actress, Beulah Baxter, as she underwent the nerve-racking *Hazards of Hortense*. The intrepid girl was seen leaping from the seat of her high-powered car to the cab of a passing locomotive, her chagrined pursuers in the distant background. She sprang from a high cliff into the chill waters of a storm-tossed sea. Bound to the back of a spirited horse, she was raced down the steep slope of a rocky ravine in the Far West. Alone in a foul den of the underworld she held at bay a dozen villainous Asiatics. Down the fire-escape of a great New York hotel she made a perilous way. From the shrouds of a tossing ship she was about to plunge to a watery release from the persecutor who was almost upon her. Upon the roof of the Fifth Avenue mansion of her scoundrelly guardian in the great city of New York she was gaining the friendly projection of a cornice from which she could leap and again escape death—even a fate worse than death, for the girl was pursued from all sorts of base motives.

Illustrated by photographs from the Paramount film of the same name.

They crossed the street and paused at the door of Miss Kearns' shop, behind which were her living-rooms. She would to-night go over *Passion's Perils* once more and send it to another company.

"I wonder," she said to Merton, "if they keep sending it back because the sets are too expensive. Of course there's the one where the dissipated English nobleman, Lord Blessingham, lures Valerie into Westminster Abbey for his own evil purposes on the night of the old earl's murder—that's expensive—but they get a chance to use it again when Valerie is led to the altar by young Lord Stonecliff, the rightful heir. And of course Stonecliff Manor, where Valerie is first seen as governess, would be expensive; but they use that in a lot of scenes too. Still, maybe I might change the locations around to something they've got built."

"I wouldn't change a line," said Merton. "Don't give in to 'em. Make 'em take it as it is. They might ruin your picture with cheap stuff."

"Well," the authoress debated, "maybe I'll leave it. I'd especially hate to give up Westminster Abbey. Of course the scene where she is struggling with Lord Blessingham might easily be made offensive—it's a strong scene—but it all comes right. You remember she wrenches herself loose from his grasp and rushes to throw herself before the altar, which

suddenly lights up, and the scoundrel is afraid to pursue her there, because he had a thorough religious training when a boy at Oxford, and he feels it would be sacrilegious to seize her again while the light from the altar shines upon her that way, and so she's saved for the time being. It seems kind of a shame not to use Westminster Abbey for a really big scene like that, don't you think?"

"I should say so!" agreed Merton warmly. "They build plenty of sets as big as that. Keep it in!"

"Well, I'll take your advice. And I shan't give up trying with my other ones. And I'm writing to another set of people—see here." She took from her handbag a clipped advertisement which she read to Merton in the fading light, holding it close to her keen little eyes. "Listen! Five thousand photoplay ideas needed. Working girl paid ten thousand dollars for ideas she had thought worthless. Yours may be worth more. Experience unnecessary. Information free. Producers' League, 562, Piqua, Ohio. Doesn't that sound encouraging? And it isn't as if I didn't have some experience. I've been writing scenarios for two years now."

"We both got to be patient," he pointed out. "We can't succeed all at once, just remember that."

"Oh, I'm patient, and I'm determined; and I know you are too, Merton. But

This time, friendless and alone in profligate New York, she would leap from the cornice to the branches of the great eucalyptus tree that grew hard by. Unerring performances like these were a constant inspiration to Merton Gill. He knew that he was not yet fit to act in such scenes—to appear opportunely in the last reel of each instalment and save portense for the next one. But he was confident a day would come.

On the same wall he faced also a series of photographs of himself. These were stills to be one day shown to a director who would thereupon perceive his screen merits. There was Merton in the natty belted coat, with his hair slicked back in the approved mode and a smile upon his face; a happy, careless college youth. There was Merton in tennis flannels, his hair nicely disarranged, jauntily holding a borrowed racquet. Here he was in a trench coat and the cap of a lieutenant, grim of face, the jaw set, holding a revolver towards some one unpictured; here in a wide-collared sports shirt lolling negligently upon a bench after a hard game of polo or something. Again he appeared in evening dress, two straightened fingers resting against his left temple. Underneath this was written in a running, angular, distinguished hand, "Very truly yours, Clifford Armytage." This, and prints of it similarly inscribed, would one day go to unknown admirers who besought him for likenesses of himself.

But Merton lost no time in scanning these pictorial triumphs. He was turning the pages of the magazines he had brought, his first hasty search being for new photographs of his heroine. He was quickly rewarded. *Silver Screenings* proffered some fresh views of Beulah Baxter, not in dangerous moments, but revealing certain quieter aspects of her wondrous life. In her kitchen, apron clad, she stirred something. In her lofty music room she was seated at her piano. In her charming library she was shown "Among Her Books." More charmingly she was portrayed with her beautiful arms about the shoulders of her dear old mother. And these accompanied an interview with the actress.

The writer, one Esther Schwarz, professed the liveliest trepidation at first meeting the screen idol, but was swiftly reassured by the unaffected cordiality of her reception. She found that success had not spoiled Miss Baxter. A sincere artist, she yet absolutely lacked the usual temperament and mannerisms. She seemed more determined than ever to give the public something better and finer. Her splendid dignity, reserve, humanness, high ideals, and patient study of her art had but mellowed, not hardened, a gracious personality. Merton Gill received these assurances without surprise. He knew Beulah Baxter would prove to be these delightful things. He read on for the more exciting bits.

"I'm so interested in my work," prettily observed Miss Baxter to the interviewer; "suppose we talk only of that. Leave out all the rest—my Beverly Hills home, my cars, my jewels, my Paris gowns, my dogs, my servants, my recreations. It is work alone that counts, don't you think? We must learn that success, all that is beautiful and fine, requires work, infinite work and struggle. The beautiful comes only through suffering and sacrifice. And of course dramatic

work broadens a girl's viewpoint, helps her to get the real, the worth-while things out of life, enriching her nature with the emotional experience of her rôles. It is through such pressure that we grow, and we must grow, must we not? One must strive for the ideal, for the art which will be but the pictorial expression of that, and for the emotion which must be touched by the illuminating vision of a well-developed imagination if the vital message of the film is to be felt.

"But of course I have my leisure moments from the grinding stress. Then I turn to my books—I'm wild about history. And how I love the great free out of doors! I should prefer to be on a simple farm, were I a boy. The public would not have me a boy, you say"—she shrugged prettily—"oh, of course, my beauty, as they are pleased to call it. After all, why should one not speak of that? Beauty is just a stock in trade, you know. Why not acknowledge it frankly? But do come to my delightful kitchen, where I spend many a spare moment, and see the lovely custard I have made for dear Mamma's luncheon."

Merton Gill was entranced by this exposition of the quieter side of his idol's life. Of course he had known she could not always be making narrow escapes, and it seemed that she was almost more delightful in this staid domestic life. Here, away from her professional perils, she was, it seemed, "a slim little girl with sad eyes and a wistful mouth."

The picture moved him strongly. More than ever he was persuaded that his day would come. Even might come the day

written to *Photo Land*: "Is Beulah Baxter unmarried?" The answer had come, "Twice." He had been able to make little of these replies, enigmatic, ambiguous, at best. But he felt that some day he would at least be chosen to act with this slim little girl with the sad eyes and wistful mouth. He, it might be, would rescue her from the branches of the great eucalyptus tree growing hard by the Fifth Avenue mansion of the scoundrelly guardian. This, if he remembered well her message about hard work.

HE recalled now the wondrous occasion on which he had travelled the nearly hundred miles to Peoria to see his idol in the flesh. Her appearance had been advertised. It was on a Saturday night, but Merton had silenced old Gashwiler with the tale of a dying aunt in the distant city. Even so, the old grouch had been none too considerate. He had seemed to believe that Merton's aunt should have died nearer to Simsbury, or at least have chosen a dull Monday.

But Merton had held with dignity to the point; a dying aunt wasn't to be hustled about as to either time or place. She died when her time came—even on a Saturday night—and where she happened to be, though it were a hundred miles from some point more convenient to an utter stranger. He had gone and thrillingly had beheld for five minutes his idol in the flesh, the slim little girl of the sorrowful eyes and wistful mouth, as she told the vast audience—it seemed to Merton that she spoke solely to him—



"On the lot shooting Western stuff."

when it would be his lot to lighten the sorrow of those eyes and appease the wistfulness of that tender mouth. He was less sure about this. He had been unable to learn if Beulah Baxter were still unwed. *Silver Screenings*, in reply to his question, had answered, "Perhaps." *Camera*, in its answers to correspondents, had said, "Not now." Then he had

by what narrow chance she had been saved from disappointing it. She had missed the train, but had at once leaped into her high-powered roadster and made the journey at an average of sixty-five miles an hour, braving death a dozen times. For her public was dear to her, and she would not have it disappointed, and there she was before them in her trim driving suit, still breathless from the wild ride.

Then she told them—Merton especially—how her directors had again and again besought her not to persist in risking her life in her dangerous exploits, but to allow a double to take her place at the more critical moments. But she had never been able to bring herself to this deception, for deception, in a way, it would be. The directors had entreated in vain. She would keep faith with her public, though full well she knew that at any time one of her dare-devil acts might prove fatal.

Her public was very dear to her. She was delighted to meet it here, face to face, heart to heart. She clasped her own slender hands over her own heart as she said this, and there was a pathetic little catch in her voice as she waved farewell kisses to the throng. Many a heart besides Merton's beat more quickly at knowing that she must rush out to the high-powered roadster and be off at eighty miles an hour to St. Louis, where another vast audience would the next day be breathlessly awaiting her personal appearance.

Merton had felt abundantly repaid for his journey. There had been inspiration in this contact. Little he minded the acid greeting, on his return, of a mere Gashwiler, spawning in his low mind a monstrous suspicion that the dying aunt had never lived.

Now he read in his magazines other intimate interviews by other talented young women who had braved the presence of other screen idols of both sexes. The interviewers approached them with trepidation, and invariably found that success had not spoiled them. Fine artists though they were, applauded and richly rewarded, yet they remained simple, unaffected, and cordial to these daring reporters. They spoke with quiet dignity of their work, their earnest efforts to give the public something better and finer. They wished the countless readers of the interviews to comprehend that their triumphs had come only with infinite work and struggle, that the beautiful comes only through suffering and sacrifice.

At lighter moments they spoke gaily of their palatial homes, their domestic pets, their wives or husbands and their charming children. They all loved the great out of doors, but their chief solace from toil was in this unruffled domesticity where they could forget the worries of an exacting profession and lead a simple home life. All the husbands and wives were more than that—they were good pals; and of course they read and studied a great deal. Many of them were wild about books.

He was especially interested in the interview printed by *Camera* with that world favourite, Harold Parmalee. For this was the screen artist whom Merton most envied, and whom he conceived himself most to resemble in feature. The lady interviewer, Miss Augusta Blivens, had gone trembling into the

presence of Harold Parmalee, to be instantly put at her ease by the young artist's simple, unaffected manner. He chatted of his early struggles when he was only too glad to accept the few paltry hundreds of dollars a week that were offered him in minor parts; of his quick rise to eminence; of his unceasing effort to give the public something better and finer; of his love for the great out of doors; and of his daily flight to the little nest that sheltered his pal wife and the kiddies. Here he could be truly himself, a man's man, loving the simple things of life. Here, in his library, surrounded by his books, or in the music room playing over some little Chopin prelude, or on the lawn romping with the giant police dog, he could forget the public that would not let him rest.

Nor had he been spoiled in the least, said the interviewer, by the adulation poured out upon him by admiring women and girls in volume sufficient to turn the head of a less sane young man.

"There are many beautiful women in the world," pursued the writer, "and I dare say there is not one who meets Harold Parmalee who does not love him in one way or another. He has mental brilliancy for the intellectuals, good looks for the empty-headed, a strong vital appeal, a magnetism almost overwhelming to the susceptible, and an easy and supremely appealing courtesy for every woman he encounters."

Merton drew a long breath after reading these earnest words. Would an interviewer some day be writing as much about him? He studied the pictures of Harold Parmalee that abundantly spotted the article. The full face, the profile, the symmetrical shoulders, the jaunty bearing, the easy, masterful smile. From each of these he would raise his eyes to his own pictured face on the wall above him. Undoubtedly he was not unlike Harold Parmalee. He had the nose, perhaps a bit more jutting than Harold's, and the chin, even more prominent.

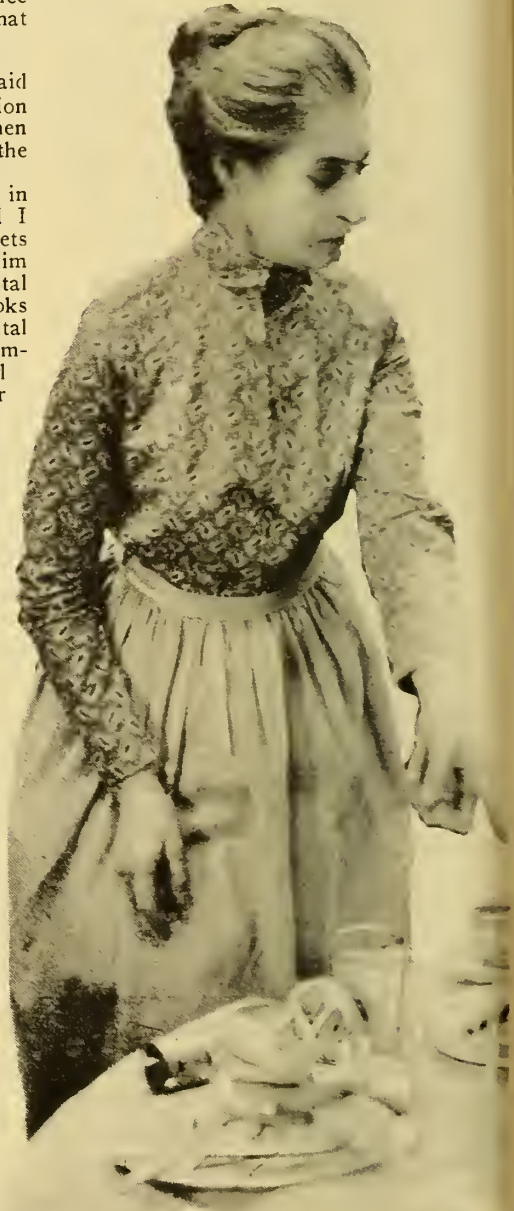
Possibly a director would have told him that his Harold Parmalee beauty was just a trifle overdone; that his face was just a bit past the line of pleasing resemblance and into something else. But at this moment the aspirant was reassured. His eyes were pale, under pale brows, yet they showed well in the prints. And he was slightly built, perhaps even thin, but a diet rich in fats would remedy that. And, even if he were quite a little less comely than Parmalee, he would still be impressive. After all, a great deal depended upon the acting, and he was learning to act.

Months ago, the resolution big in his heart, he had answered the advertisement in *Silver Screenings*, urging him to "Learn Movie Acting, a fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know," it demanded, "if you are adapted to this work? If so, send ten cents for our Ten-Hour Talent-Prover, or Key to Movie-Acting Aptitude, and find whether you are suited to take it up."

Merton had earnestly wished to know this, and had sent ten cents to the Film Incorporation Bureau, Station N, Stebbinsville, Arkansas. The Talent-Prover,

or Key to Movie-Acting Aptitude, had come; he had mailed his answers to the questions and waited an anguished ten days, fearing that he would prove to lack the required aptitude for this great art. But at last the cheering news had come. He had every aptitude in full measure, and all that remained was to subscribe to the correspondence course.

He had felt weak in the moment of his relief from this torturing anxiety. Suppose they had told him that he wouldn't do? And he had studied the lessons with unswerving determination. Night and day he had held to his ideal. He knew that when you did this your hour was bound to come.



He yawned now, thinking, instead of the anger expressions he should have been practising, of the sordid things he must do to-morrow. He must be up at five, sprinkle the floor, sweep it, take down the dust curtains from the shelves of dry goods, clean and fill the lamps, then station outside the dummies in their raiment. All day he would serve customers, snatching a hasty lunch of crackers and cheese behind the grocery counter. And at night, instead of twice

watching *The Hazards of Hortense*, he must still unreasonably serve late customers until the second unwinding of those delectable reels.

He suddenly sickened of it all. Was he not sufficiently versed in the art he had chosen to practise? And old Gashwiler every day getting harder to bear! His resolve stiffened. He would not wait much longer—only until the savings hidden under the grocery counter had grown a bit. He made ready for bed, taking, after he had undressed, some dumb-bell exercises that would make his shoulders a trifle more like Harold Parmalee's. This rite concluded, he knelt by his narrow cot and prayed briefly.

"Oh, God, make me a good movie actor! Make me one of the best! For Jesus' sake, amen!"

CHAPTER III.

Saturday proved all that his black forebodings had pictured it—a day of sordid, harassing toil; toil, moreover, for which Gashwiler, the beneficiary, showed but the scantiest appreciation. Indeed the day opened with a disagreement between the forward-looking clerk and his hidebound reactionary. Gashwiler had reached the store at his accustomed hour of 8.30 to find Merton embellishing the



Merton Gill was entranced by the new photographs of his heroine in "Silver Screenings."

bulletin board in front with legends setting forth especial bargains of the day to be had within. Chalk in hand, he had neatly written. "See our new importation of taffetas, \$2.59 the yard." Below this he was in the act of putting down, "Try our choice Honey-dew spinach, 20 cts. the can." "Try our Preferred Chipped Beef, 58 cts. the pound."

He was especially liking that use of "the." It sounded modern. Yet along came Gashwiler, as if seeking an early

excuse to nag, and criticised this.

"Why don't you say 'a yard,' 'a can,' 'a pound?'" he demanded harshly. "What's the sense of that there 'the' stuff? Looks to me like just putting on a few airs. You keep to plain language and our patrons'll like it a lot better."

Viciously Merton Gill rubbed out the modern "the" and substituted the desired "a."

"Very well," he assented, "if you'd rather stick to the old-fashioned way; but I can tell you that's the way city stores do it. I thought you might want to be up-to-date, but I see I made a great mistake."

"Humph!" said Gashwiler, unbitten by this irony. "I guess the old way's good enough, long's our prices are always right. Don't forget to put on that canned salmon. I had that in stock for nearly a year now—and say it's twenty cents 'a can, not 'the' can. Also say it's a grand reduction from thirty-five cents."

That was always the way. You never could please the old grouch. And so began the labour that lasted until nine that night. Merton must count out eggs and weigh butter that was brought in. He must do up sugar and grind coffee and measure dress goods and match silks; he must with the suavest gentility ask if there would not be something else to-day; and he must see that babies left hazardously left on counters did not roll off.

He lived in a vortex of mental confusion, performing his tasks mechanically. When drawing a gallon of kerosene or refolding the shown dress goods, or at any task not requiring him to be genially talkative, he would be saying to Miss

Augusta Blivens in far-off Hollywood, "Yes, my wife is more than a wife. She is my best pal, and, I may also add, my severest critic."

services for the following afternoon.

"Say, Lowell, be on the lot at two sharp to-morrow, will you? I want to shoot some Western stuff—some stills"

Merton thrilled as he used these highly technical phrases. He had not read his magazines for nothing.

Lowell Hardy considered, then consented. He believed that he, too, might some day be called to Hollywood after they had seen the sort of work he could turn out. He always finished his art studies of Merton with great care, and took pains to have the artist's signature entirely legible. "All right, Mert, I'll be there. I got some new patent paper I'll try out on these."

"On the lot at two sharp to shoot Western stuff," repeated Merton with relish.

"Right-o!" assented Lowell, and returned to more prosaic studio art.

The day wore itself to a glad end. The last exigent customer had gone, the curtains were up, the lights were out, and at five minutes past nine the released slave, meeting Tessie Kearns at her front door, escorted her with a high heart to the second show at the Bijou Palace.

They debated staying on until after the wretched comedy had been run, but later agreed that they should see this, as Tessie keenly wished to know why people laughed at such things. The antics of the painfully cross-eyed man distressed them both, though the mental inferiors by whom they were surrounded laughed noisily. Merton wondered how any producer could bring himself to debase so great an art, and Tessie wondered if she hadn't, in a way, been aiming over the public's head with her scenarios. After all, you had to give the public what it wanted. She began to devise comedy elements for her next drama.

But *The Hazards of Hortense* came mercifully to soothe their annoyance. The slim little girl with a wistful smile underwent a rich variety of hazards, each threatening a terrible death. Through them all she came unscathed, leaving behind her a trail of infuriated scoundrels whom she had thwarted. She escaped from an underworld den in a Chicago slum just in the nick of time, cleverly concealing herself in the branches of the great eucalyptus tree that grew hard by, while her maddened pursuers scattered in their search for the prize. Again she was captured, this time to be conveyed by aeroplane, a helpless prisoner and subject to the most fiendish insults by Black Steve, to the frozen North. But in the far Alaskan wilds she eluded the fiends and drove swiftly over the frozen wastes with their only dog team.

Having left her pursuers far behind, she decided to rest for the night in a deserted cabin along the way. Here a lizzard drove snow through the chinks between the logs, and a pack of fierce wolves besieged her. She tried to bar the door, but the bar was gone. At that moment she heard a call. Could it be Black Steve again? No, thank Heaven! The door was pushed open and there stood Ralph Murdock, her fiancé. There was a quick embrace and words of cheer from Ralph. They must go on.

But no, the wind cut like a knife, and the wolves still prowled. The film here showed a running insert of cruel wolves exposing all their fangs. Ralph had lost his rifle. He went now to put his arm

(Continued on page 78).

There was but one break in the dreary monotony, and that was when Lowell Hardy, Simsbury's highly artistic photographer, came in to leave an order for groceries. Lowell wore a soft hat with rakish brim, and affected low collars and flowing cravats, the artistic effect of these being heightened in his studio work by a purple velvet jacket. Even in Gashwiler's he stood out as an artist. Merton received his order, and noting that Gashwiler was beyond ear-shot bespoke his

Ramon on the Riviera

Ramon Novarro visited Monte Carlo on his way home.



Left: As "Ben Hur."



Above: Ramon refreshes at an open air cafe.



Above: Novarro and his dog before the Casino at Monte Carlo. Below: Feeding the pigeons in front of the Café de Paris.



Ramon: Novarro.



Ramon can now testify that the Monte Carlo sets in "Foolish Wives" were absolutely correct.

My Trip Abroad

by

RUDOLPH VALENTINO



Of course the Valentino's visited the ancient catacombs near Rome.

Campo Basso, September

AFTER we had talked a few moments, I asked where my brother was and learned that he was still at his office. I couldn't wait until he should return, whereupon my sister-in-law informed me that she could see well enough where her small son's impetuosity of character came from.

I followed the boy down the stairs, we climbed into the car, my small nephew, of course, in the front seat with me. Auntie and my sister laughed and said that this direct method of meeting my brother was somewhat different from the involved procedure we had gone through to meet her. And I told her that she had always "led me a life," and had, in that respect, in no wise changed.

Also, I had the deuce of a time trying to drive. If Natacha had been with me that time, she would have started back to Nice on foot, if need be. Certainly she would have appreciated former performances if only by comparison.

My small nephew tooted the horn at intervals, when no horn was called for. He tried to grab the wheel, the brakes



Another Roman snapshot of Rudy, his wife and three friends.

... an absolute, reincarnated Mercury. He couldn't stand still or sit still for one instant. I called him Mercury and he liked it. Seemed to feel that it did fit him rather well. "Mercurio" is Italian for quicksilver.

We finally arrived at the City Hall, the office of my brother, who is Secretary-General of Campo Basso, which is the "capoluogo" or capital of the whole province. It is a very responsible position, a kind of lieutenant governorship,

From Rome Rudy and Natacha set forth towards Campo Basso and Castellana where our hero was born.

as it would be rated in America.

Last year, because of his splendid work, he was decorated with the Cross of a Chevalier of the Crown, and that is a very great honour.

We embraced and I found him little changed. I have found that men change much less than women with the years.

He thought that I had changed, but that was only because I was nothing but a boy when I had left home and had been away during the transitional years of the greatest change of all. When I left I had been quite short, and now I am towering above him.

After we had talked for a while, he took us over to the hotel, because his house was quite small and not large enough to accommodate us all. We

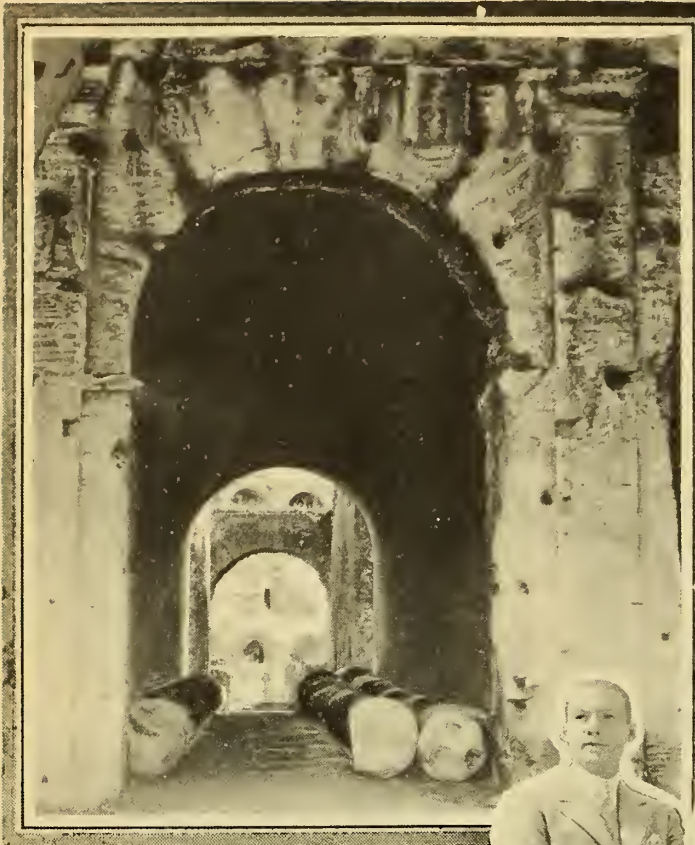
sat down in the hotel room until dinner time, talking . . . talking . . .

I shall go into that tomorrow. One of the last things I promised Natacha was that I wouldn't burn too much midnight oil over this diary. I shall keep the promise, though it is a temptation to go on.

Campo Basso, September 14th.

I left myself talking to my brother . . . and we did talk. Most of our talk was, as it is with men, I think, of what we had been doing since we had seen one another.

Of course, he wanted to know all about my work, more I think, from the business and administrative end of it than from the purely artistic. I told him of the growth of the "infant in-



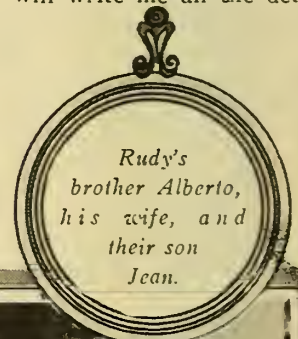
the money to accomplish his end of the restoration. I would arrange to get a print for him.

I told him that I would get into communication with the proper people at once and if he would go about his end of the arrangement, it would only be a matter of a few days.

Campo Basso, Sept. 17th.

I am leaving Campo Basso to-day. I have arranged for the showing of the picture, and my brother has satisfactorily completed his end of the project. He says that he will write me all the details

I suggested to him that he arrange with the Mayor for a big showing of my picture, *The Four Horsemen*, charge enormous prices for it and use



The Coliseum, Rome, which Rudolph visited many times during his stay.

dusty" from a more or less amateurish and clap trap affair to an industry ranked among the largest and most important in the world. I told him of all the worthwhile men connected with it. University men. Business men. Artists, too. And we talked a great deal about the educational end of pictures, what they can accomplish where textbooks and talking all but fail

He had never seen a picture of mine, though by this time I was not surprised at that. And the result was that he knew really very little indeed about my work and what it meant. I had sent him clippings from time to time, but a great many of them had never reached him and as he doesn't read English anyway, he hadn't gained much from me. As for the magazines I had sent him from time to time, fan magazines with interviews, etcetera, in them, and trade magazines with reports of my pictures, he had never received any of them. I rather imagine that the gentlemen at the frontier kept the magazines for themselves.

He asked me if I would arrange for him to see one of my pictures, and I told him that I certainly would. I must see about that to-morrow.

Then, as we were talking, an idea came to both of us.

Way up on top of Campo Basso, right on top of a high commanding hill, there is a castle, Castle Monforte, which belonged to the Duke of Monforte. It is a historic fortress here in Italy throughout the period of feudal wars.



It was built in 1100 by one of the Dukes, and both the castle and the fortress have figured in many battles.

It came out in the course of my brother's talk that the city wants to make this castle into a war monument. Their plan is to reconstruct a part of it, and bring back the bodies of all the boys of Campo Basso who were killed in the war and bury them there. By so doing they would make of it a national monument to the heroes who died in the great war. They are, my brother told me, trying to raise the money to do this.



of the reception of the picture, etcetera, when I get back to Nice.

My brother wants me to stay here longer, but I want to get back to Nice in time to be able to stay there three or four days, and I can't do it if I get behind my schedule now. And I have to go back to Paris, too, because of business that has come up there.

One thing I have noted in regard to my mind and temperament, where procrastination is concerned, and that is that if I am ever led to neglect matter

up to a certain point—invariably my conscience will prick me into action in order to overcome as quickly as possible whatever faults have been caused by the delay. As a general rule, I have schooled myself to be punctual. And, as a general rule, I am. But when one is vacationing, good resolutions are apt to slumber while we drift along with the current of everyday pleasures.

I really waited in Campo Basso longer than I should have, because I found the spring in my car broken and I had to wait until a new spring was put in. As I have before remarked, things are not done in my country with the expedition one finds in America. This includes cars as well as service and telegrams.

I spent pleasant days with my brother, my sister-in-law and my little nephew, for whom I predict a career either in the cinema or in cars. He seems to lean slightly toward the cars right now, but may change with age. His agility should land him somewhere, certainly. He can get over more ground in a shorter space of time and with less apparent effort, than any other human being I have ever noticed, unless it might be Douglas Fairbanks at his best.

To-night I shall say good-bye again to my brother and his family and proceed southward.

Had a wire and a letter from Natacha saying that she is feeling rested and is enjoying the sunshine and late flowers. She also gave me detailed accounts of the various dogs.

Taranto, September 19th.

We left Campo Basso in the morning. The last sight I had was an animated one of my small nephew executing gymnastics of farewell as we vanished down the road. The sun struck him full on, and he seemed a veritable sliver of quicksilver prancing there in the centre of the road. I don't know whether he felt sorrier at seeing me go, or sorrier at seeing the car vanish. His affections seemed to be pretty equally divided. A nice kid. . . .

On the way to Campo Basso, I had only one flat tyre. But going from Campo Basso to Taranto I had three.

Fortunately, I was able to change the first two.

This was no light task whilst sprawling in the dust of the sunny road in my overalls. The third one occurred just as I arrived in front of the hotel in Taranto.

The rest of the family waited at the hotel while I drove about on a flat tyre trying to locate help. When help failed, we put up here for the night to await the arrival of the salvaging tyre.

I had a good night's rest, wrote to Natacha and some letters to people at home, and a couple of books I hadn't had time to get to before, and talked a long while with Auntie and my sister, going over what we had done on our trip and what was in store for us.

As I realised how near I was to the last pivotal point of my journey—my home town—I felt a sense of welling excitement, such as I had felt when we left New York, when we reached London, when we reached Paris, Nice, Milan and Rome. I felt as though I had been making progressive journeys back and back into my youth. Tomorrow I should get straight back to my babyhood. The house where I was born. The streets and garden where I had made the proverbial mudpies—and where I had pitched my first ball.

As we came on further South, we came through a country where an automobile is rarely seen. To the children, no doubt, my whirling machine seemed much like a smoke-emitting dragon skidding miraculously along a commonplace road. They greeted me invariably with shrieks and squeals of wonderment and delight, and some among them, the

Right: Rudy and the car in which he toured Europe.

most venturesome, took advantage of me when I had to slow down, by way of attaching themselves to the fender or any other precarious place they could lay feet and hands to, to steal a ride.

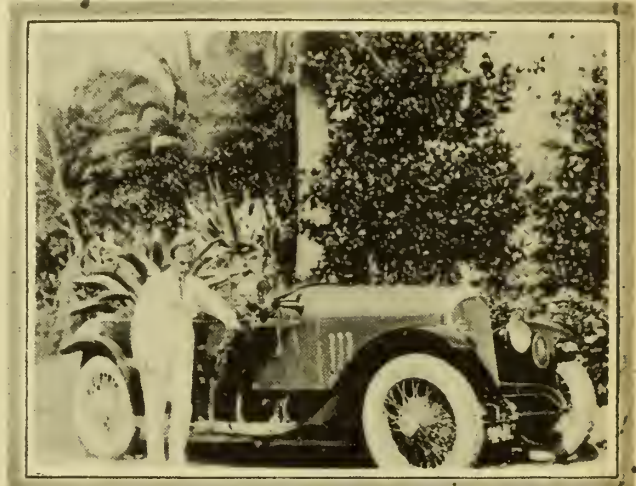
I was afraid they would get hurt and I was more than certain that if they did I would be held responsible for them.

As we got further South, about 4.30 that afternoon, the children had splendid opportunities with me, every one of which they availed themselves of. I had to go very slowly indeed, because of the country people coming back from the fields, driving their donkey carts or walking. Most of the people hereabouts have mules, and most of them have never so much as seen an automobile, save in a stray, accidental picture. Both the people and the mules got nervous and frightened.

All the way that day I had to drive slowly because of the scared and frightened animals and the terrible condition of the road. It got worse as we went along.

But as night approached, there was a gorgeous sunset, and a huge orange moon arose, as huge as a house, so that we felt somewhat repaid and calmed for the pains we were taking.

However, irritating and aggravating as a dusty, fretful day maybe, I defy any



Monte Forte, an ancient castle at Campo Basso. It was built in 1100 and both castle and fortress have figured in many sieges and battles during the feudal wars.



man or woman with so much as the germ of beauty within, to remain chafed and fretted when a moon like saffron silk rises above a land as purple as deep iris. There is something, too, in the air of night, rising out of the ground, that holds a nectar of soothing and sleep. Little things fade away and are lost in the silver shot immensities. . . .

I am very tired. More of our arrival to-morrow.

Castellaneta, September 20th.

Home again!

The town that I was born in! The place that is fabled, storied, sung, sentimentalised over, revered and poked fun at! As a matter of fact, I do suppose that the town one is born in is largely a sentimental matter. The sentiment of tradition. For, in many cases, as in my own, only the earliest years are lived in the town one is born in, and all of the really important and significant events of one's life take place very far from the natal spot.

Well, it may be all "hokum." There may be "nothing to it." And I may be only a "victim" of past scenes and memories. But I know that a lump rose in my throat and a film crossed my eyes as I pointed out to Auntie the square, flat-roofed farmhouse built of heavy white stone—the house where I

Rudy with his nephew, Jean Guglielmi.



was born. I was even guilty of showing her the shuttered windows of the very room wherein the epochal event had miraculously taken place! I can laugh at it, but the laughter is not altogether free of a softer sentiment.

I am not ashamed of it. He who cannot be stirred is in process of dying, emotionally, if no other way. I remembered so well the ceremony of closing those casement windows and barring them at night. The spot where I spent my childhood was not policed as are the suburbs of America, making it neither feasible, nor entirely safe, to

leave one's windows open to the night.

But I am getting miles ahead of myself.

While we were in Tarento (though I was born in Castellaneta. I lived in town a great deal), our cousin met me.

I was much surprised to see how the town had changed. Somehow I had not expected it to. That is another curious psychological or egotistical fact about the traveller. One subconsciously or unconsciously believes that

every-thing will be quite the same as it was, when one left. Many a time I have heard a person say, upon returning home after a long absence, "Why, how changed it all is!" almost in tones of disapproval, as though things should have been left just as they were until that particular person came back again. We only believe in the changes we see and we scarcely realise them half of the time.

During the war, this town was an important military base. The troops went to Salonica, the Balkans—the French, English and Italian troops leaving from Tarento, one of the biggest Italian naval bases.

I was especially surprised to see that they are so modern as to have an electric street car line, because, up to the time of the war, they only had an omnibus, very creaky and antique, drawn by two horses. However, that one line was all the traffic. You saw cabs, but the regular service was done by these horse carriages and now they've become so modern as to have a street car line.

Also, the roads are improved and they have put in electric lights.



Above: The famous Neptune fountain at Bologna.

I exclaimed over each and every detail, and my cousin was amazed that I remembered so much, and so much in detail.

As a matter of fact, I went through a very introspective period of my young life while I went to school at Tarento. We owned a house here at that time and came here to live when I was nine years old, after which we never went back to Castellaneta to live for any length of time.

It was while I was here at school that I became to myself an imaginary figure of great excellence, daring and glamorous. The deficiencies of my every day life and my every day studies (which were neither brilliant nor promising), I compensated for by the stories I secretly wove about my Other Self. The imaginary Me. The gallant and dashing figure I dreamed myself to be. Perhaps the inception of my screen life took place then and there. No doubt Professor Freud would find it so. For certainly I walked myself through stories, legends, crusades and battles of the most rich and intricate material.

My favourite work of literature at the time was "The Adventure of India," but even the author of that volume could not rival me in my inner imaginings. I grew to seem quiet and visionary on the outside, but innerly I was seething with desperate adventures. I was in turn desperado, explorer, chivalrous knight and the warrior-rescuer of scores of beleaguered and beautiful ladies in distress. In my more martial and more valiant moments, I saw myself stained with the blood of hardily won battles, maimed, but triumphant after perils the like of which have probably never taken place on land or sea. I was knighted and acclaimed by the King and Queen.

(Continued on page 74).

My Impressions of London

Told to ELIZABETH LONERGAN
 No. 5. ANNA Q. NILSSON



Above: In "Three Live Ghosts," which was made this side.

Anna Q. Nilsson is another of the American stars who has worked abroad and who thoroughly enjoyed the experience. With a number of other American players she helped make two Famous Players successes, *The Man from Home* and *Three Live Ghosts*, which were filmed in London and on the Continent.

"I do not know why it is that I am always chosen to play English ladies," she said between the shots of a picture which she was making for an Earl Hudson release. "Each company that I play with seems to pick me out for English parts and I surely appreciate the compliment. In *Three Live Ghosts* I was British but decidedly American in *The Man From Home*.

"Mr. Fitzmaurice made these two in England and I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my first glimpse of England. In the short time we were there I made many good friends and I seem to have 'fan' admirers also. In *The Sideshow of Life*, a recent picture for Famous Lasky, I played opposite Ernest Torrence in the dramatization of an English novel ('The Mountebank') which was made by an English director, Herbert Brenon. Quite a coincidence, I think. Then I have played similar roles in *Top of the World*, *Ponjola* and *Rustle of Silk*."

'Did you really cut off your hair to play the boy's role in *Ponjola*?'

"Indeed I did and I haven't regretted it a minute. It is growing in splendidly and I much prefer the freedom of short hair."

Anna Q. Nilsson started her screen career in the old Kalem Studio which is said to have produced more stars than any other. Among them—Alice Joyce, Tom Moore, Marguerite Courtot, Carlyle Blackwell, Helen Holmes, J. P. McGowan and a number of others.

With Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand, Florence La Badie (who died soon after completing *The Million Dollar Mystery*) she was one of those who stepped from posing for fashion photographs into the studio and has a great many excellent roles to her credit on the screen.

Her eleven months abroad was notable for two things. One was a trip to Sweden which she had not visited since her childhood and the other was that she saw a real London fog and it was



Left: A scene from "Inez from Hollywood," her newest film.



Above: In "The Man from Home," which was made in Europe.

theatres, the charming home life, and the many opportunities for outdoor sports.

"Everyone I met was lovely to me and it is no wonder that I am anxious to go back."

just as dense as she had imagined from reading about it in American journals!

"Did it dampen your enthusiasm for England,"

"Indeed not!" Miss Nilsson replied. "It quite added to the thrill of the wonderful trip and some day I hope to see another one. The things I enjoyed most in England were the

Anna's latest photo.



Miss Extra

The extra girl of to day is the star of to-morrow, according to Movie history. This will tell you all about her.



Smart gowns are a vital necessary to Miss Extra.

It doesn't take a cross-word puzzle to guess what an extra girl worries about, especially after a few days on a Hollywood lot. And it isn't, as one might suppose, the attainment of stardom. No, because if she is young and fresh she looks upon stardom as her natural right which will follow in due course of time, and if she is older and experienced in the game the idea of stardom figures in her mind only as a lucky accident. The chief problems of the extra girl don't have to do with temptations, villains, or even food and lodging. All she has to worry about is where her next job is coming from and whether her clothes will hold out.

I am talking now, of course, only of the professional extra girls as distinguished from the feminine Mertons who are at this moment either on their way to Los Angeles plus all their worldly wealth or on their way back to the middle west minus. These latter are so generally inexperienced that they are bound to drop out too early to be of much account in movie annals. Also, I don't include in my discussion of problems the large floating amateur class of extras who only work once in a while, for they have no problems.

A professional extra is usually a girl with some training either on the stage or in an artist's studio. Most of the girls I met who were making any headway had had such training, though it's not absolutely necessary, and they could all do dozens of things like ride horseback, swim, do acrobatic

dancing that made it easier for them to get work and even get the least bit of recognition from the casting directors.

You might think that once a persistent girl got past the casting directors of a few studios she would be, if not on the road to stardom, at least on the road to the basis of a livelihood. A chorus girl, when she gets a job, is assured of salary

studios and got her first job in five days. But this girl was unusually pretty and unusually well-prepared for conquest. She had brought along her mother and enough money to live on comfortably for two years. In contrast to her was a former vaudeville dancer who acknowledged she had expected great things with her training and had had to wait three months for a "bit," a maid part that lasted three days.

On this all the girls agreed, that it was not the initial plunge, not getting into the movies, that was the hardest. It was staying in. You might get a day's work immediately and then wait



A group of extras outside famous Lasky's casting office in Hollywood.

for at least the week the show opens, no matter how flat it falls. But an extra girl must look for a new job every day, and on certain calls, like weather permitting calls, she can never be sure that she won't be back in a few hours as jobless and payless as ever.

I was lucky enough once to get a job as extra on the Goldwyn lot during the filming of a Mae Murray picture. There were about thirty-five girls working in the cabaret scene, of the highest class of professional extra, and I asked them to estimate how much work they got per week on an average and how long it had taken them to get their first job.

Naturally their answers didn't agree at all. There was one girl, a former photographic model and winner in a beauty contest, who had come from Chicago, made the rounds of the

for weeks before you worked another day. Seldom did one find a whole week's work. Four days a week at \$7.50 a day, generally less seven per cent for the co-operative screen service through which most of the studios get their extras, was the maximum you could expect and you were lucky if you got that. All these girls had had intervals of a week, even a month, when nobody in the world seemed to need an extra, not to speak of the even more fruitless periods of slump when the studios stopped producing.

They had had to make an exact science of work-hunting, and this was the advice they gave to me, a beginner:

(1) Don't wait around the studios on the chance that something may turn up. Only amateurs do that.

(2) Register at all the studios and

register with the co-operative screen service and if you can afford it, with some of the reputable commercial agencies.

(3) Telephone all the studios every day you're not working, and make the rounds at intervals, getting in to see the casting director as often as possible.

(4) Keep your ears open and the minute you hear that any studio is casting or about to cast, be on your way over.

(5) You must have a telephone and someone always in to take messages, for the screen service, the studios and the casting directors do call up on occasion.

This sounds as if most of the extra's wages would be consumed by car fare and telephone calls. Then how do they live on their earnings? That's simple. They don't. Neither do they, so far as I could find out, make a speciality of living on the wages of sin.

I've said that the professional extras don't worry about board and lodging, and it's true. Some live at home, some are married, some have come out with mother and her savings, some give lessons, conduct dancing classes, have all sorts of avocations. One extra girl I know is moving picture correspondent for a paper in Alabama and writes for the motion picture magazines. Another dances occasionally in special prologues at the Los Angeles motion picture theatres. One girl embroiders initials on linen and sews hand-made underwear, and takes subscriptions for magazines.

There are any number of girls, too.

Fred Niblo and a group of Italian extras for "Ben Hur."



For a period picture like "Beaucaire," the company furnishes all the costumes.

who rely on relatives around the studio, anyone from the featured player to the cameraman, and who may get extra breaks sometimes for that reason. Moving picture people are just as human as other people, and given a choice between two extras of equal ability, one of whom is vouched for by someone connected with the studio and one of whom isn't, the choice is not unlikely to land on the former.

If it were only a question of existing between jobs, more extra girls would be able to hang on. But it isn't. The extra girl must be well-dressed, and as a general rule, have

a fairly complete wardrobe. Considering the amount of wear and tear dresses get in the movies and the way fashions change, this is an acute problem. Not many of the studios have wardrobes for modern plays. To be sure, the studios pay extras \$10 and \$12 when they wear elaborate costumes and reimburse them for undue wear and tear, but this reimbursement amounts to perhaps \$15 for an expensive dress.

Much harder to fight than temptations is the loneliness which so many have to bear. There is only one club for extra girls, the Hollywood Club, where a certain number can board for \$10.50 a week. But I couldn't learn of any purely social clubs. If a girl comes out alone, she has to pick her friends and associates and often roommates, for most of the girls double up in small apartments, around the studios.

That is why, if the professional extra girl gave any advice to beginners, she would tell them first of all to bring their mothers or some member of their families. Secondly, they should have enough money to last them for at least a year. Training of some sort, on the stage, or in dancing, or posing, is an asset if only in that it has given the girl some experience of the world of professional people and some poise. An avocation, some way in which one can earn money on the side, is also a great help.

If a girl sets out so equipped and has a good screen personality, she has at least an even chance to become a star. For that's not as hopeless a proceeding as it sounds. The movies have loads of people, to be sure, but the movies are always looking for new people.

CATHERINE BRODY.

A Woman Apart

A baffling, intriguing creature, with those flying eyes that do so much heart damage. Doris Kenyon is a princess in a fairy tale, a proud princess with a frozen heart.

A baffling, intriguing creature, with those flying eyes that do so much heart-damage—eyes like Priscilla Dean's, but a spirit of ice where Priscilla's is flame. A princess in a fairy tale, a proud princess with a frozen heart.

Perhaps Doris Kenyon would laugh at all this, but at bottom she would know it was true. She must be well enough aware that her real self has never yet come before an audience, and that by this very isolation she holds them sure. The attraction of the unknown, the unexplained, is a wonderful thing that the kinema has too much neglected.

We know too much about our stars and their private lives; they give away too much of themselves in every part they play. We feel sure of them, feel them to be ours for the asking, at the price of a seat in the nearest picture theatre. We come to expect their charms too cheaply, and grieve when we get to the bottom of the very charm we have demanded. But there is no danger with Doris, that complete understanding will break the spell.

Perhaps there can never be a complete understanding of girls with fly-away eyes. . .

There is nothing cold about Doris to the outward senses. She is charming and enthusiastic, ready to talk about anything and all things.

She is a mass of appreciations, quick to respond and generous in criticism. Her enthusiasms are music and Madge Kennedy, Farrar and colours. Her range of conversation is extraordinary, until you realise that she has done almost

Below: With Percy Marmont in "Idle Tongues."



Above and right: Two characteristic studies of Doris Kenyon.

As the sedan chair containing Lady Mary Carlisle glided upon the screen in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and the door opened to reveal her, there was a sudden rustling of programmes in the audience and a subdued murmur of questioning.

"Who is she?" asked a man without a programme.

"Doris Kenyon," said his neighbour.

"Never seen her," said the first man.

"Your loss," said the second, briefly, and added, after a pause, "Loveliest thing on the screen."

Yes, the description is not such a bad one when all is said and done, but it is only a beginning. Lovely, very, with her grey eyes and dark hair and apple blossom colouring, quite one of the loveliest girls in filmdom. But Doris Kenyon is much more than that. Her looks are not the key to her peculiar charm. Indeed, I wonder very much whether anyone yet has found the key, and if anyone ever will. It certainly does not lie in beauty of eyes or form or hair.

Doris Kenyon, of all the heroines of the screen, is one of the most tantalising. She falls into no special class. She is quite individual, a woman apart. You cannot judge her by any of the accepted standards of talent and charm; you are clever if you can coldly judge her at all. She seems to have given us all of herself, but when we analyse it, she has given us nothing. She is an everlasting mystery.

And the curious part of it all is that Doris Kenyon has expressed herself in every one of the arts, translated her spirit through speech and line and movement to waiting thousands; she has never hidden herself away or denied herself to the public she has elected to serve, but through it all the real woman remains unknown, a mystery.

She appears to have thrown all her cards on the table, but in her own hand she holds the trump.





screen by watching her dance and sing behind the New York footlights, or read her clever work in American magazines. One of her earliest films was a Pathé serial, *The Hidden Hand*, in which she played opposite Mahlon Hamilton; the one kind of acting which is entirely unsuited to her keen, chiselled technique and dignity of gesture.

Since then she has appeared in *The Great White Trail*, *The Street of the Seven Stars*, *Twilight*, *The Band Box*, *The Harvest Moon*, and *The Conquest of Canaan* with Thomas Meighan, and several other pictures for Paramount. But it is *Monsieur Beaucaire* that gives Doris her chance for a character study of real skill and originality, and allows her peculiar beauty to have full scope for the first time on the screen.

Left: She is a colour enthusiast in both dress and decoration. Circle: Doris in "If I Marry Again."



everything that an artist can do in her short life, and that there is nothing that she has done that she has not done well.

Originally, Doris Kenyon was going to be a doctor. She took her medical degree at Columbia University, but quickly turned from science to art, and began to make her name on the New York stage. Then the film companies ran after her, and she divided her work between the silent and the speaking drama for a considerable time, acting in the studios by day and behind the footlights by night. Neither the stage nor the screen could be persuaded to part with her altogether, so Doris, who likes hard work, has had to keep honours even, and is likely to do so for a considerable time.

But Doris Kenyon is more than actress. All the arts have sent presents to her christening. She sings like a bird, and hopes to appear in grand opera in the near future. She dances like a butterfly; an elfin, soulless creature. And she is a poet, with several volumes of published verse to her credit. Her last little book was brought out in conjunction with some work of her father's who is also a poet; a slim, charming volume, with that same curtain of mystery hanging over it, and the same resistless fascination of the unknown and the inexpressible, that has marked all her work, sung, danced, acted and in speech.

Doris first swam into my vision in *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*, a Paramount picture of two or three years ago, with Sam Hardy and Norman Kerry in the leading parts. Her film appearances have not been too frequent—not nearly frequent enough for her English admirers, who cannot console themselves for her absences from the

To Valentino must go the praise. The part of Lady Mary was cast elsewhere. Valentino demanded Doris Kenyon and no other in the part, declaring that she was the only woman who could bring to it the right atmosphere of frozen enchantment, the right aristocracy of gesture and pride of beauty.

That Doris Kenyon did bring all these and more is beyond all questions. Various players were criticised, when the movie was shown, for various shortcomings. This one was too modern, that one too hard. But the chorus of praise for Doris Kenyon was without a single discordant note. She was aristocratic, she was beautiful, she was alluring and coquettish by turns, she swayed her audience as easily as she swayed her film court, with a glance or a gesture. Her remarkable grace of gesture it was that influenced Valentino when he insisted she should be his "Lady Mary."

And Valentino had his way. Doris and Lady Mary became one, the loveliest, hardest, most fascinating heroine who ever graced an English screen.

Now all the producers are running after her, and she is scheduled to make as many pictures as there are days in the year—almost.

And still the problem of her charm is unsolved—a riddle of which she only knows the answer.

E. R. THOMPSON.

Below: As "Lady Mary" with Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire."





Helen Chadwick's silk and wool walking costume, equipped with pockets on either side.



Tennis or golf—Patsy Ruth Miller ready for either.

Sporting Stars

For golf Jacqueline Logan recommends this costume of quilted cord silk, edged with red duvetyne.



Suggestive of the heath and the moorland is Norma Shearer's tweed costume with plaid scarf and tiny hat to match.



Madge Bellamy in riding kit.



Norma Talmadge's sports coat is finished with collar and cuffs of finely-pleated white lawn.



GEORGE K. ARTHUR

Who, with Josef Von Sternberg has scored a huge success with "The Salvation Hunters," the real-life film which has become the talk of California. "Kipps" may visit London this summer.

**JOHN GILBERT**

Worked conscientiously and painstakingly as director and star for years until Elinor Glyn "discovered" him. He has since starred in "His Hour," and is now opposite Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow."



BETTY BLYTHE

Looks like repeating her "Queen of Sheba" triumph in the new version of "She" now being made on the Continent. Betty is an International star these days.

The Flappers Favourite

Although this face has maturity, it has not yet hardened into a mould. It is analytical to a great degree. Optimism and practicality are both present in large quantities. It is determined, good-natured, and somewhat unemotional. Although there are few original qualities in the character, this is one who is naturally tactful, good-natured, and sincere.

This reading of the face of Mr. Lloyd Hughes has been brought largely through letters of request on the part of his many admirers. These appear to be mostly young girls, that part of the screen's audience which, more than any other, seems to fix the amount of a player's salary and demand his rise or fall.

There is no doubt that Lloyd Hughes is popular, and it is worth while attempting to discover in his face those elements of character (which must always supplement mere good looks), that have been responsible for his popularity.

What I see is a brow of considerable analytical power, but there is not much indication of original or inquiring thought. Intellectually, at least, this is one who would be inclined to take his opinions unquestioningly from tradition rather than to examine his own reactions, and from them interpret his own beliefs and philosophy.

Something of this may be due to the youth of the face, although, as I have said in my advance summary, this character is a mature one. But it has matured, at any rate, without the cynicism, insincerity, and ironical compromises which one finds in the faces of most popular actors. It is best classified as an "unspoiled" face.

Inote optimism in the mouth, and practicality in the brow. Plenty of force of character is present, though this is of a defensive rather than an aggressive variety. With this goes, too, a slight touch of obstinacy when the cherished traditional opinions of the individual are questioned.

The face is free from any vulgarity or looseness, and is healthily clean in spirit. Although it cannot be called vain, it is intensely self-aware. So much is this so, that the character recognises its most valuable assets and its greatest limitations. It is said that no one really knows what he looks like. Lloyd Hughes has an unprejudiced self-knowledge, and probably comes nearer to knowing than most people.

Although the disposition is an even one, there are indications of a quick temper when aroused. The nature is somewhat jealous in matters of affection. Although there is no pugnacity present, in the sense of the person who

De Sola, the character expert, finds the face of this young screen actor makes its special appeal to the less mature element amongst movie audiences.



has a chip on his shoulder, this is an individual who is always prepared to defend his rights or protect his opinions with all the directness of a physical fighter.

There is much honesty present, and plenty of courage. Nor is there any trace of self-consciousness in spite of the self-awareness I have mentioned. His features bespeak the kind of character that may be termed the domestic type. He is naturally a lover of home and home life, as opposed to the restless, more Bohemian type of existence.

He has a good disposition, as his evenly moulded lips inform me, and he has tact and kindness. But he

would be inclined to be rather strict with those under his care, and somewhat severe wherever he rules. Easy-going as he is, when ruffled to the point of temper, he could show harshness mingled with a certain cleverness. He would know how to wound those who oppose him.

So straightforward and direct are his opinions, and so naturally honest and sincere are his traits, that it is safe to deduce he would have a firm dislike to anything subtle, complex, or highly original. He would not only fail to understand types of persons or situations that embodied these qualities, he would literally abhor them.

This, as I read him, is Lloyd Hughes.

The Five Patrol

JOHN
FLEMING



On the placid grey flat of the mighty ocean two objects only were visible. The first was the "Martha Lee"—or what was left of her. Over near the sunrise the last tattered shreds and spars of her floated grimly, a sad reminder for such eyes as saw of the grand ship that had proudly sailed the seas but a few short hours ago. The other forlorn object was a small lifeboat, the last to leave the "Martha Lee," and the only one now in sight. In it were four people; the captain of the dead vessel, John Ferguson, his wife and child, young Colin, no more than a baby in arms, and a single seaman. As the seaman pulled off with rare futility from one empty area of the vast ocean to another area as empty, Captain John Ferguson sank down in the bows and drew his wife and child to his side. Eastward, the last sign of the "Martha Lee" had sunk from sight.

"Where now, and for how long?" the captain murmured, trying to put cheer into his tones for the sake of his fellow-victims.

They rowed on, until the arms of the men could row no more; and presently the futility of their efforts was apparent to them. They might go on thus for years and die rowing, without ever sighting land or a sail. As wise to drift and wait and put their trust in Providence.

Leadened of heart they drifted for three

days, and the last biscuit was eaten and the last drop of water in the keg come to, when, just as their prospect seemed most hopeless and death inevitable, over to the south loomed a sail. At once the captain sprang to his feet and began to wave the tattered remnants of his coat. Within half an hour they were aboard ship once more.

But a ship such as none there had ever seen before, though most had heard of. It was none other than the notorious "Eagle," a pirate boat, under the command of as evil a monster as ever sailed the seven seas, one "Butch" Anderson. It was not lightly that the name of "Butch" had been bestowed upon him.

Anderson had been below when the survivors from the "Martha Lee" were picked up; but now he came storming up to see them, to sneer with peculiar amusement at the men and the child and to raise his eyebrows in satisfaction at the helpless spectacle of Mrs. Ferguson.

"Where's the boat?" he snarled.

"Still alongside," he was informed.

He pointed to Ferguson, the seaman and the boy.

"Put 'em back where they came from," he commanded. "Leave the woman."

With a horrifying scream Mrs. Ferguson fell on her knees and threw her arms round her husband.

"John! John!" she cried. "Save me. Get me away—don't leave me in the clutches of this fiend. John . . ."

"Never fear," responded Ferguson. "I'll save you, or he'll kill me first."

A knife was his only weapon, the only weapon to be shared amongst the little band of survivors. He drew it now, stood before his sobbing wife and waited for "Butch" Anderson to come on.

The crew of the "Eagle" formed a rough ring, which had the added disadvantage of cutting off the captives from such meagre means of escape as the wide ocean offered. They formed a ring and began to cheer their leader and sneer at his victim.

"Butch" was as burly a warrior as he was an unfair. He made the rules of the game as he went along, and always to suit himself. Ferguson fought not an opponent but a crew, and he was not aided in his effort by the pitiful moaning of his wife, kneeling at the feet of their solitary seaman, with her child in her arms. The captain glanced round to give her a word of encouragement; when again he faced his opponent it was to see that "Butch" now held two knives in his hand.

"All's fair in—love and war!" said the pirate banteringly; and he fell into the fight with added fury and violence.

What happened then happened too swiftly to ever be clearly recollected by



He fell into the fight with added violence and fury.

the onlookers. The two men had been together, fighting furiously for some seconds, when suddenly Ferguson fell back, his elbow crooked across his eyes, moaning hoarsely, while blood dripped from him across the deck. The child screamed, Mrs. Ferguson emitted a wild shriek of terror and the seaman attempted a dash forward, to be dragged back the next moment by the crew of the "Eagle."

"John!" cried Mrs. Ferguson.

"The hog!" bellowed Ferguson himself, stumbling backward and reaching for the rail. "He—he has blinded me!"

As he fell back the knife dropped from his grasp and fell at Mrs. Ferguson's feet. Scarce knowing what she did nor why she did it she took it up, unobserved, and hid it in the folds of her dress.

"Blinded me!" the agonised captain groaned, showing his now sightless eyes to the crowd. "But he'll carry a mark on his own neck, I'm thinking, that will brand him for what he is to the end of his days."

And indeed "Butch" Anderson's hands were feebly stroking his bleeding neck and violent curses were issuing from his lips.

Suddenly he began to give orders.

"Now!" he bellowed, "throw them over and put the woman below."

Violently the captain, his infant son and the faithful seaman were cast into their feeble lifeboat and sent adrift. Soon they were a mere speck far across the waste of water; and then they could no longer be seen at all. "Butch" Anderson, his neck horribly bandaged, turned away with a grin and tottered below for a few words with his remaining victim, Mrs. Ferguson.

But he was too late.

CAST.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE:

Mary Ferguson - ANNA Q. NILSSON
 Captain Ferguson WILLIAM JEFFRIES
 Colin Ferguson - DICKY BRANDON
 "Butch" Anderson- JACK RICHARDSON

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY:

Molly Thatcher - MADGE BELLAMY
 Emma Thatcher

HELEN JEROME EDDY

Colin Ferguson - JOHNNY HARRON
 Captain Ferguson

SPOTTISWOODE AITKEN

"Butch" Anderson JACK RICHARDSON

Alice Masters- - GALE HENRY

*Narrated by permission from the W. & F.
 Film of the same name.*

THE STORY

In the little fishing village of Bonavista all was happy excitement. There was a great trying on of bonnets and ribbons; a great scurrying of cheerful footsteps between the little frame cottages and the little village store; a vast amount of staring at the moon-flooded sky and speculation on whether or not it was to remain a fine night. For the occasion was that of the Grand Celebration to be held in the school-house in honour of the rescue of a burning freighter by the men of the local Coast Fire Patrol. Bonavista felt itself greatly honoured and desired to do honour to its heroes in turn; for all the men of the Coast Fire Patrol were Bonavista men.

As the villagers made their way down the little main street to the school-house, there was not one of them who did not stop to give a cheery greeting to old blind Captain Ferguson, also making his way there with the aid of his long ash stick. For it was Captain Ferguson's son Colin, captain of the

Fire Patrol, who was the special hero of the hour.

"A fine thing the young man did, Captain!"

"It's proud you've every right to be of him, eh?"

"And Molly!"

It made the old man's heart quite light to hear these things. Though he had never seen any of these neighbours of his, yet he knew they all loved him, and he loved them in his turn.

"That's where young Colin'll be now, I guess, what?" said one, passing the blind captain with a pat on the shoulder.

"Gettin' ready to bring his Molly along."

"And you've hit it right away," replied the old man with a chuckle.

Yes, that is where young Colin was.

The Thatcher sisters, Molly and Emma, were orphans, and lived in a little frame house on the very outskirts of the village; and it was on the porch of this cottage that young Colin Ferguson, a fine, well set-up young man of twenty-five, was at this moment sitting, waiting for his fiancée to make her last preparations for the dance.

Presently Colin turned at the sound of a footstep; but it was not Molly who entered the room behind him. It was Emma, her elder sister, a somewhat plain and unattractive-looking girl to Colin's thinking. To his surprise she held in her hand what appeared to be the incomplete uniform of a member of the Fire Patrol. Colin sprang to his feet and hurried into the room.

"Why, Emma," he said, "what can you have there?"

"Your new uniform," Emma replied.

"I am making it for you. All the village is honouring you, you know, Colin, in some way; this is my way. I don't care much for dancing."

"But this is too good of you, Emma. It is far more than I ever expected, and you know you should not put yourself to all this trouble. But surely you are coming to the Celebration?"

"No," replied Emma. "I want to finish this to-night, and there is still a good deal needs to be done to it."

She smiled rather wistfully, and when Colin and Molly had run off laughing to the dance, she dropped her sewing and stared at her reflection in the glass. No, she decided, she was not very much to look at. Not very much. . . Unless . . .

In an idle whim she began to rearrange her hair. Then, still almost without thinking, she slipped off her dress and made little rapid alterations to it here and there. Upstairs was a gold chain and locket. They had been her mother's and were hers now; but she never wore them. She fetched them and wore them now; found an antiquated pair of curling tongs and did things to her hair. She scarcely knew why she had done these things—and then, in a flash, she did know.

Colin!

Yes, she loved him . . . And it was because she could not bear to witness

her sister's happiness with the man they both loved that she was making now this forlorn effort to— Gain him? Or— capture him?

Meantime, old Captain Ferguson and a friend of the family, Alice Masters, had taken Colin aside in the schoolroom and were whispering a secret in his ear.

"Later in the evening, Colin, the Committee's goin' for to present you with a silver medal for your bravery!"

"What!"

"Fact! We thought you'd like to be warned in time."

Colin crept away to think about this terror that was to come to him. And then in a flash he recalled the new uniform that he had seen Emma making. It had seemed nearly complete. Supposing he were to slip back and see and put it on and come back and have his fine silver medal pinned on his new uniform at its first wearing? That would please Molly!

He looked round. Nobody was observing him in the throng. Without further hesitation he pushed back the door and slipped out.

It was no more than a quarter of an hour's drive to the Thatcher house. He unhitched the buggy and slipped away in the darkness, but with a swift glance at the darkening sky, where fierce clouds were now scurrying across the moon. When he came to the cottage and tethered the pony to a stoop he felt the first drop of rain patter on the cabbage leaves. He hurried indoors.

Emma swung round from the mirror and met his astonished gaze calmly.

"Emma!" he cried.

"Colin!"

"Why—" He stood as one transfixed. Emma! But he scarcely recognised her. This was a new Emma—a yes a beautiful Emma! He took a pace forward hesitantly.

"You look—beautiful! I— But..."

"My beauty is for you," she said, looking him full in the eyes.

"For me?"

"Don't you see? Are you blind? Who is it stays behind while you join in the fun—who is it stays behind always—for you? Doing things for you... Colin! Don't you see? I love you! I—I am yours! And—you are mine!"

Suddenly she flung her arms round his neck. "Kiss me, Colin," she whispered.

"But..." He turned for relief to a great sound that at that moment rent the heavens. "What was that?"

"Thunder—a storm," she said chokingly. "What of it? There has been a storm in my bosom these many weeks. Did you care for that? Kiss me, I say!"

He kissed her. Before the fury of her passion he seemed to have lost his will.

Outside the storm fell on the little community with a fury almost personal. Somewhere out in the frightful torment of the sea, a little red light shot up into the heavens, there to burst, and almost simultaneously a dull red glow shone whence it had come. The alarm! A ship on fire! Somebody, running up the main street, burst into the schoolroom and spread the news. At once the dancing ceased and the dancers raced out into the open,

Yes, there it was! A quarter of a mile out and burning rapidly. And the sea was a hell. If anything was to be done, it must be done soon and swiftly. The members of the Fire Patrol began to single each other out from the mob and to line up at the side of the road. Then a cry arose.

"Where's Colin?"

Nobody knew. A brief search was made—there was no time for more—then the boats put out without him.

But Colin was not the laggard some there thought. Emma too had heard the signal of distress and had sent him to his duty. But the fury of the gale had startled his pony, and when he reached the stoop beside the gate of the Thatcher cottage it was only to find to his consternation that both animal and buggy were missing.

But though he ran as he had never run before, by the time he reached the harbour all was over. The survivors had been brought ashore and were being tended by the villagers. Over one, an elderly seaman who had been battered badly by the storm, Molly was bending, tending his injuries. And then from somewhere on the fringe of the crowd an ugly cry arose.

"Coward!"

Colin swung round, his cheeks flaming; and he was just about to account for his absence, when it dawned on him that his secret was someone else's as well, and could not be told without that someone's permission. He bit his lip and turned away and let the cry of coward go echoing after him.

There was one there, at least, who had no thought for the petty local spites and opinions; and this was the elderly seaman who, at Molly's hands, was being speedily brought back to comfort in a sheltered corner of the beach. For some time he had been staring at his nurse with undisguised admiration; now he spoke.

"My lordy, miss, but you're a beauty! I seen some women I'll say, you're the peach of the bunch. Come now, give an old sailor man a kiss."

"Just one, now. 'Tis plain you don't know the man you're speakin' to, missie. I never take 'No' for an answer."

Suddenly old blind Captain Ferguson forced his way through the press and bent over the speaker.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"What might your name be?"

"Me?" said the sailor. "Why, Dan Weaver's my name." "Weaver?" "Aye."

"Then I'm sorry, Dan Weaver. I thought for the moment you were someone else. I'm blind, you know, and have to go by voices."

"Who might you have been thinkin' I was?" Weaver asked. But the blind man shook his head.



A single blow from Weaver put him out of the fight for good.

Molly waited a long time that night for Colin to come to her and explain his absence when the fire alarm was given; but she waited in vain. He did not come. And at last, heavy at heart, she returned home, to meet the terrible truth from her sister's lips.

"It's me he loves," said Emma remorselessly. "Loves me and says so, and has held me in his arms and kissed me. But he's no coward, let me tell you. It was his buggy broke loose in the storm, and he had to walk down to the harbour."

"Kissed you?" Molly cried in amazement.

"Aye, that he did!"

"But—oh, I can't believe it!"

"You'll believe it soon enough when you see him calling—on me!"

Before either of the girls could utter another word, the door was flung back and into the room came the old blind sailor, leading his son by the arm.

"Where's Emma?" he asked, staring pitifully with his sightless eyes round the little room.

"Here," said Emma.

"My son has confessed all to me," said the old man brokenly. "I've brought him up here to hear what I have to say to you. In his name I make you an offer of marriage. You shall be married as soon as the law allows in the church by the harbour. What do you say to that?"

"I say yes," murmured Emma, with a side glance at Molly.

On a wretched grey day some three weeks later, Colin Ferguson drove up to the Thatcher cottage to keep his word to Emma and say good-bye for ever to Molly. This latter ceremony was brief, then Colin with Emma by his side, drove down to the village in silence, and the first word that was spoken was spoken by one who met them on the outskirts of the village.

"Why, Colin, I thought you were on the cliffs waiting for your father?"

"I have not been across the cliffs for weeks," said Colin, pulling up.

"That old Dan Weaver told your father so, at any rate, and the poor old man has set out there alone."

Without another word, Colin swung the pony round and began a mad race across the cliffs that lived in the history of Bonavista for many a long year. There was no road—there was not so much as a crude path; but it seemed that Colin bore a charmed life that day. They caught sight of the old blind captain walking straight to the edge of the cliff. Colin gave a

hoarse cry, flung the reins aside and sprang to the lean turf. Across this he ran like a hare, and just as the old man was about to step over the ledge that must have sent him to instant death, Colin's hand fell on his shoulder and dragged him back.

It took but a minute to explain, but the old man's brows fell dark.

"Where's Molly?"

"At the cottage."

Colin began to run.

"Follow behind with Emma," he called over his shoulder. "I'll take the buggy."

He sprang into the buggy and lashed up the horse, turning it with a deft movement inward. In seven minutes Colin was kicking open the door of the Thatcher cottage and plunging in and leaping at the throat of Dan Weaver. Molly, her hair streaming, a look of unspeakable horror in her eyes, was across the room, waiting. . . .

It was less like a fight than a private war. Anything did for weapons, and the furnishings of the cottage fared badly in the fray. Blood flowed freely from the faces of both men and their hoarse cries mingled with the terrified shrieks of the panic-stricken Molly. It was a hard fight, and up to a point a fair fight. But Colin was young and slim and inexperienced; Dan Weaver, cunning and big and broad, and he had fought in all the corners of the earth. There came a moment when Colin tottered weakly, staggering round the room seeing nothing. Then a swift blow from Weaver put him out of the fight.

"Now for you," said Weaver.

"Wait a moment," cried a voice, and Weaver turned to see old Captain Ferguson filling the doorway. Uncertainly the blind man tottered into the room, with Emma by his side. He began to grope his way forward.

"Ha!" laughed Weaver, drawing a pistol. "I've one bullet left and I hate to waste it. Here ye are!"

He fired, but Emma was too quick for him. Flinging herself in front of the defenceless blind man she received the bullet in her own breast and fell without a word.

When Colin recovered consciousness his dazed eyes met the most bewildering sight they had ever beheld. At the captain's feet lay the dead body of Dan Weaver, choked to death; and over the room Emma lay dying in Molly's arms.

"I knew him," the old blind captain was muttering, "by the scar. Dan Weaver! 'Butch' Anderson, it used to be."

Emma lifted a finger and signalled to Colin to come to her side.

"It was my fault," she whispered with her dying breath, "I alone am to blame. I'm not going to ask you to forgive him—there's nothing to forgive. I'm going to ask you to love him—as—as I loved him. . . ."

She smiled into their faces and then her head dropped and her hand lost its grasp.

A moment later the old blind captain was crushing Molly and his son to his heart, trying to see, trying to understand



"My lordy, Miss, but you're a beauty, you're the peach of the bunch."

The Art of John Barrymore

If you were to tell John Barrymore that his screenwork was pure genius and that he stood high in the first dozen film artists of the world, he would smile at you gravely and say that he was sorry, he didn't wish the kinema as badly as all that. And the curious part of it is that he would be perfectly serious in his self-depreciation. He thinks of Chaplin as a genius of the screen, he thinks of Torrence as a potential genius of the screen, but of himself as a genius of the screen he has never thought at all.

The conscious effort, the conscious study, of John Barrymore has been directed, and always will be directed, to the art of the speaking stage. For that he has shaped and polished all his work, and into that have gone all his ambitions and ideals. For months he will ponder over the right setting for a play, the right inflection of voice for a certain line, the right casting of the smaller parts in his productions

The films that he makes are slipped in, as it were, between scenes. Accustomed to other stage actors who foot it now and again on the screen, and alternate between mediocrity and dismal failure, he does not appreciate the difference between the quality of their work and his own. But the truth is that to John Barrymore, to whom film success means very little more than that he has given others pleasure, has come the firm and lasting success that an artist alone can win.

Barrymore simply cannot play a part badly. The reason is threefold. Firstly, he has the thinker's knack of getting right inside the skin of a character, analysing it and sympathising with it, catching its very tricks of thought and gesture, walking with it and talking with it until *he* and the character become one. Secondly, the power to *act* is instinct within him.

All the Barrymores have acted, always: it is the Barrymore birthright. There seems to be no intermediary layer in the Barrymores between a thought and its outward expression, between the emotion to be represented and the movement that will represent it the most fitly. And thirdly, John Barrymore is a scholar, a reader, and a painter, who has made it his interest to master the individual technique of every art he touches. He has studied the best use to which brush and colour can be put in painting. He knows what pen and ink can most completely write.

He has learnt what movement, what *lack* of movement, is best suited to the representation of thought before

the camera, what on the screen should be stressed, what on the screen should be eliminated, and where comes the very fine dividing line between the right acting of the theatre and the right acting of the silent stage. His work is the work of a scholar and a student, missing pedantry by the breadth and firm grip of his actor's inheritance, and missing coldness by his human understanding.

Ordinary type limits do not control Barrymore. He has no type. He can cut as clear a cameo picture of youth as of age; Beau Brummel in his heyday and Beau Brummel forlorn and forgotten are equally alive. He knows the long, coltish movements of early manhood; do you remember him, all legs and wrists and puzzled youth, in the college days of *Moriarty*? He knows the droop and pause of the very old man; I can see him now, curved in his chair, with one faded, expressive hand illustrating the story of *The Lotus Eater*. He can make that cameraman's dream of a profile into a nightmare, and has caught horror for all time in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. A comedian too, with a quick wit and the lightest, deftest of touches.

Like Nazimova, John Barrymore is independent of his directors; they do not colour his work nor change his quality by one hairsbreadth.

Weak stories, weak production, weak support—and he has had his share of all these—leave him still *the* Barrymore. He works according to his own ideas, on his own plan. But he is not, like Nazimova, an artist of temperament. His acting is never uneven, for it springs from a cool brain, and is carried out with a steady hand.

He stands alone, Barrymore, in the cinema and yet not of it; a thoughtful, courteous, rather delicate figure; a

The Author of this series has chosen his subjects with great deliberation, taking only those stars whose work seems to him a permanent and essential contribution to the art of the screen.

John Barrymore
as "Beau
Brummel"



manner easy and unostentatious; a quiet humour whose laughter seems always to be turned a little inwards; and the most polished acting, the most scholarly, considered art, of any player on the screen. E. R. T.

Seeing Double

Multiplication is not vexation in the Movies
it's merely clever camera work.

In the early days of the film industry we watched in open-mouthed wonderment the astonishing spectacle of a well-known star kissing herself good-night being thrown upon the screen for the first time.

Nowadays fans are less prone to gape and more disposed to take these camera miracles as a matter of course.

"Pooh! I know how that's done," they say, with an airy wave of the hand. "Double exposure!" And, satisfied that they know everything there is to know, leave it at that.

But double exposure is an art, just as much as any other of the hundred and one delicate little tricks of the camera that go to the making of a really good film. Let me quote an instance of how such things are managed.

A man taking a dual role in a film is called upon to shake hands with himself, in the role of the other man. The scene is taken with half the camera lens obscured by a shutter. He then walks over to a certain point and goes through the pantomime of shaking hands with someone who isn't there. The shutter is slipped back over the already exposed half of the film and

the scene is repeated from the opposite side, with the star in the costume and make-up of the man with whom he is supposed to shake hands. Not so simple, you see, after all, for great care has to be taken to fit the two scenes together properly.

This hand-shak-



Above: William S. Hart gives to William S. Hart a piece of his mind. Below: Twice Norman Kerry and Ward Crane make four in "Clinging Fingers."



Two Mary Philbins are not one too many for us.

ing scene is, of course, one of the more usual instances. Things become far more complicated when a star has to kiss or embrace herself on the screen. Some of the cleverest double exposure in screen history occurs in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. In this picture Mary Pickford took the title role, and also the part of "Dearest," "Little Lord Fauntleroy's" mother. The script called for the two to play in many scenes together, and the tender way in which Mary managed to "mother" herself was a work of art not soon to be forgotten.

The reasons for one star playing two roles are various. Sometimes, of course, it is because two characters in the film are supposed to be exactly alike, and, as not many stars are able to find their exact doubles in real life, they are forced to take both roles themselves. But more often than not a film star will take a dual role simply to impress her own versatility upon the public.

Versatility, in fact, may be said to be the present day craze of the average film star. The girl who can play, in one film, sweet seventeen and her own grandmother, feels that she has achieved something worth while at last. And if she can only get a chance to portray a girl of the underworld and a society debutant, both at the same time, she is in the seventh heaven of delight.

One of these days we shall have the eternal triangle with one man as two sides of it. I look forward to the novelty of seeing the outraged husband





Clothes and the man Wallace Beery with and without make-up

sion is given that the man has suddenly disappeared into thin air.

One of the cleverest illusions that has ever been perpetrated on the screen was the scene in *The Nibelungs* in which scores of little dwarf men, holding a great tray of jewels upon their deformed shoulders, were slowly



The old and the young Ruth Clifford in "Judgment."

turned to stone before the eyes of the audience.

ordering himself, in the role of the lover (with perhaps the addition of a false moustache for camouflage), out of the house, or using a horsewhip about his own shoulders while his trembling wife begs him to spare his own life.

All this, of course, means more work for the camera man, and it is surprising in what hundreds of ways films are dependent upon his art.

More than one regular picturegoer, hardened by long usage to these screen miracles, gave a little gasp of astonishment at the sight.

Whatever progress modern films have made may very largely be put down to the man behind the camera. E. E. BARRETT.

Scenes in which ghosts appear, for instance, have to be specially treated. This is usually done by making two exposures of any scene in which the ghost takes part—one of the action of the human characters and a corresponding one of the ghost's part in the proceedings. Every amateur photographer has taken "ghost" pictures at some time or other by omitting to change the film or plate before making a second exposure, and movie ghosts are produced in the same fashion except that their appearance is intentional.

It is the fashion nowadays to film death bed scenes in such a way that the spirit of the dying man or woman is seen to emerge from the body, and this is done in the manner cited above. *Beau Brummel* has a striking example of this, in the death scene of the hero, when his spirit is seen to rise and meet that of "Lady Marjorie."

Then there are other camera illusions such as the one created by Douglas Fairbanks in *The Thief of Bagdad*, when he dons the invisible cloak and carries off the princess, and in the same film a flying horse and carpet are used. Neither of them are in reality anything more marvellous than an ordinary horse and an ordinary carpet, but seen through the eye of the camera they take on magic properties that dazzle and mystify the uninitiated.

Disappearing tricks on the screen are, perhaps, some of the most easily



Above: Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk" and in ordinary attire. Right: Irving Cummings directing himself in "As Man Desires."

managed. If the scenario calls for someone or something to vanish at a certain point in the film, the camera man merely ceases to turn the crank, until the person in question has walked out of the picture. The film is then continued from the point where he left off turning, and the impres-





Ronald Colman.

Some time ago it fell to my lot to seek out Samuel Goldwyn, who was on a flying visit to London. We were talking about the screen, about films, about actors—that is to say Mr. Goldwyn was talking. He's rather like that, full of enthusiasm, bubbling over with ideas, and pouring them out like a verbal catherine wheel.

"Here in England," said he, "you have a perfect gold mine of talent, only for some reason or other you don't exploit it. Why look at our American screen stars. All the best of them are British! And look at my latest discovery—Ronald Colman. Another Britisher! That young man's got a future. Anyway, I'm gambling on my choice of a star to the extent of giving him a five-year contract."

I thought silence would be more polite than words. Up till then I had rather admired Mr. Goldwyn's business acumen. The only knowledge I had of Ronald Colman was the sight of him in *The White Sister*, and, as Mr. Goldwyn might have phrased it, I had not been impressed a whole heap!

I came away from that interview rather sorry for Mr. Goldwyn.

I am writing this after seeing *A Thief in Paradise*. I take off my hat to Mr. Goldwyn. He has found another gold mine, full of neglected British talent, and is busy exploiting it.

Somewhat Serious

Here is a man who has both brains and balance, a man who thinks, and takes his work seriously, believing in it, and his ability to do it.

Ronald Colman is a star, an actor of polished style and colourful personality, competent, individual, with a gift of subtle expression that bespeaks a thorough understanding of the camera's needs.

I take off my hat, too, to Lillian Gish, whose discerning eye first saw the screen possibilities of Ronald. She saw him on the New York stage in "La Tendresse," and it was owing to her persistence that he accepted, in

an intensity that is captivating for the moment and lingers in the memory long afterwards. This haunting quality in his work, the overtones of individuality, seem strongly to prophesy his future."

Unstinted praise indeed, from a land where thoroughly competent actors are three-a-penny, and stars twinkle unceasingly in the Movie Milky Way!

Like so many of the "Englishmen abroad," Ronald Colman learned his business on the English stage. He made his debut in London just before the war. He enlisted in 1914, served two years, and then, seriously wounded, was discharged. He returned to the stage for several years until, in 1920, he decided to seek his fortune in America.

What happened there I have already told. And once more I take off my hat to Lillian Gish and Samuel Goldwyn.

I have before me as I write, a picture of Ronald. I cannot tell you the colour of his eyes, the exact shade of his hair, the name of his tailor, or where he

Circle: With Constance Talmadge in "Heart Trouble." Below: With Blanche Sweet in "The Pocket Venus."



The White Sister, the role that was destined to start him on a meteoric rise to fame.

There quickly followed a role in *Romola*, where he played with both Lillian and Dorothy; then a cable from Samuel Goldwyn brought him to the coast to play opposite Constance Talmadge in *Heart Trouble*, and then the Great Lucky Bag of Filmdom handed out to him the first prize—a five-year contract with First National, and the coveted role of *Romeo*.

"The quality of Mr. Colman's acting," says an American critic, "like that of the group of the old guard headed by Conway Tearle, is of a superior order. Like those players he invests his different roles with taste and intelligence. His chief appeal rests in his gentlemanly bearing, his aloofness, and that inner spark of spirit conventionally termed fire. His fire is a steady white flame which burns slowly, evenly, persistently, with



portrait. It is the face of a man who has both brains and balance; a man who thinks, who takes his work seriously, who believes in his work and in his ability to do it.

I see a mouth that speaks of not a little strength of character, and eyes that tell an eloquent tale of humour. I see a typical, healthy-bodied and healthy-minded Englishman. Not a trace, thank heaven, of the *matinée* idol!

It is difficult to fit this young man into any particular type. He combines the strength of Conway Tearle with a good deal of the fire of John Gilbert. He has all the competence of a Lew Cody or a Lewis Stone. He has not a little of the real romantic atmosphere of Ramon Novarro.

I am no great believer in the genius that is born with a silver spoon in its mouth. I have a shrewd suspicion the most genius owes a big debt to hard work. When I hear Ronald Colman talking I am not surprised that he has become what American critics are pleased to call "A screen sensation."

"Every move the actor makes," he says, "must be a studied one, carefully thought out for its effectiveness. If the actor isn't very careful he will become an habitual poseur, every gesture studied for its effect. His studio habits are likely to fasten themselves on him permanently, his 'before the camera manner' grow on him."

Such sound commonsense shows how fully Ronald has grasped the essence of his art, and how clearly, too, he has realised that only a thin line separates success from stereotyped failure.

Show me an actor's smile and I will tell you the stuff of which his art is made. So many actors smile because they wish to look attractive! Not so Ronald—he smiles because he has a reason for smiling. He is one of the few artists who can smile—and still remain subtle.

I have taken off my hat to Mr. Goldwyn. Twice have I taken off my hat to Lillian Gish. "The last time," says the tag, "pays for all."

Wherefore I take off my hat to Ronald Colman. E. R. THOMPSON.



Above: Ronald in serious mood. Right: In a British film "The Black Spider," before he acquired his moustache and his grave demeanour.



Ronald making Marie Prevost see the error of her ways in "Tarnish."

buys his ties. I confess to a complete and abysmal ignorance on such matters. I even whisper that I have a complete lack of interest in them.

There, are, however, a number of things I can tell you as I look at his

I would hazard a guess that while Ronald Colman is modest he is not in the least self-conscious. Frankness and sincerity are written all over him. I can imagine no severer critic of Ronald Colman than Ronald Colman.



With Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."

Film Stars at Home

AILEEN PRINGLE

The home of Aileen Pringle stands on a hillside, and no two of the rooms, with the exception of the hall and the breakfast room are on the same level. Like most of the houses in sunny California, it is composed of stucco and tiles coloured deep terracotta and its architecture is Italian in character.



Above: Aileen Pringle standing on one of the several balconies. From these an uninterrupted view of Hollywood can be obtained owing to the height of the hill on which the house is built.

The colour scheme of this bedroom is grey and mauve. Soft grey walls show up the dark-framed pictures, whilst mauve curtains, lampshades, cushions, etc., give a Springlike suggestion.

Right: The film star attends to her intimate correspondence herself, usually at the small desk that stands in one corner of her bedroom. Here she can be sure of uninterrupted privacy.





Left: Three of the balconies are shown in this photograph, which also gives a glimpse of the charming country, with its low-lying hills and wealth of greenery. The lowest of the three balconies is also the largest, and informal parties are often held there. When its wicker chairs are moved away, there is ample space for a few couples to dance.

Below: Aileen is a skilled musician. She spends many hours at her piano which stands near one window of the living room.



Above: The living-room is Oriental in its drapery. Curtains, rugs and covers being of deep yet soft colourings. It contains many valuable Oriental ornaments.



Right: The arched doorway which gives entrance to the breakfast room. The hall, which is nearest to the camera, has a tiled fireplace and is furnished like a room. The breakfast room, seen through the arch, has an Eastern exposure, and of course, a balcony.



When they won't Laugh

by
MACK SENNETT

There are some things that will raise a smile and some that will not.

There are some things that the public simply will not laugh at. Nobody knows just why, but it is just a fact that they will not.

One of these is a Shetland pony. For some reason they resent having a "Shelty" made fun of. We have tried them in all kinds of comedies, but it is useless. They just will not laugh. They will laugh at any other kind of horse in a comedy situation; they begin to snicker whenever they see a burro come on the screen. But not a pony.

They will not take a joke about a preacher unless he has little side whiskers. An ordinary preacher with an ordinary smooth face is very likely to inspire resentment; the audience takes it as a slam at religion. But when the preacher has little side whiskers and a flat top to his hat, it seems to be accepted by the audiences that you don't mean any reflections.

By the same token, in the old pie-throwing days, I always noticed that they didn't like to see a girl in a white lawn dress hit with pies. In fact they didn't like to see young girls pie-strewn anyhow. They didn't mind more elderly women: But they shrank from this indignity to young girls. Which would seem that something is the matter with our bump of reverence.

Perhaps the oddest thing of all is that they resent any kind of deformity on the screen except crossed eyes. They would hate you if you made fun of a man with one arm; they would walk out of the theatre if you tried to poke fun at a man with one leg lost; but crossed eyes seem to be considered fair game. I can't imagine why. Certainly Ben Turpin's eyes would be considered a crowning misfortune in your own head.

There are two characters on the screen that the audience feel vicious toward. These are the policemen and the man in the top hat. For some extraordinary reason, they feel abused if you let a man in a top hat escape unscathed.

They want something done to him. I imagine the reason for this is something deeper than the mere fact that a top hat looks funny falling off. After all, the joke of life is the fall of dignity. And the top hat is the final symbol of dignity.



*Policemen
and top-hats
are sure fire
always.*



So are crossed eyes.



A group of Mack Sennett's fun makers complete with smiles.

*Mack
Sennett.*

Regarding Rod La Rocque



He is one of the very youngest of our leading men, despite his long experience and sureness of touch. Rod is twenty-seven, with twenty years of acting to his credit.

"Nothing," I lied cheerfully. I happened to know that Monte was busy working for Warner Brothers at the moment, only a few thousand miles away, but I wouldn't have said so for

"Yes, madam," he said promptly, and vanished with it.

And so it happened that the interview with Rudy's ghost had to be cancelled, and the interview with Monte's phantom postponed, and I found myself face to face with a very real live man of six foot three inches of lean strength.

"You want to see me?" asked Rod, in his pleasant, clear voice. "I've always wanted to see you," I told him, with perfect truth.

"You're sure," he pursued, with a twinkle in his eye, "that you are not mistaking me for someone else?"

"Oh, no," I said in shocked tones, as if I had never heard of the ghosts of Valentino and Monte Blue.

"I've been recognised a
He doesn't believe in personal appearances.



Six foot three of lean strength aptly describes Rod La Rocque.

The news came to me that Rudolph Valentino had been seen coming out of, or going into — the stories differed — the Savoy Hotel, and, as I happened to know that he was in New York at the time, I set off post haste to the Savoy to interview his ghost. A conversation with a ghost, thought I, would be an interesting new feature for PICTUREGOER. I have never written nor read an interview with the phantom of a film star. And, anyway, Valentino's ghost promised to have attractions quite of its own. . .

But I had a very shrewd suspicion of what I should find when I got to the Savoy and mentioned the matter to the lordly gentleman behind the enquiry desk. And I was quite sure of it when I turned into the bay of Savoy Court and met Another Sleuth with a pencil and a notebook in his hand, and the expression that we all put on our faces when we are about to conduct a serious interview.

"I suppose," said he, "that you are looking for Monte Blue?"

"Not to my knowledge," said I.

"Well," he told me graciously, "the man's here. He's been seen. A report came to our office not long ago that Monte Blue had been recognised coming out of the Savoy Hotel."

"Or going in," I murmured.

"What's that?" asked the other Sleuth, looking at me suspiciously.

The Rocque-ey road to typewriting.

worlds. The Other Sleuth could find that out for himself. It was his job. But I generously told him that he would find himself with two interviews on hand, apparently, for Valentino's ghost had also been seen in the neighbourhood of the Strand.

The Other Sleuth pricked up his ears and looked happy. He saw fat cheques beckoning to him. He advanced majestically to the enquiry desk, and I heard him explaining in tones even more lordly than those of the lordly gentleman behind it that it was no good denying that Mr. Blue and Mr. Valentino were staying in the hotel; they had been seen and identified.

"But neither of these gentlemen—" I heard the answer come, and then I caught sight of a small page boy and beckoned to him.

"Please take up my card to Mr. La Rocque," I said.





His newest photo.

lot," he added, "since I came over here, but I'm never just sure if it's me or one of the other boys they think they recognise."

I could not tell him the bitter truth. I just couldn't do it. He was so friendly and gracious and anxious to please. And I could see that he didn't really think he was in the least like Valentino or Monte Blue, and really, looking at him closely, neither did I.

Rod's own personality is too strong for resemblances. It records itself photographically on your brain before you have been speaking to him for half a minute. He is very much and entirely himself, in every movement, gesture and word.

Below: With Lillian Gish in "The Golden Bed"



And the photograph's like this—a vast young giant, straight and broad of shoulder, the carriage of a sportsman and the movement of an actor. Black hair, brown eyes. A close, clean chin. A mobile face, reflecting every phase of his thought; a face that talks with every feature. Fine hands, continually moving to punctuate his words, with a heavy signet ring carrying his family crest. A perfect, almost too perfect, correctness in dress; you feel that never, under any circum-

stances, would Rod be seen in anything but sartorial excellence. No old smoking jackets, old tweeds, for Rod, no ready-made suits or made-up ties; all his clothes are specially made in London, and carry the exclusive and irreproachable *cachet* of Saville Row. Whenever you meet Rod, you might be sure of finding him just right, in dress, in manner, in bearing. He would be a credit to you; he would be, wherever you went, a success. Happy Rod!

That strange likeness to Monte Blue, which haunts his every appearance on the screen, seems to die away in actual contact with the living man. He has Monte's build, but none of his curiously appealing, curiously gentle, droop of the shoulders, as if he were too big for the world, and wanted to apologise for it. He has Monte's shape of face and feature, but the whole expression is sharper, more subtle, more sparkling. Rod's face is the cleverer, Monte's the stronger. You love Monte, you admire Rod.

Valentino, whose ghost is also apt to haunt Rod La Rocque's footsteps, can really claim no resemblance other than a hint of profile and a half-smile in common. Valentino's Latinity shines out in every turn of his face and trick of his eyes, while Rod, for all his French-Canadian ancestry, is emphatically American. Before he opens his lips you know what his intonation will be. . . And it is, clear and pleasant, but unmistakable.

I called this impression a photograph; it reads like a time exposure. But in reality these details came to me in the flash of a second, while I settled

*Left:
Rod in
his
Hollywood
garden.
Below:
He owns
dozens of
suits and
umpteen
pairs of
trousers
yet he
elects to
wear
plus fours!*



back into the depths of the chair he drew up for me and listened to his first few words. He was talking about the people who had recognised him on the streets and in the vestibule of the theatres, and of the strangers who had hailed him as he came out from the first night of *Peter Pan*. I gathered that he thought highly of the British fan, who was well-behaved and had learnt nothing of mobbing from her American cousins.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I don't believe in making personal appearances, and have a clause in my contracts precluding them altogether. It seems to me that an actor's work is essentially abstract, and that to graft on to this abstract a concrete personality is wrong in every way and can serve no good purpose whatsoever."

"Quite," I said, wishing fervently that some of his colleagues would come to the same sapient conclusion. Oh, a wise young man, this Rod!

"I feel just the same," he went on, "about visitors in the studio. If any strangers or rubbernecks come on to the set when I am working, I turn round and walk right off. That sort of thing gets my goat."

"You mean the substance and the shadow, and all that sort of thing," I murmured, agreeably.

"Quite," said Rod, in his turn.

Right: Rod and this London Bobby are now fast friends. Below: The camera shows up spots on one's raiment, so the good old bottle of cleansing fluid comes to the rescue.



A scene from "The Golden Bed."



As in dress, so he is in talk—a credit to himself and to his companion.

He talked about Michael Arlen.

This should be printed in red letters—I must speak to the editor about it. For it is a strange and wonderful truth. It is not the custom for handsome leading men from America to talk about Michael Arlen. But Rod talked, and he talked brilliantly.

I asked him how he found time for reading, when his contracts stretched in a chain of continuous years, and his boyhood had been spent in greenrooms and stages since his seventh birthday. He told me that, whatever else had to go, his reading would be squeezed in somewhere. "It gives one breadth," he said.

And then I remembered a story that had once come to me, that there was no subject in the world on which Rod La Rocque could not converse, and converse with real ability and discrimination. But as I can't do that, we talked about *A Woman of Paris* instead, and sang a little duet of praise to the genius who made it.

"The greatest picture ever produced," said Rod.

"Greater," I said slyly, hoping to lead him on to the subject of his own work, "than *The Ten Commandments*?"

But he wouldn't be drawn. He was loyal to De Mille. He was ready to talk a whole lot about *The Ten Commandments*, but not to take its measure. He loved his work in it, loved its subtleties and humours, loved working with Leatrice Joy, who, along with Lillian Rich, he classes as the most sympathetic of his "opposites."

"Letty," he said, "is just fine to work with, so easy and enthusiastic. As for Lillian, she's the most gorgeous and charming of all the girls I have

If he understood what I meant, he was cleverer than I am. But of course I don't doubt that he is cleverer, much cleverer. Rod is a good talker and a serious talker; he impresses you from the start as being well-read and well up in all subjects that ought to interest intelligent people, from cross-word puzzles to the League of Nations.



A pensive attitude.

co-starred with in my screen career."

A brave statement, Rod, for a man who has played the partner to Corinne Griffith, Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Clark, Constance Binney, Mae Marsh, Mae Murray, and Pola Negri, to name just a few. But Rod is full of enthusiasms; they are part of his personality just as much as the grace and the graciousness and the intelligent conversation. It is just in these bubbling enthusiasms, these unqualified loyalties, that Rod shows his youth. He is one of the very youngest of our leading men, for all his experience and surety of touch. Twenty seven. Too young to be accepted for the army at the beginning of the war. Too young to be given leading parts, in spite of his talent, for many a year—or so the directors said! Too young for electricians, until in *The Ten Commandments* his talent broke out in electric of its own. Twenty seven, and twenty of those years spent in the actor's craft.

"A long training," I said, ending my thought sequence out loud.

"Long, but invaluable. Those times on the stage taught me my footwork for the screen. I was really an actor made before I ever stood up to a camera, in the old Essanay days, long before my first real chance came. That was luck, but I was able to take the chance only through real hard

work and grounding. Bryant Washburn, the lead, fell sick at the last moment, and as I was rather like him then I begged for the part, and promised myself and the directors that I would make good in it."

"And so," I said, as he stopped, "you all lived happily ever after."

"Something like that," said Rod, with a smile.

I warned him that all good stories ought to end with a wedding, and that—

"If you've been hearing all that nonsense about me and the possibility of my getting married," he broke in hastily, "cut it right out. There's nothing in it, nothing at all."

He assured me that his mother and

sister made him the best home in the world, and that nothing would make him marry while they lived. His mother and sister, are two more of Rod's enthusiasms.

"So you see," he ended, "you won't be ringing the wedding bells for Rod in your PICTUREGOER for quite a time yet."

I thought to myself that he would look nice at a wedding. Rod in wedding clothes and a tall hat—Rod in evening dress and an opera hat clasped to his shirt front—Rod in riding kit on a polo pony—Rod in very little but his own strength in the boxing ring—they all fit. Always just right. Always a success. Always a credit, to his partner, or his opponent, or his bride.

And I was just mentally arranging the details of Rod's wedding, and wondering whether Cecil De Mille would lend him the "Defiance" for his honeymoon trip, when the door opened and the Other Sleuth appeared on the threshold. He scowled at me. He smiled at Rod.

"Mr. La Rocque?" he asked.

"That is my name," said Rod, uncoiling his long form from the depths of an armchair. "But I answer as well to the names of Valentino and Blue."

"You are very like them both," said the Other Sleuth, tactlessly.

"Delighted," said Rod, with a sarcasm peculiarly and emphatically his own.

And as I went out I suddenly realised how he must hate them—Valentino and Blue. But say so, never. For his loyalties, like everything else about Rod, are just right.

EDYTH ELLAND.

*Left: With his mother and sister.
Below: Rod on the Thames Embankment, London.*



Busmen's Holidays



Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks show at least one film every evening on a screen which is fitted over the large central window in their drawing room.

Are the stars movie fans? The answer to this question can best be obtained by taking a stroll down Hollywood Boulevard some evening, between the hours of seven and nine o'clock, pausing in front of one of the neighbourhood theatres to note who is going in to see the show.

There are several of these theatres, differing in no way from those in your town. They have a few "loge seats" that cost about ten cents more than seats near the front of the house, just as your theatres have. They have organists who walk out flat on the comedy (haven't you often noticed how the organist quits just when he's needed most), and gaily coloured advertising-slides are run, between shows, advising the Hollywood citizen to trade at the Blatz Pharmacy and the Center Grocery, Fruit Stand and Market.

The kids down in the front seats applaud and whistle when the film breaks; late arrivals stumble over your feet trying to find seats; the girls behind you whisper and rattle sacks of candy. Oh, everything is just too neighbourly for words. The evening show in a Hollywood film theatre is just like that in any other small town in the country, with one exception.

That exception is to be found in the Hollywood theatre's audience.

Look around you when the lights go on between shows. Probably you'll

find that half a dozen of the most famous film stars in the world are sitting within a few feet of you.

Norma Talmadge, in a plain black suit and hat with a turned-down brim, sits with her husband near the aisle. In front of you is Adolphe Menjou with his wife and son. You note in neighbourly fashion how becoming that sleek, plain coiffure is to Mrs.

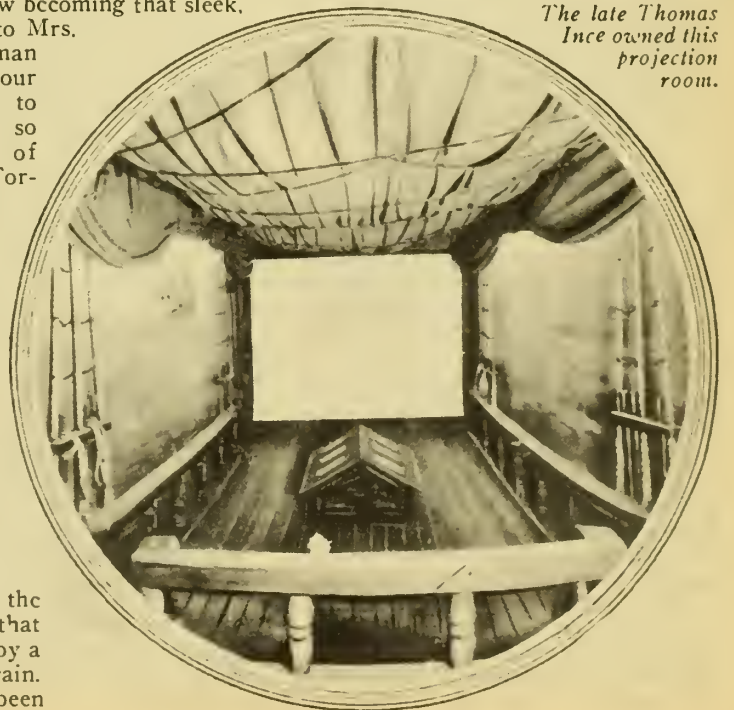
Menjou. The man who stepped on your toe you discover to be Monte Blue, so you forgive him, of course. The Torrences, the O'Malleys, the Beerys, all sit nearby.

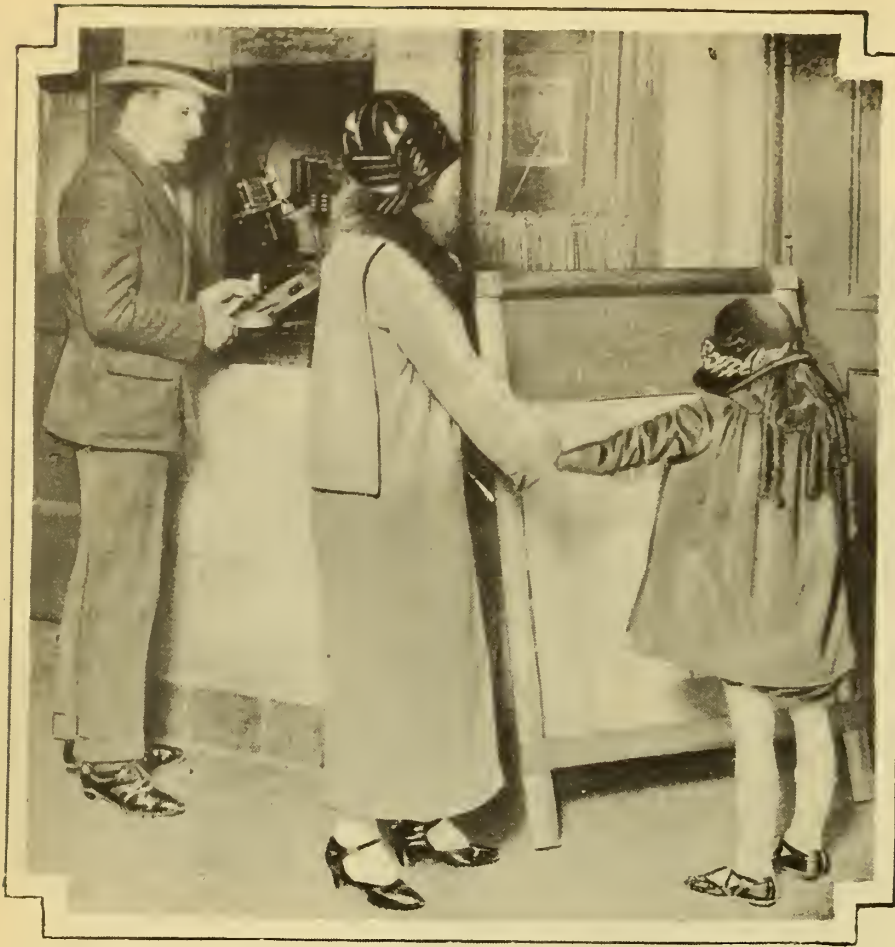
Indeed, Hollywood goes to the movies and enjoys them thoroughly.

You may think this odd. Frequently a person, after visiting one of the local studios and watching a film production in the making, declares that he never will enjoy a motion picture again. Illusion has been

destroyed. He knows that the face of the beautiful star is coated with yellow grease-paint, that the rooms in her mansion have only three walls and no ceiling, that her lover gathers her into his arms and murmurs, "At last we are alone," with eight or ten carpenters and electricians, besides cameramen and

The late Thomas Ince owned this projection room.





Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Malley and Eileen are regular attendants.

directors looking on. No, sir. No more movies for him!

Imagination is strongly developed in the actor. On the set he immerses himself in his role. This gift of imagination makes it possible for him to view a motion picture with the ingenuousness of one who knows nothing of the details of picture-making. He has worked hard at his job all day, just as you have. He is tired and he wishes to relax and be amused. So he goes to the movies, just as you do, and enjoys them quite as thoroughly.

As is well known, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have a showing of some pictures every evening at Pickfair. They turn their living room into a projection room by placing a motion picture screen over one of the windows. A portable projection machine is run by a regular operator.

They, and a few other stars, adopt this means of having a private showing of the films they wish to see. A few directors and producers have projection rooms built in their homes. But this is the exception rather than the rule. Hollywood, as a whole, goes down to the Boulevard, when it wishes to see a movie.

"Mary and I are movie fans," Doug assured me the other day. "A lot of people have the idea that we run pictures every evening in order to study and criticise what other people are

doing. That's all wrong. We see pictures for just one reason. They entertain us. We like them.

"I'm the best audience in the world," he continued. "When I'm watching a motion picture I forget all about the mechanics of the production, and concentrate on the story. If it's half-way good it will hold my attention.

"Did you see *The Sea Hawk*?" Doug demanded, in true movie fan manner. "Say, that's a great picture, isn't it! Those fights aboard the galleys were wonderful!"

Norma and Constance Talmadge are inveterate movie fans. Norma never misses a Pola Negri picture. Rudolph Valentino is also one of her favourites among the movie stars. Constance is a Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd fan. The Talmadge girls also have favourites among the directors, particularly following the work of Eric Von Stroheim, Ernst Lubitsch, Jimmie Cruze, Frank Lloyd, D. W. Griffith and Sidney Olcott.

Pola Negri, swathed in ermine and sitting upon a gilded throne (she's enacting the role of "The Czarina," you know), stepped out of her regal character long enough to tell me that she, too, attends the movies regularly. Film fans who do not enjoy the elaborate prologues staged in the more pretentious picture theatres, will be interested to know that Pola is with them in this.

"I do not often go down town to the Los Angeles picture theatres," sighed Pola. "I do not like these long prologues they show before the picture there. Someone comes out and he sing and sing. Then the orchestra play. Then the organist play. I am by that time so tired I cannot enjoy the picture.

"But the little show in Hollywood I like. It is there I go to the movies many times."

If you happen into a Hollywood picture show, however, don't expect to find the stars of the production you're viewing in the audience. Players usually see each picture in which they appear in the studio projection room before it is released to the public. Sometimes, though, they do not see the completed picture at all. Anna Q. Nilsson is one star who simply cannot keep track of her screen self. Small wonder, really, when one considers the number of pictures in which Anna Q. appears during a year's time.

In conversation with her one day recently I spoke of her work in *The Side Show of Life* in which she appeared opposite Ernest Torrence.

"I haven't seen it. Is it a good picture?" she asked impersonally.

I thought so.

"I prefer seeing pictures in which I have worked, in the studio projection room," she said. "In a motion picture theatre sometimes, during a tense dramatic scene, someone will laugh out loud or in some way direct the attention of the audience from the picture. This is very upsetting to any member of the cast who happens to be viewing the picture. In fact, it's heart-breaking.

"You see, we really throw ourselves heart and soul into doing just the best work we can. When some thoughtless

Tony Moreno is his own film operator.





Dorothy Mackaill and her mother are both staunch movie fans.

person in an audience destroys the effect we've laboured so hard to build up, it is only natural we are upset over it.

"With the exception of my own films, though, I enjoy seeing pictures in the regular motion picture houses."

Anna Q. and her husband live on a ranch near Van Nuys, California. Two or three times a week, after dinner, they drive into town and go to the movies, just the way ordinary country folks do.

Hollywood, en route for the movies, is just like all the other coast to coast thousands, who after a strenuous business day, want to relax for an hour or two and laugh and cry with their favourite hero or heroine. And laugh they do—Doug has a famous chuckle—and Harold Lloyd's grin is just as wide viewing Buster Keaton's antics, as it is when he faces the camera.

And once, sitting next to Pola Negri, who has broken up more homes than I could count—on the screen—I was startled to hear the tiniest of sighs brought forth by a film husband's infidelity.

Most of the stars have the happy faculty of forgetting the business part of picture-making when they are watch-

ing a story unfold on the screen. A love scene is a love scene, and not just part of the day's work, when it is viewed from a theatre chair. Constance's gasp is quite audible, when she sees Buster's foot slip on the window of a twenty-storey building. She has forgotten it is only a camera stunt.

Norma's eyes always grow tender when Baby Peggy gazes down at her audience from the silver-sheet, while Dick and Mary Hay Barthelmess, reminded of their own small daughter safely asleep in her nursery at home, invariably whisper, "Isn't she darling?"

Nor does the problem of "What to wear?" appear to concern the Hollywood fan, hastening to be in time for the nine o'clock showing. "I can't possibly go in this," says Viola Dana to her sister, Shirley Mason, indicating the blue and white gingham frock she is wearing "Yes you can," returns Shirley, who hates to get in after the picture has started. "I didn't stop to change, either"

If fastidious Gloria, of the gorgeous Paris gowns, finds she has forgotten her gloves, she tucks her hands in the pockets of her sports coat and scans the picture just as blithely; and just

the other night I saw Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's lovely wife, whisper something hurriedly, and Harold draw forth a great square of white linen which he attempted to pass to her with the utmost secrecy. Mildred had forgotten her "hanky."

Yes—movie stars, when they turn movie fans, are just like you and I.

The stars, like everyone else, take their children to the movies every Friday night, because there is no school next day. Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy usually make their screen appearances then, and are heartily applauded by their playmates, and Charlie Chaplin's trick cane and funny shoes are as gleefully greeted in Hollywood as they are in the East by his youthful admirers.

Metropolitan Los Angeles has some of the most beautiful motion picture theatres in the world. When a motion picture is to have its premier showing at one of these, filmdom attends in full force. Powerful studio lights beat down upon ermine clad, jewelled women and their escorts, as they step from their limousines. Literally thousands of people, massed about the theatre's entrance, applaud the various stars as they pose for photographers and cameramen on their way into the theatre. For a moment, the white glare of publicity is picking out the Talmadge sisters, Corinne Griffith, Pola Negri, Thomas Meighan, Tony Moreno, Eugene O'Brien, as they "go to the movies."

Which reminds us of an oft-repeated tale told of two of the most famous stars and how they attended the premiere of a picture. The night that *Rosita* opened in Los Angeles, with the usual fanfare of trumpets and array of film stars, Norma Talmadge put on a shabby old suit and hat. Eugene O'Brien dressed up like a mechanic on his evening out, and together they fared down-town on the street car. The usual thousands were massed against the ropes stretched across the theatre lobby, and Norma and 'Gene wormed their way to a place of vantage, quite unrecognised. As their fellow film stars stepped haughtily from glittering limousines, in ermine wraps and evening dress, Norma and Eugene would hail them with all sorts of remarks, complimentary and otherwise.

Each time a tinge of red mounted to the cheek of some haughty star, as Norma's jest reached home, the two conspirators renewed their barrage. They had a perfectly gorgeous time, but Hollywood waits impatiently for the day Norma and Eugene will pay for that evening's fun. And the stars will make them pay.

But the following night, had the fun-loving duo looked for an ermine clad, jewel-decked target upon which to hurl their shafts of humour, they would have found not a single film star, but instead many film fans, sitting in the little Hollywood picture houses, watching their favourites on the screen.

HELEN CARLISLE.

The Eternal Cowboy

Otherwise known as Charles (Buck) Jones.

"Buck is out at the moment. I'm so sorry—something must have kept him. He never breaks an appointment if he can help it," were the first words that greeted me, when I enquired at a certain Hollywood bungalow for the famous cowboy. The speaker, a slim pretty girl who I discovered to be Buck's wife, added to the disappointing news an invitation to come in and sit down until the truant turned up.

But even as I stood hesitating on the doorstep, a wild



Above: Buck Jones. Left: With Tom Mix in "Dick Turpin."



equestrian, before I could do more than blink my astonishment.

Buck's dark eyes twinkled at the expression on my face, then they rested for a moment, full of pride, on the curly head of his small daughter as she disappeared into the house with her mother.

"That kid's going to be a great little horsewoman one of these days," he remarked, as he took the bridles of both horses, and led them round the corner of the house.

"Would you like to come around with me whilst I take my beauties to their own quarters?" he asked. "Then we'll go indoors and rake up my wild past together."

I intimated that I didn't mind in the least and followed him to the stables.

I could not have hit upon a more opportune moment to interview "Buck." Dressed in riding breeches and boots, and a wide hat, with the horses one on either side of him, he looked just right and in the atmosphere that fitted him best. There are quite a few cowboy stars on the screen, but Buck is surely one of the most satisfying of the lot. There is a genuine look of the outdoors in his bronzed, good-humoured face, with its clear-cut features and twinkling dark eyes, and his tall, well-knit figure—he stands just off six feet in height—is that of a trained athlete.



Above: In fighting trim. Left: In "Against All Odds."

whoop made me turn quickly, to find the object of my call trotting up to us on a fine black horse. Beside him a small, sturdy maiden of some six or seven summers, rode astride a chestnut pony. The two reached the door almost simultaneously, and as Buck leapt lightly to the ground, I turned to lend a hand to his small companion. But little Miss Jones disdained my proffered help and was out of the saddle with the ease of a practised





Above: In complete Cowboy Regalia.

Buck is one actor in Wild West films who is really at home with horses. No wonder that his little daughter already shows such good horsemanship. I said as much to Buck himself, but he laughingly denied responsibility for the whole of her prowess.

"She gets it from her mother as well," he explained. "My wife sure is some horsewoman. She can do anything she takes it into her head to do, on horseback, without losing her nerve. She ran away from home when she was sixteen, you know, and joined a Wild West Show, as a trick rider. That's where I met

Below: With Evelyn Brent in "The Desert Outlaw."



her—I used to do an act with the same company." His voice thrilled with real pride, and I decided at once that the Jones family was really a mutual admiration society.

By this time the horses had been stabled, with the help of Buck's man, and Buck washed his hands with



Above: Buck is a polo enthusiast.

careless disregard for ice cold water at an outside tap, and led the way into the house.

The Jones menage is not, perhaps, the largest in Hollywood, but it is cosy and homely and the room into which Buck took me was exceptionally attractive. Seated in a deep armchair before a wide open window that looked out into the garden, I questioned him about his past career.

"Was this Wild West Show you joined your first appearance as a public performer?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Yes. I was born in Vincennes, Indiana, you know, and ever since I could toddle I've been real fond of horses. I spent most of my boyhood on a ranch, learning everything a cowboy has to know. Then I got kind of fed up with staying in the same place—I've always been a restless sort of chap, so I knocked around a bit, picking up jobs here and there when I wanted them, and living out in the open as much as possible. After that I thought it would be rather a lark to join the army, so I enlisted in the U.S. Cavalry and got ordered out to the Philippine Islands. It was after I had been wounded and discharged that I joined the Wild West Show in question."

"And what made you first try picture work?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A new adventure," he said. "It was after the Great War that I had my first offer of a starring contract. Before that I'd put in some work as an extra, when I was at a loose end for something to do. Once or twice at Universals, and after that in three of Monroe Salisbury films, and at the

(Continued on page 77).

A little music between scenes.



THE FILM OF THE MONTH Isn't Life Wonderful?



Neil Hamilton as the young German lad.

The story of a little group of Polish refugees in Germany during War Time, *Isn't Life Wonderful?* has all the sole and exclusive Griffith hall-mark as well as the Griffith defects. It is told in somewhat crude fashion but its heart interest is typical of Griffith and one seems to share the trials and troubles of the half-starved hero and heroine, and exult with them in their very brief moments of happiness.

Top right: "Inga" (Carol Dempster), and the invalid
Below: A typical interior of a typical Professor's
dwelling in War-time Germany.

D. W. Griffith took a company of players over to Germany to film this story, which was at first titled "Dawn." A war-time story, its value is enhanced by the realistic backgrounds, for conditions over there were still much as the film shows them in certain areas.



Carol Dempster dispenses with her curls and accentuates an aristocratic profile.



Vivid pictures of the distress caused by War are shown as well as some very lovely exteriors also made in Germany. It is not a propagandic film in any way; the plot might just as well have been laid in any country in war-time, and the simple yet delightful scenes between "Inga" (Carol Dempster), and her lover (Neil Hamilton), belong to any and every place and age.

Carol Dempster without her ringlets, but with a very fine part, makes the most of it. The plot doesn't matter very much, individual scenes and



The lovers enjoy a few quiet moments by the waterside.

characters being the high lights. Of the usual Griffith "suspense" there is nothing save a scene in a food queue, where "Inga" waits her turn to buy meat. Meantime German marks are falling lower and lower until by the time she reaches the front of the queue her little store of coin is valueless.

There is also the very pitiful little tragedy of some potatoes to wring tears

Left: "Inga's" gift house delights her.



Below: A joyous occasion — "Inga's" hen lays an egg!

Above: The food-queue, one of the most tragic consequences of War

Lupino Lane.



from the eyes of a soft-hearted audience. "Inga's lover raises them upon his tiny plot of land, and the two rejoice in the fact that they are now practically "self-supporting" so far as food is concerned. But they are accused of profiteering by their fellow-refugees, and the potatoes are stolen, leaving them as poor as they were when they started.

And then the Griffith sentiment comes in with the inevitable Griffith moral, as "Inga," leaning towards her lover, whispers comfortingly, "Never mind, we still have each other!"

Isn't life wonderful!

It is certainly a contrast to Griffith's next, which is to be *The Sorrows of Satan*, originally scheduled for Cecil De Mille.

Bottom left: Neil Hamilton, Carol Dempster and Helen Lowell (in chair). Below (left to right): Helen Lowell, Marcia Harris, Erville Alderson, Carol Dempster, and Frank Puolia



Little Clara Bow

A Beauty Contest Winner who made good on the movies.

The Perfect Flapper" is Hollywood's name for her, and she acknowledges the title with an impish grin of satisfaction. Flapperdom, with all its attendant privileges and joys, is, in Clara's opinion, a delicious phase of existence, to be outgrown with reluctance. Growing up is a tragedy, by virtue of its very inevitableness, but she is determined that it shall not come upon her until the very last possible minute.

And who can blame her in her decision to go on flapping as long as she can? Certainly not those who have seen her at work, and have fallen, as all do sooner or later, victim to the charms of this round-faced little girl, with her elfishly pointed chin and big brown eyes.



Clara Bow.

The story of Clara's advent on the screen is one of those real life romances that are always harder to believe than fiction. The sort of thing that every girl film fan, who ever sported Mary Pickford curls, dreams will happen to her one of these days—although in her heart of hearts she knows perfectly well it never will.

Clara was (and still is for that matter) a film fan. She went to the pictures whenever she got a chance, read movie magazines, and offered up the incense of admiration on the shrines of her adored favourites, just like any other picture fan. And deep in her heart, of course, she cherished a desire to "go on the films" herself.

A friend of hers who knew something of this secret ambition and had great faith in Clara, sent her photograph to a screen magazine conducting a beauty contest, without telling her what she intended doing.



She is youth personified.

So it happened that one morning the little Brooklyn school-girl received a letter—a golden, magical epistle—informing her that from fifty thousand competitors, she had been awarded the first prize—a chance to make good on the movies.

Into the tiny roles that were given her at first she put all the enthusiasm at her command, and so marked was her success that she did not sink back into obscurity as so many of the winners of beauty contests have done. Elmer Clifton was so struck with the ability she showed that he gave her the part of the tomboy stowaway in *Down to the Sea in Ships*, and after that her rise to fame was almost meteoric. Within a few weeks of the release of the picture she had received about half a dozen offers of contracts from various film companies, and she finally signed on with Preferred Pictures.



Clara in
"Maytime."

Her first role for this company was that of "Alice Tremaine" in *Maytime*, a costume film set in the picturesque period of 1865. Since then she has "flapped" her way delightfully through a whole list of pictures with far more call to distinction than those of many an older and more experienced player. Although she is on a long term contract with Preferred, other producers insistently clamour for a loan of her services, and after she had finished *Maytime* she was allowed to play in *Black Oxen* and *The Swamp Angel* for other companies.

She went back, however, for *Poisoned Paradise*, and has since played in many others, including *Daughters of Pleasure*, *Wine, This Woman*, *Black Lightning*, *The Birth of the West*, *The Boomerang*, *Helen's Babies*, and *The Adventurous Sex*.

The last-named film was made partly in New York and she was able to visit some of her old friends in Brooklyn for the first time since her sensational removal to Hollywood. Of course she was very much feted and fussed over, and everybody tried very hard to spoil her. But it is one of Clara's charms that, no matter how much praise and how many sugary compliments she may have showered upon her, they cannot alter her. She is just a jolly, unaffected little girl, to whom youth and a certain careless

These ringlets were all her own when "Maytime" was made.



Two modern and one old-time study of little Clara Bow.



joie de vivre are the most priceless possessions Life has to offer.

Working in pictures has not prevented Clara from remaining a staunch fan. She still likes to go to the movies whenever she can find the time, and the fact that she knows exactly how a film is made makes no difference whatever to her enjoyment. "Once I

get into the theatre and the lights go down," she confesses, "I just lose myself in the adventures of my friends on the screen, and I don't come back to earth again until the lights go up."

She still has her special favourites too, and at the head of the list she places Dorothy Gish. Mostly her admiration is reserved for juveniles, round about her own age, for her tastes are not one whit more sophisticated than she is herself.

"Youth to youth," says the little star, and lives up to it. When Clara decides to join the increasing crowd of Hollywood youngsters who aspire to "mopping mother" parts, I shall give up films in honest indignation.

On Location

With Some Favourite Players.

Left: Tea in a Florentine garden during a visit in "Romola," which was filmed in Italy. The three principals are in costume.



Below: Hoot Gibson on location at Pendleton, Oregon, where he won his World's Championship three years in succession.



Above: Directing Louise Fazenda and Buster Collier in "The Lighthouse by the Sea." Below: Claire Windsor and Lloyd Hughes rehearse a love scene from "The Dixie Handicap," whilst John Sainpolis and Director Reginald Barker look on.



Above: Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, and Harry Beaumont (Director) try out the motor cycle used in "Recompense," the sequel to "Simon Called Peter."





Kathleen Vaughan

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Movies About Movies

They hold out intense fascination for film lovers.

"Name the capital of America," was one of the questions asked in a recent school examination.

And the child addressed answered promptly and according to her generation, "Hollywood!"

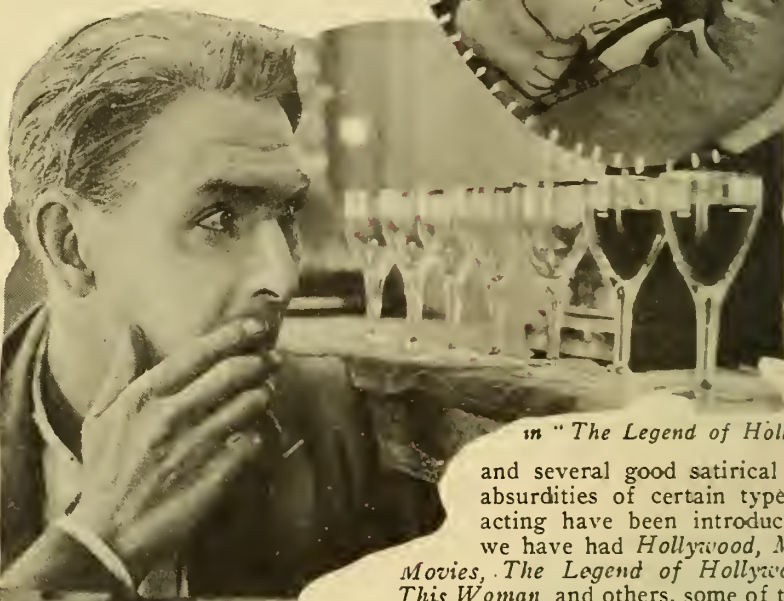
To quite a number of people there is nothing funny about the reply. If you asked *them* what place Hollywood holds in the general scheme of things they would probably lead you to believe it is the centre of the universe. These are the film fans of this world, a formidable throng to whom Hollywood is a little Mecca, the shining realisation of every dream that they have ever dreamt. Offer to give them a peep into Paradise and they will be mildly interested, but the promise of a trip to the American film colony will send them into ecstasies.

Perhaps that is why movies about movies and movie people are always hailed joyously by the larger portion of the public. For, if one cannot see the stars and how and where they live in the glorious reality, the next best thing is to see them on the screen. So we have a whole array of films in which the adventures of Hollywood people play an important part, and we

The first, and some think the best of these movies about movies was *Souls For Sale*, in which the adventures of a young girl in the film colony are depicted. If we are to believe the lesson hammered home by this and others of its



Above: Viola Dana and Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." Left: Percy Marmont



in "The Legend of Hollywood."

and several good satirical hits at the absurdities of certain types of movie acting have been introduced. Then we have had *Hollywood*, *Mary of the Movies*, *The Legend of Hollywood*, *Behold This Woman*, and others, some of them serious dramas and others of a semi-humorous type. And apparently the public does not tire of them, for they continue to come. E. E. B.

Below: Dorothy Phillips and Kenneth Harlan in "All the World's a Stage."



Above: Miss Du Pont lends "Mary" her fur coat and her motor in "Mary of the Movies."

have thrilling shots of a famous star walking down her own garden path just like any ordinary human being; another famous star going out to get a haircut, or smiling at the postman who brings his fan mail, and others eating (yes, actually and truly eating) in the studio restaurants. No wonder we are fascinated by the sight, and go away lost in admiration for the kindly film folk who humour us so delightfully.

ilk the kinema artiste's lot, like that of Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one. A film studio is an absolute death trap, and murder, arson, or sudden death may be the portion of those who work there, at any moment.

In *Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter* is a clever comedy about film making,





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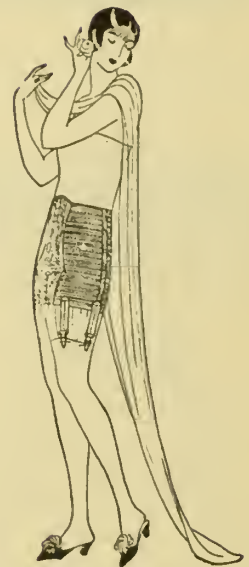
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Who Made the Bed?

In *The Call of the Canyon*, Marjorie Daw as "Flo" takes the new arrival into the bedroom of the two-roomed shack, and it is seen that the bed is not yet made. She then takes her into the other room where her mother is working, and hurries back into the bedroom. During the time it takes to get from one room to another some unseen presence has evidently been at work, for the bed is made.

E. S. (Hammersmith).

It Looks Suspicious!

Patsy Ruth Miller as "Magarita" in *The Yankee Consul* drops one of her gloves—presumably by accident! She drops a long kid glove, but at the same time she is wearing a pair of totally different ones.

D. F. (Wimbledon).

Perhaps She Used Monkey Glands.

In *The Ten Commandments*, the producer does not follow Biblical history correctly. From the fact that Miriam watched over her brother, Moses, in the bullrushes, I had taken it for granted that she was considerably the elder of the two. Yet in this film we are shown Moses as an old man while Miriam is still quite a young girl.

M. B. (Nottingham).

Did he put Them on in the Water?

In *Flaming Passion* the hero rescues his sister from a raging torrent. When he brings her out of the water he has only his trousers on, but when he goes back and emerges once more with his fiancée he is seen to be wearing a shirt and collar as well.

J. S. M. S. (Stirlingshire).

Reel London Isn't Real London.

The story of the *Gaiety Girl* is supposed to take place in London. How is it, then, that when the villain receives a cablegram he tips the boy a dollar bill?

D. B. (Halifax).

The Wrong Way Home.

In *A Man's Leisure*, a launch is sent to fetch the hero home for the general election. It goes up stream on the outward journey and returns with him *still going up stream*.

L. H. W. (Acton).

In Advance of the Fashions.

Some of the scenes from *The Passionate Adventure* are supposed to take place in 1914. In one of them a young lady with shingled hair took part. Surely this is a trifle previous?

E. M. C. (Cambridge).

A MATTER OF OPINION.
The Fan is a creature whose curious feature,
As any observer will find,
Is sheer inability (through its agility),
Ever to make up her mind;
Her praise leaps the fences—her critical senses
Come lagging behind!
Though stars are a-plenty, her heart's room for twenty,
And twenty at once she likes "best."
What's one in so many? She'll idolise any,
If that must be put to the test.
Each was (for a minute) the only one in it—
Excepting the rest!
To Rudolph and Ramon her love shortly came on,
While still for Tom Douglas she pines;
For William or Dustin her heart may be bustin',
Yet who could resist Johnny Hines?
Or Ivor Novello? or some other fellow
On similar lines!
Should Betty play Barrie? Was Jackie or Marie
The very best "Oliver Twist"?
Is Barbara La Marr a new-style Theda Bara,
Or does no such siren exist?

Or is Mabel Normand a winner on form? And
So on down the list!
Well, choose your own fancy, a Nell or a Nancy,
"A Doro, a Pickford, a Gish";
Though expert the angler, and suave the wrangler,
Still left in the sea there are fish;
Whatever your favour, its taste and its savour
Were all we could wish!
F. M. F.

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In 1919, oh, amazing frights!
Here's Dougy cleanly shaved, most strange to see,
And Charlie hurling custard tarts with glee.
Here's Betty Compson poised upon a plank,
The while her hero flounders in the tank.
The heroine her fifteen shooter loads—
"The Bloody Hand," in forty episodes.
Here's C. de Mille, "a promising young man,"
And Carmel, rustic in a Tam-o'-Shan.
No subtle Menjou smiles his wicked way,
But villains inky brows and beards display.
No lovely Pola, merry, sad, or moody,
And strangest thing of all, there is
NO RUDY!
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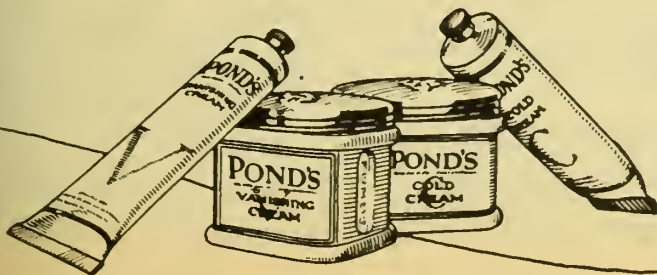
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Jose Collins	Guy Newall
Betty Compson (3)	Anna Q Nilsson
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Gladys Cooper	Ivor Novello (4)
Dorothy Dalton	Eugene O'Brien
Viola Dana	Mary Odette
Bebe Daniels (2)	Pat O'Malley
Marion Davies	Baby Peggy
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Priscilla Dean	Mary Philbin
Reginald Denny	Mary Pickford
William Desmond	Eddie Polo
Richard Dix	Marie Prevost
Ivy Duke (2)	Edna Purviance
William Duncan	Jobyna Ralston
Josephine Earle	Herbert Rawlinson
Douglas Fairbanks	Irene Rich
Dustin Farnum	Theodore Roberts
Elsie Ferguson	George Robey
Harrison Ford	Charles de Roche
Hoot Gibson	Rod la Rocque
John Gilbert	Ruth Roland
Dorothy Gish	Stewart Rome
Lillian Gish	William Russell
Gaston Glass (2)	Joseph Schildkraut
Corinne Griffith (2)	Gregory Scott
Mahlon Hamilton	Milton Sills
Elaine Hammerstein	Anita Stewart
Hope Hampton	Lewis Stone
Kenneth Harlan	Eric Von Stroheim
Wanda Hawley	John Stuart
Jack Holt	Madge Stuart
Violet Hopson	Gloria Swanson
Jack Hoxie	Blanche Sweet
Lloyd Hughes	Constance Talmadge
Marjorie Hume	Norma Talmadge (4)
Charles Hutchison	Richard Talmadge
Rex Ingram	Conway Tearle
Edith Johnson	Alice Terry (4)
Justine Johnstone	Phyllis Neilson Terry
Buck Jones	Queenie Thomas
Leatrice Joy (2)	Ernest Torrence
Alice Joyce	Rudolph Valen-
Buster Keaton	tino (6)
J. Warren Kerrigan	Henry Victor
Norman Kerry	Florence Vidor
James Kirkwood	George Walsh
Theodore Kosloff	Bryant Washburn
Alice Lake	Niles Welch
Cullen Landis	Pearl White
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Figures after names denote the number of different poses

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Beauty abounds in the cast of *Cobra*, Rudolph Valentino's first Ritz-Carlton picture. Besides Nita Naldi and Gertrude Olmsted, Rudy had Claire de Lorez, Eileen Percy and Lasky Winters working with him. The last-named played the "cobra woman," and wore a costume composed entirely of jewels, specially designed for her.

Clara Kimball Young has come back to screenland. Illness, and various other causes have made Clara an absentee from her studio for many months. She is playing in *Lying Wives*, with Niles Welch and Madge Kennedy (another absentee) supporting her.

Pola Negri is no longer the only titled lady on the screen now that Gloria Swanson has become the Marquise de la Coudray. Douglas Fairbanks declares he has a Duchess working for him in *Don Q*, out at his Santa Monica studio, but she isn't a star. Also a twenty-one-year-old Prince, one Serge M-deva-ne of the house of Bagratti (Asia Minor) is a "steady" in First National studios.

Once upon a time nearly all the popular stars had their fan mail addressed c/o Vitagraph studios and history seems to be repeating itself these days with Nazimova, and Warren Kerrigan, Aileen Pringle and now Mae Marsh, who is playing lead in *The Garden of Charity*. This is a story of New England life, the exteriors of which are to be made near La Jolla,

South California, where the rugged line of coast looks exactly like the rocky New England shores, but boasts about ten times the amount of sunshine.

Lubitsch, whose *Forbidden Paradise*, scored such a success at the London Pavilion, is back at Warner Bros. studios again, getting together his cast for a new satire. Marie Prevost and Clara Bow are the leading ladies. Warner Bros. have some excellent features to their credit already and promise still better things during this year. Their output is catholic, ranging from filmed classics like *The Lover of Camille* (Debureau), to filmed novels such as *The Dark Swan*, *A Lost Lady*, and *Recompense*, whilst they are continually adding new and popular stars to their permanent company. The latest of these are Bert Lytell and Helene Chadwick.

Cecil B. De Mille has practically decided to produce and supervise for the Producers Distributing Corporation of America, working at Culver City, in the studios of the late Thomas Ince. Rod La Rocque and Leatrice Joy who have personal contracts with De Mille, will be released by Paramount to fulfil them and will co-star in his first productions.

Back in the old Biograph days, Alan Hale was frequently chosen as leading man by J Farrell McDonald, a popular director, and incidentally the one who made the last Biograph film.

Now they have completely reversed their positions for Hale has been directing McDonald opposite Shirley Mason in *The Scarlet Honey-moon*.

Dick Barthelmess's new film promises to be interesting. Titled *Soul Fire*, it is an adaptation of a play called *Great Music* and concerns a composer seeking inspiration for a great symphony. After adventures in Paris, Rome, and Egypt, he finds it in the South Seas. Dick will have three leading ladies, two of which are Bessie Love (South Seas episode), Carlotta Monterey (Rome and Paris). The heroine of the Egyptian sequence has not yet been chosen.

Despite Joseph Schenk's remarks in disparagement of costume films whilst he was in London, Norma Talmadge's next is to be *Graustark*; a romantic story, in which Francis Bushman and Beverley Payne scored an Essanay success some years ago.

Paramount's earnings for 1924 are estimated at 3,350,000 dollars, their highest for several years; so there is evidently plenty of life in the Movie Industry in U.S.A.

Conway Tearle is to make two films for Metro Goldwyn and went to the coast to commence the first directly his work in Barbara La Marr's *Heart of a Temptress* was completed.

Victor McLaglen is in a Lon Chaney film, *The Unholy Three*, working with Matt Moore and Mae Busch.



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ever made!

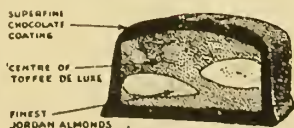
Just think of it! A splendid coating of the very finest chocolate, with a delicious "centre" of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe. The Toffee de Luxe centre whilst technically "hard," is really neither too hard nor too soft, but of just the right consistency, with that smooth-eating quality you know so well. And it retains all its goodness and its own distinctive flavour, but there is the added delight of the superfine chocolate covering.

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Gleb Derujinsky at work on his portrait bust of Lillian Gish as a Renaissance lady.

Like Valentino, Tony Moreno returns to his native land a rich and famous man. Ten years ago he left Spain, penniless, to seek his fortune overseas. Tony will be working in Spain in Rex Ingram's *Mare Nostrum*, and will visit his mother as soon as he can be spared from the production.

Norma Shearer has joined the blondes. For her first dual role in *Lady of the Night*, she wears a fair wig for one character and her own brown hair for the other. Norma is about the busiest star in Hollywood these days, she's no sooner out of one movie than she's into another.

Many fans wondered what had become of pretty Harriett Hammond, one of the bonniest of Mack Sennett's bathing belles. She left comedy for small part roles in straight dramas and then suddenly dropped out altogether. Severe injuries to her spine owing to a premature dynamite explosion kept Harriett an invalid for two years. But she is coming back as the heroine of *Man and Maid*, under Elinor Glyn's supervision, with Lew Cody as the man.

London's newest and largest kinema, the Capitol, Haymarket, opened last month amid general acclamation. Like its American namesake, it offers a varied entertainment, comprising ballet, singing and films, which are shown without a screen, with appropriately varied shafts of light thrown upon them and upon the auditorium. Music, seating accommodation, etc., are of the finest and most modern and there is to be a dance club, we hear, in the near future. Decidedly a welcome acquisition.

Estelle Taylor is now Mrs. Jack Dempsey and will retire from screen work for good.

Tom Mix, accompanied by his wife and daughter, will visit Europe this year to celebrate his tenth year as a Fox star. Incidentally Tom has just renewed his contract until 1928.

P. T. Barnum, the amazing showman, will be seen on the screen this year, and Tom Meighan and Wallace Beery have been mentioned for the role. Monte Katterjohn, who has written the scenario, has spent months in Europe gathering data, and talking to men who knew and worked for Barnum. The picturesque American ought to be good for an interesting movie, his adventures began thirty years before the Civil War and continued until the eighteenthies, through the reigns of fourteen Presidents.

Whilst the long, slender outline remains the fashionable one, and frocks cling closely to the figure, it is essential to have a corset which gives a good line. For this you cannot do better than go to Gossards of Regent Street, who specialise in these things. Every type of support, from girdles and brassieres, to reducing garments, can be obtained there, in a very comprehensive range of styles and prices.

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The result of the competition will be announced in next month's PICTUREGOER, and then there will be jubiliations in many film camps and Jeremiahs in others. But which ever way the majority vote goes you may be certain that the losing competitors will never desert their favourites, for the average film fan is undisputably the most faithful thing that ever happened.

Have you voted yet? Get busy with pen and ink and coupon if you have neglected to register your views, for the competition will be over soon after these lines appear in print.

The rules are perfectly simple and straightforward, there is no entrance fee of any description, and the large cash prizes must be won. Perhaps you will be one of the lucky ones.

Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Alice Terry, Ivor Novello, Ramon Novarro, Rudolph Valentino, Harold Lloyd—do you pick the winners? Remember, the decision rests with you and the success of the competitors because the amount of popularity will be decided by the majority vote.

An anonymous reader, who is perpetually not worth the passing

£500 Popularity Contest Great Free Voting Competition

March 7 is the closing date for this mammoth competition. Hurry up with your coupons if you have not already voted.

reference, writes to suggest that members of the PICTUREGOER staff might get to know how the voting is progressing and give a tip to their friends at the last moment.

Needless to say the suggestion is without foundation. The progress of the competition is known only to the editor and his judges, and the utmost secrecy will be observed until the last entry has been received and stamped. Competitors may rest assured that their treatment will be scrupulously fair. The judges have no decision to make for everything rests with our readers. Once the coupons are registered and the votes counted and checked the result will be manifest.

The prizes offered to readers in this great Popularity Contest are as follows:

First Prize £250. Second Prize £100. Third Prize £50. Fourth Prize £25. Twenty-five prizes of £1, fifty prizes of 10s. and two hundred prizes of 2s. 6d.

Don't think that you are too tired or too old to fill in the necessary coupons. One enthusiastic reader of the PICTUREGOER sends in her

list with the remark that she has just filled in a coupon for her husband, aged eighty-six! That information should put all laggard film fans to shame, and spur them on to registering their votes.

Another interesting letter comes from a railway-signalman who works on a branch line where trains are few and far between.

"I have been solacing the weary hours by endeavouring to analyse the chances of all the competitors," he writes, "and unless my reckoning is very far out I think I shall be able to forecast how the voting will go."

"I am an intent film fan myself and most of my spare time is spent at the village kinema. We are somewhat off the beaten track, but we pride ourselves on getting some good pictures all the same."

Then there is another enthusiast who has been visiting a chain of kinemas and noting the various volume of applause that greets the appearance of individual artists.

"The one snag," he writes, "is that some stars seem far more popular in one locality than another. I saw the same picture at two different kinemas, and at one it got a lukewarm reception whilst the second audience greeted it with thunderous applause. Still I am persevering, because I want to find out what the public wants."

"I know what I want well enough—that £250 prize that will go to the successful competitor in your great competition. I may not be the lucky one, but, believe me, it won't be for want of trying."

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Alice Terry.



Ivor Novello.



Gloria Swanson.



Rudolph Valentino.



Bebe Daniels.



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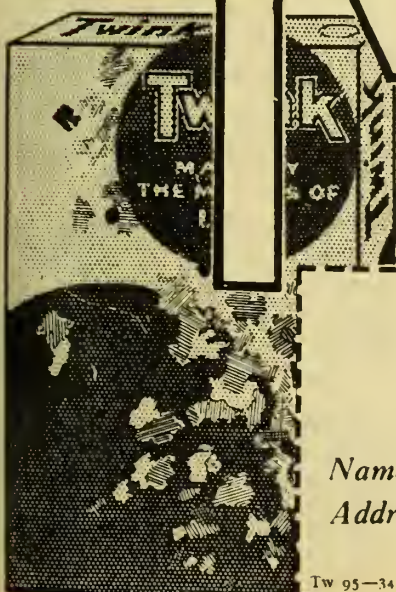
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Picturegoers' Guide



Jackie Coogan

Arabella, the Story of a Horse (*W. and F.*; Mar. 16).

Mae Marsh in an unusual type of melodrama woven around the life story of a racehorse. Directed by Karl Guine (who made *The Street*), the rest of the cast are Germans. Good entertainment.

Bread (*Jury-Metro-Goldwyn*; Mar. 23).

Modern comedy drama, with good domestic and business story and an unexpected climax. Excellent acting by Mae Busch, Robert Frazer, Wanda Hawley, Pat O'Malley, Hobart Bosworth, Eugenie Besserer, Myrtle Stedman, Ward Crane and Raymond Lee.

Bubbles (*Western Import*; Mar. 23).

Mary Anderson, Jack Mower and Jack Connolly in a fairly good light-comedy-romance about an irresponsible tomboy's adventures in boy's clothes.

The Back Trail (*European*; Mar. 2).

Western drama with Jack Hoxie as a man whose lost memory makes him the easy prey of a gambler. Supporting the star appear, Claude Payton, Eugenia Gilbert, Elton Stone, Buck Connors, Pat Harmon and Billy Lester. Fair entertainment.

Blow Your Own Horn (*Wardour*; Mar. 2).

Warner Baxter as a penniless war-veteran who has to learn the gentle art of self-advertisement before he can make good. Ralph Lewis, Derelys Perdue, Johnny Fox, Jr., Eugenie Ford, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Billy Osborne, and Dell Boone lend adequate support. Fair entertainment.

Code of the Sea (*Paramount*; Mar. 23).

An excellent sea story about a man cursed with an unreasoning fear of deserting his post. Rod la Rocque stars, with Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn, Luke Cosgrave and Sam Appell in support.

The Common Law (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury*; Mar. 16).

A new edition of the Robert Chambers story of an artist's model with Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith this time instead of Conway Tearle and Clara Kimball Young. Elliott Dexter, Bryant Washburn, Doris May, Harry Myers, Miss Du Pont, Hobart Bosworth, Phyllis Haver, Wally Van, and Dagmar Godowsky complete a good cast. Fairly good drama of artist life.

The Confidence Man (*Paramount* Mar. 2).

Romance and regeneration and Thomas Meighan in one of his favourite crook characterisations. Supporting Tom are Virginia Valli, Laurence Wheat, Charles Dow Clark, Helen Lindroth, Dorothy Walters, George Nash and David Higgins.

Cyclone Jones (*Dual*; Mar. 2).

A Western feud between cattle men and sheep men forms the background of this out-of-doors drama which stars Big Boy Williams, with Bill Pathon, J. P. McKree, Kathleen Collins, Fatty Alexandria and Fred Burns in support. Fair cowboy drama.

The Cyclone Rider (*Fox*; Mar. 11).

Reed Forbes (the Arrow-collar-man) in a stunt melodrama that does not take itself very seriously. Plenty of thrills, quite a little humour, and a cast including Evelyn Brent, Alma Bennett, William Bailey, Ben Deeley, Charles Conklin, and Frank Beal. Good entertainment.

Dark Stairways (*European*; Mar. 9).

Rapid action crook mystery-drama concerning an innocent cashier who had to turn crook to prove his innocence. The cast includes Herbert Rawlinson, Ruth Dwyer, Hayden Stevenson, Robert E. Homans, Walter Perry, Bonnie Hill, Kathleen O'Connor and Dolores Rousse. Good mystery fare.

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Rex ("Snowy") Baker (centre) in "The Empire Builders."

Darwin Was Right (Fox; Mar. 2).

Max, Moritz, and Pep, three clever monkeys star in an amusing comedy in which a scientist, his valet and his secretary are believed to have reverted to type to prove Darwin's theory correct. The human cast comprises Nell Brantley, George O'Hara, Stanley Blystone, Dan Mason, Lon Poff, Bud Jameson, Myrtle Sterling, Nora Cecil and David Kirby.

The Devil's Partner (Pathé; Mar. 30).

A melodrama with a North Canadian woodland setting concerning a pair of lovers and a heroic North West Mounted officer. Norma Shearer stars, supported by Henry Sedley, Edward F. Roseman, Charles E. Delaney, Stanley Walpole, and Andre Beaucaire. Fair entertainment.

The Diamond Man (Butchers; Mar. 22).

Ultra-theatrical melodrama, based upon Edgar Wallace's serial, with a good cast comprising Arthur Wontner, Mary Odette, Gertrude McCoy, Reginald Fox, Philip Hewland and George Turner. Keep away if you're critical.

The Empire Builders (Butcher; Mar. 9).

Yet another melodrama, this time starring "Snowy" Baker and his horse "Boomerang" in a vigorous, if crude thriller of the South African veldt. Good stunts, fights and atmosphere. The supporting cast includes Margaret Landis, Theodore Lorch, J. P. Lockney, Pinckney Harrison, and J. Austin.

The Enemy Sex (Paramount; Mar. 9).

A typical "jazz and flapper" story of society and theatrical life with Betty Compson in her best role since *The Miracle Man*. Sheldon Lewis, Huntley Gordon, De Witt Jennings, Percy Marmont, Ed. Faust, Will H. Turner and Dot Farley comprise a good cast. Good, if somewhat sophisticated entertainment.

The Fire Patrol (W. & F.; Mar. 2).

Thrills and throbs, including a fire at sea, two fights, a race, and a love story. Also a fine cast headed by Anna Q. Nilsson, Madge Bellamy, Helen Eddy, Jack

Richardson and Spottiswoode Aitken. Read the story on page 35.

Flirting With Love (Ass. First Nat.; Mar. 16).

Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle in a stage story very well directed, mounted and acted, and having an original, semi-serious plot. Winifred Bryson, Frances Raymond, John Patrick, Al Roscoe, William Gould and Marga La Rubia support the stars. Good entertainment.

The Four - Flusher (Paramount; Mar. 30).

Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno in an entertaining if unconvincing romantic melodrama of wilfully mistaken identity. Clarence Burton, E. H. Calvert, Jack Gardner, Pauline Paquette and Roscoe Karns complete the cast.

Getting Her Man (Western Import; Mar. 9).

A rather conventional crook drama of the Secret Service with an Alaskan setting and a good denouement. Ora Carew and Jay Morley lead, with Arthur Wellington, Hal Stephens and Helen Howell in supporting roles. Fair entertainment.

Gold Madness (Pathé; Mar. 2).

A James Oliver Curwood story about the universal thirst for riches and how a wrong was avenged by fate. Guy Bates Post, Cleo Madison, Mitchell Lewis, and Grace D'Armond head the cast. Good entertainment.

The Heart of a Texan (Gaumont; Mar. 5).

Neal Hart, William Quinn, Hazel Maye, Sarah Bindlery, Ben Corbett, and Yakima Canutt in a thrill and action story of an abduction and the stratagem that defeated it. Good Western fare.

It Is The Law (Fox; Mar. 9).

A dramatic murder story with a startling and controversial finale. Excellent acting by Arthur Hohl, Mimi Palmieri, Byron Douglas, Florence Dixon, Olaf Hytten and Herbert Hayes.

Little Robinson Crusoe (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; Mar. 9).

Jackie Coogan in an improbable but thoroughly pleasing comedy concerning the adventures of a small boy amongs' cannibals. Tom Santschi, C. H. Wilson, Will Walling, Chief Daniel O'Brien, Noble Johnson, Bert Sprotte, and "Felix," appear in the supporting cast.

Love and Sacrifice (Allied Artists; Mar. 23).

A D. W. Griffith historical spectacle of the American Revolution combined with an ordinary love story and Paul Revere's ride. Some good pictorial effects and a competent cast. Acted by Carol Dempster and Lionel Barrymore. Others are Erville Alderman, Charles Emmett Mack, Lucille La Verne, Arthur Dewey and Louis Wolheim.

The Mask of Lopez (Pathé; Mar. 16).

Melodrama of the prairie cattle thieves, starring Fred Thomson and his horse "Silver King" supported by Hazel Keener, Frank Hagney, Wilfred Lucas, David Kirby, Dot Farley, Pee Wee Holmes, Bob Reeves and Dick Sutherland. Good adventure stuff.

Monsieur Beaucaire (Paramount; Mar. 30).

This month's high-spot. Don't miss it. A beautifully produced and mounted screen version of the romantic story of the French Prince who masqueraded as a barber. Rudolph Valentino heads the long cast which includes Doris Kenyon, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Lowell Sherman, Paulette Du Val, John Davidson, Ian Maclaren and Frank Shannon.

The Moral Sinner (Paramount; Mar. 16).

A film version of "Leah Kleshna," the favourite drama of a girl thief who reforms with Dorothy Dalton as its star, supported by James Rennie, Alphonse Ethier, Frederick Lewis, W. J. Percival, Paul McAllister and Florence Fair.

Oh, You Tony! (Fox; Mar. 23).

Tom Mix as a Western graduate of a school of etiquette, causing interesting complications when he introduces his cowboys to society ways. Stunts well to the fore as usual. Claire Adams, R. La Reno, Earle Foxe, Dolores Rouse, Charles K. French, and "Tony" also appear. An excellent Westerner.

On Time (Unity; Mar. 4).

Dick Talmadge in a fantastic and funny melodrama with all the usual Dick Talmadge stunts and thrills. Billie Dove, George Siegman, Stuart Holmes, Charles Clary, Tom Wilson and Douglas Gerard support the star.

The Oppressed (Paramount; Mar. 19).

A French costume romance set in the Flander of 1572, well played and convincingly presented. Racquel Meller is the featured player. The cast also includes André Roanne, Albert Bras, M. Schultz, Marcel Vibert and Mdma. Vois.

Outlaws of the Rio Grande (Wardour; Mar. 16).

Another Western story of Texas Rangers with a sensational fight and some fine horsemanship to recommend it, also Jack Periss, Peggy O'Day, Alfred Hewston, S. J. Bingham, Horace Carpenter, Milburn Morante and David Dunbar. Good entertainment.

(Continued on page 76).



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MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 22.)

I listened with modestly inclined head to the plaudits and ringing hosannas of at least one-half the known world. In my more sentimental visions I saw myself twined about with white and gracious and also grateful arms, pelted with roses and crowned with laurel placed upon my heroic brow by a pair of lily white hands. I had a gorgeous time, but I can't say that my teachers and my family entirely appreciated this phase of my career.

I was so engrossed with these Herculean visions that I had little or no time for the mundane studies of every day. They seemed so dull, so pale and futile by contrast. I simply couldn't strip my mind of the glittering colours and the clash of steel and the drop of roses in which I lived, to conjugate verbs or to apply myself to any rule of three. I became a steady candidate for the dunce's cap! They supposed I was merely a very stupid boy and I couldn't of course, break the box of myrrh at their uncomprehending feet. Then they would have thought me worse than dull, if there be anything worse—crazy would have been the conclusion.

I eventually got my punishment.

There came the thrilling day when the king was scheduled to visit the town. The announcement of this great event brought me out of my visions and dreams with a smart snap. For after all, visionary deeds and imaginary valour are one thing, but on the other hand a real king is a real king, and not to be mused over. Besides, all Italians have a real deep and profound love and admiration for Vittorio Emanuèlo, no dreamed of figure than which is considered finer. He is veritably father to his people and the lovely Queen Elena the first in the land to rush to the aid of distressed or stricken subjects.

I was, I suppose, too evident in my joy at seeing. I showed signs of animation and interest in the world about me, and it was considered that this would be a fitting occasion on which to bring me to my wandering senses. Nothing else had been of any avail. The ordinary threats, ominous hints and curriculum punishments had simply skidded off the glittering surface of the world in which I lived and had my actual being. Even as to-day, in pictures I have lived and had my actual being in the characters I have played. I was laying the cornerstone for this aptitude even then, but, of course, they couldn't know that and wouldn't have cared, more than likely, if they had!

However, on the day of the king's arrival I was stripped to my under-clothing and left in the dormitory. That was punishment. That was to show me how a stupid and refractory

boy was treated. My clothes had been entirely removed by way of an extra precaution. Who could tell what I might do?

Who indeed?

I was far too inflamed by desire for this real contact with a real figure of achievement to be stopped by bolts and bars or by the lack of garments. So soon as my captors had departed to see the king, I broke out of my captivity, scrimmaged about until I found a stray uniform several sizes too large, a hat and a sword of correspondingly plentiful proportions, and then made a dash for the stables. The good and worthy students had made use of all the good horses, and the sole remaining steed was a mangy little donkey who, like myself, had been left behind to catch not so much as the receding hoof-beats of his king. Well, I should ride forth on an ass!

I strode this humble steed and galloped lumpily away, my hat riding my nose, my huge sword hitting the ground, but undaunted none the less, and making good use of my accustomed dreams of myself to imagine that I was the dashing figure I would have liked to be. I muttered "For King and Country!" and with this valiant phrase ringing in my ears, urged my recalcitrant steed onward.

And thus I saw my King pass by.

The next day I was sent home to mother. Even more ignominiously than I had sent myself forth to see my sovereign.

Needless to state, my poor mother could not be made to see the high and lofty and laudable motive back of my misdemeanour. It simply smacked of another stupid prank to her, a defiance without grace. It was at this time that I was sent off to the Collegio della Sapienza, a military school for the sons of doctors.

It was called "a college of savants," though what optimist or liar gave it that name I cannot imagine. For I was surely not a savant when I went in and I was just as surely not a savant when I came out.

By this time I had arrived at the mature age of fifteen and had discovered in myself, an overweening desire to become a cavalry officer. The position of an Italian cavalry officer is an enviable and a fine one. They wear almost the most gorgeous uniforms in the world, a part of which is the dashing blue capé so much and so obviously admired by the fairer sex. But with all of those advantages to be attained it also costs a great deal of money, and while my father had left a fairly substantial amount of money it had become somewhat lessened in the years after his death, and my mother explained to me that there was really not enough to allow me to realise this great ambition, not without pinching and sacrifice to the rest of the family, and that I wouldn't have had at any cost.

(Another long instalment next month).

PICTUREGOER'S GUIDE

(Continued from page 74.)

Pagan Passions (*Wardour*; Mar. 23).

Exotic melodrama, complex as to plot, which treats of vice and sacrifice in China and Malay. Well played by June Elvidge, Rosemary Theby, Wyndham Standing, Barbara Bedford, Raymond McKee, Sam De Grasse, Tully Marshall. Good of its type.

Pity the Poor Chorus Girl? (*F. B. O.*; Mar. 23).

A chorus-girl comedy, which gives a new point to an ancient plot. Excellent sub-titles and a good cast comprising Helene Chadwick, Mary Thurman, Gaston Glass, Basil Rathbone, Zena Keep, Tyrone Power, Jane Jennings and Esther Banks. Bright entertainment.

The Red Lily (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury*; Mar. 2).

Very strong drama of the underworld in which love finally and conventionally conquers vice. Ramon Novarro and Enid Bennett are the stars, with Wallace Beery, Mitchell Lewis, Rosemary Theby, Frank Currier, Gibson Gowland, Dick Sutherland and Emily Fitzroy in support.

The Rose of Paris (*European*; Mar. 30).

Mary Philbin as a little girl from a convent who is suddenly plunged into the rough realities of life in a Paris cafe. Robert Cain, John Sainpolis, Rose Dione, Dorothy Revier, Frank Currier and Cesare Gravina also appear. Good melodramatic fare.

The Sawdust Trail (*European*; Mar. 23).

Hoot Gibson in a story of circus life in which there is some good stunt riding and motoring by all concerned. Josie Sedgwick opposite, also David Torrence, Charles French, W. T. McCulley, Pat Harmon.

A Self-Made Failure (*Ass. First Nat.*; Mar. 2).

The story of a tramp and his youthful pal, who make good in a village despite local antipathies. All star cast includes Ben Alexander, Lloyd Hamilton, Matt Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Carr, Sam De Grasse, Chuck Riesner, Victor Potel, Alta Allan, Priscilla Dean Moran and "Cameo." Good entertainment.

The Speed Spook (*F. B. O.*; Mar. 16).

Johnny Hines, Faire Binney, Warner Richmond, Frank Lowe, Edmund Brees and Henry West in a motor racing comedy of many thrills. Good entertainment.

Tarnish (*Ass. First Nat.*; Mar. 9).

Forceful drama blended with very sophisticated comedy in this somewhat daring story of wild oats. Excellent characterisation by Albert Gran, May McAvoy, Ronald Colman, Marie Prevost, Priscilla Bonner, Harry Myers, M. Riess Whytal, Snitz Edwards and Norman Kerry.

What The Butler Saw (*Gaumont*; Mar. 16).

British and American players in the well known farce about the neevy nobleman who turned his house into a hydro. Well played by Irene Rich, Guy Newall, A. B. Imeson, Pauline Garon, A. Bromley Davenport, Drusilla Wills, Charles Morton York and Hilda Anthony. Fair entertainment.

THE ETERNAL COWBOY

(Continued from page 55.)

Selig Studios. But that was only small stuff. When the war started I offered my services to the French Government, who were buying horses in Chicago, and they set me the task of breaking them in. In 1916 I went over to France in charge of a load of horses, and I worked for a while in the remount camp. Then I was ordered to a French General, did some flying, and finally trained officers for the French Cavalry.

At the end of the war when I went back to the States, Fox signed me on a starring contract, and I've been in pictures ever since."

"What was your first starring role?" I asked.

"In *The Last Straw*," he laughed reminiscently, "Gee, I was scared stiff at the idea of becoming a star, just at first."

Since then he has played in so many that it is difficult to remember them all. Among the most important are: *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *One Man Trail*, *To A Finish*, *Bar Nothing*, *Riding With Death*, *Pardon My Nerve*, *Western Speed*, *Rough Shod*, *The Fast Mail*, *Trooper O'Neill*, *West of Chicago*, *Bells of St. Juan*, *Boss of Camp 4*, *Footlight Ranger*, *Not a Drum Was Heard*, and *Cupid's Fireman*. In the last-named picture, Buck has a fairly dramatic role, that differs rather from his usual type of film portrayal.

I asked him how he liked donning a fireman's uniform in place of his own cowboy attire.

"A change is good for everybody, once in a while," he told me, "But I must confess I feel more at home in cowboy get-up than anything. You see I've always had a kind of affection for the 'Wild West,' and it is the opportunity of portraying the real, typical Westerner that appeals to me as much as anything in screen work."

As I said good-bye to Buck at the door, later—he sped me on my way with a hearty handshake that made my arm tingle for minutes afterwards—I noticed a broad-hatted individual whose face seemed vaguely familiar, coming up the Avenue towards us. The two men greeted each other boisterously, and when I looked back they were both disappearing round the corner in the direction of the stables.

It was only then that I realised that the visitor was no other than Tom Mix, and I remembered that the two men are great friends. The other day Buck was on the set watching his friend making a scene for *Dick Turpin*, and the sudden whim seized him to don make-up and put in some work as an extra.

So if you look very carefully when the film is shown, you will no doubt be able to recognise Buck's smiling visage somewhere in the background.

RAMON NOVARRO, *Metro Star*, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Novarro



COLLEEN MOORE, *First National Star*, says:

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 17.)

through the iron loops in place of the missing bar. The wolves ought to push open the door, but Ralph's arm foiled them.

Then the outside of the cabin was shown, with Black Steve and his three ugly companions furtively approaching. The wolves had gone, but human wolves, ten thousand times more cruel, had come in their place. Back in the cabin Ralph and Hortense discovered that the wolves had gone. It had an ugly look. Why should the wolves go? Ralph opened the door and they both peered out. There in the shadow of a eucalyptus tree stood Black Steve and his dastardly crew. They were about to storm the cabin. All was undoubtedly lost.

Not until the following week would the world learn how Hortense and her manly fiancé has escaped this trap. Again had Beulah Baxter striven and suffered to give the public something better and finer.

"A wonder girl," declared Merton when they were again in the open. "That's what I call her—a wonder girl. And she owes it all to hard, unceasing struggle and work and pains and being careful. You ought to read that new interview with her in this month's *Silver Screenings*."

"Yes, yes, she's wonderful," assented Tessie as they strolled to the door of her shop. "But I've been thinking about comedy. You know my new one I'm writing—of course it's a big, vital theme,

all about a heartless wife with her mind wholly on society and bridge clubs and dancing and that sort of dissipation, and her husband is Hubert Glendenning, a studious young lawyer who doesn't like to go out evenings but would rather play with the kiddies a bit after their mother has gone to a party, or read over some legal documents in the library, which is very beautifully furnished; and her old school friend, Corona Bartlett, comes to stay at the house, a very voluptuous type, high coloured, with black hair and lots of turquoise jewellery, and she's a bad woman through and through, and been divorced and everything by a man whose heart she broke, and she's become a mere adventuress with a secret vice—she takes perfume in her tea, like I saw that one did—and all her evil instincts are aroused at once by Hubert, who doesn't really care deeply for her, as she has only a surface appeal of mere sensuous beauty; but he sees that his wife is neglecting him and having an affair with an Italian count—I found such a good name for him, Count Ravioli—and staying out with him until all hours; so in a moment of weakness he gives himself to Corona Bartlett, and then sees that he must break up his home and get a divorce and marry Corona to make an honest woman of her; but of course his wife is brought to her senses, so she sees that she has been in the wrong and has a big scene with Corona in which she scorns her and Corona slinks away, and she forgives Hubert his one false step because it was her fault. It's full of big situations, but what I'm wondering—I'm wondering if I couldn't risk some comedy in it by

having the faithful old butler a cross-eyed man. Nothing so outrageous as that creature we just saw, but still noticeably cross-eyed. Do you think it would lighten some of the grimmer scenes, perhaps, and wouldn't it be good pathos to have the butler aware of his infirmity and knowing the greatest surgeons in the world can't help him?"

"Well," Merton considered, "if I were you I shouldn't chance it. It would be mere acrobatic humour. And why do you want anyone to be funny when you have a big gripping thing of love and hate like that? I don't believe I'd have him cross-eyed. I'd have him elderly and simple and dignified. And you don't want your audience to laugh, do you, when he holds up both hands to show how shocked he is at the way things are going on in that house?"

"Well, maybe I won't then. It was just a thought. I believe you have the right instinct in those matters, Merton. I'll leave him as he is."

"Good night, then," said Merton. "I got to be on the lot to-morrow. My camera man's coming at two. Shooting some Western stuff."

"Oh, my! Really?" Tessie gazed after him admiringly. He let himself into the dark store, so lately the scene of his torment, and on the way to his little room stopped to reach under the grocery counter for those hidden savings. To-night he would add to them the fifteen dollars lavished upon him by Gashwiler at the close of a week's toil. The money was in a tobacco pouch. He lighted the lamp on his table, placed the three new bills beside it and drew out the hoard. He would count it to confirm his memory of the grand total.

The bills were frayed, lacking the fresh green of new ones; weary looking, with an air of being glad to rest at last after much passing from hand to hand as symbols of wealth. Their exalted present owner tenderly smoothed out several that had become crumpled, secured them in a neat pile, adding the three recently-acquired five-dollar bills, and proceeded to count, moistening the ends of a thumb and finger in defiance of the best sanitary teaching. It was no time to think of malignant bacteria.

By his remembered count he should now be possessed of two hundred and twelve dollars. And there was the two-dollar bill, a limp, grey thing, abraded almost beyond identification. He placed this down first, knowing that the remaining bills should amount to two hundred and ten dollars. Slowly he counted, to finish with a look of blank, hesitating wonder. He made another count, hastily, but taking greater care. The wonder grew. Again he counted, slowly this time, so that there could be no doubt. And now he knew! He possessed thirty-three dollars more than he had thought. Knowing this was right, he counted again for the luxury of it. Two hundred and forty-five obvious dollars!

How had he lost count? He tried to recall. He could remember taking out the money he had paid Lowell Hardy for the last batch of Clifford Armytage stills—for Lowell, although making professional rates to Merton, still believed the artist to be worth his hire—and he could remember taking some more out to send to the mail-order house in Chicago for the cowboy things; but it was plain that he had twice, at least, crowded a week's salary into the pouch and forgotten it.

It was a pleasurable experience; it was



Two-Gun
Benson."

like finding thirty-three dollars. And he was by that much nearer to his goal; that much sooner would he be released from bondage; thirty-three dollars sooner could he look Gashwiler in the eye and say what he thought of him and his emporium. In his nightly prayer he did not neglect to render thanks for this.

He dressed the next morning with a new elation. He must be more careful about keeping tab on his money, but also it was wonderful to find more than you expected. He left the store-room that reeked of kerosene and passed into the emporium to replace his treasure in its hiding-place. The big room was dusky behind the drawn front curtains, but all the smells were there: the smell of ground coffee and spices at the grocery counter; farther on, the smothering smell of prints and woollens and new leather.

The dummies, waiting down by the door to be put outside, regarded each other in blank solemnity. A few big flies droned lazily about their still forms. Merton eyed the dusty floor, the gleaming counters, the curtains that shielded the shelves, with a new disdain. Sooner than he had thought he would bid them a last farewell. And to-day, at least, he was free of them—free to be on the lot at two, to shoot Western stuff. Let to-morrow, with its old round of degrading tasks, take care of itself.

At 10.30 he was in church. He was not as attentive to the sermon as he should have been, for it now occurred to him that he had no stills of himself in the garb of a clergyman. This was worth considering, because he was not going to be one of those one-part actors. He would have a wide range of rôles. He would be able to play anything. He wondered how the Rev. Otto Carmichael would take the request for a brief loan of one of his pulpit suits. Perhaps he was not so old as he looked; perhaps he might remember that he, too, had once been young and fired with high ideals. It would be worth trying. And the things could be returned after a brief studio session with Lowell Hardy.

He saw himself cast in such a part, the handsome young clergyman, exponent of a muscular Christianity. He comes to the toughest cattle town in all the great South-west, determined to make honest men and good women of its sinning derelicts. He wins the hearts of these rugged but misguided souls. Though at first they treat him rough, they learn to respect him, and they call him the fighting parson. Eventually he wins the hand in marriage of the youngest of the dance-hall denizens, a sweet young girl who despite her evil surroundings has remained as pure and good as she is beautiful.

Anyway, if he had those clothes for an hour or two while the artist made a few studies of him he would have something else to show directors in search of fresh talent.

After church he ate a lonely meal served by Metta Judson at the Gashwiler residence. The Gashwilers were on their accustomed Sabbath visit to the distant farm of Mrs. Gashwiler's father. But as he ate he became conscious that the Gashwiler influence was not wholly withdrawn. From above the mantel he was sternly regarded by a tinted enlargement of his employer's face entitled Photographic Study, by Lowell Hardy. Lowell never took photographs merely. He made

photographic studies, and the specimen at hand was one of his most daring efforts. Merton glared at it in free hostility—a clod, with ideals as false as the artist's pink on his leathery cheeks! He hurried his meal, glad to be relieved from the inimical scrutiny.

He was glad to be free from this and from the determined recital by Metta Judson of small-town happenings. What cared he that Gus Giddings had been fined ten dollars and costs by Squire Belcher for his low escapade, or that Gus's father had sworn to lick him within an inch of his life if he ever ketched him touching stimilints again?

He went to the barn, climbed to the hayloft, and undid the bundle containing his Buck Benson outfit. This was fresh from the mail-order house in Chicago. He took out almost reverently a pair of high-heeled boots, with purple tops, a pair of spurs, a gay shirt, a gayer neckerchief, a broad-brimmed hat, a leather holster, and—most impressive of all—a pair of goatskin chaps dyed a violent maroon. All these he excitedly donned, the spurs last. Then he clambered down the ladder from the loft, somewhat impeded by the spurs and went into the kitchen. Metta Judson, washing dishes, gave a little cry of alarm. Nothing like this had ever before invaded the Gashwiler home by front door or back.

"Why, Mert' Gill, whatever you dressed up like that for? My stars, you look like a cowboy or something! Well, I must say!"

"Say, Metta, do me a favour. I want to see how these things look in a glass. It's a cowboy outfit for when I play regular Buck Benson parts, and everything's got to be just so or the audience writes to the magazines about it and makes fun of you."

"Go ahead," said Metta. "You can git a fine look at yourself in the tall glass in the old lady's bedroom."

Forthwith he went, profaning a sanctuary, to survey himself in a glass that had never reflected anything but the discreet arraying of his employer's lady. He looked long and earnestly. The effect was quite all he had hoped. He lowered the front of the broad-brimmed hat the least bit, tightened his belt another notch and moved the holster to a better line. He looked again. From feet to head he was perfect.

Then, slightly crouching, he drew his revolver from the holster and held it forward from the hip, wrist and forearm rigidly straight.

"Throw up your hands!"

He uttered the grim words in a low tone, but one facing him would not have been deceived by low tones. Steely-eyed, grim of face, relentless in all his bearing, the most desperate adversary would have quailed. Probably even Gashwiler himself would have quailed. When Buck Benson looked and spoke thus he meant it.

He held it a long, breathless moment before relaxing. Then he tiptoed softly from the hallowed confines of a good woman's boudoir and clattered down the back stairs to the kitchen. He was thinking, "I certainly got to get me another gun if I'm ever going to do Two-Gun Benson parts, and I got to get the draw down better. I ain't quick enough yet."

(To be continued).



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Let George Do it!



Ora Carewe
Jay Morley

H. W. (Whitehaven).—Letter forwarded. Glad PICTUREGOER meets with your approval.

APPLE BLOSSOM (West Norwood).—Sorry to hear your thwarted curiosity gives you sleepless nights. I hope this letter will take the place of a sleeping draught. (1) Ramon Novarro has been doing film work for three or four years. (2) That's just a question of taste isn't it? However much you dislike Jackie Coogan you must admit that he's a clever little actor. (3) Art plate of Ramon appeared in January 1924 PICTUREGOER. (4) I don't see why Conway Tearle should smile if he doesn't see anything to smile at. After all, a film actor labours under conditions less conducive to laughter than his brother of the legitimate stage—he can't see his audience!

P. M. G. (Birmingham).—Letter forwarded to Norma Talmadge. Hope you'll get that signed photo.

RALPH RAVER (Kingston).—(1) Get out your handkerchief while I break the sad news—Ralph Forhes has just married a Broadway favourite in New York, where he has been playing in several stage productions. (2) He hasn't left any address so I'm afraid I can't forward any letters until he either comes home or sends me news of his whereabouts. (3) Betty Balfour is hard at work upon a screen version of H. de Vere Stacpool's novel "Satan's Sister," so you will be able to see her on the screen again soon.

THEODORA (?).—(1) Ivor Novello is 5 ft. 11 ins. in height. (2) Can't tell you when he is going to film *The Rat* because he doesn't know, himself, yet. (2) The rumour that Ivor is engaged to Gladys Cooper is only a rumour, and a defunct one at that. (3) Enid Bennett was "Maid Marian" in *Robin Hood*.

MOLLIE (Birmingham).—So you're one of the film fans who think they aren't! (1) Strange as it may seem in a film star, Betty Compson has never been married before her recent matrimonial venture with James Cruze. (2) Jack Buchanan is about thirty-eight. (3) Conrad Nagel was born in 1897. Write again when you like, Molly.

M. P. S. (Northampton).—My patience is as unlimited as the curiosity of you fans—and that's saying something! (1) John Bowers was the hero in *The Destroying Angel*.

JACK (Croydon).—If you've only just woken up to the fact that you want those casts you'd better go to sleep again and dream you've got them. I may be ancient, but I'm not Methusaleh!

PHYLLIS (Shoreham).—(1) Ramon Novarro's mother shuns publicity, so I'm afraid I can't let you have her photo in THE PICTUREGOER. (2) Ramon's favourite colour is blue, of the same deep shade that distinguishes the sky in his birthplace, Mexico. His address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (3) Art plates of Alice Terry appeared in January 1924 and July 1922 PICTUREGOER.

B. G. (Windsor).—(1) Send a stamped addressed envelope if you want an answer by post. (2) If you send me your letters to films stars in plain, stamped envelopes, I'll forward them to the right addresses.

COVER (Glasgow).—(1) Your letter is now at the tender mercy of the G.P.O. Your simple faith in me touches me to the heart.

J. B. (Bristol).—(1) Dennis Eadie has appeared in one film—*Disraeli*, produced in 1917. (2) The name of the baby in *Comin' Thro' the Rye* isn't given in the cast. Hepworth's might be able to tell you who she is. (3) Mabel Ballin was "Lady Isobel" and Edward Earle "Mr. Carlyle" in *East Lynne*.

VICTORIA (London).—Thanks for writing to me on your best notepaper. I appreciate the honour, if the colour *does* rather hit me in the eye at first glance. (1) There's certainly no truth in the rumour that Rex Ingram is going to divorce Alice Terry because she's bobbed her hair. What will you fans get hold of next. (2) "The adorable Roman," was born in Druango, Mexico. (3) Alice Terry's real name is Taafé. She has blue-grey eyes and fair hair of an auburn shade. I haven't been over with a tape measure. (4) Usually the stars' secretaries answer their letters, unless

they are of a very personal nature. (5) I've forwarded your letters.

MOONYEEN (Ascot).—Glad to hear from you again. I've passed your letter on to the "Thinker." (1) Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace Lorraine. He's 6 ft. 1 in. in height, has black hair and brown eyes and isn't married yet. Some of his films are *Hollywood*, *The Gentleman from America*, *Children of Jazz*, *The Call of the Canyon*, *The Next Corner*, and *A Society Scandal*. His most recent pictures are *Argentine Love* and *The Swan*, neither of which have been shown this side yet. (2) Norma Talmadge's latest finished production is *The Lady*. She is now at work on *The Woman and the Clown* and her next will be *Two Women*. (3) She will probably come to England some time during the year.

ELSIE (London).—Glad to hear your good opinion of PICTUREGOER. Yes, I think the actor you speak of did very good work in that film.

TINO (Yorkshire).—Letter forwarded with my usual amiability. (1) So far as I know Rudy has never been to Harrogate. (2) Colleen Moore was born August 19th, 1900.

MADELINO (Wallasey).—(1) An interview with Tony Moreno appeared in May 1921 PICTUREGOER. An art plate appeared in March 1922 issue. I'll do my best to get you another later on. (2) Tony is 5 ft. 10 ins. in height. (3) I've forwarded all your letters. (4) Thanks for your suggestion, but it's too late to think about getting re-christened now.

DOLORES (Guildford).—Letter forwarded to Pauline Frederick.

BOBBED (London).—(1) Matheson Lang was born May 15th, 1879, and is married to Hutin Britton. (2) Matheson is about 6 ft. in height and he has grey eyes and dark brown hair. (3) An interview with him appeared in May 1923 PICTUREGOER and an art plate in February 1924 issue. (4) You'll have to wait a long time before my blushing dial adorns the PICTUREGOER.

MUSICAL (Stoke Newington).—Your thanks have been duly earned. Hope the result comes up to expectations.

JOHN M. (Glasgow).—I've passed on your carol with the usual recommendation to mercy. Thanks for your questionless letter—I knew before looking at your signature that you were a member of my own exalted sex. Shake!

BETTY.—The deed is done. You may now transfer your attention to the postman.

THE MISTAKE (Seaford).—(1) Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago Nov. 29th, 1898, and he has brown hair and black eyes. (2) He isn't married yet and neither is Charles de Roche. (3) Margaret Leahy has retired from the screen, and has married a man in Los Angeles, where she is now living. (4) Richard Dix was born 1894 at St. Pauls, Minnesota. (5) The camera that can do my particular style of beauty justice has yet to be invented.

PAT (Kingston).—Sorry you've had to wait, but you have to take your turn, you know. (1) *Dante's Inferno* has been shown in London at the Empire Theatre, but it isn't released yet. (2) Mary Odette's latest was *Not For Sale*. Her next release will be *The Diamond Man*.

J. R. (Southend).—(1) Lillian Gish was born October 14th, 1896 at Springfield, Ohio. (2) No, she isn't married, so there's no need to seek an early grave.

PEGGY (Norwich).—Pleased to meet you, Peggy. (1) A list of all the famous screen people who've been in London lately is rather a tall order, but I'll do my best for you. Joe Schenek (Norma Talmadge's husband), Eddie Polo, Charles de Roche, Eva Novak, Rod La Roegue and John Barrymore have been our most recent visitors. The last-mentioned has been keeping very quiet, and is going to play in the stage version of *Hamlet* sometime in the near future.

POP (Dulwich).—Glad you find PICTUREGOER "a boon and a blessing." (1) Yes, Monte Blue will probably be over here in the Spring. (2) He recently got married to Tova Jansen a stage actress.

T. L. (Bristol).—Thanks for the drawing of my encyclopædic self. If that's how you imagine me, no wonder it took you so long to pluck up your courage to write. (1) Nigel Barrie was born Feb. 5th, 1889. (2) No, he's not in England now. He left for America soon after he'd finished making *Claude Duval*.

PEARL (Nottingham).—(1) Lila Lee is back at the studio again, and has just finished playing in *Coming Through*, opposite Tom Meighan.

R. L. (London).—Send your letters to film stars to me, and I will see that they are forwarded to the right addresses.

TIP (Durham).—(1) You will have more chance of seeing Nazimova in the future, for she is making several new pictures. *The Madonna of the Streets* and *The Redeeming Sin*, are two of her recent ones and she's now at work on *My Son*.

PEPPER (Manchester).—If you say so it is so. I never contradict a lady! (1) *Sally*, the screen version of the musical comedy is to be Colleen Moore's next picture. (2) She has just finished work on *So Big* and is now making *Sally*.

FAN (Birmingham).—(1) Gloria Swanson has one little girl of her own and an adopted boy. (1) She became engaged to a French Count, during her stay in Paris while she was making *Madame Sans-Gêne*.

C. E. S. (Marttisham Heath).—Glad you admit that I'm human as well as erudite. (1) Eddie Polo is still in England, I believe, but his movements are very uncertain. (2) Harold Lloyd's address is c/o Hal Roach Studios, Hollywood, California. His latest film is *Hot Water*. (3) Send your letter to Gloria Swanson c/o this office, and I will forward it.

D. B.—Letter forwarded to Jaekie Coogan.

E. A. B. (Gainsboro).—I've no objection to your telling me how very conceited I am, if you want to. Go right ahead! (1) Betty Compson and Irene Rich are both American. (2) Charlie Chaplin's matrimonial ventures number only two. His first wife was called Mildred Harris, and his present one is Lita Grey. (3) Douglas Fairbanks was married only once before he married Mary Pickford. The name of his first wife was Beth Sully. (4) Norma is the eldest of the Talmadge sisters. (5) I've passed your "think" along

to the right quarter.

EL AMANTE (Wallasey).—(1) Ronald Colman is a native of England, but most of his film work has been done for American companies. (2) He was born in Richmond, Surrey, about 28 years ago, and has dark hair and eyes. (3) Some of his recent films are *Romola* with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, *Tarnish* with May McAvoy, *Heart Trouble* with Constance Talmadge, and *A Thief in Paradise* with Doris Kenyon.

SYBIL (Nottingham).—Always glad to help a lady in distress. (1) I've forwarded your three letters. (2) Tony Moreno, Theodore Kosloff and Charles de Roche can all be addressed c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

COTTON - REEL (Oxford).—You're evidently one of the lucky ones. (1) I've passed your earol on with the usual recommendation to merey.

Don't Miss It.

Friday, March 5th. K.C. A Midnight Trade Show. K.C. Meet All The Boys. K.C. And Pretty Girls. K.C. Something for Nothing. K.C. A Midnight Surprise. K.C. Corelli Windlatt's Band. K.C. Romance and Adventure. K.C. A Jolly Good Time. K.C. Lots of Fun. K.C. Dance Your Shoes Away. K.C. The Cat's Pyjamas! K.C. Come Early. Stay Late. K.C. What'll You Do? K.C. Nothing Like It. K.C. Beats The Lot. K.C. Novelties. K.C. Jazz. K.C. Light and Loveliness. K.C. Music and Merriment. K.C. Take a Step—and Two Tickets for the K.C. All in a Good Cause. K.C. What Does It Mean. K.C.?

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Have you posted that last Voting Coupon of yours yet? If not, you have just seven more days in which to make your final choice and compete for the big Cash Prizes. Since you yourselves are the judges, the order of popularity depends on you, and every coupon counts. Just think. Your voting your favourite star first may be the means of making him or her first by a majority of one. After a preliminary glance at the stacks of entries, it seems to me that the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are the keenest fans. However, there is still time, but remember the closing date is March 7 and post your letter in time.

I think English fans might like to know about 'The Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club.' The Club has been in existence not quite a year. It has grown from a mere handful of Norma fans in Cleveland, Ohio, to a club of nearly 200 members from all over the world, from America, Canada, England, Belgium, France, Spain and South Africa. Norma Talmadge herself is Honorary President, and she has chosen our club colours and suggested many things for it. Our honorary members include Charles Ray, Ruth Roland, Adolphe Menjou, Constance Binney, Hope Hampton, Eugene O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hiers, Ethel Gray Terry, Robert Warwick, Alice Brady, Olive Wadsley (Authoress), and Ralph Pugh, Esq. (Managing Director for

First National Pictures). Isn't it a list?

We have magazine contests, and all kinds of interesting things. We want all Norma fans all over the world to become members. Think, Norma fans, Norma Talmadge belongs to the club! Isn't that enough encouragement? For all further particulars write straight to me (by Miss Constance Riquer's request, Our Active President) at 'Sunny Bank,' Edgerton, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Joan Crosland (Yorks.)

I think there are solid reasons behind the failure of British Film," fulminates "Fernande" (Staffs). "Firstly, whither away have flown all our beauteous damsels. Flora Le Breton, Betty Balfour, Ivy Duke, Ivy Close, Hilda Bayley, Marjorie Hume, Madge Stuart, etc., etc.? Either on the stage, or acting for foreign film companies. Also some of our stars should give themselves the once-over. I'm not going to mention names, but dressing one's hair exactly the same way for years on end isn't conducive to popularity. Neither is avoirdupois, especially in a would-be vamp. The leading lady in a recent British film I saw was pretty and a decent actress but—her feet!! They were very large. Why then emphasise them by giving her flat-heeled shoes and short (too short frocks). The hero, too, was trying in vain to be something neither Nature nor art ever intended for him. Now I think I've said enough for awhile. What do you think,"

"Far from me, dear Thinker, shall be it to tinker with judgments that Barrie has made—and you have approved—but I don't think my judgment was really so deep in the shade! By printing my letter you left me your debtor, but still an impenitent "fan"—who thinks Marie Doro alone and none other the one and the best 'Peter Pan.' But leaving my 'blindness' a moment for kindness, I've found some sweet things I must say of such a nice girl that I saw t'other evening—a lady yclept Allene Ray. I fell for her strongly, and, rightly or wrongly, I've got this idea good and fast—that after false hopes and well-advertised failures, a star has arisen at last.

"Triumphant Youth clearly she is and sincerely I think she's a queen all the way. I wish her much fame and more triumphs a-plenty, and long may you *Be Happy in the shine*, Allene Ray! *Thought!* And now about Peter—I don't want to cheat a good film of my thanks at the start, and I must admit Marie wasn't a candidate (so I've been told) for the part. But let me just mention, to prove my contention, her wonderful *Oliver Twist*. If she'd wanted 'Peter' I guess she'd have got it—and Betty would not have been missed!

E. J. F. (London).

I can't understand why the film serial is emulating the old soldier in longevity," writes J. D. M. (Matlock). "I thought it had died a natural death years ago, yet I find it is still going strong. Its characters are unreal, it's action doesn't bear a second thought. Stunts—we can see stunts in any good, bad, or indifferent Westerner any old time. Plot—Whew! Acting—there isn't any. No one could possibly take it seriously, why then take it at all. People say hard things about the British Film Industry, but at least we British fans can slap each other on the back and say, 'Yes, We have No British Serials.' May we never have to eat our words!"



THE THINKER.

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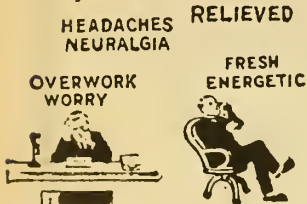
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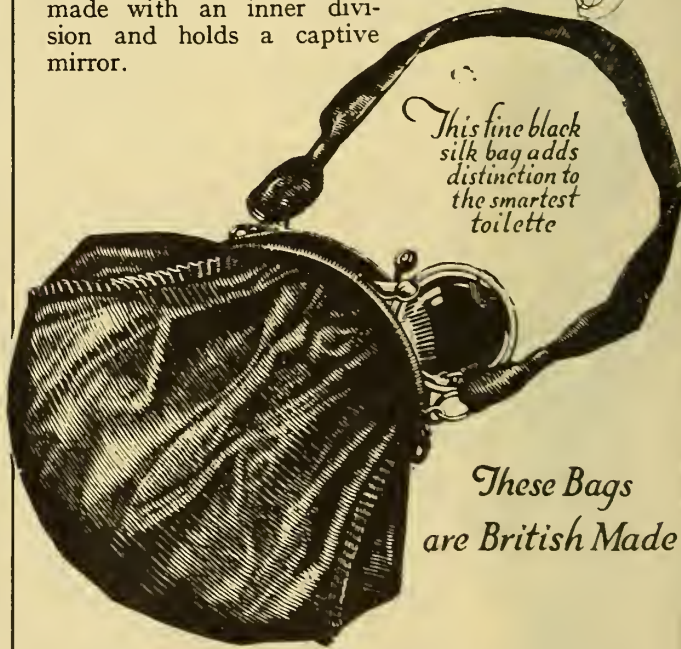
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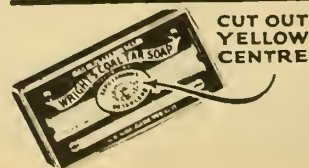


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*Mary Philbin
William Haines*



NORMA SHEARER

As she appears in "He Who Gets Slapped." Norma, who is a Canadian commenced her career on the stage, graduating via Ziegfeld's Follies to the silver sheet, where she bids fair to become a particularly bright star.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks

Rex Ingram says that motion pictures owe everything to D. W. Griffith. But I really don't think it's fair of Rex to put *all* the blame on the shoulders of D. W. G.



D. W. Griffith

Because he thought "Dawn" too highbrow, D. W. Griffith has changed the title of his latest film to "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Seems to me its correct subtitle should be "The Birth of a Notion"!

Somebody writes to ask whether "Ben" is a traditional name among kinema folks. Sure, there is Ben Lyon, and Ben Turpin, and Ben Alexander, and now there's Ben Hur.



Ronald Colman.

Ronald Colman became an actor through being hit by shrapnel. It wouldn't break my heart if some people I know ceased being actors through the same cause.

Warner Brothers have installed a Turkish bath at their studios for the nine permanent stars. It seems that the boast about "cleaner pictures" is really going to hold water at last.

It is rumoured that American directors are objecting to the bobbed hair of their stars. And the stars are rumoured to be organising a protest against the bobbed brains of their directors.

"I like short hair," says May Allison, "and shall probably continue to wear it long after the fashion is obsolete." It all depends whether you put a comma after "it" or "long," doesn't it?



May Allison

"May McAvoy," I read, "is making history in Italy." I guess it's true, although the writer and I don't mean quite the same thing!

"I can stand anything," says Charles de Roche. Ah, yes, Charlie, but then you are stronger than us!

I see they're making patent leather shoes out of old films. That's certainly one way of putting a little kick into them

Anna Q. bobbed her hair in order to play *Ponjola*. Lon Chaney wore a rubber suit in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Bert Lytell bleached his hair for *Rupert of Hentzau*. One of these days there'll be a revolution in Hollywood. An artist will walk on the set and proceed to act.

Owing to a misprint in an American paper, Ruth Roland's new picture *Out Where the West Begins* was described as *Out Where the Worst Begins*. I hope it isn't a prophecy.



Ruth Roland

Now that comedians are making six-reelers, production costs are chasing the half-million dollar mark. No wonder Chaplin calls his latest effort *The Gold Rush*!

In *The Confidence Man*, Tommy Meighan smashed a mirror with his fist. Hasn't the publicity man who tells me that it is the big dramatic punch of the film got a sense of humour?



Tom Meighan

When she was cast for "Esther" in *Ben Hur*, Gertrude Olmstead donned a blonde wig. When May McAvoy took over the part, Gertrude, of course, got her hair off!

In making the Paris scenes of *The Redeeming Sin*, Stuart Blackton made all his characters talk French. The rumour that *Dante's Inferno* was censored owing to a similar rule being enforced is denied.



Stuart Blackton

They've just finished *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Germany, but it will be *A Winter's Tale* by the time we see it!

"The public," says Valentino, "doesn't want to have a star forced upon it." No, but the star doesn't mind having a public forced upon him.

M

My Trip Abroad

by RUDOLPH VALENTINO



Rudy at the door of his Uncle's estate at Carostino

We finally struck a compromise on the Royal Naval Academy. I

turned my ambition thenceward and for the first time I really did apply myself and studied hard to fit myself both physically and mentally for the entrance examinations. I was set on it. It was the first thing of this kind that I had ever wanted to do very badly. When the day for the examinations arrived in the academy at Venice I arrived, self-confident and anticipating triumph—only to find myself one inch lacking in chest expansion.

I wanted to die. I felt that I had drunk the very dregs of humiliation. I was tragically convinced that there was no place in the world for such as I. I had ousted myself from my world of dreams and the world of reality would have none of me. It was a bitter, an abysmal moment. I contemplated the canal. There, there would be oblivion where neither inches one way nor inches the other way would matter. I was a disgrace to my mother, therefore she could not grieve very much if I were brought home to her cold and still. It was an arresting



Valentino and his cousin snapped at Carostino.

picture, and I might, just MIGHT have accomplished the dread deed had it not been that another boy found himself in the same position owing to the lack of half an inch.

We found mutual consolation and decided to go on with life, albeit a bit wearily and resignedly.

And thus it followed that I went to the Royal Academy of Agriculture to study scientific farming. Italy needed scientific farmers more than she needed sailors or soldiers, my mother said, thus replacing in me the en-

thusiasm of an ideal which I felt that I had lost for all time for want of an inch. Besides she reminded me that my illustrious ancestors had tilled the soil of their estates and perhaps I might recreate the traditions, once glorious, of my progenitors. Wise, wise little mother of mine.

I must get on with my narrative to-morrow . . . but to-night I have re-lived a section of my life. It is almost like getting another chance at the Past emotionally if not actually.

Castellaneta, Sept. 20th.

I left myself in a field of reminiscing. It is the easiest thing in the world to slip back into one's past. Walking familiar streets, even though many of the familiar faces are gone, projects one back into quite as familiar sensations and experiences. It is

hard to believe that so much has gone between.

As I said in my previous instalment, my cousin met me. I hadn't seen him since his mother and father passed away. He used to have a big apartment, a whole floor, but told me that he had recently rented this domicile to a bank, which same seemed to have greater need of it than he did. We went, consequently, to the best hotel in the town, where I was optimistically promising myself a fine hot tub and a change. I felt I had need of both.

To my horror, I discovered that there was no room and bath reserved. Not only was there no room with a bath, but there was no bath on the floor, and, to go still further, there was no bath AT ALL. None, anywhere, in the whole hotel.

The worthy manager spread his fingers wide apart, in a gesture of complete self-exoneration, "Because," he said, "there is a Turkish bath around the corner we don't need one in the hotel!"

Can you imagine going to any hotel in New York, even in America, and having them tell you that there is no bath for the good and sufficient reason that there is one "around the corner?"

I was wretchedly dusty enough, however, to prevail upon the manager to present me with an ample basin, which he did, in great puzzlement, wondering what all the hurry was about and why I couldn't wait a few hours, a day or two, and then step into the convenient Turkish bath "around the corner" at my leisure and convenience. I finally managed to take a sponge bath—cold—and thought, as I splashed, of the Ritz in New York, with longing and regret. This travelling, I pondered, between shudders, is not always what it is cracked up to be. Ah, Rudy, my boy, it has its disadvantages!

After I had made myself as

A group of townfolk gathered to welcome Rudy at Castellana.

and are renewed, but human nature, unless it be ignited by the moving spark variously called genius, or creativeness, or only mere ambition, human nature remains amazingly the same.

These men, these familiar faces, who I saw, to my unfeigned surprise, sitting around the same old table, in the same old indolent postures, in the same old cafe, had been young fellows of twenty-three or four when I was a mere lad of thirteen or fourteen. At that time they wouldn't have anything to do with me, of course, and it had been one of the ambitions of my life to be recognised by them, to be made

same smallness of intellect. As I narrow and stultified ideas, with the watched them there from a nearby table, I realised that the luckiest thing that had ever happened to me was getting away and going to America. I might so conceivably, so easily have become one of them.

Sitting at our table, with my cousin, there came back to me so vividly that rather painful period just before I went to America.

That period was painful for me and also for my rather long-suffering family. I had won honours at the Royal Academy of Agriculture, but my brief and proud position as Pride of



This little church overlooking the precipice was Rudy's favourite play-ground as a child.



presentable as I could, my cousin and I sallied forth, and I met a lot of my old friends at the very same old cafe they had used to frequent and were still frequenting, as it seemed to me quite unmoved since I had left.

They were the only thing about the old town that had not changed. Things, I thought, move on and alter

one of them, to receive a slap on the back or a tentative confidence. It would have fairly swelled me with pride and import. They had seemed so splendid to me then! Now, here they were in their approaching mid-thirties, still sitting about the table, still talking the same language in the same way, still exchanging the same

the Family was more or less short-lived. I was, of course, in the love-sick period of life. And if there is anything on earth more lamentably love-sick than an Italian youth in love, then I have yet to gaze upon that phenomenon. I languished, wrote violent love verse. I copied page after page from Tasso and Petrarch. I sighed like a furnace. I took out in surreptitiousness what an American youth of the same age and station is able to give vent to by word of mouth.

In Italy rigid convention prevents a youth from much social intercourse with gently-bred girls, who are never without those perennials, chaperons. My family predicted darksome fates for me. And it was, therefore, small wonder, I suppose, that Paris called me. In Paris, I thought, the mistress of the cities of the world—in Paris, I would find my just due of appreciation—and pleasure. Regardless of my family's entreaties, I pocketed what little money I had and dashed away to Paris to see what might be seen. And for a time the favours that I won turned my giddy head. I felt triumphant. Elated. Conquering. Here, I
(Continued on page 58).

The Lost World



Hoyt, director, gives two of the stars of "The Lost World" (Bessie Love and Lloyd Hughes) a preliminary geography lesson.

Turning Time's wheel backwards for a little matter of ten thousand years is the latest feat of the kinema. Although a clever company of human beings enact the story of *The Lost World* on the silver-sheet, it is the "reel old-timers," who carry off the honours. Papier mache personalities these, whose names appear only in the subtitles of the film, for to include them in the cast might give away the secret of their construction, which will make interesting reading some day.

Whether these realistic reincarnations are tiny models, photographically enlarged, and posed against trick scenery, or whether they are really as large as they appear, and are worked by mechanism or even concealed men (as was the case in *The Nibelungs*), they are the most startling and intriguing monsters who have ever invaded screenland.

The film itself was seven years in the making, and no wonder. For it is something absolutely novel, and, apart from the initial research work, many months were spent upon experimenting with various processes submitted to make the prehistoric monsters "live."

Most people are familiar with Conan Doyle's story of a Professor who claimed to have discovered a plateau in South America, whereon the last survivals of the prehistoric age still lived and had their being.

Returning, to collect proofs for an unbelieving Metropolis, we follow the adventures of his party on the plateau, amongst Ape men, and creatures five score feet long (bigger than seven elephants). Thunder Lizards, Tyrannosauri, Trachodous,



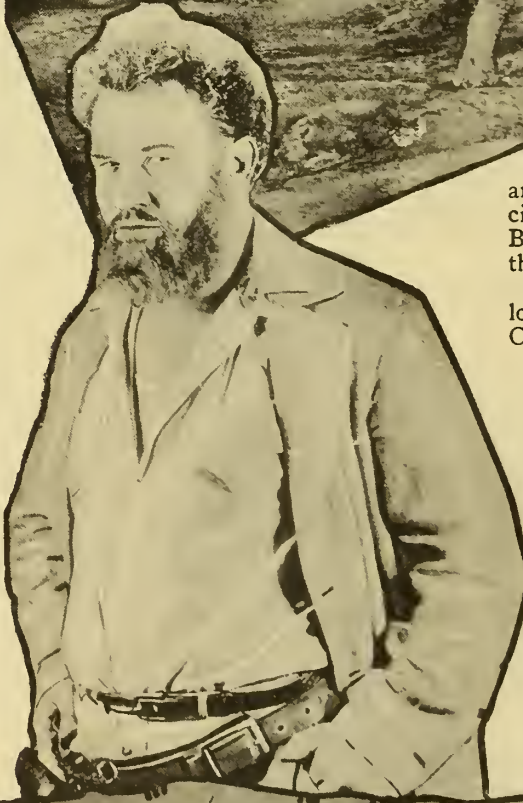
Neck-biting is apparently older than history. This is a typical scene from "The Lost World."

and the like. Finally they all return to civilisation bringing with them a live Brontosaurus, as convincing proof of the truth of the story.

The huge "Thunder Lizard" breaks loose in London, and runs amok in the City scattering crowds and traffic like magic, until, having smashed up a few monuments and buildings it finally falls through Tower Bridge and swims out to sea. This, however, was not in the novel, I understand, but was introduced for film purposes only.

This Brontosaurus, known also as The Thunder Lizard, and the Leviathan of the shallows belongs really to the Jurassic period of 10,000,000 years ago. It was so titled be-

Left: Wallace Beery as "Professor Challenger." Below: Triceratops on their native heath.





Below: A fight to the death between an Allosaurus and a Trachodon. The Allosaurus, although the smaller of the monsters proved victorious.



Left: A Triceratops has a few words with a Brontosaurus on the question of food supplies.

Above: Bessie Love and a Brontosaurus, giving some idea of the relative sizes of a human being and one of these prehistoric monsters



cause of the unearthly noise it made and its queer lumbering walk.

Its full official description is "Unarmoured herbivorous quadruped, with elephantine limbs and feet; long, giraffe-like neck, and very small head and brain. In short, an animal automaton.

This according to scientists, who, from skeletons and fossilized remains reconstructed the skeletons of this, and other more fearsome monsters who roamed the prehistoric jungles before Man existed.

Besides the "Bront," the little band of explorers watched the Allosaurus, all 9 by 35 feet of him, attack with teeth, tail and claw, the less ferocious creatures and kill and eat them.

The City scenes were, of course, sets. 220 yards long, on which two thousand people, hundreds of taxis and motors, buses, etc., under the supervision of five assistant directors and eighteen cameras registered terror and flight for two nights without ceasing. The effect is extraordinary and altogether excellent.

Detail work on a production like *The Lost World* is almost better imagined than described. The project was conceived by Willis H. O'Brien, a well-known American sculptor and financed by Watterson R. Rothacker, who engaged O'Brien as research and technical director. Earl Hudson, assisted by Harry Hoyt attended to the human element in the story, and Milton Menasco to the settings and architecture. It is an Ass. First National production. Scientists inform us that our ancestors of the prehistoric era were furry and about the size and shape of guinea pigs. But they had brains, and whilst the monkeys fled to the trees before the ferocious monsters, these mammals stayed near the ground and deftly destroyed the eggs of the dinosaur, thus dooming them to extermination. Which was, judging from *The Lost World*, a good thing for all of us.

JOSEF P. LEDERER.



Above: Bull Montana (right) as an Ape-man and "Mary," an honest-to-goodness specimen who plays with him.

Right: The four principals, Wallace Beery Lewis Stone, Bessie Love and Lloyd Hughes.





Merton of the Movies

by
HARRY LEON WILSON

"Well, did you like your rig?" inquired Metta genially.

"Oh, it'll do for the stills we're shooting to-day," replied the actor. "Of course I ought to have a rattlesnake-skin band on my hat, and the things look too new yet. And say, Metta, where's the clothes-line? I want to practise roping a little before my camera man gets here."

"My stars! You're certainly goin' to be a real one, ain't you?"

She brought him the clothes-line, in use only on Mondays. He re-coiled it carefully and made a running noose in one end.

At two Lowell Hardy found his subject casting the rope at an inattentive Dexter. The old horse stood in the yard, head down, one foot crossed nonchalantly before the other. A slight tremor, a nervous flickering of his skin, was all that ensued when the rope grazed him. When it merely fell in his general neighbourhood, as it oftener did, Dexter did not even glance up.

"Good stuff!" applauded the artist. "Now just stand that way, holding the noose out. I want to make a study of that."

He rapidly mounted his camera on a tripod and put in a plate. The study was made. Followed several studies of the fighting face of Two-Gun Benson, grim and rigid, about to shoot from the hip. But these were minor bits. More important would be Buck Benson and his old pal, Pinto.

From the barn Merton dragged the saddle, blanket, and bridle he had borrowed from the Giddings House livery stable. He had never saddled a horse before, but he had not studied in vain. He seized Dexter by a wisp of his surviving mane and simultaneously planted a hearty kick in the beast's side, with a command, "Get around there, you old skate!" Dexter sighed miserably and got around as ordered. He was both pained and astonished. He knew that this was Sunday. Never had he been forced to work on this day. But he meekly suffered the protrusion of a bit

between his yellow teeth, and shuddered but slightly when a blanket and then a heavy saddle were flung across his back. True, he looked up in some dismay when the girth was tightened. Not once in all his years had he been saddled. He was used to having things loose around his waist.

The girth went still tighter. Dexter glanced about with genuine concern. Some one was intending to harm him. He curved his swanlike neck and snapped savagely at the shoulder of his aggressor, who kicked him again in the side and yelled, "Whoa, there, dang you!"

Dexter subsided. He saw it was no use. Whatever queer thing they meant to do to him would be done despite all his resistance. Still, his alarm had caused him to hold up his head now. He was looking much more like a horse. "There!" said Merton Gill, and as a finishing touch he lashed the coiled clothes-line to the front of the saddle.

"Now, here! Get me this way. This is one of the best things I do—that is, so far." Fondly he twined his arms about the long, thin neck of Dexter, who tossed his head and knocked off the cowboy hat. "Never mind that—it's out," said Merton. "Can't use it in this scene." He laid his cheek to the cheek of his pet. "Well, old pal, they're takin' yuh from me, but we got to keep a stiff upper lip. You an' me has been through some purty lively times together, but we got to face the music at last—there. Lowell, did you get that?"

The artist had made his study. He made three others of the same affecting scene at different angles. Dexter was overwhelmed with endearments. Doubtless he was puzzled—to be kicked in the ribs at one moment, the next to be fondled. But Lowell Hardy was enthusiastic. He said he would have some corking studies. He made another of Buck Benson preparing to mount good old Pinto; though, as a matter of fact, Buck, it appeared, was not even half prepared to mount.

Merton Gill, assistant in Gashwiler's general store cherishes secret ambitions of screen stardom, which he confides to a chosen few. One of these is Lowell Hardy, the town's highly artistic photographer with whom he makes an appointment to "shoot some Western stuff—stills," the following Sunday afternoon. At the appointed time Merton attires himself in his cowboy outfit (fresh from the Mail Order house in Chicago), and in the imaginary character of "Two Gun Benson," passes the time till Lowell arrives by casting a clothes-line lasso at the old white horse used for the store's deliveries.

"Go on, jump on him now," suggested the artist. "I'll get a few more that way."

"Well, I don't know," Merton hesitated. He was twenty-two years old, and he had never yet been aboard a horse. Perhaps he shouldn't try to go too far in one lesson. "You see, the old boy's pretty tired from his week's work. Maybe I better not mount him. Say, I'll tell you, take me rolling a cigarette, just standing by him. I darned near forgot the cigarettes."

From the barn he brought a sack of tobacco and some brown papers. He had no intention of smoking, but this kind of cigarette was too completely identified with Buck Benson to be left out. Lolling against the side of Dexter, he poured tobacco from the sack into one of the papers.

"Get me this way," he directed, "just pouring it out."

He had not yet learned to roll a cigarette, but Gus Giddings, the Simsbury outlaw, had promised to teach him. Anyway, it was enough now to be looking keenly out from under his hat while he poured tobacco into the creased paper against the background of good old Pinto. An art study of this pose was completed. But Lowell Hardy craved more action, more variety.

"Go on. Get up on him," he urged. "I want to make a study of that."

"Well"—again Merton faltered—"the old skate's tired out from a hard week, and I'm not feeling any too lively myself."

"Shucks! It won't kill him if you get on his back for a minute, will it? And you'll want one on him to show, won't you? Hurry up, while the light's right."

Yes, he would need a mounted study to show. Many times he had enacted a scene in which a director had looked over the art studies of Clifford Armytage and handed them back with the remark, "But you seem to play only society parts, Mr. Armytage. All very interesting, and I've no doubt we can place you very soon; but just at present we're needing a

lead for a Western, a man who can look the part and ride."

Thereupon he handed these Buck Benson stills to the man, whose face would instantly relax into an expression of pleased surprise.

"The very thing," he would say. And among those stills, certainly, should be one of Clifford Armytage actually on the back of his horse. He'd chance it.

"All right; just a minute."

He clutched the bridle reins of Dexter under his drooping chin, and overcoming a feeble resistance dragged him alongside the watering trough. Dexter at first thought he was wished to drink, but a kick took that nonsense out of him. With extreme care Merton stood upon the edge of the trough and thrust a leg blindly over the saddle. With some determined clambering he was at last seated. His feet were in the stirrups. There was a strange light in his eyes. There was a strange light in Dexter's eyes. To each of them the experience was not only without precedent but rather unpleasant.

"Ride him out in the middle here, away from that well," directed the camera man.

"You—you better lead him out," suggested the rider. "I can feel him tremble already. He—he might break down under me."

Metta Judson, from the back porch, here came into the picce with lines that the author had assuredly not written for her.

"Giddap, there, you Dexter Gashwiler," called Metta loudly and with the best intentions.

"You keep still," commanded the rider severely, not turning his head. What a long way it seemed to the ground! He had never dreamed that horses were so lofty. "Better lead him," he repeated to his camera man.

Lowell Hardy grasped the bridle reins, and after many vain efforts persuaded Dexter to stumble away from the well. His rider grasped the horn of his saddle.

"Look out, don't let him buck," he called.

But Dexter had again become motionless, except for a recurrent trembling under this monstrous infliction.

"Now, there," began the artist. "Hold that. You're looking off over the Western hills. Atta boy! Wait till I get a side view."

"Move your camera," said the rider. "Seems to me he doesn't want to turn around."

But again the artist turned Dexter half around. That wasn't so bad. Merton began to feel the thrill of it. He even lounged in the saddle presently, one leg over the pommel, and seemed about to roll another cigarette while another art study was made. He continued to lounge there while the artist packed his camera. What had he been afraid of? He could sit a horse as well as the next man; probably a few little tricks about it he

hadn't learned yet, but he'd get these, too

"I bet they'll come out fine," he called to the departing artist

"Leave that to me. I dare say I'll be able to do something good with them. So long"

"So long," returned Merton, and was left alone on the back of a horse higher than people would think until they got on him. Indeed, he was beginning to like it. If you just had a little nerve you needn't be afraid of anything. Very carefully he clambered from the saddle. His old pal shook himself with relief and stood once more with bowed head and crossed forelegs.

His late burden observed him approvingly. There was good old Pinto after a hard day's run over the mesa. He had borne his beloved owner far ahead of the sheriff's posse, and was now scouring a moment's much-needed rest. Merton undid the riata and for half an hour practised casting it at his immobile pet. Once the noose settled unerringly over the head of Dexter, who still remained immobile. "

Then there was the lightning draw to be practised. Again and again the trusty weapon of Buck Benson flashed from its holster to the damage of a slower adversary. He was getting that draw down pretty good. From the hip with straight wrist and forearm Buck was ready to shoot in no time at all. Throughout that villain-infested terrain along the border he was known for his quick draw. The most desperate of them would never molest him except they could shoot him from behind. With his back to a wall, they slunk from the encounter.

Elated from this practice and from the memory of that one successful rope cast, Merton became daring in the extreme. He considered nothing less than remounting his old pal and riding, in the cool of early evening, up and down the alley upon which the barn-yard gave. He coiled the rope and again lashed it to the left front of the saddle. Then he curved an affectionate arm over the arched neck of Pinto, who sighed deeply.

"Well, old pal, you and me has still got some mighty long miles to git over between now and sunup to-morrow. I reckon we got to put a right smart of distance between us and that pesky sheriff's posse, but I know yuh ain't lost heart, old pal."

Dexter here tossed his head, being cloyed with these embraces, and Two-Gun Benson caught a look in the desperate eyes of his pet which he did not wholly like. Perhaps it would be better not to ride him any more to-day. Perhaps it would be better not to ride him again until next Sunday. After all, wasn't Dexter practically a wild horse, caught up from the range and broken to saddle only that afternoon? No use overdoing it. At this moment the beast's back looked higher than ever.

It was the cutting remark of a thoughtless, empty-headed girl that confirmed Merton in his rash resolve. Metta Judson, again on the back steps, surveyed the scene with kindling eyes.

"I bet you daresn't get on him again," said Metta.

These were strong words; not words to flung lightly at Two-Gun Benson.

"You know a lot about it, don't you?" parried Merton Gill.

"Afraid of that old skate!" murmured
(Continued on page 60).



*I'll tell you
—take me
rolling a
cigarette. I
darned near
forgot the
cigarettes."*

Love in Shadowland



Edith Roberts looks adorably innocent as she asks Tom Moore if he loves her in "On Thin Ice."



The way to a woman's heart is the same as the way to a man's according to Matt Moore and Dorothy Devore.

"It's a ticklish business," as the budding boy-about-town said to the debutante flapper.

I mean of course that the matter of making love in the land of shadows is not, as the audience often imagines, a pleasurable sort of philandering life of one sweet amour after another. On the contrary, making love on the screen requires histrionic manipulation, delicate shadings, and a sincere touch to make the theme ring true. This quite apart from little problems of temperament which the producer tries hard to avoid, such as the intriguing situation of a Hollywood couple spending their honeymoon in different studios making love to another man's wife or another woman's husband, as the case may be. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan had to do that quite recently.

The field of investigation in this most delicate subject covers the possibilities both of real love and simulated love. Lots of people, carried away by the apparent sincerity of a romance on the screen, feel quite sure that the actor and the actress must really be in love with one another, especially if the same two players are often seen together, like Beverley Bayne and Francis X. Bushman used to do and as Monte Blue and Marie Prevost do nowadays. The romance of the former couple was the talk of the world for years and then finally, rumours were set at rest when their marriage was announced. But the case of Monte Blue and Marie Prevost is different for both are married, though not to each other.

More than just prettiness is needed for convincing love-making on the screen. Actors and actresses must possess an amazing versatility and the vari-coloured personality of a chameleon so that one day they may portray the flashing fire of love that



Marie Prevost and Monte Blue in "Recompense" prove that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

brooks no obstacle and the next, the tender sympathy of mutual affection—one day loving with the fierce passion of the Oriental and the next day with the conventional restraint of a Mayfair marriage. With all the goodwill in the world, even the male or female philanderer cannot make genuine conquests enough to keep pace with the demands of the film producer and the public. Obviously something more than real love is needed.

Take the case of Marie Prevost and Monte Blue. In *The Marriage Circle*,

you will remember, Marie was the delicious little flirt fluttering on the fringe of "vamping" and giving Monte palpitations of the heart that he didn't want at all. From that they proceeded straight to *The Lover of Camille* where Marie inspires in Monte what the French call a "grande passion" which she doesn't reciprocate. Change about again for *The Dark Swan* and Marie hooks and catches Monte with the bait of prettiness and personality and he suffers an equivalent fate to that of the poor fish.

Then once more this pair of lovers become the "Peter" and "Julie" of Robert Keable's novel "Recompense," the sequel to "Simon Called Peter," in which no doubt you remember Peter is looking round France for something he wants without quite knowing what and finally finds Julie whose sort of sporting offer of herself leads to a bond of sympathy between them. These four films represent stories of four entirely different kinds of loves demanding a difference in what one might call the love technique in each instance.

Then take the case of Irene Rich. Normally she is a very charming, demure and aloof "lady of the land" type, mother of two daughters, one twelve years old. She won her laurels portraying sweet, sympathetic wives, neglected by their husbands and with too much self-respect to enter the lists to fight for them. Then all of a sudden she startles the film critics with an amazing revelation of the soul of "Marian Forrester," the heroine of *A Lost Lady*. She becomes the very

cast in another picture?"

Beverly Bayne took up the defence by pointing out that even while enacting a love theme on the silver screen, players should bring every gesture—every act—and each

Left: Irene Rich and Huntley Gordon in "My Wife and I."



Buster Collier and Louise Fazenda make love in the open in "The Lighthouse by the Sea," with Rin Tin Tin playing gooseberry.

Right: Creighton Hale says it with flowers to Dorothy Mackaill
Bottom circle: Irene Rich's heart proves hard to melt in "The Man Without a Conscience."



tiny expression, from the depths of their inmost beings, because unless their characters were sincerely part of themselves, they were woefully inadequate and became grotesque rather than divine expressions of this most God-like thing—Love.

They all had to admit that Beverly had the benefit of experience.

"What is love in shadowland?" it is almost inhuman hypnotism that accepts as real, all the arts and tricks that make the photoplay, added to the minutest knowledge of technique, expression and dramatic visualisation.

This proves the fact that love making in shadowland is the greatest of all the arts of that romantic world.

antithesis of herself and the roles she has hitherto played. But following that, Warner Brothers entrusted her, in *The Man Without a Conscience*, with the role of a cold, unapproachable debutante, and she follows that up with regular flapper parts in *My Wife and I* and *Eve's Lover*.

Another Warner picture *A Broadway Butterfly* is quite a study in different loves. Here we have Dorothy Devore, Louise Fazenda and Lilyan Tashman presenting the real and the tawdry, the tinsel of cabaret and theatre, and the idealism of home and ambition; on the other side of the fence stand Willard Louis, Cullen Landis and John Roche, three sporting gentlemen pursuing the thrilling game of love, each with a tongue in his cheek and his eye cocked for a sprightly partner—three "bounders" standing at the same signpost of love one minute but starting along three different paths the next.

Dorothy Mackaill's presentation of a tender, trusting love in *The Bridge of Sighs*, however, reminds one of all the fairy stories of brave ladies waiting patiently for love to find a way while they believe in their heroes despite all the evil in the world. It was the origin of an illuminating studio discussion on the subject. Edith Roberts, who played a similar type of "sweetheart" in *On Thin Ice*, simultaneously with Dorothy Mackaill in the Warner Studio, often walked over to compare notes. Finally the argument became so keen that a referee had to be called in to save the stars from a wordy controversy. With ridiculous gravity, Mal St. Clair, who was directing *On Thin Ice*, declared that whoever made love most delightfully and more effectively would win the Chimpanzees's frozen eyeball. Shy little June Marlowe thought that nobody should simulate this divine emotion—and the whole crowd of players metaphorically fell upon this with the enquiry "What? Have we got to fall in love anew every time we are



Rudolph Valentino, winner of "The Picturegoer" Popularity Contest.

The coupons have been counted and checked, the votes have been registered, and the result of the PICTUREGOER Popularity Contest reveals the interesting, though not wholly unexpected fact that Rudolph Valentino is the most popular screen star in the British Isles.

It is very gratifying to announce that the entry for this contest was exceptionally large, and the result reflects the opinion of the great majority of our readers.

Four fortunate competitors succeeded in placing the ten screen stars in the order of popularity decided by the majority vote, and, in accordance with rule 5, the first four prizes totalling £425 will be divided equally between them. The four winners, each of whom will receive a cheque for £106 5s., are

Miss A. M. Cawthorne, 61, Cedar Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham;

Miss D. Davies, Voryn Hall, Old Colwyn, N. Wales;

Miss Dorothy Evans, 9, York Street, Swansea;

Mr. D. Sandell, 54, Pasquier Road, Walthamstow, London, E. 17.

The winning list is as follows:—

1. Rudolph Valentino
2. Norma Talmadge
3. Ramon Novarro
4. Jackie Coogan
5. Harold Lloyd
6. Ivor Novello
7. Gloria Swanson
8. Alice Terry
9. Betty Compson
10. Bebe Daniels

Rudolph Valentino, *Sheik of the Sheiks*, heads the PICTUREGOER popularity poll, with Norma Talmadge and Ramon Novarro in close attendance for second and third places.

A complete list of prize-winners will be found on page 58 of this issue.

It will be seen that the ladies predominate in respect of the big prize in the proportion of three to one. Lucky ladies!

To all the successful competitors the Editor offers his heartiest congratulations; they have every reason to be proud of their success.

Since Chaplin first took the world by storm, no screen star has had such a vogue as Rudolph Valentino, who heads the PICTUREGOER poll. Even a protracted absence from the screen has failed to diminish his popularity, and his recent re-appearance in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, was hailed with rapturous delight by his legion of admirers.

Norma Talmadge is an old-established screen favourite. Stars come and stars go but Norma continues to occupy a leading position whenever the popularity of the stars is tested by the votes of picturegoers.

Ramon Novarro, third in order of popularity, is the baby of the party for he is a comparative newcomer to the screen. But his popularity has been steadily growing since he made his film debut and it is not surprising to find him in the first flight of fame.



RAMON NOVARRO.



NORMA TALMADGE.



One of the wisest maxims of movie-making is "Put plenty of water with it."

Film-makers are no great respecters of persons, things, or the ordinary rules by which human existence is bounded.

They will cheerfully murder great masterpieces of fiction for their own ends, serving up the mutilated remains as a sacrificial offering to that great god of their own conception—Popular Appeal; will drag persons of historical fame from their reluctant graves, turn them into travesties too awful to contemplate, and survey the result with childish delight and an orgy of self-praise; will create, for the screen, men and women who think, talk and act in a manner totally different from that of any flesh and blood being; will flood a story with false sentiment and call it "heart appeal," bathos and call it comedy, without turning a hair.

But there is one natural law whose existence they have never yet attempted to deny. The fact that water is a common necessity without which nothing can live for long seems to be pretty generally acknowledged even by the potentates of screenland, for the very dullest and driest of films show the presence of this all-powerful liquid in some shape or form.

Whether they are comedies, tragedies, dramas or satires they always include some more or less watery scene, though it be only the tears of a persecuted heroine that drip their way to our susceptible hearts.

Love scenes are frequently filmed with a background of water fringed by trees. There seems to be something marvellously conducive to love-making in a stretch of placid water, preferably with a sunset behind it, or a pathway of moonlight shimmering across it.

Some really beautiful reflection effects are sometimes obtained in scenes of this description. In *The Forbidden Paradise*, Rod La Rocque and Pauline Starke are seated by the side of an ornamental lake, at evening, in the palace grounds. The next shot is of the lake itself, in whose still depths are reflected the actions of the two lovers are reflected. "As in a mirror, darkly," we see "Alexei" bend forward to kiss his sweetheart, but just before their lips meet a fish ruffles the water and the reflection is lost to sight.

A favourite and effective trick of producers is to get the lovers to hold hands and gaze into each other's eyes, so that they are silhouetted picturesquely against the background of sky and water. There seems to be something quite irresistible about the pose, and more film marriages have been made this way than it is possible to count.

Of course, the film heroine who lives

House Peters makes an excellent yachtsman.





Above: Flora Le Breton was nearly drowned in "The Gipsy Cavalier." Right: A very wet night in "Code of The Sea."

by the sea has more natural advantages in this direction than her inland sister, who often has nothing more romantic than a duck pond or the local tadpole stream at her command. The former's best work is done while leaning gracefully against a rock on some deserted shore, smiling coyly at the hero.

It was thus that Louise Fazenda lured Buster Collier on to declare his love in *The Lighthouse by the Sea*, after having rescued him from a watery death some days previously.

Speaking of the sea brings us naturally to those films—and they are many—dealing largely with a life on the ocean wave, by the ocean wave, or in some intimate way connected with it.

Shipwrecks provide exciting episodes in a number of these and they are often so realistically done that it is difficult to believe they are not so real and terrible as they appear to be. As a rule, however, they are not

filmed on the sea at all, but in a large pool or tank of water in the studio. Individual scenes, such as the one in *Little Robinson Crusoe*, when the water begins to flood the cabin of the wrecked vessel in which Jackie Coogan is voyaging, are

filmed it is magnified by some special process so that it all looks an ordinary size.

The explosion of the deserted pirate ship in *Captain Blood* is considered one of the best achievements of its kind, and this was done in very much the same way, though strange to say it was not intended to make quite such a clean job of it. The director wanted merely to blow a hole in the side of the ship and then let it slowly sink. Orders were given for the dynamite to be prepared, and by an error twice the required amount was brought and inadvertently used. The result was an explosion that sent the ship sky-high and nearly annihilated members of the company who stood at some distance off, watching.

The fact that so many so-called "sea scenes" are made right away from the sea in the studio's own water tank, minimises much of the danger that



Above: Stewart Rome takes to the water after a regimental dinner. Left: Sheik stuff by the waterside in "Shadow of the East."



attends working in the water. But there are some scenes that call for the real thing, and lives are very often risked in taking a shot of the hero or heroine, struggling through a turbulent sea towards the shore—usually an island shore, on which they are thrown, after a shipwreck of which they are the sole survivors.

Needless to say, the stars very seldom run these risks themselves, and there are men and girls in Hollywood who make a living by "doubling" for the stars when stunts of this sort have to be gone through.

Now and then, however, you find an actress or actor who prefers to run her or his own risks, and Flora le Breton very nearly lost her life, some time back, when she was playing in *The Gipsy Cavalier*. The scenario called for her coach to be swept away in a flood and for her to be saved by the

taken in specially built sets. Water is pumped into the cabin with great force, to look like the waves breaking in, and the general effects of a storm are reproduced. If a ship has to be blown up or sunk it is made in miniature, placed in a tank of water, and exploded with dynamite, then when the scene is



Percy Marmont is cast up by the waters in "The Clean Heart."



Above: Watery stuff in "The Spanish Dancer."



Doris May enjoys a watery wooing by William Farnum.

hero. The river that was used for the scene happened to be a little bit out of hand, and the coach was whirled away into a torrent of deep water before anyone knew what was happening. So the rescue that was staged, just in the nick of time, was rather more real than anybody had intended.

But apart from the actual dangers of working with water, it is not always particularly pleasant, and comedy scenes that bring laughter to an audience are not so funny to the stars who play in them.

In *The Desert Flower*, Colleen Moore's latest picture, she has to take a bath in a crude shower she has made for herself. A metal cask filled with water tanks was erected on a roughly-built platform, and a rubber hose with a spray nozzle protruded from it. Colleen, as "Maggie" Fortune, the heroine stood in a barrel underneath the platform so that just her head and shoulders were visible, and the water from the cask overhead poured down on her.

This scene was shot out on location, in a lonely stretch of sagebrush and sand, on an isolated railway siding. An icy wind was blowing at the time, but the director was so engrossed in his work that he did not notice it, until the chattering of poor Colleen's teeth, as she bravely stood under the cold shower drew his attention to the fact that she wasn't exactly comfortable.

In a comedy of any kind, and especially a slapstick comedy, there is nearly always a scene with water in it, and you may be quite sure that the principal comedian or the principal villain will either get pushed into this, jump into it, or have some unfortunate mishap with it, before the film is ended. There seems to be an unwritten law in film comedies that ponds, like boxes of eggs, are made to be fallen into.

There is also nearly always a water scene in a heavy drama, although it is usually one of serious and deadly purpose. One of the uses to which water is put in this type of film is to drown the villain.



Ramon Novarro risking pneumonia for "The Red Lily."

The Two Little Vagabonds is one of the wettest films of its kind that I have ever seen. Not only is it saturated with the perpetual, if pathetic, tears of its unfortunate little heroes, but it has a really thrilling scene in which the



A drawing room deluge in "Circe the Enchantress."



Top: A character in "Romola" comes to a watery end. Top Right: Joan Lockton and Henry Victor in "The Sins Ye Do." Above and Right: Any girl and any ocean make Eugene O'Brien romantic.

villain-in-chief finds a watery grave in the river Seine.

In *The Happy Ending*, too, the villain—or perhaps it would be more correct to say the "villain-hero"—dies by drowning, although his end is far nobler than that of most of his ilk. Most of the scenes in this film are river scenes, and were taken on the Thames, whose beauties have been used far too seldom as a background for British films.

There is one characteristic, possessed apparently by all films, that I should just like to mention. In screenland, it appears, the old saying "It never rains but it pours" is literally true. It never comes down in a gentle drizzle, as it might be expected to do, but pours down in bucketsful as though a second Deluge were at hand. Invariably, too, when it

rains, there is a regular young tornado of a wind whistling round the house-tops and down the chimneys, blowing up trees by their roots, smashing down bridges across flooded rivers, and jeopardising the life (if not the permanent wave) of the heroine, who always happens to be out in it all.

But perhaps this, after all, can hardly be blamed on the producer who certainly labours under great natural disadvantages. The fact is that rain—real rain—will not photograph at all, and so water has to be pumped down from great pipes, and blown about with a wind machine, to achieve the desired effect.

A dark background is an essential if heavy rain is to be photographed, also plenty of back lighting. Rain in single drops, as it often naturally falls will not register either. It must be regulated, and as many as eight layers of pipes may be used in one simulated rainfall. Thousands of holes are drilled in these pipes. There were approximately 57,000 in the pipes used for the small inn set used in *M'Lord of the White Road*, and these were all placed so that the water was pumped up not down.

But even this hardly explains why rain, on the screen, is nearly always accompanied by thunder and lightning of a most hectic kind. It doesn't explain, either, what a singular quality there is about screen water that renders it wet only when it is coming down. For it is an undisputable fact that film folk who have been out in the rain, fallen into a river, or encountered any other similar mishap, seldom remain in a state of dampness for more than one second after they have gone indoors again.

To misquote the Ancient Mariner, it is a case of "Water, water everywhere, —and nothing very wet!"

E. E. B.



Above: William Russell in "When Odds Are Even," was wounded by the waterside but decided it had its compensations.



Lois Laughs at Men

Her attitude to men is of a "gentle maternal, highly amused variety," declares Vincent de Sola in this character analysis of Lois Wilson.

a sympathy of broad outlines, and great hopefulness in the mouth.

There is no tumult here, and small clash of opposing traits. The eyes reveal a certain tendency to brood, a certain moodiness now and then, but the face is too well-balanced to permit this to dominate the general note of quiet humour.

ALTHOUGH this character is simple and not complex, it is in perfect harmony and is able to attain its ends with little difficulty. She is quick to analyze, or in erpret a person or situation to herself, and once this is done, she seldom changes her mind—a weakness at times. Her code is probably an instinctive one, born with her, and she submits everything to that code, like an acid test, except—the code itself!

In other words, this is a woman who *knows* exactly what she wants. Most people merely think they know. They struggle for things they have no real desire for. Her face is somewhat maternal in type, having this quality in common with Mary Pickford's, and like most maternal faces it is extremely practical in the things that deeply concern it.

She holds as her public those who wish to see the sweet girl part represented by someone who is not *entirely* acting that part. Her work is not spectacular, but it is always satisfying.

In this lies her success in the present and her chances of success in the future. Emotional, her eyes and lips actually declare her, but her features deny her the willingness to exhibit that emotion openly, after the manner of actresses. She relies on her reserve. There is no tendency in her to hurl her characteristics at the gaze of her audiences. Rather she prefers to suggest these with a hint, when she does not hold them back completely. She would, we think, be admirably adapted to the typical Barrie heroine, a compound of simplicity and sweetness of character plus quiet but incredible ability to secure her own desires against any obstacles and in any situation.

THE principles of physiognomy embrace the obvious relationship between feature and character. Strength is denied by one section of a face, only to be affirmed more definitely by another; and so, by a shaded selection, we may arrive at a bound at a true estimate of character without long study, intimate knowledge and personal information.

The snap judgment formula is in most cases successful. In this journalistic series of articles I do not attempt to do more than scratch the surface in a rapid summary, accenting here, focusing there. It would seem comparatively a simple thing, but it is not always so simple or so certain. Lois Wilson's is a case in point.

TO begin with, her features seem bent upon a conspiracy of concealment. I do not mean that she is secretive. I do mean that temperamentally, underneath whatever front she may show the world and those she comes in contact with, she is extraordinarily reserved. That is not shyness; on the contrary she is sure of herself and knows how, to employ the old phrase, to fall upon her feet. It is simply, as I have indicated,

a temperamental twist of character that is very seldom found in professional people of any kind.

She has excellent concentration indicated in the broad brow and well-knit eyebrows. The forehead is extremely thoughtful, and is limited only by the feminine quality of her mind.

This feminine quality is of a dominating kind in the nature. The eyes reveal it unmistakably in their outline, shape and placing. Her attitude towards men, I should deduce, to be of a gentle, somewhat maternal, and highly amused variety. The truly feminine woman does not actually respect the ideas and purposes of men. Forced by circumstances to regard them with apparent seriousness often enough, she invariably looks upon them privately with a certain polite derision.

To the character under survey here, men must be like that. She must regard them as boys, full of absurd solemnity and much wordiness, signifying, as a better writer has said, nothing.

She is conservative, and her opinions are conservative. There is tenderness,

The Persistent Parson

Like the poor, the screen Parson is always with us. He's in ten out of every twelve films, even if only for a few flashes

Since the day when D.W.G. thrust upon an astonished world his mighty spectacle *Intolerance* and, in it, devoted three of his four stories to religious intolerance, we have had many stars from Lewis Stone to Gustav von Seyffertitz playing clerics and seen many films in which a clergyman has a leading part. Now, from a close and continuous study of this aesthetic aspect of the film, I am able to indicate in a slight degree the function of these celluloid saintly gentlemen.

A few years ago, it was a favourite hobby of authors and playwrights to take for their main character a clergyman who had some very strong worldly interest—generally in a lady—to combat his spiritual leanings. In other words he has to struggle against the World, the Flesh and the Devil. We



Left: Wyndham Standing in "The Hypocrites."

Above: Richard Dix as "John Storm."



"They had a real clergyman for "Tess of D'Urbervilles."

see him struggle in *The Voice from the Minaret*. Eugene O'Brien as a young clergyman, is in love with a married lady, which, considering the married lady is Norma Talmadge, is very natural even though it is very naughty.

However, "all's well that ends well" and after a few reels of passionate embraces and scenes of bearded gentlemen calling the faithful to prayer, Norma's cynical, sinister husband—who by the way is *not* played by Adolphe Menjou—has the decency to die of heart failure and leave his wife—or rather, his widow, free to marry the man she loves, which she does and "lives happily ever after."

In *The Christian*, the same theme was carried to a different conclusion; Richard Dix as "Father John Storm" loved Mae Busch as "Glory Quayle"



not too wisely but too well. "Glory" is single, but the worldliness of the Father has to be shown somehow so "Glory" is a music-hall "artiste."

You probably didn't shudder at this, but at the time when Hall Caine wrote his novel you would have. "Glory" will not give up the "halls" and "John" will not give up the pulpit, something has to be done. Poor "John" is accordingly killed by the mob in a street brawl. I'm afraid I

Celluloid clergymen must know how to use their fists.





anything, but it was not through any "heavy father" business that the proceedings came to naught.

This type of cleric could not be heavy if he tried. He is earnest and apologetic, and short-sighted both mentally and optically; in addition to the strain of his daughter's amorous tendencies he always has a rival concern to bother him; with Edward Connelly, it was a rum-palace owned by a "tough" sea-captain "name o' Hull Gregson," with Jerrold Robertshaw it was a neighbouring mosque.

Both had to combat the apathy of the natives and both returned to England. Poor dears, they meant well!

But not all missionaries are dear old men. In *The Marriage Cheat*, the missionary played by Percy Marmont, is sufficiently young and athletic to fall in love with a married woman, have a fight with the lady's cynical sinister husband—who this time was Adolphe Menjou—inspire jealous hatred in the heart of a native girl and swim through a raging sea to the rescue of his ladye faire. In this respect he comes near to the "fighting parson" whose latest exponent will be seen in *Madonna of the Streets*.

Then there is the clergyman who is not a clergyman, in other words he's a card-sharper or a crook who, by some method or other, has to adopt the broad cloth. He is about to relinquish his unaccustomed and uncomfortable attire when he is mistaken for the new vicar who is just due to arrive—query, why out of all the places on this earth does our clerically camouflaged crook choose one where a new vicar is just due to arrive?—he has to carry through with his deception, he becomes universally respected throughout the village, falls in love with the village belle and ultimately regenerates. Of such a kind was William Faversham in *The Sin that was His*, such a kind Charlie Chaplin burlesques in *The Pilgrim*.

Also the Worldly Cleric, a type inaugurated by Tully Marshall's "High Priest of Bel' in *Intolerance*.

Nevertheless the parson played either in lighter vein by a Chaplin or a Henson—or taken seriously by the De Bruliers, the Francis' and the Winter Halls will continue to pervade film plays, for he is ubiquitous and persistent. W. B. TURNER.

The classic comedy clergyman. Chaplin in "The Pilgrim."

have written rather flippantly of this film, but as a matter of fact it was a singularly beautiful and dignified production, quite as good as another story of which it is so reminiscent—*Romance* with Doris Keane and Basil Sydney, another, parson-cum-artist story.

Then there is the missionary whose daughter falls in love with a native. Edward Connelly in *Where the Pavement Ends*, and Jerrold Robertshaw in *The Arab* saw his daughter Alice Terry in love with Ramon Novarro, a native. Neither love affair came to



Alec Francis usually typifies the saintly sort.



Left: As the priest of "The Story of the Rosary," Lewis Stone vitalised a classic American stage role, whilst Percy Marmont (Right) in "The Marriage Cheat" showed that missionaries are sometimes extremely human folk.

The Gambling Spirit

Taking chances in the movies.



Above: Adolphe Menjou knows every move in the game—whether it be chess or life.

There was once a philosopher who said that if you would show him a man playing a game of chance, he would read you that man's character with scarcely a flaw. A gambler, however skilfully he may cover his emotions, control his features and smooth his speech, is a man with his nature bare. His hands reveal it. His eyes reveal it. The moment is too strong for him.

Perhaps that is one reason why the producers of films are so quick to hurry their characters to the gaming table when a dramatic climax is at hand. Perhaps they have realised that a player, with the cards or the dice in his hand, is himself raised, as it were to his highest power. Or perhaps it is just the thrill of the game, that intense breathless interest in luck and its changes that gathers an audience wherever two gamblers meet.

There is no thrill quite like it. So the crowds at Monte Carlo have always found. You will never see a gambling audience bored; they are as intent on the game as the players themselves, waiting in tremendous stillness for the turning of a card, the fall of the dice, the stopping of the roulette wheel. And, if they can make no money, they can lose none; if the personal sense of the drama is missing, they can at least glean every scrap of the drama from the faces of the players at their side.

They play for big stakes. Sometimes it is a matter of crisp new bank notes, mounting ever higher and higher in their heaps. Here is Hope Hampton with a nice little corner in them in *Lawful Larceny*. And



Above: Dustin Farnum in "The Man Who Won" doesn't look any too elated over it. Left: Hope Hampton and Lew Cody in "Lawful Larceny"

Lew Cody doesn't look too happy, does he? But it's a gala night for the watchers round the table. Give them high stakes and a luck that holds and they are in heaven.

Sometimes it is small coin, and plenty of it, with the crumpled bills of long-carried earnings to swell the pile. Here is Betty Compson with a master hand in *The White Shadow*, and here is a dramatic moment from *The Spoilers*, with Milton Sills, Wallace MacDonald and Anna Q. Nilsson. The latter as Cherry the adventuress, has just caught the younger man's gun-hand in the nick of time, and Milt, who doesn't

want to fight a hot-blooded youngster for nothing at all, is glad enough to sheathe his

own gun. Notice the half-open table drawer, a familiar sight in gambling films of the west. If you had a guinea for every gun that has been whipped out of a table drawer in the movies, you'd



A little gamble in "The White Shadow."

be paying super-tax before the year's out.

Here is Dustin Farnum living up to his name in *The Man Who Won*. He looks a bit solemn about it, a little Conway Tearish. Perhaps he is thinking that the stakes might have been higher; and indeed, if he has



Hearts are trumps in "Reveille."

would rather not play at all than not play square. Here is Irene Rich, dreadfully honest with herself in a lone hand in *Being Respectable*. She is playing the eternal wife's game, patience. The reason is leaning over the arm of her chair, looking very sheepish and very loveable.

Then there is Betty Balfour playing in an old ladies' foursome in *Reveille*. I guess she's winning by the smile on her face when she turns up that king of hearts. For hearts are trumps all the time when Betty happens along.

No, we couldn't do without the gaming spirit in the movies. It brings out the characters of the players. Gamblers all, for drama's sake, honour be yours and fame!

Left: The stake was a man's life in "The Girl of the Golden West." Below: Irene Rich plays every wife's game — Patience in "Being Respectable."



"Cherry" takes a hand in "The Spoilers."

seen many of these gambling episodes in pictures, he has good right to be grieved over the modest pile that William Fox has given him for his winnings.

But there are stakes and stakes. Sometimes the game has a grim significance of its own, and stands for a human life. Sylvia Breamer and Russell Simpson, playing cards so intently over the table in *The Girl of the Golden West*, are not enjoying a little pleasure party, although there is no money to be lost or won. Sylvia has come in the middle of the night to play with the Sheriff for the life of her lover.

She doesn't mind cheating to save him, either.

Then there is the famous gambling scene in *The Street*, where the two crooks and their woman decoy have caught a pair of middle-aged fools and are pitting them at cards one against the other. It doesn't much matter to the crooks which of the pair comes out a winner. The point is to get all the money and valuables into the hands of one man, and then to rob him of it. And the two victims play with all they possess, down to their employer's cheques and their own wedding rings. And do you remember the scene at Monte Carlo in *The Prodigal Son*,



when the prodigal is fleeced by the woman of his last penny? And *Dr. Mabuse*, the great unknown—*Dr. Mabuse the Gambler* as he was called in Germany—who hypnotises his opponents into playing the cards he has in mind?

High stakes—high-handed methods—high drama every time!

But there is in the movies another circle, a modest card-playing and chess-playing circle, which has no sordid thoughts of dollar bills, and



**SAM DE GRASSE**

A sterling actor whose best work went into "Robin Hood," as "Prince John." He hails from New Brunswick and commenced his career with D. W. Griffith. Sam has black hair and dark brown eyes.



ALLA NAZIMOVA

The Russian star who retired from the screen and has only recently returned. Alla was born at Yalta, Crimea on May 22, 1879, but, watching her on the silversheet it is hard to believe it.

**MOLLY JOHNSON**

A British film artiste now on the stage in New York in "Old English" with George Arliss. Molly is twenty-two, with light hair and blue eyes, and her latest films are "The Dream" and "The Duke's Secret."



TONY MORENO

Who hails from sunny Spain, and has all the romantic fascinations of his olive-skinned countrymen, has just finished playing lead in "Mare Nostrum" Rex Ingram's latest picture offering.

**ALLEYNE RAY**

Winner of a Beauty Contest in which Mary Pickford, David Belasco, Stuart Blackton, and Maurice Tourner were the judges. She hails from Texas and is a fearless rider and swimmer.



Left: Norma Shearer's large panne velvet hat is trimmed with two large tinsel roses.



Right: Alice Terry wears a chiffon, feather, and oxydised lace creation in "Confessions of a Queen."



The Screen Fashion Plate

Above: Closely set flowers form the crown of Laura La Plante's spring hat; Left and Right: The charm of the small, close-fitting hat exemplified by Eleanor Boardman and Alice Joyce.



Colleen Moore's smart felt is trimmed with gardenias.



A smart black silk and white tulle creation with a feathery mount.

Footlights or Shadows N^o 4

Ben Lyon

by Elizabeth Lonergan

A newcomer to the movies who prefers the screen to the stage.

Ben Lyon was finishing his first part in which he was a co-star and, naturally, was all enthusiasm for the screen.

"I started to be an actor," he said to me as we chatted over luncheon in the Studio, "and I had great hopes of being a star of the stage but now I find that I prefer the studio to the theatre and hope some day to reach the top of the ladder.

"My first part was in 'Seventeen' (a juvenile play by Booth Tarkington). I played the rich little boy who was more or less of a snob. Didn't care so much for the type of part but the play stayed two years on Broadway and then I received a juvenile role in 'The Wonderful



Ben Lyon in "The Wages of Virtue."

Thing' which Jeanne Eagels, the star of 'Rain' played.

"Then I went on the road with 'Three Live Ghosts' and later in 'Sun Up' and realising that I needed experience in different types of parts, I joined Jessie Bonstelle's Stock Company and for eight months played a great number of roles.

"Next came 'Mary the Third' in which Louise Huff also played and when the show closed, I had my first offer for pictures. It was

in the first *Potash and Perlmutter* picture directed by Clarence Badger for Mr. Rowland of First National.

"It led to an offer to go to the coast and while there I made several pictures for First National and two for Famous: *Lily of The Dust* with Pola Negri and *Wages of Virtue*.

"Now I am back in the East working for Earl Hudson—First National and I hope with all my heart that I shall make good."

"There is much less hardship in a screen career," he said. "No long jumps and one night stands, no uncertainty as to whether the play will be a success or failure and no long waits between engagements.

"The size of the audiences, too, is important to a beginner. On the stage, you are limited to the people of one city or to those you reach in your tour. Others have never heard of you but screen audiences are limitless.

"Will you ever go back to the stage?"

"Probably, but not for a while. I am enjoying the pictures so much and feel that I want to give the best that is in me to my work. Later—who knows?"



Ben Lyon in "Lily of the Dust."

Captain Blood

BY JOHN FLEMING

Narrated by permission from the Vitagraph film of the same name.

Footsteps clanged dully down the flagged passage without the cell doors and Peter Blood raised his bowed head and listened intently. The hangman? The hangman, come to take him into the square and stretch him before a thousand inquisitive eyes? Afterwards he would be drawn and quartered and his name would be a bye-word with the riff-raff of the gutters. In imagination he could see the derision that he would never survive to see, and a sneer of bitterness crossed his lips. He rose to his feet, walked proudly down the cell and stood at the door waiting.

And yet, for all his felon's cell, this Peter Blood was no criminal. A physician who had attended a nobleman who had supported the Duke of Monmouth in his rebellion against James II; such was his rank and such was his crime. But that "crime" had come to the ears of the king himself, and this was the punishment—to be hanged, drawn and quartered, like a thief or a murderer!

The jailer rattled his keys and the door fell back. Doctor Blood stepped out briskly and with head raised, but his eyes did not meet those of the hangman, for the hangman was not there. He looked round and found that all the cells in the gaol were similarly being emptied. And presently, to their great astonishment, they were formed into ranks and marched off under a strong guard to the river-side. Without any explanation being forthcoming, they were taken aboard a great ship and chained below—herded together anyhow, Peter Blood the physician next to a cut-throat from Shoreditch. And it was here, suddenly, that the truth burst upon Blood in all its ugliness. He had heard of such cases before, of course. There might be much to be said for killing off a criminal, but a dead man was unprofitable. And the noble king could replenish his coffers to the extent of ten pounds a man by selling his criminals into slavery. That was it! This was a slave ship, and they must all be bound for Barbados!

Peter Blood sank despondently into the corner of the gloomy hold and buried his face in his hands.

Of the two fates he was not now sure that he did not prefer hanging.

Barbados in the days of James II was even more remote from the softnesses of civilisation than it is to-day. Colonel Bishop was head of the Militia, and he it was who invested ten pounds a head in Blood and eleven others of the slaves.

Blood was on the verge of being passed over. Bishop considered him a surly-looking brute; but the colonel's daughter, Arabella, was present when the "cargo" was unshipped and found herself strangely interested in the unkempt doctor. There was something in his bearing, for all the indignity of his position, something in his voice when he protested against the keeper's handling of his outcast mob, that compelled this interest. She pleaded with her father, and much against his private inclination he made his twelfth purchase.

It was a life almost beyond belief, a fantastic life, an unthinkable life, to which the slaves were now cast. All day long they toiled in the fields on the island, yoked to ploughs like human oxen. Cattle! Nothing more, and cheap cattle too. If their labours flagged . . . there were whips . . .

However, Blood managed to escape most of this after the first few days, for he was the only man in Barbados who could relieve the Governor's gout, and Bishop soon found him more useful as a doctor than as a plough-dragger in the plantations. By night he lived in the compounds with the other slaves; but by day most of his time was occupied at the Governor's residence. This brought him often in proximity to Arabella, Bishop's daughter, and once, greatly daring, she spoke to him.

"You are used to this?" she hinted.

"Used to it?" He smiled bitterly. "No man is ever used to it, Madame."

"To medicine?"

"Ah. I thought you meant to slavery. Yes, I am—used to *this*. Or, I was . . ."

She said no more, and after a moment's hesitation walked away. But afterwards she would stop and exchange a few words with him, and in the days that followed he would find her furtively watching him as often as she found him furtively watching her. A fantastic kind of friendship sprang up between them, almost empty of words.

One day a ship drew in close to the island, bearing the English colours, and it was not until the unsuspecting islanders found themselves facing the cruel swords of Spain that they realised



Jack Warren Kerrigan as "Captain Blood."

the deception. Unprepared, the colonists had no means of defending themselves, and very soon the island was in the clutches of the Spaniards completely. In one little particular the invaders thought they showed their wisdom. They set no very firm guard over the slaves. Slaves have not the intelligence (they argued) to plot escape. Slaves are the riff-raff of nations. In short, cattle. Leave them to sleep in the fields, and they will be there when morning dawns.

But the Spaniards were reckoning



"Rouse your servants at once and get away to the north of the island at once."

without Peter Blood. He was a slave of a variety outside their experience. And so he was able, during the evening, when the Spaniards were ashore, looting and drinking, to go by back ways into the town itself and look about and make plans. Plans that an ordinary slave would never have the wit to make.

He turned a corner towards the shore, his eyes ready for the slightest mischance, when suddenly he was aware that a dishevelled woman was running towards him, hotly pursued by a Spaniard. He drew back in the shadows and waited. The woman came abreast of him; then the Spaniard. And then he sprang from the shadows with sword flashing.

It was a swift fight; so swift that the Spaniard had little time to realise it was a fight. It ended almost as soon as it began; and it ended with the Spaniard dead on the street. Then Blood turned to the girl—for she was little more than a girl.

"Who are you? Where are you from?" he asked. For the light was bad and at first he did not recognise in her one of Bishop's household.

"Arabella Bishop's friend, Mary Truill," she sobbed; and then as she gave signs of developing inconvenient hysterics he took her arm and hurried her up to the Governor's house.

"Rouse your servants at once and get away to the north of the island," he said to the two girls. "It is barren there and the Spaniards know it. They will keep to this end of the place and most likely depart pretty soon. They are busy rioting now, and you will get away unseen."

Leaving them to make their preparations, he hastened to the compounds, and roused his fellow slaves.

"Form in line," he commanded.

"Keep quiet and follow me."

They fell in at his word as if he had always been their commander and never their fellow-slave. In the blackness of night, silently as the night itself, the long line of desperate men crept down the hillside to Barbados harbour.

Next morning the islanders, considerably poorer than before the Spaniard's visit, gathered on the shore to watch the enemy depart, heavy of spirit but bitter, too. One by one, like wooden sneers, the boats pulled off, the first bearing Don Diego, the Spanish leader, and his son, and filled with stolen treasure—"ransom" it was conveniently called. The others, some score of them, contained Don Diego's men, half-drunk, shouting and singing their victory across the waters. A quarter of a mile out rode their great ship, and the nearer they came to it the louder they cheered, laughed and sang.

Suddenly an unlooked-for thing occurred. Don Diego's boat reached the ship's side; a rope ladder was dropped and Don Diego and his son ascended to the decks. And at that moment the galleon's guns spat and one by one the boatloads of Spaniards behind sank to the bottom of the ocean. Don Diego was safe in his own ship, but not a man of all his crew survived.

A great cry arose on the shore.

"Somebody from the island has captured the vessel!"

"Smart! Smart! Clever work!"

"See—the British flag is flying from the mainmast now!"

And so it was. Without more ado, Colonel Bishop ordered a boat to be put out and straightway rowed to the galleon to do the unknown heroes fitting honour. His joy at discovering his stolen treasure intact was almost as

great as his amazement at discovering that the unknown heroes were none others than his own slaves, under Blood, the physician. But his surprise over he gave some show of being—for Colonel Bishop—magnanimous.

"This shall be reported, I promise you," he said. "I do not doubt that I shall get some of your sentence remitted for your conduct to-day."

"Some of it?" gasped Blood.

"Why, certainly," said Bishop, smugly.

There was a short silence, and then a hoarse cry arose from somewhere.

"String him from the yard-arm!"

Bishop fell back.

"What! You dare—"

His face was gone suddenly white. He looked from the eyes of Blood calmly smiling into his, to the brutish eyes of the slave crew, some of whom had been human "cattle" for many years now—so many years that they were more cattle than human. But Blood only burst into ironical laughter.

"No," he conceded, "this time I'll refrain from taking their advice. This time . . . But something must be done and we'll do it very soon. Can you swim?"

"Y-yes. . . ."

"Good. For you. . . ."

They turned to sea, holding the Colonel until they were well out of range of the guns at Fort Barbados. Then, with a polite farewell from Blood, Bishop was dropped over the side into the water. As he set off to swim back to his home a derisive cheer arose from the appropriated decks behind.

"I wonder," mused Blood, watching from the rails, "if he'd be swimming now, if he were not the father of Arabella?"

He repeated the name softly once or twice and then called one of the slaves towards him.

"If there is paint below we must make a change in this good ship's name at the first opportunity," he ordered; adding after a moment's consideration—"Henceforth she shall be called the *Arabella*."

So did the *Arabella* take to its new life on the high seas. So, there being nothing else for it, for he was in command of another man's ship and had stolen it—so did plain physician Blood, one time of St. James', become Captain Blood; the notorious Captain Blood, the most daring buccaneer that ever sailed the Spanish Main.

The fame of Captain Blood spread across the world, across the ocean to England. Where, to everyone's surprise, it met with rather a different reception from the one anticipated. Strange tales of his exploits had come in by the score in the two years that had gone by since he had left Barbados; and it was everybody's firm conviction that sooner or later the king would give firm orders for his extermination. Such, however, was not the case.

"Find me this man," the King com-

manded one day. "Do not *get him—find him*. A fellow so daring would be more than useful to me in the Navy. I would I had more like him. If he is willing I will grant him a commission and a free pardon at the same time."

He entrusted his commission to Lord Julian Wade, and Lord Julian Wade set sail from Southampton Water in May to scour the seas for the notorious Captain Blood. Later in the summer he put in at Barnados for news, but no first-hand news of the buccaneer had been received on the island since his departure. Plenty of stories of his exploits had come through, but as for the man himself, not a hair had been seen in the two years. Lord Julian stayed overnight in the town and next morning, after taking aboard stores and a passenger, took his departure.

The passenger was Arabella Bishop. Since the eventful days of two years before her father had been promoted Governor of Jamaica, and she was now on her way to join him. Lord Julian, always ready to spend much time in the company of a beautiful girl, chatted with her freely, and once in her hearing wondered if they would come up with the famous Captain Blood in the journey to the West Indies.

"I sincerely hope not!" snapped

Arabella.

And she was sincere indeed. For not all the tales that had come through about the buccaneer had been as truthful as they might have been, and there was more than one of the fictions that was concerned with some charming lass in ports far across the ocean. Blood, all unknown to himself, had acquired a reputation for other things than bravery. Arabella Bishop wished never to see him again.

"If—" began Lord Julian. But the sentence was never finished. Wild cries arose down the ship. Great volumes of smoke began to arise, and very soon it was plain to every soul aboard that the vessel was on fire. Every man fell to with a will supplemented by frenzy, but it was soon seen that their combined efforts were to be as nothing against the fury of the flames. In terror Arabella turned to Lord Julian.

"What can we do?"

"I will have the boats lowered. So long as the men do not mutiny—"

"If they do—?"

He said nothing, but his face was grave.

Suddenly a cheer arose. They looked along the rails and found a sailor pointing. Unseen in the turmoil another ship had come in close and was even now on

the point of lowering boats to their rescue. Lord Julian fumbled for his telescope and soon was spelling out the name of the newcomer.

"A-R-A-B . . . Why, yes—it's the *Arabella*—Captain Blood's boat! It is!"

"The—*Arabella*! Is that what he calls it?" gasped the girl. And the peer nodded.

He was too excited to notice her frown. All hands now left the fire to take its own course and busied themselves with the boats. In a quarter of an hour, with the help afforded by Blood's boats, every man had been taken off the burning ship and given safety on the *Arabella*. Blood's pleasure at once more meeting the daughter of Colonel Bishop was unbounded, but quickly was it damped when he saw that, for some reason he could not gather and which she was reluctant to explain, his pleasure found no reflection in her. He bowed, turned away, and went below with Lord Julian, who was eager to acquaint him with the details of his commission from the King.

For the remainder of the voyage they might have been unaware of each other's presence. Three days later the *Arabella* put in at Jamaica.

But things were not so smooth run-



"I wonder," mused Blood, watching from the rails, "if he'd be swimming now, if he were not the father of Arabella?"



Between them they settle a the "when" of it.

ning as the King had planned. Once again Captain Blood fell foul of Colonel Bishop. Some of his men refused at any terms to join the King's Navy, and these Blood permitted to go free. This, according to Bishop, was a violation of the buccaneer's commission, and he made preparations to effect the latter's arrest. But Blood's nimble wits, aided by his pistol contrived to get him out of this scrape; and once again the *Arabella* took to the high seas a pirate ship, under the command of Captain Blood, who was still a pirate.

And so another year went by.

In the meantime James II was deposed, and William III became King of England. Changes took place everywhere, at home and in the colonies. And one day, to his dismay, Colonel Bishop learned that Lord Willoughby was coming out to Jamaica as Governor-General of the West Indies. At once he realised what this meant. Now that James was no longer king it meant that Captain Blood was no longer an outlaw. If the Colonel were ever to earn revenge of this upstart pirate it must be soon or—never. And so, before Lord Willoughby had time to arrive in the west, Bishop called out his fleet and set forth to scour the seas for Blood and send him to the ocean's depths. Twice had he been thwarted by this fellow. Payment was overdue.

Meanwhile, not far across the seas, a little drama that might have turned Bishop back in his tracks, had he known of it, was being enacted. Lord Willoughby, on his way to Jamaica, was suddenly attacked by the fleet of France, with which country England was at that time in a state of war. Willoughby's ship was sunk and Willoughby himself callously turned adrift. It seemed that he must surely die; but no—for almost as soon as the French fleet was out of sight to the north, into sight in the south came the *Arabella* and picked up

the distressed peer.

"For which," as Willoughby afterwards admitted to Captain Blood, "no gratitude of mine can ever besufficient."

He informed Blood that he was on his way to Port Royal, Jamaica, to take up his new post; and without more ado the buccaneer commanded his fleet to turn about and conduct the peer to his destination. For indeed it was now a small fleet that Captain Blood commanded.

They set sail. Night fell. And when day broke, the little fleet of Captain Blood found itself surrounded by the French squadron, on its way to attack the undefended island.

CAST:

Capt. Blood	J. WARREN KERRIGAN
Arabella Bishop	- - JEAN PAIGE
Col. Bishop	- - WILFRID NORTH
Jeremy Pitt	- - JAS. MORRISON
Mary Traill	- CHARLOTTE MERRIAM
Don Diego	- - BERTRAM GRASSBY
Lord Julian Wade	ALLAN FORREST
Lord Willoughby	- HENRY BARROWS

"I may be a pirate, but I'm an English pirate. Fall to, men," was all Blood said.

And they fell to as never they had fallen to before. They fell to, not like a crew but like a nation. It was not a fight; it was a battle, and it was not over until near to sundown. And then. . .

Victory.

Victory, pathetic, strange. For Captain Blood's pride, his flagship the *Arabella* was down on the ocean bed, and most of his little fleet was shattered. To be sure not a French ship remained afloat; but Blood had loved the *Arabella* almost as much as he loved the one whose name he had taken for the ship.

Victorious but broken, the remains of

the buccaneer's tiny navy crept into Port Royal as the sun dipped.

"And now?" queried Blood ruefully.

"And now," said Lord Willoughby with a smile—"and now, sir, I appoint you Governor of Jamaica."

"What!"

"One of my first duties was to replace Bishop. Let us go at once to the Government House and—replace him."

Bishop, however, was not to be found. He was still out upon the high seas searching for his old enemy. He did not come in, indeed, until morning. Then he strutted up to the Government House with some of his old swagger, for all his disappointment at not being able to find Blood. Strutted up, he did, and kicked open the door of his official room and . . .

And found Blood sitting there at his own desk!

"What! What! You! Here? You—you—pirate. . ."

He stormed across the room and thumped his fist on the desk.

"You are under arrest."

"On the contrary," said Blood, smoothly, "you yourself are under arrest."

"What do you mean, you infernal—"

"I mean," announced Blood, "that Lord Willoughby, who this moment is sleeping above our heads, has been good enough to appoint me Governor of Jamaica. You are under my orders. And I arrest you."

"What!"

All the colour drained from Bishop's face. He swung about, started for the door, stopped on seeing it guarded by Blood's men, and suddenly sat heavily on an uncomfortable chair he had always reserved for visitors.

"But—"

"But," Blood amended, "if you care to retire to your plantation in Barbados, perhaps I can persuade the Government at home to forget your existence."

Bishop looked up hopefully.

"Go upstairs to your old room and think it over. See me later in the day," said Blood. And with his nose in the air again, Bishop strutted out.

Outside, in a quaint old tropical garden, Captain Blood came upon Arabella Bishop.

"I—I have learnt all," she faltered.

Blood waited, expecting congratulations. But it was not of his appointment she wished to speak but of the rumours that once she had listened to, and the truth of which she had since discovered.

"And when," he asked politely, "do you become Lady Wade?"

"But—never. . ." she said, a look of surprise lighting her eyes.

"I thought—" stammered Blood.

"Foolish man!" said Arabella.

"Ah," said Blood, "then—when do you become—Captainess Blood?"

Between them, they settled the "when" of it.



FIGHTING YOUTH

Four foot eleven of complete sincerity, of indomitable courage and the will to win. A brave and characterful little star is May McAvoy.

Let me confess. I have my human weaknesses. There are certain stars in the moving picture world who arouse in me an intense admiration quite out of keeping with the value of their work; stars who make commonplace pictures in large numbers and rouse me to admiration still. Irene Rich is one of them. May McAvoy is another. I admire May McAvoy enormously. I have always admired her. I do not see in her any qualities of great dramatic genius, competent and charming though her acting may be. I do not find in watching her the beauty of a Negri or even of a Mary Philbin. But something comes into a picture with May McAvoy always, something spirited and resolute, something of fighting youth.

She stands to me for courage . . . determination. She stands with her round little chin up-tilted, facing the world.

Very small, and very strong.

I can see her now as she breezed into my apartment one morning a little time ago, her cheeks pink, her deep blue eyes very bright, a black curl just escaping from under her close-fitting hat. Just four foot eleven, and slim and light as a fairy.

"Here's an early bird!" I said.

"Ah, but so many worms to catch!" she answered, laughing. "You can't think how busy I am, and how exciting it all is. I ought to have sailed for Europe days ago, but I've had to delay my trip to make a new picture for Universal, called *Jazz Parents*. This is my first work with Universal, you see, and I simply daren't miss the opportunity."

"I thought I heard—"

"Oh, I'm sure you did," she interrupted. "If it's about my engagement, you can say I am engaged to anyone you like. I'm not really engaged at all, but it will save trouble in the long run."

"It was quite a different kind of engagement," I answered. "I was going to ask whether you really had been to Italy to play 'Esther' in *Ben Hur*."

"Sure," said May, nodding her head with much emphasis. "Isn't it fine? Think of me, actually *me*, getting that part in *Ben Hur*!"

"Half Hollywood green with envy?"

"Three-quarters of it," she said, and beat a little tattoo of triumph on the druggot with her small foot.

I said nothing, but understood the memories behind that tattoo. For May hasn't had it all honey in her film career. She has had to fight for her place, and, which is harder, fight to keep it, and, which is hardest of all, fight to get it back again, once lost.

"Not all beer and skittles, is it May?" I asked.

She looked across at me and smiled; a quick smile out of a face grave with thought.

"I'm afraid of beer and skittles," she said. "They turn your head and make it hard for you when things go wrong again."

"Nonsense, May," I said. "You know well enough that you are not afraid of anything in the world. You know well enough it's because you won't

let yourself be afraid that you have pulled through and got to where you are now. You know well enough that *Ben Hur* and *Jazz Parents* and all the others are the direct result of your not being afraid. Don't you ever dare to say such a thing to me again!"

"Oh, but you've got me *quite* wrong! I'm a terrible coward. Do you know I'm afraid of black cats and Fridays and walking under ladders and the number thirteen and spilling salt and—"

"Don't sidetrack me," I said sternly. "I wasn't talking about superstitions at all. Good heavens, you wouldn't be an actress if you weren't loaded with them! What I meant—yes, before you go away I *will* tell you what I meant. It's time you heard some plain truths from somebody."



Left:
May snapped on
the Ince Ranch
whilst filming
"Her Reputation."
Below: A
clever disguise in
"The Enchanted
Cottage."



With
a real
old time
Southern Mammy
who played in one of her films.

"Quite right. And that little schoolgirl dreamed of her good luck for days and nights."

"I thought she did. And then, not long after, she went to the great producer's studio and asked him for the part. And there wasn't one. And that was her first bad knock."

"It wasn't a good omen for a career just beginning," said May. "Perhaps that was what the little schoolgirl minded most—for she was always superstitious, you know."

"Anyway, she wasn't going to be beaten. And she didn't wait for a beauty contest, or for some friend with influence to speak to some other friend with money, or for some famous star to fall ill on the lot and nobody there to deputise. She didn't do any of the things that other girls have done. She went right in and got a job in a propaganda film, to advertise sugar."

"It sounds dreadfully unromantic," sighed May.

"It sounds dreadfully sensible," said I. "And right now I'll tell you, May McAvoy, that I'm proud to know a girl like that. You—she—the little schoolgirl that I'm remembering about, made such a hit with selling sugar over a movie counter that the regular producers began to notice her, and to realise that she was extraordinarily photographic."

"Do say, do please say, that she was pretty," pleaded May. "Never mind if it is true, but I *should* like to hear you say it!"

"She was very pretty," I agreed solemnly. "She was very pretty indeed. She had the longest, waviest black hair in the world, and the longest blackest lashes."

"Thank you," said May, with a sigh

"Please sir, all the truths I have ever heard have been very plain," she said with the mock modesty of a Sunday school child. "I would bob you a curtsy, only your chair is too comfortable."

"I'll tell you," I went on, "some of the things I can remember, and you can just stop me if I am wrong. Well, first of all, I remember hearing about a certain little schoolgirl, not more than six years ago, who was going to be a solemn schoolmarin, but who had a friend in a vaudeville show. And one day when she was visiting that friend, there came along a friend of that friend, and he was a producer in a big film studio. Said the producer, magnanimously, 'Come along to me any time and I'll give you a part.' Said May—did I tell you that the little schoolgirl was called May?—'Oh, how kind you are.' Am I right so far?"





As
"Grisel"
in "Sentimental Tommy."

of content. "I only wanted to get back a little self-respect after *The Enchanted Cottage*. Everyone who meets me nowadays says right off. Why, how ugly parts do suit you, May McAvoy!"

"Your worst friends, May," I said, "can't call you ugly. And that little schoolgirl I was telling you about—why do you assume, by the way, that I was talking about you?—pleased everybody so much with her face and her talent and her pluck that she picked up all sorts of small parts in the studios—"

"Particularly young sister parts in those early days," May interrupted eagerly. "Madge Kennedy's sister in *The Perfect Lady*, Florence Reed's in *The Woman Under Oath*, and Marguerite Clark's in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. My! What a long time ago that seems."

"Every year in the movies is like a century in the world," I said.

"I'm sorry," said May penitently. "I interrupted you. Go on telling me about that little schoolgirl."

"Well, by the time she had made a lot of other films with Alice Joyce and Herbert Rawlinson and a lot of other stars, and had been starred herself in *Forbidden Valley* and *The House of the Tolling Bell* and one or two others, she wasn't a little schoolgirl any longer, but a real grown-up movie actress with a fan mail of her own. And then came her big chance, when Faire Binney, who had been cast for the part of 'Grisel'

Below:
As
"Esther"
in "Ben
Hur."



in *Sentimental Tommy*, failed to register the type that the producer wanted. And May got the part, and hit the world right in the solar plexus."

"And she thought she was made for life."

"But unfortunately 'Grisels' aren't wanted in the studio every day—"

"And casting directors took it into their heads that a girl who had played 'Grisel' would never playsmall, ordinary parts again—"

"And the long and the short of it was that May's big chance played her the second bad trick of her life."

"I thought," May confessed, "that I was done for good during that time after *Sentimental Tommy*. Nobody seemed to know the sort of parts they wanted to cast me for. They kept arguing with each other about my particular type, and saving me up in case another 'Grisel' part came along, and so—"

"And so you—no, let's keep it in the third person, *she*—took her courage in her hands and went right back again to the beginning, and worked herself back with parts that any other star would have turned down with contempt. And talking of turning down parts with contempt, the bravest thing that little girl ever did was to refuse Cecil De Mille's offer of a part in *Adam's Rib*, a leading part too, in the days when she most needed it. Why did you do it, May?"

"I didn't feel I could be that girl in *Adam's Rib*. She was such a hare-brained flapper, and it meant wearing hardly any clothes, and hobbing my hair, and doing all sorts of things that rubbed me up the wrong way. Oh, I guess you think it was silly of me; everybody told me I was a fool, and I know it did me a lot of harm; but somehow I *couldn't*. I didn't feel the part, and should only have played it badly."

"If you really want to know what I think, May," I told her, "it's that any girl who has the courage to turn down a starring part in a De Mille super

Continued on page 49.



She was
delightful
in "The
Morals
of
Marcus."

The Art of CHARLES CHAPLIN.



The art of Charlie Chaplin is the art of perfect pantomime.

He is the only true mime in the kinema.

He alone of them all has made himself independent of words, speaking to millions in the language of pure movement, the old pantomime tongue.

He has a vocabulary of gesture so complete that the absence of titles in his films is a fact unnoticed; we should have sworn, looking back on them, to many. It is hardly possible to believe that such a thing as the sermon of David and Goliath in *The Pilgrim* could have held a whole audience intent for many minutes without a word uttered, but it is so.

Chaplin does not have to speak to be understood, even to be subtly understood. He has only to be.

Along with Gröck, he is the world's great improviser. His speech is spontaneous, thrown out, as it were, in the course of the film. He speaks with all the homely objects that lie nearest his hand, with a flower, a hat, a cake, a rolling-pin.

His is essentially a miniature art. Its very soul is intimacy.

His materials of speech are the materials of every-day life, the things of familiarity and home. In that way he speaks intimately, directly, to every man, woman and child in his world audience.

He brings comedy into our own kitchens, romance into the heart of the common street. Chaplin has captured the world because he calls to the world with all the simple things, the little things, that the world knows and loves.

He has created, with his shabby clothes and drab backgrounds, a figure whose inmost meaning is mirrored in the secret places of every heart, and all the time as we laugh we love him and sympathise.

We love the tramp, and we love the man.

The man is wistful, pathetic, a mystery. Somehow we feel that, for all of himself that he has given, the real Chaplin, the real tragic Chaplin, will always be hidden in darkness and in silence.

The tramp we love because he is universal, a part of every life. He is the eternal, whimsical, child-spirit of humankind. He stands for the con-

trasts of life, its shadows and its sunshine, its smiles and its tears, its beauty and its grotesquerie.

Contrast, and a sense of instinct frustrated, shines out in every movement of the tramp. He has much to say, and will not say it; he is a man, and yet he is the universal child. Everywhere he is out of place, yet everywhere is a world too small for him. He is the restless adventurer, a thing of the elements, and lives still in a Golden Age where romance lies half-hidden in common things and to tilt at windmills is still a pastime for brave souls.

Puck—and Don Quixote. . . A philosopher in fairyland. . . Chaplin, the man and the mime.

But even in the mime there are two Chaplins.

On the one hand there is the comic Chaplin, a man of keen perception, a technician, an intelligence without emotion. But this comic artist is not the ultimate Chaplin. If it were so, his appeal, his genius, would become narrow and localised. We should admire him for his power, and for that strangely-contrasting delicate craftsmanship of his, but we should not hold him to our hearts.

It is the other, the sentimentalist Chaplin, that has won us and the world.

The comic Chaplin is the master, the sentimental Chaplin the friend. The comic Chaplin has made a science of improvisation. He wastes no time in, as it were, playing for position or creating atmosphere, but he draws his theme clearly in a scene or two, wanders on—in the science of entrances he has no peer—and strolls with apparent aimlessness, quite deceptive, towards a preconceived end.

The sentimental Chaplin improvises from the sheer joy, sheer pity, of living. He is a man of pathos and a humorist, seeing further into hearts than the other Chaplin, and moving

them more deeply, a sheer emotion without logic or science.

The art of Chaplin is there for all to see who have watched his evolution in his films. First the comedian, the comic artist, tentative, not quite sure of himself. Funny, I grant you, aware that he is funny, but by no means aware just how funny he is. Then, there emerges gradually the comic artist, a man who knows his powers, playing on his audience with the sure touch of a master; the comedian has become a humorist, with all the subtlety that the word implies. From *Tilly's Punctured Romance* to *The Kid* there lies the story of the evolution of a genius.

Humorist and comedian together make up the sum of the pantomimist Chaplin that we know. One is powerless, unfinished, without the other. And behind them both stands the dim, tragic figure of the man Chaplin whom we know not, whom we shall never know, never fully understand, even though we watch his mimic figure passing across the screens of the lifetime of a world.

E. R. THOMPSON.





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EDNA BEST, writing from the St. Martin's Theatre recently; says:—

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The Cream of Fascination

Hot Water

Harold Lloyd's latest is a comedy of domestic difficulties.



Jobyna Ralston and Harold Lloyd.

Mother-in-law jokes have probably been in existence for as long as their mirth provoking subjects—so long, in fact, that they have become a positive nuisance to the long-suffering public, on whom they are inflicted whenever a comedian's stock of humour seems to be running dry.

But in Harold Lloyd's clever and experienced hands even a mother-in-law loses her banality and provides new and hilariously amusing situations at which to laugh. That is why *Hot Water* can justly claim to be one of the funniest film comedies seen for some time past—because although much of the material used is ancient stuff, it is treated in such a fresh and ingenuous manner that laughter is assured from beginning to end of the picture.

The plot is very slight, but it suffices for a frame-work on which to hang a quick succession of really funny gags. It concerns the domestic difficulties of a young man (Harold, of course), who, after resolving to remain a bachelor for the rest of his days, falls in love with a pretty girl (Jobyna Ralston) and marries her. His troubles begin shortly after the marriage, when his young wife sends him on a shopping expedition. He is already laden with parcels when he unexpectedly wins a live turkey in a raffle and is forced to take it home with him. A series of side-splitting adventures on a crowded tram lead to his being turned off for annoying the other passengers, and he arrives home exhausted, only to find the place invaded by his wife's interfering mother, idle elder brother and mischievous small brother.



Left and Below: Harold Lloyd and Josephine Crowell in two particularly funny incidents.

He has bought a car (first instalment paid) as a surprise for his wife, and plans to take her for the first ride in it all by herself. Instead he has to take the whole family along, and mother-in-law insists on helping him drive.

On the advice of a neighbour he takes a long drink, to help him pluck up enough courage to stand up to his mother-in-law. Unfortunately he rather overdoes it, and his frantic efforts to keep his befuddled condition from the old lady's watchful eyes provide some real comedy touches.

However, it all comes right in the end, and the newly wedded couple are left alone in peace.





Photograph by Steichen
Gown by Frances Clyde



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The Merry Widow



Above: Mae Murray as "Sally" (erstwhile "Sonia") and Eric Von Stroheim give a few moments' attention to the score of "The Merry Widow."



Above: Roy Guiste as "The Crown Prince."



One of the many dance scenes in the film version of the popular operetta.



Eric Von Stroheim giving Tully Marshall, who has a good character role, his final instructions just before a "take."



A between scenes conference. Mae Murray as "Sally," John Gilbert as "Prince Danilo," and Eric Von Stroheim (centre) discuss a knotty point.



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All fortune's gifts are surely thine!
Earth's waking song has breathed thy
name,
The gods bestowed on thee thy fame.
For one kind word from thy sweet lips
I'd give the wealth of a thousand ships!
POLA'S ADMIRER (Forfar).

ATTACKING THE TAX.

The Lords of Exchequer, to keep up
our pecker,
Reducing the Cinema Tax,
To movies hard-driven have certainly
given
A welcome display of the axe;
The recent election may see their rejection,
Yet film-land's a power to note—
Though never (we mock it!) suggest
that his pocket
Determines the fan in his vote!
But, lowered or heightened, of such he's
not frightened,
He'll still go to films if he wish;
Still choose his own fancy, a Nell or a
Nancy,
A Doro, a Pickford, a Gish.
While duels with axes, and chases in
taxis,
Of villain and vamp down the street,
And Broadway all lit up will still make
us sit up
As though there were "tacks" on
the seat! F. M. F. (London).

WHEN THE MOVIE LIGHTS GO OUT.

When the movie lights go out
Expectation fills my heart—
Ev'ry wordly care and doubt
Goes when once the pictures start.
Shadows flitting on a screen
Fascinate it seems;
When the movie lights go out
Then I live in dreams.

When the movie-lights go out
Fairy-music fills the hall,
Earthly drabness put to rout
Art and beauty hear my call—
Lovers grace the silver sheet,
With eyes that brightly shine,
When the movie-lights go out
Paradise is mine.

BOB THORNBURY.

MAY McAVOY.

With eyes so blue and wonder-wide,
Dark clustering curls about her face,
She flits, my tiny little star,
Across the screen with winsome grace.
She tugs the strings of every heart
With fleeting smile or dewy tear,
The dearest flower that Youth can give,
So freshly sweet and so sincere.

M. K. T. (Acton).

TO MARIE DORO.

If those dark and lovely eyes
Ever see my verses
(Sure I'll say it would surprise—
Disappointment worse is),
Though I fear my humble lays
Are not much to show 'em,
Marie, rest your gentle gaze
Kindly on my poem.

Though I know it's crude and rough,
It's my best endeavour;
And no verse is good enough
For the Greatest Ever.
That we think you are, you know,
There's no star above you.
Ay, you trace your triumphs so—
We came, we saw, we love you!

E. J. F. (London).

BETTY BALFOUR.

Dear Betty, this is just to say
I think you are divine,
And ever in my heart you'll be
A favourite star of mine.

BEATRICE (Isle of Wight).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2].

How Did He Do It?

In *The Covered Wagon* "Sam Woodhall" is seen riding on the prairie and his horse throws him into a bog. He is eventually rescued by his friend, and helped on to his horse again. Of course he is covered with mud and slime from the bog, but immediately afterwards he is seen pointing his gun at his enemy "Will Banion," and he is spotlessly clean, with dry clothes and hair nicely curled. N. Y. (Newcastle).

A Lightning Change.

When Lila Lee, in *Homeward Bound*, is talking to a friend on the verandah she is wearing flat-heeled shoes. As she leaves the verandah and walks into the house, these have miraculously changed to shoes with Louis heels.

M. J. F. (Croydon).

Evidently They had Changed!

In the film *Things Have Changed*, William Russell goes in search of a quilt for his bed. He receives instructions from his friend to go to the white wardrobe on the first floor of his rooms. But I noticed that he went straight to a dark wardrobe instead.

B. S. (Aldershot).

It Looks Suspicious.

Constance Talmadge, in *Lessons in Love* masquerades as a parlour maid. She takes Kenneth Harlan's tea into him, and he asks her to stay and have some with him. She sits down and pours out, and there are two cups ready on the tray. Did she make up her mind to get invited when she got that tray ready?

V. S. (Leytonstone).

Making Things Easy for Bill Sykes.

In *Easy to Make Money*, Bert Lytell owns a bank. One night he is standing outside when he hears somebody moving inside. He very carefully unlocks the door to investigate, and finds that the would-be burglar is an old friend of his. He explains the man's presence there to a policeman, and walks off with him, leaving the front door of the bank unlocked ready for the next burglar!

M. S. (London).

Where Did He Change Them?

William V. Mong, in *Thy Name is Woman*, comes in from a storm and asks his wife to change his shoes as his feet are wet. She does this, and puts on his slippers. Presently he gets furious with her and flinging on his coat goes out into the storm again. He doesn't change his slippers, but when he gets back he has his jack-boots on again.

A. O. (Maidstone).

FIGHTING YOUTH

(Continued from page 41.)

deserves a war medal and the biggest electric in the States."

"Thank you," she said, and meant it. And then, after a pause, "They were good about it, though. I got parts in *Clarence* and *West of the Water Tower* in spite of it. Yes, they were good, come to think about it. I ought to have bobbed my hair when they wanted me to."

I said nothing. I warned you at the beginning that I had a very strong and unreasoning partisanship for May McAvoy. And I was thinking hard.

I was thinking of how that little schoolgirl of the sugar film had worked and waited, without ever a word of grumble when things went wrong, nor a word of conceit when things went right. I thought of the knocks she had taken, and of the malice that she didn't feel. And I thought of that little, childish heroine of *Grumpy* and *The Morals of Marcus*, with her slight figure and round face and big, burning eyes, standing up to Cecil De Mille and telling him quietly but firmly that she didn't like the star part in *Adam's Rib* and would rather not bob her hair, thank you very much.

Four-foot-eleven of complete sincerity, of indomitable courage and the will to win. I don't think she has a single affectation in her make-up, nor has ever spoken a calculated word. All the time, whatever she is doing, she is just May McAvoy, as simple as on the day when first she faced the camera with a sugar packet in her hand.

I had another vision of her, sharply. May, on the studio floor, with William de Mille directing her in *Through the Bedroom Window*. A highly-skilled and salaried orchestra playing atmospheric tunes, as they have played them for every other star to emote to from time immemorial. And then suddenly May flings both hands up over her ears and begins to cry. Sensation. The scene is stopped. William speaks. The orchestra is dismissed. The strangest phenomenon in the world has occurred. A star has rebelled against the emotional stimulus of music on the set. A brave and characterful little star!

I straightaway told her just what I thought of her work in *Three Women*, *Tarnish* and *The Enchanted Cottage*, and what I thought of the chance she had been given in *Ben Hur*, and sent her away with her eyes dancing.

"And if you come across that little schoolgirl, Mav," I called after her down the elevator-shaft, "just tell her from me that she is as nice and as pretty and as plucky a child as has ever come out of New York, and if I had a son he should marry her to-morrow."

And far away down the shaft I heard her laugh trailing.

"Wouldn't he be—a—little—y-o-u-n-g?"

PHILLIP KELL.

MAE MURRAY, Metro Star, says:

In the silent drama small details are more essential, I believe, than in the spoken. That's because the whole appeal is to the eye. So pretty teeth are tremendously important, and formerly a great problem. To-day Pepsodent is regarded as important as, if not more so, than any other part of "make-up." There is no doubt that it gives a delightful glispen to one's teeth. How much so, one never knows till using it after ordinary old-fashioned methods.

Mae Murray



TOM MIX, Fox Star, says:

White teeth?—In my profession they must be so. Nothing can spoil a film smile like unattractive teeth. Using Pepsodent before "going on" as well as several other times during the day, is an important part of my make-up. Gloria Swanson first told me about it. I know of no other method that has so remarkable an effect.

Tom Mix

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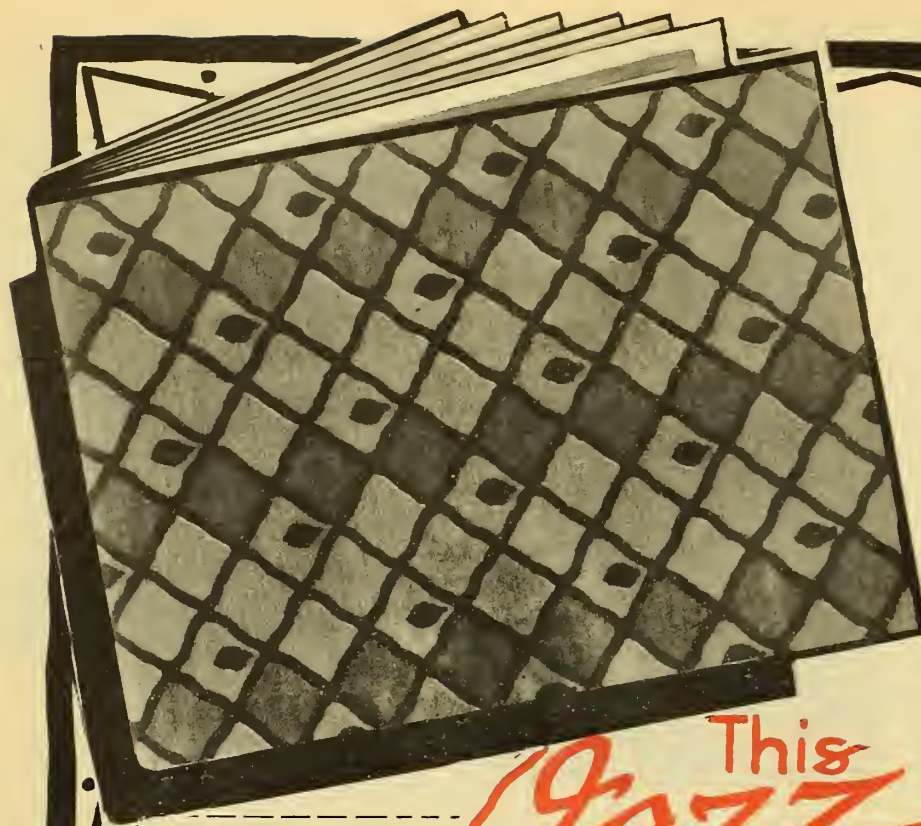
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Pat O'Malley
Baby Peggy (2)
Eileen Percy
House Peters (2)
Mary Philbin
Mary Pickford
Laura La Plante
Eddie Polo
Marie Prevost
Edna Purviance
Jobyna Ralston
Herbert Rawlinson
Irene Rich
Theodore Roberts
George Robey
Charles de Roche
Rod la Rocque
Ruth Roland
Stewart Rome
Alma Rubens
William Russell
Joseph Schildkraut
Gregory Scott
Norma Shearer
Milton Sills
Anita Stewart
Lewis Stone
Eric Von Stroheim
John Stuart
Madge Stuart
Gloria Swanson
Blanche Sweet
Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge (4)
Richard Talmadge
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry (4)
Phyllis Neilson Terry
Queenie Thomas
Ernest Torrence
Rudolph Valentino (7)
Henry Victor

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P. APRIL

Charles Ray has just signed on with Chadwick Pictures Corporation and will make four pictures for them this year. Chadwick is expanding this season, their stars include Lionel Barrymore, Theda Bara, Larry Semon and George Walsh.

Anita Stewart has returned to Vitagraph where she first commenced film work. Nita had just finished work on *The Boomerang* and was actually at the station, about to entrain for New York when a man rushed up to her and explained breathlessly that David Smith wanted her to play in *Barce, Son of Kazan*, which Vitagraph were about to film. So she has postponed her trip indefinitely.

Norma Shearer has won her first popularity contest. The owner of twelve New York kinemas announced a competition to decide who was the star his patrons wished to see most frequently and Norma came out an easy first.

After a year's absence from the studios Mary Pickford has forsaken costume productions, fairy tales and "grown-up" roles for good and gone back to her own particular brand of movie. *Little Annie Rooney*, as the feature is called, is a story of the American five and ten cent store (like our 3d.—6d. Bazaars and Woolworths), and she will portray a little Irish-American girl who works at one of them. Marshall Neilan, however, is not to direct it, Mary has borrowed William Beaudine from Warner Bros. for the occasion. The story is from her own pen.

Louise Fazenda has a novel role in her newest film *The Night Club*. She plays a temperamental Spanish dancer, who loves men only when they are angry. Raymond Griffith and Wallace Beery head the masculine side of the cast. If the others are as fearsome as Wallace is when he's annoyed, Louise will have her work cut out to keep them in order.

Cecil B. De Mille declares that the "thirteen is unlucky" superstition leaves him quite cold. In fact, he believes 13 to be his lucky number. His own and his father's names have thirteen letters, and, he habitually commences each new film on the 13th of the month. He first left Hollywood to commence his directorial career on November 13, 1912, and on Friday, February 13, 1925, he set forth on the same journey (New York to Hollywood) after having completed his new alliance with Producers Distributing Co.

Adelqui Millar, who plays the title role in *The Apache*, a British film produced in Paris dislocated his shoulder whilst filming a fight scene. It was an exterior set. His project of film-



ing it on the spot (the notorious Apache quarter of La Ville) had to be abandoned, but the crowd were the real thing and were absolutely in their element. Part of it took place inside a tavern, where the glasses and bottles flung about by the actors resulted in many other casualties besides Millar's, which came about through a fall.

Harold Lloyd has engaged a new leading lady. His choice has fallen upon Hazel Keener, who was considered the best photographic subject out of 25,000 submitted to the International Society of Photographers. She has also posed for innumerable advertisements and has been on the screen nearly three years.

Some time ago someone started a fund to build a new Hollywood Studio Club for girls. Subscriptions came in somewhat slowly and they were still five thousand dollars short when Norma Talmadge, who returned only recently from Europe announced that she would give them the sum that they could set to work at once. Norma is a particular favourite with girls of all classes, she is too, thoroughly interested in any projects concerning them and is connected

in one way or another with fully a dozen clubs.

Baby Peggy is giving a vaudeville entertainment these days. Introduced by her papa, she recites, dances, smiles, laughs and cries at his bidding. The audience at the New York Hippodrome encored her wildly and she will leave movie making alone for a while, 'tis said.

Irving Cummings, who is to direct *Just a Woman* for First National has already secured Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle for his cast which is to be an all-star one.

One of the few countries dead against film-making was Switzerland, which has repulsed would-be screen-parties by the score. But after a year's efforts, Emil Harder, an American director, was allowed to make a spectacular feature titled *William Tell* in the Swiss Alps on the exact spots tradition associated with that worthy man. Once the Swiss government capitulated, they did the thing properly, and relics and data centuries old were brought forth from museums and libraries for the director's benefit. The film was shown to the

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Priscilla Dean and Stewart Holmes in "The Siren of Seville."

Swiss President when it was finished and America saw it last month.

Modern picture acting of to-day, according to Sadakiche Hartmann in the "The Curtain," requires outward appearance, adaptability, vitality, the patience of Job and the endurance of Ulysses. Brains and ability are useless declares "The Chinese Prince" of *The Thief of Bagdad*, who, despite a performance which won universal praise waxes very bitter over his initial movie experience. He deplors the directorial policy of choosing casting according to type, also the close-up, "For," he writes, "Fairbanks declared I had the eyes of a saint, though the rest of my face was that of a villain. But the director did not see it that way."

"He tried to make me express menace in a colossal close-up of my eyes alone. Also my idea of how a Chinese Prince would behave and theirs differed greatly, especially in the arrival of the Prince at what was supposed to be a mysterious Chinese town (Nottingham remodelled). My part, which was to have been one of repose, finally evolved itself into action—undeniably action, but, to my mind, commonplace and meaningless action, not dramatic action. I ascertained the reason for this, and was informed that it had to be so according to the best movie tradition.

"The peculiar technique of motion picture acting is not acting at all. You simply walk into a situation. Watch your steps. Take a few to the right, then a few to the left, make a turn and you walk (step, hop, or flounder), right into things. Then you have to make a face for the close-up. After this, promenade some more until you reach another situation and make another face: Nothing but ordinary expressions, please. Subtlety, or the transition of one emotion into another is tabooed." And so on for two and a

half pages of severity. But he approves of the out of door sets, though he found the costumes of the extras too pretentious.

Producers are going back to the Civil War again for their stories. *Shenandoah*, which is scheduled for production by Schulbergs, is the first stage play of any note dealing with that colourful period and has been running for the past thirty-six years in America. Barring "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Shenandoah* is about the best-known drama in U.S.A.

Gladys Hulette is playing for movies again in *Crossed Words*, a story about a lost bundle of letters, with Buster Collier as her leading man.

Theda Bara's return to the screen will be made in a film version of *The Unchastened Woman*, originally a successful American drama.

Mack Sennett, at whose studios so many famous feminine stars have had their first chance has just featured a new star, Little Alice Day, a wistful looking child who has appeared with Harry Langdon, Ralph Graves and Ben Turpin for the past year. She is a High School girl from Colorado Springs and just nineteen, and is being starred in a new series of comedies, the first of which is called *Love and Kisses*.

Betty Balfour is to have a new director. She will play the leading role in *Monte Carlo*, directed by Louis Mercanton, which is based on a Phillips Oppenheim story. It will be filmed partly abroad, and some of it actually inside the famous Casino, an achievement that has never before been accomplished. Louis Mercanton hardly ever takes studio scenes. He carries lights, etc., around with him and films scenes in houses, inns or any other suitable spots he finds on location.

Anthony Jowett, last seen on the London stage in "Not in Our Stars," and "Diplomacy" has been in Los Angeles for the past three months and has just landed a contract with Paramount. The studio officials consider him a most promising "find."

Eugene O'Brien is at work at Universal City in *Siege*, opposite Virginia Valli, with Mary and Marc McDermott in the chief supporting roles.

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Picturegoers Guide

The Battling Fool (Wardour; April 20).

Boxing melodrama with good ringside atmosphere and a thrilling fire rescue climax. Well played by William Fairbanks, Eva Novak, Fred J. Butler, Laura Winston, Catherine Craig, Pat Harmon, Jack Byron and Ed. Kennedy. Good entertainment.

The Bedroom Window (Paramount; April 23).

May McAvoy in a good detective mystery drama concerning two young lovers and a female Sherlock Holmes. Supporting the star are Malcolm McGregor, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Edeson, George Fawcett, Ethel Wales and Medea Radzina.

Behind the Curtain (European; April 20).

An unusual crook story dealing with the so-called occult, and clairvoyance written by Wm. J. Flynn the famous U.S.A. Secret Service man. All star cast includes Lucille Ricksen, Johnny Harron, Winifred Bryson, Charles Clary, Eric Mayne, George Cooper, Clarence Gildert and Pat Harmon. Good entertainment.

The Brass Bowl (Fox; April 6).

Mystery melodrama based upon dual identity in which a wealthy bachelor is mistaken for a celebrated crook and pursued by a girl he thinks a feminine Raffles. Edward Lowe stars, with Claire Adams opposite; also Jack Duffy, J. Farrel MacDonald, Leo White, and Fred Butler. Good entertainment.

Captain Blood (Vitagraph; April 6).

An excellent film version of Sabatini's stirring pirate romance, well played by J. Warren Kerrigan, Jean Paige, Wilfred North, Templar Saxe, Otis Harlan, Allan Forrest, Henry Barrows, James Morrison, Bertram Grassby, Charlotte Merriam, Otto Matiesen, Jack Curtis, Henry Hebert and Robert Bolder.

Captain January (Wardour; April 13).

Baby Peggy in a simple story about a waif who is adopted by a kindly light-

house keeper. Supporting the little star appear Hobart Bosworth, Irene Rich, Harry T. Morey, Lincoln Stedman, John Merhyl, Emmett King and Barbara Tennant. Sentimental fare.

Changing Husbands (Paramount; April 6).

Leatrice Joy in a dual role in a lavishly produced mix-up of husbands and wives, stage versus domesticity and wild car and motor-cycle chase. Pleasantly played by Leatrice Joy, Victor Varconi, Raymond Griffith, Zasu Pitts and Helen Dunbar.

Circe the Enchantress (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; April 6).

Society drama of the typical Mae Murray brand, with excellent settings, gorgeous gowns, and brilliant photography to compensate for a thin plot. James Kirkwood opposite, also Tom Ricketts, Charles Gerard, William Haines and Gene Cameron.

The Clean Heart (Vitagraph; April 27).



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Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge in "The Only Woman."

The Discarded Woman (*Western Import; April 20*).

Hectic melodrama with super-villainous villains, and all the familiar stock situations. Grace Darling and Rod La Rocque star, with James Cooley, Madelene Clare, E. J. Radcliffe, John Nicholson, and W. D. Corbett in support.

The Forbidden Range (*Gaumont; April 30*).

Neal Hart, Virginia de Burne and Yackma Canutt in a Westerner in which Neal Hart is author, director and star. Good fight and rescue scenes redeem a plot which is not above the average.

Gold Heels (*Fox; April 13*).

The third screen version of "Checkers," a thrilling Turf drama based on a favourite American stage success. Well played by Robert Agnew, Peggy Shaw, Lucien Littlefield, William Bailey, Carl Stockdale, Harry Tracy, and James Douglas. Good entertainment.

His Hour (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; April 20*).

An Elinor Glyn story of tempestuous love in Imperial Russia. Excellent direction and acting by Aileen Pringle, John Gilbert, Bertram Grassby, Carrie Clarke Ward, Emily Fitzroy, Dale Fuller, Mario Carillo, Jill Reties and Jacqueline Gadsdon. Good entertainment.

Hot Water (*W. & F.; April 13*).

A Harold Lloyd comedy which is better than *Girl Shy*. Full of laughs and new gags. Jobyna Ralston, Josephine Crowell, Charles Stevenson and Mickey McBan support the star. Excellent entertainment.

Husbands and Lovers (*Ass. First Nat.; April 13*).

Although obviously inspired by *The Marriage Circle*, this is an excellent comedy-drama of modern marriage. Well played by Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Lew Cody, Dale Fuller, Winter Hall and Edythe Yorke.

In a Monastery Garden (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; April 27*).

A well told and sincere story about the redemption of a cabaret dancer, with Viola Dana in the role taken by

Nazimova in a previous version. Monte Blue opposite, also Marjorie Daw, Lew Cody, Nigel De Brulier, Kathleen Key, Ethel Wales, Bruce Guerin, Edward Connelly and Frank Currier. Good entertainment.

K. The Unknown (*European; April 13*).

An interesting story of hospital life involving the love of four men for a girl. Fine acting by Percy Marmont, Virginia Valli, Maurice Ryan, Margarita Fisher, John Roche, Francis Feeney, Maurice Ryan and Wm. A. Carrol. Good entertainment.

Lily of the Dust (*Paramount; April 13*).

Pola Negri, Ben Lyon and Noah Beery in love story of a beautiful girl in a German garrison town. Excellent direction by Buchowetski. Raymond Griffith, Jeannette Daudet and Wm. J. Kelly support the stars.

The Lover of Camille (*Gaumont; April 23*).

A screen version of the play "Debureau" containing some pretty fantasy and good atmosphere, but an over sentimentalised story and a remarkably healthy looking "consumptive" heroine. Marie Prevost and Monte Blue star, supported by Willard Louis, Pierre Gendron, Carlton Miller, Frankie Bailey, Rose Rosanova, Winifred Bryan, Brandon Hurst and Rose Dione. Rather slow theatrical romance.

The Lure of the Yukon (*Wardour; April 6*).

Eva Novak in a story of the gold rush, with some striking Alaskan scenery and thrills. Support includes Spottiswoode Aitken, Kent Sanderson, Arthur Jasmine, Howard Webster, Katherine Daron and Eagle Eye. Good entertainment.

Madonna of the Streets (*Ass. First Nat.; April 20*).

Nazimova's return picture, a somewhat crude religious drama of London slum life very reminiscent of *The Fool*. Milton Sills, Claude Gillingwater, Courtenay Foote, Tom Kennedy, Vivian Oakland, Harold Goodwin, Rosa Gore and May Beth Carr. Fair entertainment.

The Midnight Express (*Pathé; April 13*).

A railroad romance that will appeal to everybody, telling how a wealthy profligate made good in a locomotive shop. Elaine Hammerstein and William Haines are featured; supported by George Nichols, Lloyd Whitlock, Edwin Booth Tilton, Pat Harmon, Bertram Grassby, Phyllis Haver, Noble Johnson, and Jack Richardson. Excellent entertainment.

Nets of Destiny (*Butcher; April 27*).

Stewart Rome, Mary Odette, Judd Green, Cameron Carr and Gertrude McCoy in a novelettish story of life on a trawler. Fair entertainment.

One Night in Rome (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; April 13*).

Very good and novel melodrama adapted from the play by Hartley Manners. Laurette Taylor stars, as a "seeress," supported by Tom Moore. Alan Hale, Miss Du Pont, Warner Oland, Joseph J. Dowling, William Humphrey, Brandon Hurst, Edna Tichenor and Ralph Yearsley.

The Only Woman (*Ass. First National; April 26*).

Conventional story of a society drunkard who is reformed by his purposeful wife, with a fine storm and shipwreck climax. Well played by Norma Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien, Winter Hall, Matthew Betz, Stella di Lanti, Murdock McQuarrie, Rev. Neal Dodd. Good entertainment.

The Price She Paid (*Pathé; April 27*).

Social drama adapted from the story by David Graham Phillips, with some good fire scenes on a yacht towards the end. Alma Rubens stars, with Frank Mayo opposite, also William Welsh, Eugenie Besserer, Truman Wood, Lloyd Whitlock and Edward Davis. Fair entertainment.

Ramshackle House (*F. B. O.; April 27*).

Betty Compson in an admirably produced love and adventure story set in Florida and the Tropics. In support appear Robert Lowing, John Davidson, Henry James, William Black, Duke Pelzer and Josephine Norman. Good entertainment.

The Shepherd King (*Fox; April 27*).

Good spectacle drama dealing with the life of David, with some additional touches not mentioned in the Bible. Some fine settings and exteriors taken in the Holy Land. The cast comprises Nerio Bernardi, Violet Mersereau, Edy Darclca, Guido Trento, Ferruchio Bianchini, Virginia Luchetti, Allessandro Salvini, Adriano Bocanera, Samuel Belestra and Amerigo di Giorgio.

The Siren of Seville (*F. B. O.; April 13*).

Priscilla Dean in a colourful story woven around the life of a matador in Spain with some excellent bull-ring sequences. Allan Forrest, Stuart Holmes, Claire Delorez, Bert Woodruff and Matthew Betz support the star. Good entertainment.

The Side Show of Life (*Paramount; April 27*).

A somewhat slow-moving screen version of Wm. J. Locke's novel "The Mountebank," containing some fine acting by Ernest Torrence as the Brigadier-general-clown. Cast also includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Louise Lagrange, Maurice Cannon, Neil Hamilton, William Ricciardi, Ris Pozzi, Lawrence D'Orsay, Effie Shannon and Katherine Lee.

So This is Hollywood (*Ass. First Nat.; April 26*).

The adventures of Potash and Perlmutter in the film world of Hollywood.

A remarkably good comedy perfectly directed and acted by Alexander Carr, George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Betty Blythe, Belle Bennett, Anders Randolph, Peggy Shaw, Charles Meredith, Lillian Hackett, David Butler, Sidney Franklin and Joseph W. Girard.

The Sword of Valour (*Butcher; April 13*).

Rex (Snowy) Baker and his horse in a stunt story of old Spain with a duel, a gypsy rescue and plenty of lively incident. Otto Lederer, Fred Kavens, Edwin Cecil, Armando Pasquali and Dorothy Revier. Good Western Fare.

This Woman (*Gaumont; April 27*).

The story of a girl with a glorious voice who suffered many perils through no fault of her own. Irene Rich stars, with Creighton Hale, Clara Bow, Ricardo Cortez, Louise Fazenda, Frank Elliott, Otto Hoffman and Helen Dunbar in support. Good melodramatic fare.

Tiger Love (*Paramount; April 20*).

Tony Moreno and Estelle Taylor in a colourful adventure romance about a Spanish outlaw who steals an aristocratic girl from the Don she is about to marry and afterwards turns out to be an aristocrat himself. G. Naymond Nye, Manuel Cameré, Edgar Norton, David Torrence, Snitz Edwards and Monti Collins complete the cast.

Vindication (*Phillips; April 27*).

An efficiently produced and well acted melodrama with a somewhat hackneyed plot about the daughter of a dance hall proprietress. Anita Stewart stars, with Wallace MacDonald, Noah Beery, Walter Long, Gibson Gowland, Eugenie Besserer, John Hall and Will Jeffries in support.

Troubled Waters (*Walturdaw; April 13*).

Charles Hutchison in a stunt thriller concerning a modern smuggler's cave. Edith Thornton, Otto Lederer, John Henry, Ethel Stairt, Frank Hagney, Jack Nathis and John O'Brien (Chief of Police, San Francisco). Good stunt melodrama.

The Tornado (*European; April 27*).

Forceful melodrama concerning a mysterious lumber camp boss, Tornado by name, whilst a genuine tornado provides a smashing finale. House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Richard Tucker, Snitz Edwards, Kate Price, Dick Sutherland and Fred Gamble comprise the cast.

Winner Take All (*Fox; April 20*).

Melodrama concerning a cowboy who becomes a prize fighter, but refuses to play a crooked game. Buck Jones is starred with Peggy Shaw, Edward Hearn, Lilyan Tashman, Wm. Morton Bailey and Ben Deeley in support. Good entertainment.



Ernest Torrence and Lois Wilson in "North of '36."

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IMPORTANT NOTE.—To obtain the best results, we especially recommend the use of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder in conjunction with Crème Tokalon. The Mousse of Cream causes the powder to cling to the skin in spite of wind, rainy weather, heat or perspiration while dancing, and it thereby completely does away with shiny noses, greasy-looking skins and powdery your face all the time. The Mousse of Cream also prevents the powder from absorbing the natural moisture from the skin, drying it up and causing wrinkles and a coarse, rough skin. Being air-floated, it contains no tiny, gritty, hard particles to irritate the pores of the skin or starchy grains of rice powder to swell therein and cause enlarged pores and other blemishes. Poudre Tokalon may be obtained in all shades for 1/- at chemists, hairdressers and stores, on an absolute guarantee of successful results in every case, or your money will be refunded. A trial tube of Crème Tokalon and samples of Poudre Tokalon, in four popular shades, will be sent for 3d. in stamps by Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 447C), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

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THE DIANA RAZOR CO.,
33 Abingdon, W.C.1.

Nice red tints to Brown & Auburn Hair

Evan Williams 'GRADUATED' HENNA

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 11.)

felt, here was Life. The boulevards yielded up to me a veritable largesse of beauty and gems. But as might be imagined, my money didn't last very long—and neither did the largesse of the capricious boulevards. Abruptly, I became a mendicant who received scant favours. I was again desperate. As I had felt at the Military College when I lacked half an inch of chest expansion, so I felt in Paris, when I lacked the gold that was my only "open sesame."

Then I heard of Monte Carlo and with the few dollars I had left, rushed as desperately to Monte Carlo to retrieve my fortunes, as I had formerly run to Paris to make good my sense of adventure. Monte Carlo treated me more shabbily than Paris. Perhaps that is why gambling holds no charm for me to-day. I am beginning to feel, as I go on with my diary and compare my present feelings and activities to those of bygone days, as though Freud were right indeed and most of the things we are spring from the sources of the things we were.

A few weeks after my first departure, I returned home, tattered and weary, a new—another Prodigal.

I came home, feeling more stifled than ever. My experience in Paris had only whetted my appetite for foreign lands and other scenes. Even though they were to be scenes of trial—which God knows they were.

I wanted to get away.

At of a sudden I decided I would go to America . . . America and no place else. There I could breathe. I seemed to feel a mighty liberating gust of wind from the vast Western

prairies. I seemed to feel my very spirit rise up and grow at the thought of New York . . . America.

Before, however, the decision was reached to send me on my desired way, I had plenty of time to prove to everyone concerned that something had better be done about me.

I was a bit of a Lothario, and I started to chase around with the show girls. That finished me completely with the decent families. They wouldn't have anything to do with me, and, of course, they wouldn't allow their daughters to have anything to do with me. As for getting away with anything "sub-rosa," that, in this town, was impossible. The whole town promenaded at nights on a certain piazza (not large in a small town), and the next day all of the people would know everything that had happened. So, of course, when it got about that I went with show girls, I was socially NIL.

But I didn't care very much, except for the fact that it hurt my mother. I was still dreaming. And in my fantastic dreams, I thought that those show girls were perfectly beautiful—fascinating. My impression of them to-day is . . . !?

To me they were houris—blessed damosels—enchanted and enchanted visions of a most rare delight—

At this juncture—lost in that bygone rare delight—I had better shut this diary again until to-morrow. And I must finish my letter to Natacha. . .

The thought and impulse to go to America became so strong within me that I finally communicated it to my mother, and she very naturally was overwhelmed with a sense of the impending loss.

(Another instalment next month.)

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(Continued on page 62.)



Rudy's dressing room bungalow on the United Artists lot.



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Keep the skin of your face, neck and hands free from blemishes by regularly using Pond's Two Creams—Pond's Vanishing Cream during the daytime to protect from the weather and keep the complexion fresh-looking in spite of tiredness—Pond's Cold Cream at night before retiring to rest to cleanse the pores and tissues beneath the surface. Follow this method every day and every day your skin will grow smoother, clearer and lovelier.

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Pond's
Vanishing &
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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 15)



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PER BOX 1/9
LARGER SIZE 3/-

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Metta, counterfeiting the inflexions of
pity.

Her target shot her a glance of equal
pity for her lack of understanding and
empty-headed banter. He stalked to the
barn-yard gate and opened it. The way
to his haven over the border was no
longer barred. He returned to Dexter,
firmly grasped the bridle reins under his
weak chin and cajoled him again to the
watering trough. Metta Judson was
about to be overwhelmed with confusion.
From the edge of the trough he again
clambered into the saddle, the new boots
groping a way to the stirrups. The reins
in his left hand, he swept off his ideal
hat with a careless gesture—he wished he
had had an art study made of this, but
you can't think of everything at one time.
He turned loftily to Metta as one who
had not even heard her tasteless taunts.

"Well, so long! I won't be out late."

Metta was now convinced that she had
in her heart done this hero a wrong.
"You better be here before the folks
get back!" she warned.

Merton knew this as well as she did,
but the folks wouldn't be back for a
couple of hours yet, and all he meant to
venture was a ride at sober pace the
length of the alley.

"Oh, I'll take care of that!" he said.
"A few miles' stiff gallop 'll be all I
want." He jerked Dexter's head up,
snapped the reins on his neck, and
addressed him in genial, comradely but
authoritative tones.

"Git up there, old hoss!"

Dexter lowered his head again, and
remained as if posing conscientiously for
the statue of a tired horse.

"Giddap, there, you old skate!" again
ordered the rider.

The comradely unction was gone from
his voice and the bony neck received a
smarter wallop with the reins. Dexter
stood unmoved. He seemed to be fear-
ing that the worst was now coming, and
that he might as well face it on that spot

as elsewhere. He remained deaf to
threats and entreaties alike. No hoof
moved from its resting-place.

"Giddap, there, you old Dexter Gash-
wiler!" ordered Metta, and was not
rebuked. But neither would Dexter yield
to a woman's whim.

"I'll tell you!" said Merton, now con-
temptuous of his mount. "Get the
buggy whip and tickle his ribs."

Metta sped on his errand, her eyes
shining with the lust for torture. With
the frayed end of the whip from the
delivery waggon she lightly scored the
exposed ribs of Dexter, tormenting him
with devilish cunning. Dexter's hide
shuttled back and forth. He whinnied
protestingly.

"That's the idea," said Merton, feeling
scornfully secure on the back of this
spiritless animal. "Keep it up! I can
feel him coming to life."

Metta kept it up. Her woman's in-
genuity contrived new little tricks with
the instrument of torture. She would
doubtless have had a responsible post
with the Spanish Inquisition.

Stirred to life by the tickling, Dexter
now became more acutely aware of that
strange, restless burden on his back, and
was inspired to free himself from it. He
increased his pace as he came to the gate,
and managed a backward kick with both
heels. This lost the rider his stirrups
and left him less securely seated than he
wished to be. He dropped the reins and
grasped the saddle's pommel.

He strangely seemed to consider the
pommel the steering wheel of a motor-
car. He seemed to be twisting it with
the notion of guiding Dexter. All might
have been well, but on losing his stirrups
the rider had firmly clasped his legs about
the waist of the animal. Again and again
he tightened them, and now Dexter not
only looked every inch a horse but very
painfully to his rider felt like one, for
the spurs were goading him to a most
seditious behaviour.

(To be Continued).



"What does this mean, Merton?" again demanded Gashwiler.



Bobbed hair should be wavy

As a rule wavy bobbed hair makes a girl look younger and prettier, while straight, 'wispy' bobbed hair gives her an older, somewhat harder appearance. If you would look younger and more attractive be sure your bobbed (or shingled) hair is both lustrous and wavy. The secret is yours if you use Lavona. This is a wonder-liquid containing an exclusive ingredient that acts just like magic. There's positively nothing like it for making hair grow and making it gleamy, clean-looking and with that rich, subtle waviness everyone admires. Lavona frees the hair from greasiness, yet stimulates the natural oil glands to correct activity; it improves the colour wonderfully and wards off early greyness. Yet there is no dye—no

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It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of oil and dirt which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

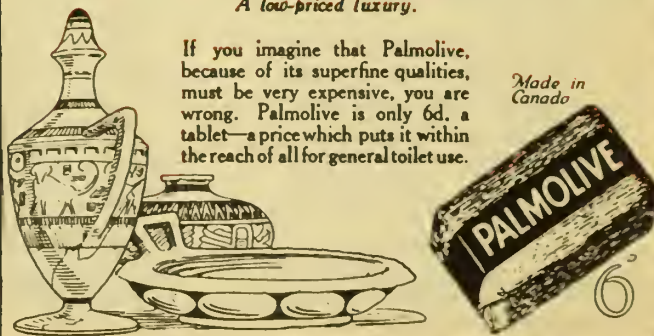
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If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. Palmolive is only 6d. a tablet—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

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6

£500 COMPETITION RESULT—continued from page 58.



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R., "Lyndhurst," Foreland Road, Bembridge, I.W.; Fisher, Miss A., 63, Marsden Street, Kirkham, Preston; Flower, Miss M., 24, Harrington Street, N.W.1; Foster, Miss H., 18, Atkinson Street, Harle Syke, Burnley; Foster, Miss W., 48, Woodlands Park Road, N.15; France, E. M., 2, William Street, Radcliffe, Lancs.; Fritz, Elsie, 10, Eddington Street, N.4; Frost, Marjorie J., 7, Richmond Road, Brighton; Gallon, Miss L., Thistle House Farm, Pelaw-on-Tyne; Gibb, Bessie, 30, Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh; Gilbert R. L., 38, Albert Street, Ventnor, I.W.; Goddard, Miss V., "Marshcotes," King Edwards Avenue, Gloucester; Grainger, Miss K., 78, Hessel Road, W.13; Greenwood, Miss A., 33, Coal Clough Lane, Burnley; Griffin, Mrs. D. M., 67, Doncaster Road, Leicester; Griffin, W. R., 38, Hartland Road, Kentish Town, N.W.; Hackett, Mrs. M., 74, Rosebery Street, Moss Side, Manchester; Hale, Miss G., 62, Pantan Road, Hoole, Chester; Hall, Miss W., 72, George Lane, E.18; Halstead, Miss W., 17, Park Road, Doncaster; Hannam, Miss I., 97, Netherfield Road, Nelson, Lancs.; Harding, Irene, 211, Queen's Road, W.2; Harris, Miss M., 39, York Street, Oswestry; Hay, Janet A., 96, Victoria Road, Stechford, Birmingham; Heal, Miss E., 9, Abbott's Park Road, E.10; Heard, Miss J., Langworth, Bideford; Hell-iwell, Mrs. W., 159, Railway Street, Nelson, Lancs.; Hewings, W., 11, Claremont Road, Norwich; Heywood, Miss D., 85, Burnley Road, Acorington; Hebbert, Mrs. A., Off Market Street, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derby; Hingston, Miss D., 43, Middleton Hall Road, King's Norton, Birmingham; Hinton, A. E., Victoria Road, Quarry Bank; Hobbs, Miss L., 96, Dysen's Road, N.18; Hohday, Miss P., 190, Belsize Road, N.W.6; Hollyman, Miss B., 29, Palmerston Road, S.W.14; Holmes, Miss P., 23, Western Road, Bexhill-on-Sea; Hubble, G., 103, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.13; Hunt, Kathleen, 85, Snow Hill, Birmingham; Hyde, Miss H., 20a, Peabody Buildings, Duke Street, S.E.1; Jackson, P., 5a, Union Road, Cambridge; Jacques, L. B., 62, Woodlands Road, Middlesbro'; Jaques, Miss H., 204, Clapham Road, S.W.9; Jee, Miss F., 22, Creden Road, N. Camberwell, S.E.; Jeffs, Miss P., 81, Beaumont Road, Chiswick, W.; Jenkins, Miss L., 40, Constance Street, Newport, Mon.; Jones, R., 47, Cawdor Road, Fallowfield, Manchester; Keen, W., 45, Duke Road, W.4; Kerr, Miss E., 64, Hatherly Street, Scambe; King, Mrs. F., 105, Bounces Road, N.9; Knapp, Miss B., Loreto College, Abbey Road, Llandudno; Leal, C., 17, Tearm Road, North End, Portsmouth; Lee, Miss J., 75, Phillip's Street, Aston, Birmingham; Lendon, Miss G., 10, Collett Road, Ware, Herts; Lewis, Miss E. W., Addison Villa, Wash Lane, Timperley; Lister, Miss D., "Rosyth," Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey; Little Mrs. R. M., 29, Haydon Park Road, S.W.19; Lomas, Miss "Longwood," Edgeley Road, Stockport; Lovell, Miss F., 92, Trinity Road, S.W.17; Luck, Mrs. E. C., 2, St. Marks Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W.; Ludman, Doris, 32, St. Ann's Hill, Wandsworth,

S.W.; McCartney, Miss M., 6, Elm Grove, Hawick; MacCoy, Miss E., 21, Clovelly Gardens, Monkseaton; Mackay, Miss C., 123, Warwick Road, Carlisle; McMurdo, Miss, 7, Elfet Street, Birkenhead; McNeill, H., 22, Thomas Street, W.1; Manning, Mrs., 52, King Street, Ramsgate; Martin, Marjorie, E., 34, Silverbirch Road, Erdington, Birmingham; Martin, Miss O., 3, Colmes, Bank Street, Kirriemuir; May, Miss W., 1, Bognor Street, Battersea, S.W.8; Mills, Miss K., 4, Court Street, Faversham, Kent; Money, E., 4a, Green Lane, Dewshury; Moor, Miss A., 57, Greyfriars Walk, Bedford; Moore, Miss D., 89, Fairfax Road, N.8; Moren, Mrs. M., 4, South Hill Park Gardens, N.W.3; Mullin, Miss L., 2, Chester Place, Lennox Road, Southsea; Mulvey, Mrs. A., 70, Credenhill Street, S.W.16; Newey, Miss D., 54, Ravensdaye Road, N.16; Newland, W., Whitehill, Borden, Hants; Nixon, Miss A., 74, Franklyn Road, N.W.10; Norton, Mrs. F., Oak Cottage, Burkett Street, King's Lynn; Oakes, Miss M., 48, Walpole Rd., E.17; O'Connor, B. R., 1, Harrington Street, Liverpool; Osborne, Miss B., Riverdale Street, Bridport; Owen, Mrs. A., "Normandale," Upper Baugor; Paqualin, Miss V., 29, Princess Avenue, N.3; Parker, Miss F., 234, Fort Road, Bermondsey; Parker, Miss H., 58, Richmond Street, Burton-on-Trent; Peacock, Miss E., 32, Renters Hill, Golders Green, N.W.; Pillinger, P., 4, Brynwg Road, Newport, Mon.; Pokjoy, Miss N., 55, Bloomfield Road, Gloucester; Parritt, Miss D., Bulcote School, Leyburn, Yorks; Pratt, Miss P., 4, Beaconsfield Road, New Malden; Price, Miss M., 42, Westminster Street, Crewe; Pugh, Miss M., 1, Russell Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool; Raistrick, Miss C., 48, Greenside, Pudsey, Yorks; Reay, Miss M., 16, Ferryhill Place, Aberdeen; Richardson, Mrs. A., 7, Mount Terrace, Harrogate; Roberts, E., 17, Gordon Terrace, Bethesda, N. Wales; Roger, Mrs. M., 17, Firs Glen Road, Winton Bournemouth; Ross, Miss M., 127, High Street, N.W.10; St. John, Miss D., "The Meads," Amersham Common; Saunders, Miss E., "St. Winifred's," Claremont Road, Seaford; Schofield, Miss, 4, Fenton Street, S.E.10; Schofield, Miss A., 404, Bury New Road, Prestwich, Manchester; Scott, Miss D. M., 115, Carlton Hill, Nottingham; Sebbage, Miss M., 62, Croydon Road, Anerley, S.E.; Senior, O., 34, College Road, Bangor; Sharp, Miss P., 26, Manor Grove, Peckham, S.E.15; Shepherd, E. C., R.A.F., S. of A. C., Lee-on-Solent; Slec, Miss C., 14, Rutland Gardens, Hove; Smith, Miss I. M., 37, West Terrace, N. Ormsby, Middlesbro'; Smith, R. P., 26, Gathorne Road, Southville, Bristol; Smith, Miss T., 62, Elden Street, Barnsley; Sparkes, Mrs. J., 11, Alleyne Road, Erdington, Birmingham; Spong, Miss O., 9, Wiltshire Road, Thornton Heath; Starke, Miss W. D., 41, Laurence Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1; Steele, Miss M., 705, Finchley Road, N.W.2; Stephenson, Miss N., "Ringdean," Northfield Road, Blaby, Leics.; Stockley, Mrs. "The Lindens," Chesterfield Road, Mansfield; Tate, Miss E., "Robin Hood," Iron Gate, Derby; Thomas, A. L., 54, Wakefield Road, Sowerby Bridge; Thompson, E. A., 8, Seventh Avenue, Broadway, Blackpool; Thomson, Miss M., 35, Windsor Gardens, Monkseaton; Thomson, Mrs. R., 13, Church Road, Tweedmouth, Berwick; Thomson, Miss K., 7, Ewenfield Road, Ayr; Usher, P., 16, Burtleigh Street, Sunderland; Vines, Miss, 2, Waller Road, New Cross Gate, S.E.14; Venton, Miss, 54, Queen's Road, Twickenham; Waddingham, Miss D., 3, Cole Park View, St. Margarets, Twickenham; Wain, Miss D., 65, Clyde Road, N.22; Walker, Miss E. M., 9, Birch Grove, S.E.12; Warrington, C. E., 26, Addison Road, Fairview, Dublin; Webb, Mrs. E., 49, Blamran Ystral, Abertillery; Wehh, Miss M., South View, Putnoe Lane, Bedford; Wharton, Miss P., 22, Abbeville Road, S.W.4; Whitmore, Miss C., 18, Upper Wimpole Street, W.1; Whittle, Miss L., 249, Denmon Street, Radford, Nottingham; Widdop, Miss A., 176, Farfield Street, Manningham, Bradford; Wizzell, H. J., 72, Park Street, N.16; Winterbone, Mrs., 8, Fir Avenue, Run-corn Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; Wright, Miss I., 103, Jerunyn Street, W.1; Wrigley, F., 75, Stanley Street, Northampton.

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Mr. G. Roberts, The Picture House, Cefn Road, Old Colwyn.

Mr. A. R. Gambold, Castle Cinema, Swansea.

Mr. H. Wilson, Empire Cinema, Bell Corner, Walthamstow, each of whom receives £4 7s. 6d.

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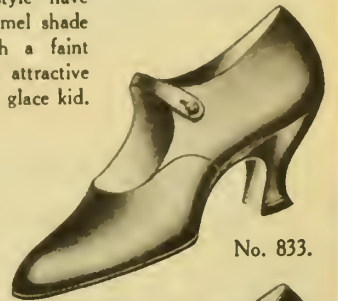


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FRENCH **MAYFLOWA** MODELS



Let George Do It!

IRENE (Forest Gate).—Glad you liked the postcards. (1) Ivor Novello hasn't done any film work for some time. He has been playing on the legitimate stage and at present is appearing in *Old Heidelberg* at the Garrick Theatre, London. His next film will probably be *The Rat*. (2) Clive Brook is in America, working at the Ince Studios. (3) I'll do my best to get you those art plates later.

E. F. J. (Chester).—(1) An art plate of Charles de Roche will appear in PICTUREGOER some time in the near future. (2) Try Famous-Players-Lasky Corp., 166-170, Wardour Street, London, W.1. for stills from *The Ten Commandments* and *The Law of the Lawless*.

E. B. (Kent).—Letters forwarded. I'm truly grateful for your lack of curiosity.

JACKIE'S ADMIRER (Surbiton).—I've passed on your bouquet to the right quarter.

PATRICK (Dublin).—Some of you fans seem to think all film stars have Mormon tendencies. (1) Thomas Meighan has never had more than one wife. He was wedded ten years ago to Frances Ring—and they're still married.

DREAMER.—Delighted to find someone in such a contented frame of mind. It's a real pleasure to satisfy your curiosity for you. (1) Art plate of Joseph Schildkraut appeared in June 1924 PICTUREGOER. (2) Harry Jones was the name

of the boy who played opposite Betty Balfour in *Love, Life, and Laughter*. He is an artist and this was his first screen appearance.

ZUFFKINS (Berks).—It would be more than my life's worth to reveal the name of my favourite star in PICTUREGOER. My safest role is a strictly neutral one. (1) Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6th, 1899, and Alice Terry in 1901. (2) Carlyle Blackwell was born in 1888.

A. P. (York).—Letter forwarded to Buck Jones. Note the interview with your favourite in this month's issue and be duly grateful.

ANOTHER MARY (Preston).—(1) Mary Hay, who played "Kate" in *Way Down East* is married to Dick Barthelmess. She is professionally a stage actress and dancer and hasn't done much film work, but you will be able to see her on the screen again shortly when *New Toys*, in which she plays opposite Dick, is released.

D. W. (Chester).—Sorry you've had to look in vain for news of Monty Banks, but there really hasn't been much to write about him lately. (1) I've forwarded your letter to him. (2) So far as I know Monty isn't married. (3) I'll see if I can persuade the Editor to have an art plate of him later on, but I'm afraid there isn't much chance of a long interview at present.

SCARAMOUCHE (Horsham).—(1) I think Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry would send you signed photos of themselves if you asked in your most ingratiating manner. Address them both c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

A. C. P. (Paddington).—Glad you've decided to become one of the "regulars." (1) Barbara La Marr's address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

DORINE (Southsea).—Glad you find me such a little ray of sunshine in the home. My growing reputation as a wit is quite alarming! If this sort of thing goes on I shall have to invest in a new joke book for the new year. (1) I think if you wrote nicely to Ramon Novarro he would send you his autograph. His address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. An art plate of him appeared in Jan. 1924 PICTUREGOER. (3) Alice Terry was born in 1901. (4) An interview with her and her husband, Rex Ingram, appeared in Dec. 1923 issue. Thanks for sparing me "the million other questions." These will do very nicely to be going on with.

NORA S. (Lichfield).—Don't worry, Nora, I think British films will hold their own, yet. (1) Billy Sullivan and Johnny Hines are both American stars. (2) M. Michael Floresco was the actor who played the part of "Morale" in the French serial *Vindicta*.

ELMOITE (Durban).—It certainly is fatal to possess beauty like mine. That's why no photo of my handsome profile will grace these pages. I fear it would prove too much for your feminine susceptibilities. (1) Elmo Lincoln is thirty-five years old, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is 5 ft. 11½ ins. in height. (2) Some of his films are *The Battle of Elder Bush Gulch*, *The Clansman*, *Intolerance*, *The Kaiser*, *The Beast of Berlin*, *Tarzan of the Apes*, *The Romance of Tarzan*, *Elmo the Mighty*, *Elmo the Fearless*, *The Flaming Disc*, *Treasure Island*, *The Beachcomber* and *Quincy Adams Sawyer*. (3) The release date of *Tarzan and the Golden Lion* hasn't been fixed yet. It probably won't be shown for some time. (4) You might be able to get pictures of Elmo in his Tarzan films from Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Rudolphena (Hull).—Letters forwarded. (1) The long promised art plate of Ivor Novello appeared in the December number of PICTUREGOER. (2) No art plate of Cullen Landis has appeared yet, but I'll see what the Editor has to say about it later on.



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BOURNVILLE

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TONI (Devon).—Only just found **PICTUREGOER**? Where have you been? (1) I think Ramon would sign a photo for you if you wrote and asked. His address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Darby Foster took the part of "Lawrence Blake" in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*.

DOROTHY (Oxford).—Thanks for thanks. Making allowances for the foggy weather lately, I think I have a nice sunny disposition.

SHEILA (London).—I've forwarded your letter to Ramon Navarro. Hope your good luck will continue.

MANON (Brighton).—*The Moon of Israel* is a British film, made by the Stoll Film Co.

QUERY (Leeds).—Calm yourself my child—you're neither of you right. (1) Rudolph Valentino's full and correct name is Rudolph Alphonso Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentino d'Antonguolla. (2) Ivor Novello has a baritone voice.

THISTLE (Glasgow).—I've forwarded the paper to Tom Mix as requested. (1) Tom's latest completed picture is *Dick Turpin*. No news of his coming to England yet. (2) Filmland has a mixed community of people and religions. Of course they're not all Roman Catholics.

LYN (West Norwood).—Thanks for your kind offer, but **PICTUREGOER** has quite enough interviewers—both tame and wild—of its own. (1) There's no truth in the rumour that Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello are engaged. (2) No autographed photo of me, Lyn, if you have got three of Ivor Novello. I've got a heart of stone when I like, so it's no good standing outside my door for two hours—you'll get nothing but a cold.

LEONTINE (Banbury).—Write to Associated First National Co., 37-39, Oxford Street, W.1., for particulars of *The Fighting Blade*.

E. (Oxford).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks' address is "Pickfair," Hollywood, California. (2) I've forwarded your letter, but I'm afraid you'll find somebody has been pulling your leg.

BUNTY (Stoke Newington).—(1) Charles

de Roche was "Pharaoh" in *The Ten Commandments*. (2) I'll put in a good word for you anent those art plates.

LILY (Hampstead).—(1) *The Madonna of the Streets* hasn't been released yet. (2) So far as I know Nazimova hasn't any intention of visiting England just now. (3) She has lately finished work on a new film *My Son*.

A FAN.—I've passed your letter on to the right quarter.

M. W.—Address Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California.

RED HEAD (Matlock).—I don't think I'll choose any of the sticky deaths you mention if it's all the same to you—at any rate, not until I've seen those questions you've so kindly promised me I won't tell you to write again—you don't need any encouraging!

IRENE (Boulogne).—You ask me to forward your "letters" for you, but only sent me one. That's the kind of mistake I appreciate.

MYRA (Walsall).—If you're as inquisitive as this at nine years of age what will you be like at twenty. (1) Alice Terry was born in 1901 and Rex Ingram in 1892. (2) Ramon Navarro has several times thought of going into opera, but I don't think there's any danger just at present. (3) Rudolph wrote *My Trip Abroad* himself. (4) Jack Buchanan and June aren't engaged to one another. (5) I think your notepaper is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

J. W. (Surbiton).—Letters forwarded. I've passed on your brickbats and bouquets to the right quarter. Don't you think you're a little hard on poor Bill Hart—after all, if he has a talent for weeping, he naturally wants to make use of it.

E. M. F. (Letchworth).—(1) Ivor Novello is by now the happy recipient of your letter. (2) Glad you're last epistle had such marvellous results. (3) Lois Wilson's latest films are *North of 36*, and *Contraband*.

M. B. (London).—As you seem to object to arsenic I'll rescind the order for its administration at once.

LOVELY LINGERIE

When a favourite film star is shown in her boudoir, about to don evening attire, she throws off a pretty wrap, disclosing gorgeous silk and lace undies. Then, the morning after a triumphant coming-out party, she is seen daintily toying with her breakfast tray, attired in a sleeping suit and boudoir cap of entrancing beauty, and envious little sighs come from feminine film fans who naturally long for just such finery. Many stars actually own the delightful garments they wear, others again, are studio "properties" and are used for screen purposes only. But creations in filmy crepe-de-chine, silk, and lace, as lovely as anything to be seen in screenland are made by Debenham and Freebody. The daintiest of undies, in the daintiest of soft, appealing colourings can be purchased in a variety of materials to suit all purses. So that if heavy crepe-de-chine does not appeal to you, you can have silk, triple, ninon or other equally dainty fabrics. A special feature is being made of Three Piece

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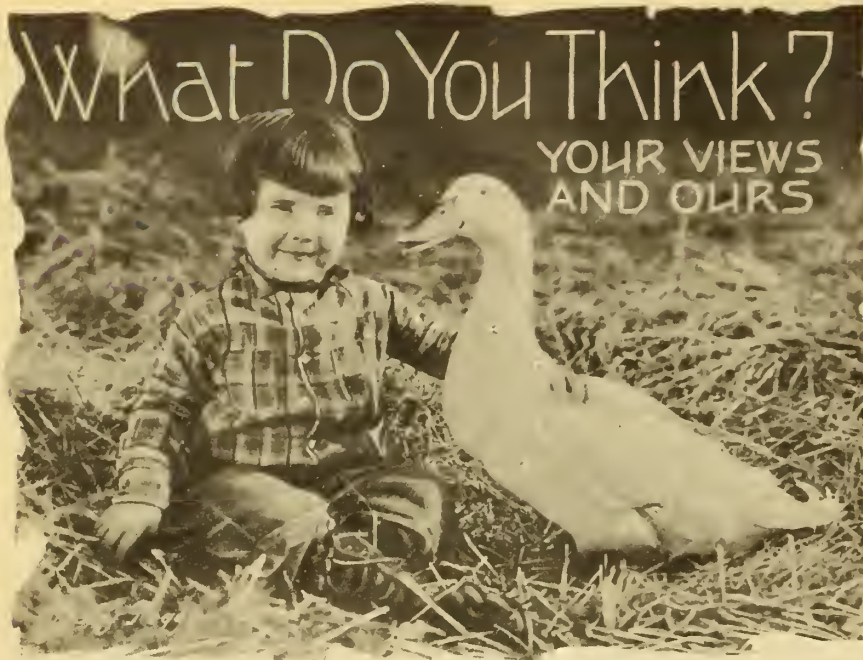
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here. Next I like Lewis Stone, Matheson Lang, Dick Barthelmess and Raymond Hatton."

"We don't want," writes I. J. M. (Stoke Newington), "sordid films like *The Red Lily* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and we don't want Niblo and Neilan if these are the type of films they are going to hand us.

Likewise we don't want serials, or the wild and woolly West. But we do want Intelligence, backed with Ideals, Beauty and Art—Rex Ingram knows what we want and he is one of the very few to give it to us. This is my 'Think.'

"I give the PICTUREGOER all credit for the idea of finding the most popular film star. But I think have made a mistake in giving such big prizes. Don't you think that with £250 tempting them, people would

put the stars in the order the public would put them, not in order as they themselves like them? I do. Why some have admitted the fact. Therefore the result, whatever it is, is not a true one. I should like to know what others think? I. W. (Willesden). [Particularly the prizewinners!]

"Whilst admitting that I enjoy the scenic and lovely lighting effects of Prologues, I want to protest against spoken ones. Silence is golden, and when, for instance, a Holy Man of the East," weighing about twenty-four stone, mouths "Appiness must be h'earned," etc., etc., in beer-laden accents, why Romance is slain at once. One of the charms of the screen, to my thinking is the fact that it is silent. I much prefer film plays to stage plays, although stage players usually have pleasing voices and pronounce their words as they should. Why must ugly, harsh-voiced people impersonate the movie characters? If we must have Prologues, for Heaven's sake let them be in pantomime. I am usually as meek as a dove, but two Prologues I have seen this week have had this effect upon me." *Front-Tier Fan* (Wimbledon).



THE THINKER.

"I should like to know, why it is that so many people have taken to 'running down' Valentino of late. Whenever they have the slightest chance they throw brick-bats at him, and call him unnatural and sophisticated, etc., but in my mind, there is not another male star in screenland to approach him. With his alluring charm, fascinating personality, and slightly foreign manner, he has indeed touched the cord of the perfect screen lover.

Since his retirement from the screen, other stars may have captured the hearts of his admirers, but, is that sufficient reason for them to turn against him, altogether? So come on Rudy fans, are you going to see him trampled on before your eyes? 'Let's up and at 'em.' For I, as a film critic of his own sex, cannot help admiring 'The Apollo of the Screen.'

RUDOLPH'S DEFENDER (Thanet).

"There are too many American pictures, too many American actors, too many American producers, and not enough plots. The one idea of American producers (with few exceptions) is to turn out new films and new actors, at express speed, regardless as to whether they are any good. This is all right for America where there is room for them; but why let them swamp England with their weak films, and prevent British producers, who give us good pictures, with good plots, from thriving. I would sooner see a British film three or four times

over than sit once through spineless sentimental, American sob-stuff." (British Film Patriot, Tottenham.)

"All kinemas made outcry about the Entertainment Tax," laments X.Y.Z. (Dalston), "and when it was removed prices went down, but not for long. Now we are told that 'owing to the high cost of booking super films prices will be as before.' So that their wail was for their pockets, not ours. Why is it, that super films are not the same when released generally. I have seen several West End showings and then seen the same film again locally, only to find many scenes missing. *The Ten Commandments* and *The Four Horsemen* are two of them. I now make a point of seeing big films at an 'exclusive' house, but I wonder how the provincial kinema-goers get on." [It may be the Manager's fault, on account of the Time Schedule. To the best of my knowledge, super films are released generally in their original length.]

After a page of attacks on various favourite stars, *Brookite* (Hull), declares "I enjoy your page of discussions quite the best of any part of the paper and I entirely agree with *Yank's*" letter in praise of Clive Brook. He is a brilliant artist, a first-rate actor (not a flapper's idol) and the ideal lover of the silver sheet. He gives one the impression of being strong and manly, yet a tender and protecting lover and a man who is perfectly straight. I hope America won't stick to him, we want him over

One Reader's Views.

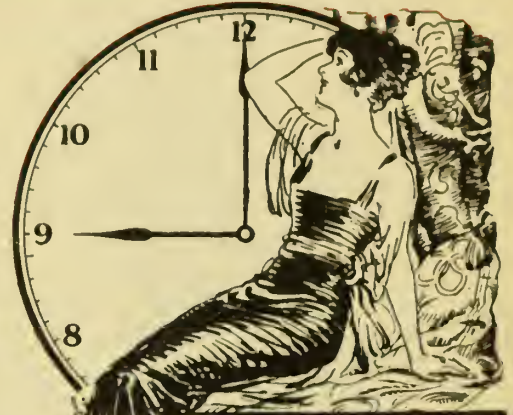
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Richard Dix

**BARBARA LA MARR**

An exotic siren in screenland, but voted "a regular fellow" by her friends to whom she is known by the sobriquet of "Bobby." She is a talented dancer, and also pleads guilty to writing film scenarios in her spare moments.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1925.

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Elliott Dexter is appearing in *The Play Without a Name*. Some of them prefer the Name without the Play.

By the way, the way that plot has turned up again in *Flaming Blazes* is what they mean by "continuity," I suppose.

The man who described Lon Chaney's skeleton make-up as an impersonation of a movie plot was a subtle fellow.

"I've heard nothing of Pansy Dell since she was given a trial in the movies." "No; she was found guilty and discharged."

Time rolls on. Custard-pie comedies will soon be new again.

I hope the new natural colour process isn't going to apply to the sub-titles in the *Burning Souls* type of picture. My upbringing was such that I just couldn't listen to 'em in natural colours.



Buster Keaton ing." She is still trying to puzzle out what he meant.

She: "I like Buster Keaton much better than *The Covered Wagon*, don't you?" He: "Yes. Just as I prefer a quarter to two to the 10th of February, or pink writingpaper to central heat-

Now, if they'd keep the research experts to the costume department, and not let 'em sit in the author's chair. . . .

Things We Shouldn't Listen To. No. 11. "Is she a movie star or an actress?"



Frankie Darro

Little Frankie Darro, I am told, is not yet five. On the other hand, Miss ———, the celebrated *ingénue* is still nineteen. Youth stuff!

About that dictionary of ours. "Star—Anything resembling a star." So that the movie people were right after all, and we were wrong. But what do they call the resemblers that resemble the resemblances?

You can tell I'm still doing cross-words. I solved a couple during a movie kiss the other night.



Wanda Hawley

Language hint. The Marquise de la Falaise pronounces her new name "Falaze" Selma Pittack pronounces hers Wanda Hawley.

Our wit says that the author of the latest *Violent Vamp* hit was well known to the ancient Egyptians. I wonder. Was he the sort of person that a decent Egyptian could know?



Pauline Frederick has now become a star. No doubt the *Daily News* intends to keep an eye on Douglas Fairbanks and will let us know what its opinion is in a few years' time.

A contemporary asks: "Who are the best English movie actors?" The answer appears to be—"The best American movie actors."

Perhaps after his personal appearance in revue in Paris, Charlie Chaplin may be persuaded to try a personal appearance on the screen. From all I hear I should think he'd score a tremendous hit in the movies.

The best way to get into the movies is through that little door to the right of the pay box.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?" Well, as soon as D. W. will show us a bit of it on the screen we'll be able to say.



John Bunny

Our reason for having this picture of John Bunny here is that some of the comedies we have seen recently are quite as up-to-date as his.

My Trip Abroad

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Rudy recalls his determination to go to the United States.

I grew restless. In the small town of my birth and childhood there was peace, serenity and comfort. But none of those things was what I craved. I desired the arena of the world—the audiences to any sort of high endeavour which the great centres of life provide—especially those of the New World, where there is ample room for anything that needs doing and is worth trying for.

The thought and impulse to go to America became so strong within me that I finally communicated it to my mother, and she very naturally was overwhelmed with a sense of the impending loss.

My cousin said: "Let him go. It will do him good. Either make him or break him. And I am sure it will make him if he has any backbone. He will be where he has to fight for his own existence, and will learn to know life. Here he will be absolutely ruined. If he is going to be a criminal, he had better go to America and be one there, where he will not disgrace us and his name."

These family councils—how many young men can look back and remember them. The male members of the family all arguing to let the waster go and be broken or made. The mother hangs back tremulous, fearful, her son's safety of more concern to her than the splendid process, or heart-breaking fear of his being made—or broken. It is the Gethsemane of motherhood, the fear . . . my mother being wise, knew that I should certainly get away from the inert, demoralising influence of that small town. She knew that I wanted to go and that my wanting to get away was the sign of my manhood. But she knew, too, that the odds were against me rather than for me. America was a very long way off—and did she also know that she and I would never meet again on earth? Was that a part of the fear that tore her courage into the little pieces she so valiantly pieced together for my good? I often wonder about that. I so often hope that wasn't a part of what she must have suffered. But I am afraid that it was. Brave little mother; brave mothers the world over who break their hearts and then say to their sons, "Have you hurt yourselves, my sons?"

It was finally and rather painfully decided that I should have my way and go to America. Painfully, because it was conveyed to me by my cousin and other members of the family that



Rudolph Valentino.

I was going by way of a reform rather than anything else. But with the green hardness of youth, I was too much excited at the prospect of the Great Adventure to be much upset about the aspersions on my character. Perhaps because I didn't really believe them. I would show them, anyway—some day they would be proud of me—they would be forced to retract the beastly things they had said and hinted at—I would heap coals of fire upon their heads—wearing, myself, the wreath of laurel! Well, in a measure I have made good on this vision. The only thing I find I want, however, is some certainty that my mother knows—she would be proud of me, I think. And I would like her to know that some of her faith, at least, has been justified. Not all, *that* I could never repay, but enough for her to feel that she was not wholly wrong about me. My belief in the life to come gives me, too, the happy conviction that she *does* know and is glad about it all.

It was my mother who got together



the money for me to go. It was my mother who talked to me, putting not only new courage but new ideals into my heart. If, in the days that followed, my courage ever flagged and I felt like giving up the fight, it was my mother's words that buoyed me up, squared my shoulders and made me try again, when trying seemed a futile, worthless thing.

It was on the morning of December 9, 1913, that I finally embarked on a boat of the Hamburg-American line, and I arrived in New York on December 23rd. Just then the city was making ready for Christmas. I think it was that as much as anything that so stabbed me with homesickness and a regret even for the small town that I had said so stifled me. And, incidentally, on the way over, something occurred to

me that probably gave me my first sense of personal gratitude to America and to Americans. An American saved my life on board ship. I was standing high up in the bow, foolishly, during a raging storm. I was supporting myself I thought, by grasping one of the ropes. All at once I felt a heavy impact on my shoulders, and a moment later a wave leaped over the bow so monumental and so ferocious that it would have swept me from my moorings quicker than it takes to tell. In an instant I would have been snuffed out, extinguished in the forgetful seas. The heavy impact I felt was the hands of an American who had seen the wave coming and had immediately recognised my predicament and had as immediately acted. This small-great thing caused the latent gratitude I felt to rise up in me. And in that I was, I am, no different from my fellow Italians. For we cherish a

—greater love for America than Americans really realise. The multitude who go to America, make their fortunes and come home again, never really forget. Their first spiritual debt they pay to the land that gave them gold.

And so I finally approached America, flaming with zeal, vehement with ambition, eager to take the laud and wrest its secrets from it. Of course, I did not know that what I was to go through was not a series of triumphs dating from my inconspicuous, unheralded and totally unknown arrival, but the test of struggle that makes or unmakes the man.

My first impressions, however, quite came up to my dreams. The skyscrapers of New York — ah, there before my very eyes, quite as I had dreamed, were the monumental shafts of Achievement piercing the very heavens with an arrogant disdain, or a pignard of praise. They were like radiant silver towers to me, the towers that had peopled my dreams, when, a tiny lad, I had envisioned myself a knight and a crusader. They made me feel somehow, safe. One could not fail among them. They were like peaks of Aspiration, leading a man on and on, higher and higher, summits without end. I thrilled to them. I felt a part of them. I had quite forgotten that there were canyons at their bases. Mean little streets and alleyways, where the unsuccessful, those who had aspired in vain, or those who had not aspired at all, travailed and perspired, scurried and skulked, with never an upflung glance. And for a long while it

looked as though I were to become one of the latter company rather than the glittering host I had first thought myself an hereditary part of.

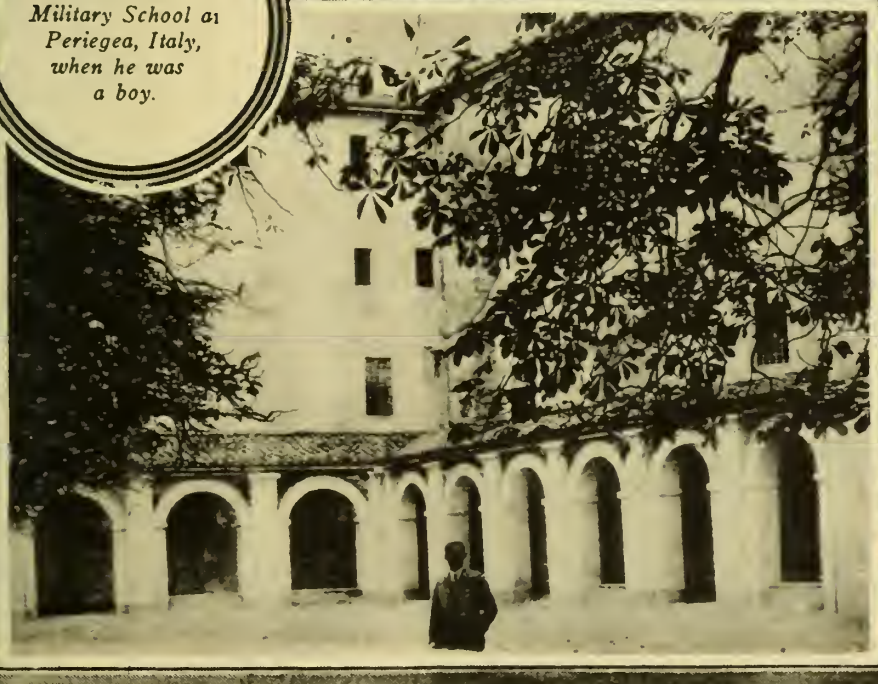
Sometimes I used to think that I was taboo because I had landed in Brooklyn. I should have gone straight into New York, I would think, assailing the battlements first-hand. My first day in New York began rather well—though I mustn't go into this too exhaustively here and now—I went straight to an Italian place, Giolotti's, of which I had heard from a young Italian I met on the boat. Here, or there, I secured a bedroom, sitting room and bath on the front of the house. The money my mother had given me seemed a fortune to me at the time. It never occurred to me that I wouldn't have made another fortune of my own before this one was exhausted. That, more than anything, serves to show how very young and practically inexperienced I

really was. Or else what a high idea I had of myself! I don't know which. I even went to Rector's for luncheon following my very elegant installation. I had read of Rector's in the papers, and it seemed to me to be the eminently suitable place for a young conqueror to lunch at. How soon it was before Rector's was an unthought of eating place for me! In fact, to eat at all became a problem most complex in its exigencies. I often think that I shall never quite be what is known as "spoiled." Any man, or any woman, who has gone friendless and hungry and alone, a stranger in a strange land; anyone who has worn his thin shoe leather thinner still on alien streets, who has faced discouragement and despair on an empty stomach—well, it seems to me that it would take an abnormally buoyant individual to quite forget those days and hours in one fleeting life-time.

Right: A snap taken by Valentino, of a crowd of Castellanan children.



Rudolph went to this Military School at Periegea, Italy, when he was a boy.



Two of the things that first struck me, or occurred to me in New York were:

One, that I got lost, hopelessly lost. I tumbled myself subwaysing violently back and forth from Hoboken to New York, from New York to Brooklyn, from the Battery to the Bronx, getting more horribly confused with every new entanglement. I could speak only the most meagre words in English, far too few to unravel the state I found myself in.

When, at last, drenched to the skin from the pelting winter sleet I had got into, foot-sore, discouraged and tired out, I finally reached my rooms again, I dropped on to the bed and cried like a small and very homesick boy. I bitterly regretted in that hour all that I had done at home, all the valiant resolutions that had landed me in this far country where I could not even find my way about.

(To be continued).

Merton of the Movies

---HARRY LEON WILSON



The rider clasped his mount ever more tightly. The deep dust of the alley road mounted high over the spirited scene, and through it came not only the hearty delight of Metta Judson in peals of womanly laughter, but the shrill cries of the three Ransom children whom Merton had not before noticed. These were Calvin Ransom, aged eight; Elsie Ransom, aged six; and little Woodrow Ransom, aged four. Their mother had lain down with a headache, having first ordered them to take their picture books and sit quietly in the parlour as good children should on a Sabbath afternoon. So they had noisily pretended to obtain the picture books and then quietly tiptoed out into the backyard, which was not so stuffy as the parlour.

Detecting the meritorious doings in the Gashwiler barnyard, they perched in a row on the alley fence and had been excited spectators from the moment that Merton had mounted his horse.

"Merton's in a runaway, Merton's in a runaway, Merton's in a runaway!" they shrieked, but with none of the sympathy that would have become them. They appeared to rejoice in Merton's plight.

Suddenly they ceased, frozen with a new and splendid wonder, for their descriptive phrase was now inexact. Merton was no longer in a runaway. But only for a moment did they hesitate before taking up the new chant.

"Looky, looky. He's thrown Merton right off into the dirt. He's thrown Merton right off into the dirt."

Again they had become exact. Merton was right down there in the dirt, and a frantic, flashing-heeled Dexter was vanishing up the alley at the head of a cloud of dust. The friendly Ransom tots leaped from the fence to the alley, forgetting on her bed of pain the mother who supposed them to be engrossed with picture books in the parlour. With one accord they ran toward the prostrate horseman, Calvin ahead and Elsie a close second, with little Woodrow.

They were presently able to observe that the fleeing Dexter had narrowly escaped running down a motor-car inopportunely turning at that moment into the alley. The gallant animal swerved in time, leaving the car's driver and his wife aghast at their slight margin of safety. Dexter vanished to the right up shaded Spruce Street.

His late rider had erected himself and was beating dust from the new chaps and the front of the new shirt.

"My good gosh!" he muttered.

The Gashwilers had returned a full two hours before their accustomed time. The car halted beside him and his employer leaned out a warmly hostile face.

"What's this mean?" he demanded.

The lady saved Merton from replying. "That was our new clothes-line; I recognised it at once." The woman seemed to pride herself on this paltry feat.

"What's this mean?" again demanded

This enthralling serial commenced in the February issue. Back numbers can be obtained from Publishing Dept., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Gashwiler. He was now a man of one idea.

Again was Merton Gill saved from the need of instant speech, though not in a way he would have chosen to be saved. The three Ransom children ran up, breathless, shouting.

"Oh, Merton, here's your pistol. I found it right in the road there." "We found your pistol right in the dirt there. I saw it first." "You did not; I saw it first. Merton, will you let me shoot it off, Merton? I found your pistol, didn't I, Merton? Didn't I find it right in the road there?" The friendly tots did little step dances while they were thus vocal.

With a harsher show of authority, or perhaps merely because he was bearded—so unreasoning are the inhibitions of the young—Gashwiler stilled the tumult. The dancing died.

"What's this mean?" he repeated.

"We nearly had an accident," said the lady.

"What's this mean?"

An answer of sorts could no longer be delayed.

"Well, I thought I'd give Dexter a little exercise, so I saddled him up and was going to ride him around the block, when—when these kids here yelled and scared him so he ran away."

"Oh, what a story!" shouted the tots in unison. "What a bad story! You'll go to the bad place," intoned little Elsie.

"I swear, I don't know what's gettin' into you," declared Gashwiler. "Don't that horse get exercise enough during the week? Don't he like his day of rest?"

How'd you like me to saddle you up and ride you round the block? I guess you'd like that pretty well, wouldn't you?" Gashwiler fancied himself in this bit of sarcasm, brutal though it was. He toyed with it. "Next Sunday I'll saddle you up and ride you round the block—see how you like that, young man."

"It was our clothes-line," said the lady. "I could tell it right off."

With a womanish tenacity she had fastened to a minor inconsequence of the outrage. Gashwiler became practical.

"Well, I must say, it's a pretty how-do-do. That horse'll make straight back for the farm; we won't have any delivery horse to-morrow. Sue, you get out; I'll go down the road a piece and see if I can head him off."

"He turned the other way," said Merton.

"Well, he's bound to head around for the farm. I'll go up the road and you hurry out the way he went. Mebbe you can catch him before he gets out of town."

Mrs. Gashwiler descended from the car.

"You better have that clothes-line back by seven o'clock to-morrow morning," she warned the offender.

"Yes, ma'am, I will."

This was not spoken in a Buck Benson manner.

"And say"—Gashwiler paused in turning the car—"what you doing in that outlandish rig, anyhow? Must think you're one o' them Wild West cowboys or something. Huh!" This last carried a sneer that stung.

"Well, I guess I can pick out my own clothes if I want to."

"Fine things to call clothes, I must say. Well, go see if you can pick out that horse if you're such a good picker-out."

Again Gashwiler was pleased with himself. He could play venomously with words.

"Yes, sir," said Merton, and plodded on up the alley, followed at a respectful distance by the Ransom kiddies, who at once resumed their vocal exercises.

"He throwed you right off into the dirt, didn't he, Merton? Mer-tun, didn't he throw you off right into the dirt?"

Now he began to meet or to pass early churchgoers who would gaze at him in wonder or in frank criticism. He left the sidewalk and sought the centre of the road, pretending that out there he could better search for a valuable lost horse. The Ransom children were at first in two minds about following him, but they soon found it more interesting to stay on the sidewalk. They could pause to acquaint the churchgoers with a matter of common interest.

"He throwed Merton off right into the dirt."

Spruce Street was vacant of Dexter, but up Elm Street, slowly cropping the wayside herbage as he went, was undoubtedly Merton's good old pal. He quickened his pace. Dexter seemed to

divine his coming and broke into a kitenish gallop until he reached the Methodist Church. Here, appearing to believe that he had again eluded pursuit, he stopped to graze on a carefully tended square of grass before the sacred edifice. He was at once shooed by scandalised old ladies, but paid them no attention. They might perhaps even have tickled him, for this was the best grass he had found since leaving home. Other churchgoers paused in consternation, looking expectantly at the approaching Merton Gill. The three happy children who came up with him left no one in doubt of the late happening.

Merton was still the artist. He saw himself approach Dexter, vault into the saddle, put spurs to the beast, and swiftly disappear down the street. People would be saying that he should not be let to ride so fast through a city street. He was worse than Gus Giddings. But he saw this only with his artist's eye. In sordid fact he went up to Dexter, seized the trailing bridle reins and jerked savagely upon them. Back over the trail he led his good old pal. And for other later churchgoers there were the shrill voices of friendly children to tell what had happened—to appeal confidently to Merton, vaguely ahead in the twilight, to confirm their interesting story.

Dexter, the anarchist, was put to bed without his goodnight kiss. Good old Pinto had done his pal dirt. Never again would he be given a part in Buck Benson's company. Across the alley came the voices of tired, happy children, in the appeal for an encore.

"Mer-tun, please let him do it to you again." "Mer-tun, please let him do it to you again."

And to the back porch came Mrs. Gashwiler to say it was a good thing he'd got that clothes-line back, and came her husband wishing to be told what outlandish notion Merton Gill would next get into the thing he called his head. It was the beginning of the end.

Followed a week of strained relations with the Gashwiler household, including Dexter, and another week of relations hardly more cordial. But thirty dollars was added to the hoard which was now counted almost nightly. And the cruder wits of the village had made rather a joke of Merton's adventure. Some were tasteless enough to rally him coarsely upon the crowded street or at the post office while he awaited his magazines.

And now there were two hundred and seventy-five dollars to put him for ever beyond their jibes. He carefully rehearsed a scathing speech for Gashwiler. He would tell him what he thought of him. That merchant would learn from it some things that would do him good if he believed them, but probably he wouldn't believe them. He would also see that he had done his faithful employé grave injustices. And he would be left in some humiliation, having found, as Merton Gill took himself for ever out of the retail trade, that two could play on words as well as one. It was a good warm speech, and its author knew every word of it from mumbled rehearsal during the two weeks, at times when Gashwiler merely thought he was being queer again.

At last came the day when he decided to recite it in full to the man for whom it had been composed.

He looked Gashwiler firmly in the eye

and said in halting tones, "Mr. Gashwiler, now, I've been thinking I'd like to go West for a while—to California, if you could arrange to let me off, please."

And Mr. Gashwiler had replied, "When was you wishing to go, Merton?"

"Why, I would be much obliged if you'd let me get off to-night on No. 4, Mr. Gashwiler, and I know you can get Spencer Grant to take my place, because I asked him yesterday."

"Very well, Merton. Send Spencer Grant in to see me and you can go to-night. I hope you'll have a good time."

"Of course, I don't know how long I'll be gone. I may locate out there. But then again—"

"That's all right, Merton. Any time you come back you can have your same old job. You've been a good man, and they ain't so plenty these days."

"Thank you, Mr. Gashwiler."

IV.

The street leading to the Holden motion-picture studio, considered by itself, lacks beauty. Flanking it for most



"Mr. Gashwiler, I've been thinking I'd like to go West for awhile — to California."

of the way from the boulevard to the studio gate are vacant lots labeled with their prices and appeals to the passer to buy them. Still, their prices are high enough to mark the thoroughfare as one out of the common, and it is further distinguished by two rows of lofty eucalyptus trees. These have a real feathery beauty, and are perhaps a factor in the seemingly exorbitant prices demanded for the choice bungalow and home sites they shade. Save for a casual pioneer bungalow or two, there are no buildings to attract the notice until one reaches a high fence that marks the beginning of the Holden lot. Back of this fence is secreted a microcosmos, a world in little, where one may encounter strange races of people in their native dress and behold, by walking a block, cities actually apart by league upon league of the earth's surface and separated by centuries of time.

To penetrate this city of many cities, and this actual present of the remote past, one must be of a certain inner elect. Hardly may one enter by assuming the disguise of a native, as daring explorers have sometimes overcome the difficulty of entering other strange cities. Its gate, reached after passing along an impressive expanse of the reticent fence, is watched by a guardian. He is a stoutish man of middle age, not neatly dressed, and of forbidding aspect. His face is ruthless, with a very knowing cynicism. He is there, it would seem, chiefly to keep people out of the delightful city, though from time to time he will bow an assent or wave it with the hand clutching his evening newspaper to one of the favoured lawful inmates, who will then carelessly saunter or drive an expensive motor car through the difficult portal.

Standing across the street, one may peer through this portal into an avenue of the forbidden city. There is an exciting glimpse of greensward, flowering shrubbery, roses, vines, and a vista of the ends of enormous structures painted yellow. And this avenue is sprightly with the passing of enviable persons who are rightly there, some in alien garb, some in the duller uniform of the humble artisan, some in the pressed and garnished trappings of rich overlords.

It is really best to stand across the street for this clandestine view of heart-shaking delights. If you stand close to the gate to peer past the bulky shape of the warder he is likely to turn and give you a cold look. Further, he is averse to light conversation, being always morosely absorbed—yet with an eye ever alert for intrusive outsiders—in his evening paper. He never reads a morning paper, but has some means of obtaining at an early hour each morning a pink or green evening paper that shrieks with crimson headlines. Such has been his reading through all time, and this may have been an element in shaping his now inveterate hostility toward those who would engage him in meaningless talk. Even in accepting the gift of an excellent cigar he betrays only a bored condescension. There is no relenting of countenance, no genial relaxing of an ingrained suspicion toward all who approach him, no cordiality, in short, such as would lead you to believe that he might be glad to look over a bunch of stills taken by the most artistic photographer in all Simsbury, Illinois. So you let him severely alone after a bit, and go to stand across the street, your neatly wrapped art studies under your arm, and leaning

here it was in full measure, without mental subterfuge or vain imaginings. Had he not beheld from this post—he was pretty sure he had—Miss Baxter herself swathed in costly furs, drive a robin's egg-blue roadster through the gate without even a nod to the warder.

Ten days of waiting outside the guarded gate had been his.

office of the casting director, glimpses of which could be obtained through the little window.

The waiting-room itself was not only bare as to floor and walls, but was bleak and inhospitable in its general effect. The wooden seat was uncomfortable, and those who sat upon it along the dull-toned walls appeared depressed and unhopeful, especially after they had braved a talk through the little window with some one who seemed always to be saying, "No, nothing to-day. Yes, perhaps next week. I have your address." When the aspirants were women, as they mostly were, the some one back of the window would add "dear" to the speech: "No, nothing to-day, dear."

There seemed never to be anything to-day, and Clifford Armytage spent very little of his waiting time in this room. It made him uncomfortable to be stared at by other applicants, whether they stared casually, incuriously, or whether they seemed to appraise him disparagingly, as if telling him frankly that for him there would never be anything to-day.

Then he saw that he, too, must undergo that encounter at the little window. Too apparently he was not getting anywhere by loitering about outside. It was exciting, but the producers would hardly look there for new talent.

He chose a moment for this encounter when the waiting-room was vacant, not caring to be stared at when he took this first step in forming a connection that was to be notable in screen annals. He approached the window, bent his head, and encountered the gaze of a small, comely woman with warm brown eyes, neat reddish hair, and a quick manner. The gaze was shrewd; it seemed to read all that was needed to be known of this new candidate.

"Yes?" said the woman.

She looked tired and very businesslike, but her manner was not unkind. The novice was at once reassured. He was presently explaining to her that he wished to act in the pictures at this particular studio. No, he had not had much experience; that is, you could hardly call it experience in actual acting, but he had finished a course of study and had a diploma from the General Film Production Company of Stebbinsville, Arkansas, certifying him to be a competent screen actor. And of course he would not at first expect a big part. He would be glad to take a small part to begin with—almost any small part until he could familiarise himself with studio conditions. And here was a bunch of stills that would give anyone an idea of the range of parts he was prepared to play, society parts in a full-dress suit, or soldier parts in a trench coat and lieutenant's cap, or juveniles in the natty suit with the belted coat, and in the storm-king model belted overcoat. And of course Western stuff—these would give an idea of what he could do—cowboy outfit and all that sort of thing, chaps and spurs and guns and so forth. And he was prepared to work hard and struggle and sacrifice in order to give the public something better and finer, and would it be possible to secure some small part at once? Was a good all-round actor by any chance at that moment needed in the company of Miss Beulah Baxter, because he would especially like such a part, and he would be ready to start at work at any time—to-morrow, or even to-day.

The tired little woman beyond the

against the trunk of a eucalyptus tree you stare brazenly past him into the city of wonders.

It is thus we first observe that rising young screen actor, Clifford Armytage, beginning the tenth day of his determined effort to become much more closely identified with screen activities than hitherto. Ten days of waiting outside the guarded gate had been his, but no other ten days of his life had seemed so eventful or passed so swiftly. For at last he stood before his goal, had actually fastened his eyes upon so much of it as might be seen through its gate. Never had he achieved so much downright actuality.

Back in Simsbury on a Sunday morning he had often strolled over to the depot at early train time for a sight of the two metal containers housing the films shown at the Bijou Palace the day before. They would be on the platform, pasted over with express labels. He would stand by them, even touch them, examine the padlocks, turn them over, heft them; actually hold within his grasp the film wraith of Beulah Baxter in a terrific instalment of *The Hazards of Hortense*. Those metal containers imprisoned so much beauty, of daring, of young love striving against adverse currents—held the triumphant fruiting of Miss Baxter's toil and struggle and sacrifice to give the public something better and finer. Often he had caressed the crude metal with a reverent hand, as if his wonder woman herself stood there to receive his homage.

That was actuality, in a way. But

Indeed, that one glimpse of reality had been worth his ten days of waiting—worth all his watching of the gate and its keeper until he knew every dent in the keeper's derby hat, every bristle in his unkempt moustache, every wrinkle of his inferior raiment, and every pocket from which throughout the day he would vainly draw matches to relight an apparently fireproof cigar. Surely waiting thus rewarded could not be called barren.

When he grew tired of standing he could cross the street and rest on a low bench that encircled one of the eucalyptus trees. Here were other waiters without the pale, usually men of strongly marked features, with a tendency to extremes in stature or hair or beards or noses, and not conspicuously neat in attire. These, he discovered, were extras awaiting employment, many of them Mexicans or strange-appearing mongrels, with a sprinkling of Negroes. Often he could have recruited there a band of outlaws for desperate deeds over the border. He did not fraternise with these waifs, feeling that his was another plane.

He had spent three days thus about the studio gate when he learned of the existence of another entrance. This was a door almost opposite the bench. He ventured through it and discovered a bare room with a wooden seat running about its sides. In a partition opposite the entrance was a small window and over it the words "Casting Director." One of the two other doors led to the interior, and through this he observed pass many of the chosen. Another door led to the



opening listened patiently to this, interrupting several times to say over an insistent telephone, "No, nothing to-day, dear." She looked at the stills with evident interest and curiously studied the face of the speaker as she listened. She smiled wearily when he was through and spoke briskly.

"Now, I'll tell you, son; all that is very nice, but you haven't had a lick of real experience yet, have you?—and things are pretty quiet on the lot just now. To-day there are only two companies shooting. So you couldn't get anything to-day or to-morrow or probably for a good many days after that, and it won't be much when you get it. You may get on as an extra after a while when some of the other companies start shooting, but I can't promise anything, you understand. What you do now—leave me your name and address and telephone number."

"Yes, ma'am," said the applicant, and supplied these data.

"Clifford Armytage!" exclaimed the woman. "I'll say that's some warm name!"

"Well, you see"—he paused, but resolved to confide freely in this friendly seeming person—"you see, I picked that out for a good name to act under. It sounds good, doesn't it? And my own right name is only Merton Gill, so I thought I'd better have something that sounded a little more—well, you know."

"Sure!" said the woman. "All right, have any name you want; but I think I'll call you Merton when you come again. You needn't act with me, you know. Now, let's see—name, age, height, good general wardrobe, house address, telephone number—oh, yes, tell me where I can find you during the day."

"Right out here," he replied firmly. "I'm going to stick to this studio and not go near any of the others. If I'm not in this room I'll be just outside there, on that bench around the tree, or just across the street where you can see through the gate and watch the people go through."

"Say!" Again the woman searched his face and broke into her friendly smile. "Say, you're a real nut, aren't you? How'd you ever get this way?"

And again he was talking, telling now of his past and his struggles to educate himself as a screen actor—one of the best. He spoke of Simsbury and Gashwiler and of Lowell Hardy who took his stills, and of Tessie Kearns, whose sympathy and advice had done so much to encourage him. The woman was joyously attentive. Now she did more than smile. She laughed at intervals throughout the narrative, though her laughter seemed entirely sympathetic and in no way daunted the speaker.

"Well, Merton, you're a funny one—I'll say that. You're so kind of ignorant and appealing. And you say this Bughalter or Gigwater or whatever his name is will take you back into the store any time? Well, that's a good thing to remember, because the picture game is a hard game. I wouldn't discourage a nice clean boy like you for the world, but there are a lot of people in pictures right now that would prefer a steady job like that one you left."

"It's Gashwiler—that name."

"Oh, all right, just so you don't forget it and forget the address."

The new applicant warmly reassured her.

"I wouldn't be likely to forget that, after living there all these years."

When he left the window the woman was again saying into the telephone, "No, dear, nothing to-day. I'm sorry."

It was that night he wrote to Tessie Kearns:

DEAR FRIEND TESSIE:

Well, Tessie, here I am, safe and sound in Hollywood after a long ride on the cars that went through many strange and interesting cities and different parts of the country, and I guess by this time you must have thought I was forgetting my old friends back in Simsbury; but not so, I can assure you, for I will never forget our long talks together and how you cheered me up often when the sacrifice and struggle seemed more than any man could bear. But now I feel repaid for all that sacrifice and struggle, for I am here where the pictures are made, and soon I will be acting different parts in them, though things are quiet on the lot now with only two companies shooting to-day; but more companies will be shooting in a few days more and then will come the great opportunity for me as soon as I get known, and my different capabilities, and what I can do and everything.

I had a long talk to-day with the lady out in front that hires the actors, and she was very friendly, but said it might be quite some time, because only two companies on the lot were shooting to-day, and she said if Gashwiler had promised to keep my old job for me to be sure and not forget his address, and it was laughable that she should say such a thing, because I would not be liable to forget his address when I lived there so long. She must have thought I was very forgetful, to forget that address.

There is some great scenery around this place, including many of the Rocky Mountains, etc., that make it look beautiful, and the city of Los Angeles is bigger than Peoria. I am quite some distance out of the centre of the town, and I have a nice furnished room about a mile from the Holden studios, where I will be hired after a few more companies get to shooting on the lot.

There is an electric iron in the kitchen where one can press their clothes. And my furnished room is in the house of a Los Angeles society woman and her husband who came here from Iowa. Their little house with flowers in front of it is called a bungalow. The husband, Mr. Patterson, had a farm in Iowa, six miles out from Cedar Falls, and he cares little for society; but the wife goes into society all the time, as there is hardly a day just now that some society does not have its picnic, and one day it will be the Kansas Society picnic and the next day it will be the Michigan Society having a picnic, or some other state, and of course the Iowa Society that has the biggest picnic of all, and Mr. Patterson says his wife can go to all these society functions if she wants, but he does not care much for society, and he is thinking of buying a half interest in a good soft-drink place just to pass the time away, as he says after the busy life he has led he needs something to keep him busy, but his wife thinks only of society.

I take my meals out at different places, especially at drug stores. I guess you would be surprised to see these drug stores where you can go in and sit at the soda counter and order your coffee and sandwiches and custard pie and eat them right there in the drug store, but there are other places, too, like cafeterias, where you put your dishes on a tray and

carry it to your own table. It is all quite different from Simsbury, and I have seen oranges growing on the trees, and there are palm trees, and it does not snow here; but the grass is green and the flowers bloom right through the winter, which makes it very attractive with the Rocky Mountains standing up in the distance, etc.

Well, Tessie, you must excuse this long letter from your old friend, and write me if any company has accepted *Passion's Perils*, and I might have a chance to act in that some day, and I will let you know when my first picture is released and the title of it so you can watch out for it when it comes to the Bijou Palace.

I often think of the old town, and would like to have a chat with you and my other old friends, but I am not homesick, only sometimes I would like to be back there, as there are not many people to chat with here and one would almost be lonesome sometimes if they could not be at the studio.

But I must remember that work and struggle and sacrifice are necessary to give the public something better and finer and become a good screen actor. So no more at present, from your old friend, and address Clifford Armytage at above number, as I am going by my stage name, though the lady at the Holden lot said she liked my old name better and called me that, and it sounded pretty good, as I have not got used to the stage name yet.

(Another long instalment of this enthralling movie serial will appear in next month's PICTUREGOER. Order your copy now)



At last it was Western stuff and no fooling.

Filming at Fontainebleau-

by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

On location with Gloria Swanson in
"Madame Sans Gene."

As I entered the immense and well-equipped Pathé studio at Joinville a beautiful blood red carpet was laid on the ground, and was being carefully brushed by a few workmen. Much pleased at the honour paid to the visit of the PICTUREGOER I assumed my best military air, and strode briskly into the apartment of "Napoleon Buonaparte" in the Palace of Fontainebleau.

As the courtyard that lay between my little Citroen and the entrance to the studio was one vast trench of mud, the carpet received sundry decorations much to the delight of the workmen



Above: Gloria Swanson and Charles de Roche (Marechal Lefebre).

"What about St. Helena?" I murmured to Napoleon.

Buonaparte counted the letters, then replied:

"Go away. I hate you!"

All this happened while Famous Players Lasky, in other words Paramount, were making their nineteen million francs production *Madame Sans Gene* with Gloria Swanson in the title rôle. The interiors were being

*Awaiting Napoleon's arrival
at Fontainebleau
Palace.*



Above:
A rest between scenes.

Left to right: The three seated figures are the Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria Swanson, and Leonce Perret.

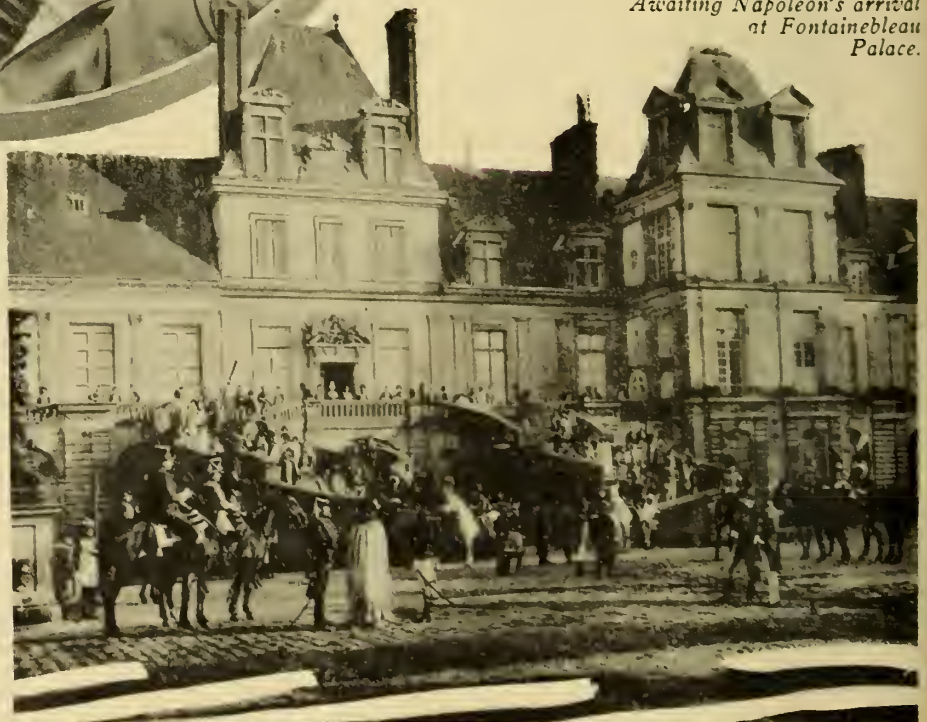
kneeling on it. They smiled sweetly as I passed. I noticed this particularly as they put their hands to their mouths to show how wide these smiles were.

In one corner, far from the glare of the arc lamps and spots, a man, with a familiar profile sat poring over a map. Piercing were his eyes, determined his chin, his mouth cold and hard, and his nose like an eagle's beak. I at once surmised that the Emperor was ardently studying his plans of battle. I approached him, and with deference inquired:

"Russia or Egypt?"

He shook his head sorrowfully, and without looking up, returned:

"I'm afraid not. It's a word in eleven letters, rhyming with butter and ending in oomph." And he tapped his teeth with his pencil.



filmed in the studio at Joinville, a suburb of Paris, while the exteriors were all done with the permission of the French Government on the identical spots located in the story.

Thousands of extras were used in the big fighting scenes which were done in the old streets of Paris and in sets built in the grounds of the studio.

The biggest scenes of all, however, occurred in the grounds of Fontainebleau Palace, when five thousand extras were being used for weeks on end. The whole front of the Palace was illuminated, while on the lake thousands of pounds worth of fireworks were let off several nights in succession, with the result that all Fontainebleau turned out to see. An aeroplane circling overhead kept the waves of smoke away, so that the cameramen, Webber and Bizeul, were able to record some of the finest firework photography ever made.

A huge canteen was constructed where hot coffee, rum and food was served to the tired extras who were being kept until six o'clock in the morning on the night scenes. The tension was so great in the big scenes that many women fainted.

In the interval of the filming Gloria Swanson told me that she considers this production to be the finest that she has ever done.

"I love the part, and I seem to live it with such good effect that I am almost con-

"Sans Gene" (Gloria Swanson) pleads with "Napoleon" (Emile Drain).

Oval: Gloria Swanson as "Madame Sans Gene." Below: "Napoleon" seeks new worlds to conquer.



Adolph Zukor congratulating Gloria after an emotional scene.



vinced that I am a reincarnation of 'Madame Sans Gene.'

"Let me tell you a secret. 'Madame Sans Gene' was a bad laundress. I was washing some collars yesterday, and would you believe it, they came out of the suds all frayed. But I am more expert with shirts. It is true that my strong point is neither the cuffs nor the neckband, but the rest I usually get almost

perfect, except for a slight tear here and there, and a few stains now and again; but then, that happens in the best regulated laundries, does it not?"

I nodded my disgusted assent.

Madame Sans Gene has also proved a wonderful love story in real life. For it was during this production that Gloria Swanson fell in love with the Marquis de la Falaise, with the result that she is no longer an American but a Parisienne.

Arms & the Movies

We have more armour in celluloid than we have in the Tower of London. The Soldiers of the Screen are a great and goodly band.

In the days of antimacassars and side-whiskers, it was always the Squire's youngest son or the fool of the family who "took the Queen's shilling," but with the advent of the Great War and the films, all that is changed. The Foreign Legion has now lost its exclusive claim to the proud slogan "All-comers taken and no questions asked."

Consider: the hero of our story is rich and dissipated or, perhaps, in debt and dissipated—it doesn't really matter what he is, as long as he's dissipated—make him an artist or a dancer—studios and cabarets screen so well. He thinks of nothing but *thés dausant* and *billets doux*, he has a fascinating way with

John Gilbert and Aileen Pringle in "His Hour."



Stuart Holmes as "Black Michael" in "The Prisoner of Zenda."



married ladies and a wonderful ability to run through money. The War breaks out. Some latent manhood awakes in our hero and "to arms and war" he flees. Once there he has three courses open to him. He may either be killed, à la Rudolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*; in which case, he saves himself a lot of trouble with the lady's husband; be wounded, à la Lionel Barrymore in *Enemies of Women*, in which case he is invalidated out and lives happy, though crooked, ever after; or come through unscathed, à la Ramon Novarro in *Trifling Women*.

To those who wish to enrol themselves under the last course I would point out that this almost invariably leads to being killed by the lady's husband. But anyhow, whichever course these rakes take, they also perform prodigies of valour, become the most popular man in the regiment and their fathers—if they have one—are proud of them, and their ladies—and they're sure to have at least one—inspired by their attitude, determined to be just as noble and, to that end, put Love aside and become nurses.

Sometimes, however, the hero is a soldier all the way through, like Don José—the obtuse angle of the *Carmen* triangle—of such a type is Ronald Coleman, the "Lieutenant Severi" of *The White Sister*. He has to choose "twixt Love and Duty," the former represented by Lillian Gish, the latter by the Italian Army. Duty wins and the film comes to a logically unhappy ending.

We have seen more armour in celluloid than we have in the Tower. We have seen Richard of the Lion Heart in *Robin Hood* start out on a Crusade somewhat in the style of *The Covered Wagon* only a little more covered—being played by Wallace Beery, this monarch took an outside in armour. We saw a flagrant waste of the same commodity when the drawbridge in *Yolanda* collapsed, carrying to a watery death many a stout knight armed cap a pie, we also saw the knighthood even more burlesqued in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. But to make up for that, there is the really dignified reconstruction of the Battle of Montlery in the French film *The Miracle of the Wolves*.

Two or three centuries pass. Louis XI, by the Grace of God, King of France, by birth Tully Marshall, bestows a captaincy on Phoebus de Chateaupers—in private life Norman Kerry. More centuries pass. Milton Sills joins the army of Queen Anne in *A Lady of Quality* and we see



Edmund Lowe and Florence Vidor in "The Love of a Patriot."

the sugar-loaf hats and queues of old England. Another generation or so and we find John Barrymore as *Beau Brummell* serving under George of England. Not to be outdone, brother Lionel has himself transported to the America of the same period and becomes the villainous English officer in *Love and Sacrifice*. Also not to be outdone, George Walsh joined the ranks of

Right: Francis X Bushman and an Algerian warrior in "Ben Hur."



Above Norman Kerry plays a French Officer in "The Phantom of the Opera." Right: The soldier comrades in "Love and Glory." Charles de Roche and Wallace McDonald.



Wellington's Army and very obligingly won the Battle of Waterloo for us in *Vanity Fair*.

But we must not forget that important thing, the costume film. The wars of the Babylonians and Persians were, I believe, the first to be filmed. Elmo Lincoln, as "The

Mighty Man of Valour" performed prodigies of bravery, and died valiantly challenging the entire Persian army single-handed. We have marched oftentimes with the Roman legionaries in Italian spectacles and we have seen, by kind courtesy of Doug Fairbanks, old Bagdad overrun with Mongol hordes.

Last, but decidedly not least, comes the finest soldier of all, Henry B. Walthall's "Little Colonel" in *The Birth of a Nation*, one of the greatest performances in the annals of the screen.

No one who has seen the film can forget his dignified salute to his mother and sisters when he first joined up, his deliciously self-conscious fondling of his newly-grown moustache when he is reading the letter from home or his look of frozen horror when he carries home the body of his little sister.

But though screen soldiers may come and Mars in movies may go, I doubt whether H. B. Walthall's "Colonel Ben Cameron" will ever find his match. W. B. TURNER.



Above: Tony Moreno as the hero of "One Year To Live," completes his make-up with four fair feminine assistants.

Screen Scribes

Reams have been written about the different stars and players who live and love upon the screen, and the directors who pull the strings of their actor-puppets so that photo-plays may more sincerely portray life in all its varied aspect also come in for their share of publicity.

But the scenario and continuity writers, whose names figure only on the preliminary subtitles of the film are almost entirely overlooked by the public. It seems so easy to tell a story on the screen, therefore everybody forms the mistaken idea that writing a scenario is an easy task. Nothing of the kind. Every movement of every actor is analysed, in the mind of the scenarist with a view to its effect upon the finished picture, and every word in the scenario presents a definite group of players, properties and lighting.

To the uninitiated, C.U., or Med. L.S. mean less than nothing, but to the director or the camera-man they signify the angle from which a scene or a player is to be photographed. C.U. stands for Close-Up, and Med. L. S. for Medium Long Shot, the first bringing the camera right in front of the player, the second placing it so that neither scene nor player are too close to the audience.

All this technique must be at the finger's ends of the scenarist, who first proceeds to eliminate everything but the bare bones of the story, around which he or she then drapes the thousand and one details and incidentals leading up to the climax.

Dorothy Farnum, one of the best-known screen scribes in the field is young in years, but her literary achievements and her vivid imaginative gifts won her a long term contract with Warner Bros. *Beau Brummel*, *Lovers' Lane*, *Babbitt*, *Being Respectable*, *The Lover of Camille*, and *A Lost Lady* are examples of her work.

"Talent," she declares, "is essential, of course, in writing for the screen, but training is an all-important factor also. One must sit back and watch life go by, life and people. Then too, history, science, art, and above all, current events must be studied continually."

Comedy scenarios are amongst the most difficult to write, Chaplin and Lloyd usually make themselves responsible for theirs. In the light comedy department, Amba Leos and John Emerson star, Julien Josephen, too, has a knack of presenting any plot from a comical angle. He is, too, a successful short story writer.

Olga Prinzlau, whose first effort was a Mary Pickford story when Mary was with Griffith, has since adapted many hundreds of stories for the screen. She was originally a portrait painter.

Another clever woman writer, Marion Fairfax, who was the scenarist of *The*

Continuity writers belong to a new school of literature which lives and has its being only in motion picture studios. It is complicated work, about which the general public knows little or nothing.

Marion Fairfax.



C. Gardner Sullivan.

Lost World, first gained fame as a playwright. At one time she used to write all Marshall Neilan's continuities.

The dean of them all, however, is C. Gardner Sullivan, who was connected with Thomas Ince for so many years. He has lost count of the number of his efforts, but he wrote or adapted prac-



Dorothy Farnum.

tically every film made by William Hart, Charles Ray, Enid Bennett and the other Ince stars.

Slowly but surely, the always increasing demand for scenarists is creating a new school of writers who concentrate their entire general knowledge as well as their literary talent to the art of the motion picture.



Olga Prinzlau.

What'll They Do?

According to the screen stars the unanimous reply is "Anything but go into the Movies." Movie mammas and papa's declare, with but few exceptions, that they do not wish their little ones to become child-actors and actresses.

"I didn't raise my child to be a screen star."

Now that it has become fashionable in the best moving picture circles to boast of one's children, this seems to be the national anthem of Hollywood.

In one way, it's not surprising. There isn't a bond salesman on earth, perhaps, who doesn't want his son to be something bright and strange, an architect, perhaps, or an engineer—"nothing to do with salesmanship, it's a rotten job for a he-man." And there isn't an engineer who doesn't hope his son will be a bond salesman, "that's where the money is—too many engineers in this country."

So it is in the pictures. Most of the stars sincerely hope their girls will shun the Kleig lights. They have no wish to found screen dynasties.

They are particularly virulent about permitting their young boys and girls to play child parts. You will notice that none of the famous child actors, no child actors at all, in fact, are the progeny of prominent players. The Keatons alone have broken this rule, more in domestic fun than anything else, and permitted their youngsters to appear with them in *Our Hospitality*.

Don't get the impression that grown-up players object to Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy. They simply feel that since there is no legitimate reason, such as particular talent or need of money, their children have no business in the studio. Nobody feels more strongly on this point than Claire Windsor, whose beautiful little five-year-old son, Billy, has had offers galore to go into the movies.

"The work's too hard for a child, unless he is a genius," declares Claire Windsor. "The ordinary child gets too sophisticated around a studio. I want Billy to

Below: Noah Beery's son showing distinct signs of becoming a promising actor. But father doesn't often encourage him like this.



Above: Mae Marsh with Mary Marsh Armes.



Above Douglas Fairbanks, junior, who has definitely adopted a screen career, despite his famous sire's advice to wait a few years longer.



be a happy, normal little boy like thousands of other little boys. Of course, when he gets of age, if he insists on going into the movies——”

Well, Claire Windsor signifies that anyhow she won't cut him off with a nickel to make his own way. That about describes the reluctant attitude of the other stars.

Perhaps Seena Owen has stated most clearly the representative attitude of the screen parent. Seena Owen spoke not only for her own daughter, Patricia, aged six, whose father is George Walsh, but for Patricia's little cousin, Katherine, five, with whom she is being brought up.



teens, I want her to go through college. I want her to have the best training possible for earning her own living.

“If she should begin to show a desire to go into the movies, I'll do my best to help her. There are certain things that should be emphasised in the training of a child who is going to act on the screen. Good health is one. All mothers should emphasise

Katherine is the daughter of Seena Owen's sister, Lillie Hayward, the scenario writer. Both children are great movie fans, their favourites being Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, but while Katherine already insists ardently that she is going to be a screen actress, Patricia's ambitions at present are confined to stretching her weekly allowance as far as possible.

“It's only a dollar a week,” laughed Seena Owen, “but the way that child handles it shows that, if anything, she is going to be a good business woman. That's not a bad asset for a movie star. either. I give her an allowance on purpose. I think children can't be trained too young to realise the value of money and learn to use it wisely.

“I hope most of all that she'll marry early and happily. That, after all, is the best career for a woman. Judging from her abilities now, I think she'll be most interested in being a business woman. If she feels that way in her

Top: The Smith Family (Vitagraph). Left to right: Audrey, Jean Paige (Mrs. Smith), Gordon and Albert E. Smith with Albert, junior. Above: Victor Seastrom (left) admiring Creighton Hale and his sons. Pat is the officer and Bob the midshipman. Right: Milton Sills with his wife and daughter Dorothy snapped between scenes of “The Sea Hawk.”





Left: Seena Owen hopes her little Patricia will not become a movie star, but will marry early and happily. Right circle: Little Louis, daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett usually goes with Daddy on location but has not, so far, faced the Kleigs. Left circle: Conrad Nagel and his charming little daughter, Ruth.

college if she meant to go into the movies, because youth counts so much, but I would see that she got a general art education in music, drawing, stage technique, dancing, and in elocution, the use of her voice. That sounds strange for the movies, doesn't it? But I think an expressive and well-modulated voice does a lot for any girl and so many screen stars now act or get opportunities to act before the footlights as well as the Kleigs.

"I think sixteen would be about right for her to make a start, if I were with her. If not, then nineteen. Believe me, youth counts, and she'll find out fast enough that that's one of the saddest things about working in the pictures. I think that is one of the reasons we don't look forward with enthusiasm to having our children follow in our footsteps. We know



this, of course, but it's particularly necessary in the movies. You have to be radiantly healthy, chock full of vitality, to succeed in that profession. I should see that Patricia learned to swim, to ride horseback, play tennis and golf and drive a car, for the more things you can do the better is your chance for getting a start. I'd try to train her not to be afraid of anything. You can't afford to be in pictures. "I wouldn't advise her to go to



Above: Adolphe Menjou with his son. Note the great likeness between them. Left: Mr. and Hoot Gibson with little Lois, age three.



Ella Hall (left), who is Mrs. Emory Johnson in private life has retired from the screen. And she declares herself positively against a screen career for her three lovely children. But as father and mother both found fame in the movies, maybe they will insist on a like career when they are old enough to choose. Oval: Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay, with Mary Hay, junior, snapped in Central Park.

how many more heartbreaks there'll be for them in this profession than in any other."

Isn't that what Mary Pickford said the other day, when she was discussing a screen career for her little adopted niece—"success on the screen is measured by a few brief years?" And isn't that what probably influenced Douglas Fairbanks to urge his son to wait and give further thought to going into the movies? It's the way Conrad Nagel feels about his little daughter, Ruth, and Mae Marsh about hers and Noah Beery about his boy. It's the way the Emory Johnsons feel about their three lovely children.

The motion picture directors, on the other hand, are far more enthusiastic about seeing their children in the movies. Perhaps because they haven't such a first-hand knowledge of the drudgery and heartbreak. Rex Ingram has adopted a little Arab boy, Kada, for the sole purpose of raising him to be a screen star. Rupert Hughes' son, Rush, has acted in several pictures, Cecil B. De Mille declared that if his daughter, Cecilia, fifteen, and his adopted children, Katherine, twelve, John, nine, and Richard, eighteen months, should

(Continued on page 53).



Below: Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille with their daughter and two other adopted children.



Above: Billy Windsor, has made a few brief appearances in celluloid with his mother Claire Windsor, who, however, declares the work is too hard for him and prefers to keep him away from the studios.



ON LOCATION



Three of the six huge trucks used for filming the buffalo stampede in "The Thundering Herd" at Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



Monte Blue and Norma Shearer watch Hazel Kennedy emote in "The Snob."



King Vidor directing "The Wife of the Centaur." Aileen Pringle stands by the camera men.



Above: Tom Meighan has his fortune told by Indian straw magic between scenes of "The Alaskan" at Alberta. Right: The special Pullman train used for filming "Excuse Me," with Conrad Nagel and Renee Adorée.



Simple Semon

Larry of that ilk is not so simple off the screen, else he would never have become one of the three best beloved comedians in filmland.

Little would one think that for years Larry Semon, one of the screen's cleverest fun-makers had been consumed with a great desire to make a film of America's foremost fantastic comedy story.

Comedians are usually labelled as being born idiots who are as funny off the screen as they are on it; who toss custard pies at the luncheon table, place pails of whitewash in grandfather's path, ogle all the pretty girls and think only in terms of baggy trousers, and funny hats. Few are given credit for being serious-minded men, and it does not seem to occur to anyone that perhaps the comedian really hates his job and is merely giving the public what he is told the picturegoers want.

"Film stars are what the public make them," I once heard someone

Below: Dorothy Dwan, who has become Mrs. Larry Semon



Top left:
The final
stunt in "The
Wizard of Oz."

Above: Bryant Washburn who grew a moustache specially for his role in this movie.

say, and this, in a sense, is true. Mary Pickford did the most daring thing in her career when she decided to forsake short frocks and play a gown-up part on the screen. Most people thought they would never like Mary again—and Mary showed her bravery by doing just what she thought the public might like. She might have failed, and then . . . well—Mary scored a triumph, so why dwell on what might have been.

Larry Semon in filming a spectacular comedy has also dared what few others would have cared to undertake.

To dive straight from slap-stick into a romantic comedy with the imaginary city of Oz as a background, to build "sets" which would do justice to an historical super film, and to introduce such artistes as Bryant Washburn, Mary Carr, and Josef Swickard into comedy took a lot of courage. But Semon has the courage of his convictions.

Few realise that Semon is one of the most modest and retiring of film stars, and that if he were not such a successful film comedian, he could earn a fortune as a cartoonist and caricaturist, or as a magician. But Semon wouldn't tell you so. It must have been the magician in him which so attracted him



Above: Dorothy Dwan and Larry Semon.

to L. Frank Baum's story, which is full of wizardry. In *The Wizard of Oz*, magic runs riot—all the eye-deceiving "stunts" which Larry has stored up in his brain ever since he first read the story, have been allowed full play.

In Italy Semon has a bigger vogue than Chaplin. He has been awarded the Medal d'Onore of the Milan Fair, and so much have the Italians taken him to their hearts that they call him, not Larry Semon—but Ridolini.

Now, their Ridolini is married and one day, soon, Semon hopes to visit Italy. With the signing of his new contract with British Exhibitors' Films for the distribution of his films in England comes the promise from Semon to make a film in Britain. It is rumoured that he may combine a delayed honeymoon and business and come to London within the next few weeks. If so, we shall have the opportunity of meeting in person not only Semon, but his charming wife *née* Dorothy Dwan, with whom he fell in love whilst she was creating his Princess in *The Wizard of Oz*.

Larry Semon is reminiscent of the most popular of French clowns, with a whimsicality which has brought him thousands of admirers. Clowns are born tragedians, and one wonders if some day Semon may not be seen in serious productions. It takes a clever man to be a fool—and if Semon should suddenly desire to play Hamlet we shall have lost one of the few screen stars who make life more bearable.

Left: Larry Semon as the Kansas simpleton "The Wizard of Oz"
Below: Charles Murray and a resplendent "Topper."



Three of the principals in "The Wizard of Oz."

Feeding Film Folk

Catering for a small picnic party of three thousand strong is a bit of an undertaking.

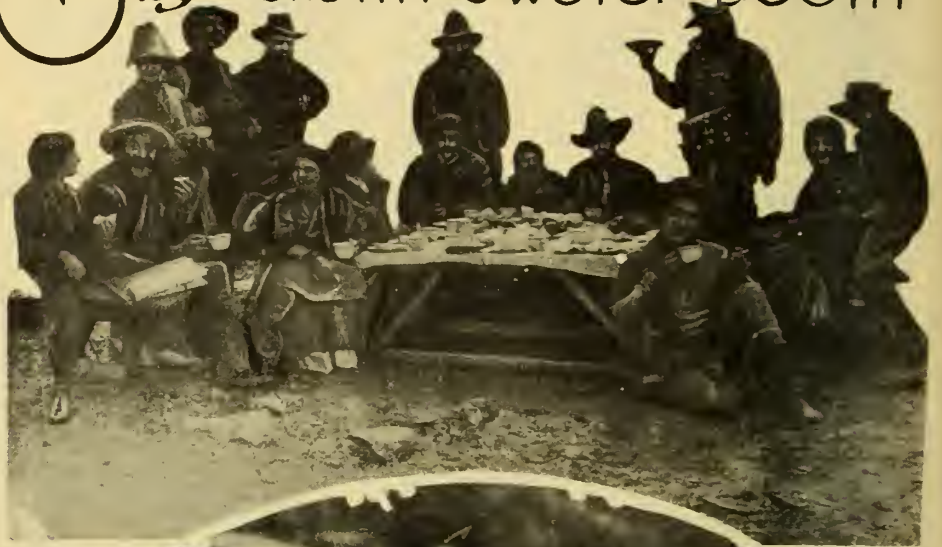
To cater for a picnic party of three thousand strong! To organise the commissariat department of a movie picture company stationed for a twelve-month fifty miles away from the nearest town!

These, in the present day of the "super" screen play, are mere details in the life of a film producer in America.

In the making of films within the British Isles, location work provides none of these tremendous feats of organisation; for, in our "tight, little Island," it is impossible to move further than a day's journey from the environs of civilisation. Location feeding, therefore, is merely a matter of packing up one, or at most two, meals for the company while further feeding is always available at a wayside hotel even if the nearest town is a few miles away.

But "across the herring pond" things have been handed out on a much larger scale. In order to get the exact locale described in the script it is often necessary for the producer to take his company away out into barren territory at the back of beyond. The nearest town or village may be

Top right: "The Covered Wagon" company refresh the inner man. Below: An interior view of a "Mess Hall" on location.



Betty Compson seeks solace in sandwiches and milk after a stressful scene.



anything from ten to eighty miles away; and on the efficiency of the commissariat department depends, therefore, the comfort, health and even the life of the entire company.

When John Ford was producing *The Iron Horse* for the Fox Film Company he spent nearly three years on location with a company of movie players, cameramen and technical assistants totalling between two and three thousand. Naturally, the feeding of such a vast army, for so long a period, necessitated ideal organisation. Two hundred cooks and assistants were required, while about fifty men were employed in transporting food from the nearest point of the railroad to the movie camp. Through deserts and over the roughest mountain tracks these transport workers had to convey the food supplies with the help of covered

wagons, or pack mules, according to the kind of country through which they had to travel. As the company was constantly moving camp to fresh locations the transport men encountered almost every possible kind of country and untold difficulties.

On one occasion a huge snowdrift completely blocked the mountain pass across which the pack mules must travel. This caused a delay of several days while the transport men cleared a passage through the snow.

In the meantime, the company, working strenuously in appallingly wintry weather,

vans. The tent kitchens were equipped with elaborate, portable field stoves; while five large marquees were needed to seat the company when meals were served. Informal suppers around huge camp fires, enlivened by music provided by members of the company, made occasional entertainments for the delectation of this large gathering of people whose work kept them thus miles away from civilisation for so many long months.



Right: Gloria Swanson refreshes between meals.



had to exist on short rations. The Chinese, of whom there was a large number in the cast, cheerfully subsisted on small quantities of rice; but to the more brawny Americans the curtailed rations were distinctly unpleasant.

To supply the company with water during the time they spent in the desert, enormous barrels, enclosed in special heat resisting containers, were conveyed in wagons of the kind used for desert journeys in the old pioneer days. A herd of steers was travelled with the company to provide a supply of fresh meat; and a huge store of vegetables and fruits was kept fresh by means of specially built refrigerator

Above: One of the huge marquees used as a Mess Hall when a large party are on location.



Tom Meighan and Lila Lee take tea on the set.



Jane Novak presiding over a "native lunch," on location on a South Sea isle.

An even vaster and more elaborate scheme of location organisation was required when Cecil B. De Mille went out into the sandy waste, two hundred miles north of Hollywood, with a company of three thousand for the filming of *The Ten Commandments*. For the housing of this huge company a "town" of five hundred and fifty tents was built with a special pumping station, connected with the nearest town many miles away, for the supply of water.

In the camp mess hall over seven thousand meals were served each day. A dairy farm of over a hundred cows and countless fowls supplied milk, butter and eggs to the enormous com-

(Continued on page 49.)

**CREIGHTON HALE**

A stage actor who found film fame in a serial "The Exploits of Elaine" opposite Pearl White, and has alternated between stage and screen ever since. He's Irish, avowing Cork as his birthplace and has light brown hair and grey eyes.



Photo by Soulat Boursus

NINA VANNA

Was born at Minsk, and educated at Astrakan, beside the Volga. She looks like a dark haired edition of Lillian Gish, and has played in "Guy Fawkes," "The Money Habit," "The Cost of Beauty," "In The Night Watch" and "The Man Without Desire."

**DICK BARTHELMESS**

In response to many requests we gladly oblige with Dick's newest photo. An actor who steadily goes from good to better Dick will be seen in "New Toys" and "Soul Fire," very shortly.



BELLE BENNETT

Samuel Goldwyn's latest "find." We'll say Belle lives up to her first name, anyway. She commenced with Universal and is 5 ft. 2 in. tall with Roman gold hair and grey eyes. She has been on the stage since babyhood.



ALBERTA VAUGHAN

The telephone girl heroine in a new series of two-reelers, "The Go-Getters." If the damsels who furnish our wrong numbers all look like this, the sooner seeing by telephone is invented the better.

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Roaring Rails

by JOHN FLEMING



Big Bill Benson swung round in the cab of his engine and listened intently. Then he made a sudden swoop across the coal tender and dragged to light the wriggling figure of a boy scarcely more than four years old. "Bill!" he exclaimed in utterest amazement, dropping the child to the floor of the cab.

"'Lo, pa!" laughed the boy unabashed.

"And what d'you think you're doing here,"

"Takin' a ride, pa. I always wanted to take a ride on your train."

"Kids are not allowed on the engine, Bill boy."

"No, pa—'cos kids ain't got real engine drivers for pa's—not other kids. You're my pa. Thought you wouldn't be cross—see?"

Bill Benson stared at him. Pa! A curious, wistful look came into his eyes at the word. Pa! He was not that, but he was the next best thing.

When Big Bill's pal had died by his side in the trenches in France, his last words had been: "Look after the kid, Bill. Look after the kid I've had to leave back home. Look after him like he was your own kid. He ain't got nobody else but you now, Bill."

And the man had gone the more peacefully to the hereafter for the knowledge that Big Bill Benson had given his promise. They had been pals since the earliest days, these two, and Big Bill Benson had always been a man of his word. His pal had died happy that night in France.

And now here was he, Big Bill Benson, foster-pa'ing it like the best of 'em; bringing up Little Bill "like he was his own kid," as he had promised. And Little Bill didn't know. There had been times when Bill Benson had only had a crust to his name; but that crust had been shared by the child.

And now in these present times, these comfortable times, with Big Bill in regular work on the railroad, still the nipper shared all. Bill Benson reflected that if his dead pal could know, he would be happier than ever, wherever he was.

And then Bill came out of his reflections with a start. This was not disposing with the child at all. He stooped with his hands on his knees and stared into the young eyes.

"You little rapscallion!" he laughed. "Sneakin' aboard your pa's train to have a ride with him. My! but there'd be trouble if the boss knew. Little Bill, I got to put you off, the next stop."

"Don't want to get off," said Little Bill.

"No," said Big Bill; "I know. But you got to."

Suddenly he sprang up and peered through the window. "Lordy!" he cried—"here's what comes o' talking to a kid during workin' hours. Now we're in for it my lad!"

"What is it?" asked Little Bill.

"What is it? Look! That's what it is! Headin' straight for us—a runa-

way freight train. If I'd seen it two minutes ago—an' I could, with the line so straight—I could have nipped off at the points and turned us aside and saved some trouble. But now—!"

He grasped the boy by the slack of his trousers and stepped down on to the running board of the cab.

"You got to get out o' this," he gasped.

A thick bush sped towards them. Bill Benson flung the boy out into space and saw him fall to safety. Then he sprang back into his cab and threw on the brakes. Fortunately his own engine was without carriages, and the oncoming monster ahead was only a freight train. With luck there would be no loss of life. But there was going to be the unholiest smash. . . .

He locked the brakes in position and stepped once more to the running board. There was nothing else could be done now. He waited until it was safe to wait no longer; then he swung off, rolled across the grit of the road and clambered hastily up the bank at the side.

A moment or two later, a couple of hundred yards along the line, the two monsters met with a crash that seemed to shake the county. There was a loud hiss of escaping steam, the roar of a muffled explosion, and the value of many thousands of dollars was hurled aside as scrap.

Big Bill Benson shook his head, turned back, found Little Bill, and commenced his long tramp back to the depot.



Nora had a smile for everyone, and it was plain she had taken a great fancy to Little Bill.

Things came out at the hearing, two days later. The freight had not been a true runaway. It had been merely out of hand. It had carried a driver and a mate, and both had been killed. But had Bill Benson been attending to his business, as a good driver should, at the time the two trains were approaching each other, it was highly probable that both these lives would have been saved. Malcolm Gregory, son of the President of the Y. B. & O. Railroad, recommended that William Benson be held for manslaughter.

"We must," he said, "at all costs uphold the prestige of our line. We can't let a thing like this get about."

Little Bill was standing by his "pa's" side during the investigation. At these words of Malcolm Gregory's he pushed his way forward and wagged a little finger at the President's son.

"See here, mister," he cried. "You wait—I got somethin' to say. My pa was doin' his job when we first saw the other train, an' it's 'cos he was doin' his job we had a smash. If he hadn't been doin' his job we'd have had a good chance to dodge 'he trouble, if yer ask me."

"We'?" Gregory echoed.

"I'd snooped aboard the train for a free trip, an' pa caught me at it, an' he was busy puttin' me off—doin' his duty—which is why he never saw the freight headin' for us. You can't hold my pa for doin' his job. I'd tell everyone. There'd be a fine lump o' trouble comin' for you!"

The Board conferred afresh in the light of this new evidence. And finally they reached a decision not so drastic as the one suggested by Malcolm Gregory. They decided now not to hold Bill Benson—neither for manslaughter nor for anything else. The President nodded curtly and Bill and Little Bill passed out of the Board Room.

"What's it mean, pa?" Little Bill

asked, taking hold of Benson's hand as they walked into the street.

"What's it mean, nipper? Oh, it means it all right. It means that we're sacked!"

"Sacked?"

"Fired, sonny. And now we've got to beat it around and find a new job somewhere. Got to get a new job as a new train-smasher on a new line—see?"

"Um," said Little Bill.

A year later found them at Barrow End. They tramped into Barrow End from sleeper to sleeper, and on the outskirts of the town—or settlement; for it was scarcely yet a town—Bill Benson, exhausted from the long tramp and carrying the kid every half mile or so, sank down on a pile to form his plans. They had one or two small coins. He gave them to Little Bill and pointed out a lunch shed some yards along the line.

"You'll get something there," he said; and Little Bill took the coins and hurried to the lunch shed.

He was gone longer than Bill Benson had expected, but when he returned his little face was wreathed in smiles.

"What's got you now?" Bill asked.

"There's a nice waitress there, name of Nora," replied the boy. "I told her all about you, an' how you lost your job an' everything, an' she says we can have lodgings at the shed. She says if you'll come along, mebbe she'll be able to find you work on the new railroad they're makin'. Her pa works there, an' she reckons she could fix it."

Suddenly hopeful, Bill Benson rose and plodded the remaining distance to the lunch shed. Nora proved to be a happy-looking girl of twenty-four or five, gifted with an incurable optimism, and having a smile for everyone. It was plain that she had taken an enormous fancy to Little Bill, and she was more than pleased to be able to do something for the child's "pa."

There was pressing need for men in Barrow End. The South-Western line was struggling to finish the short cut to its main western line at Fairfield, and unless they got an engine through on

the new road before the 15th they would lose their option to the Y. B. & O.

Time was short and almost anybody was accepted as a volunteer. Bill Benson was accepted without questions about his past being asked. Nora's father took him along to the yards, and that very afternoon found him at work on the new road as a labourer.

A week went by thus, and it seemed that a modest prosperity and peace had come to Big Bill and Little Bill again. MacFarlane, head of the operations, was a hard master, Red Burley, the foreman was a bully of the best type; but Bill Benson was not afraid of hard work, and he had met bullies before. A week went by, and he was satisfied.

But on the eighth day an unforeseen development occurred. Bill, walking along the line to the lunch shed, came face to face with Malcolm Gregory.

The two men hesitated, looked at each other, and then passed on without a word. Further along Bill stopped and looked back. Malcolm Gregory was talking to Red Burley, the foreman.

"Strange," thought Bill. "Now what's behind that, I wonder? Young Gregory ain't come south here for nothing. P'raps. . ."

He continued on his way, thinking his own thoughts. That night he slept uneasily.

The operations of the South-Western had by this time reached the Barrow River—had, indeed, crossed the stream and left a staunch trestle behind. Over this bridge supplies were pushed to the workmen cutting the road ahead.

They had come out on a natural clearing, some half-mile across, leading to the dense woods ahead which remained to be pierced before Fairfield could be reached; and as the clearing in the vicinity of the bridge afforded a fine and safe playground, Big Bill used to take Little Bill along with him in the mornings and leave him to play on the banks of the stream until time for lunch. He took him there as usual on the morning following his meeting with Malcolm Gregory.

There was a suspicion of something afoot among the men that morning. Others besides Bill Benson had seen Red Burley talking with the stranger; and there was not a man there would have trusted the foreman where even two cents was in question.

"He's out to be bought," said one of the men to Bill. "See if he don't do something to hold up the line until the 15th's gone by."

"Why, what can he do?" Bill asked.

"Don't know what he can do," replied his mate. "But," he added as an after-thought—"I dare say he knows."

Even as the man spoke an ear-splitting crash shook the air. Hundreds of tons of earth were flung into the air, and the sky momentarily went black. Smoke enveloped the workmen on the line and for some little time there could be no answers to the questions that were hoarsely shouted.

Then the smoke cleared away; it was seen that the bridge had been shattered at its western edge by an explosion, and over a rise the last was seen of Red Burley, escaping from the scene of his crime.

It seemed to be the last sensation that the day could possibly afford, but even before the hoarse cries of the men were dying away a new and more terrible one arose.

"The kid!"

Bill Benson dropped his tools and ran. Little Bill was down by the water-side in his accustomed playground, his hands pressed to his eyes, crying bitterly.

"Boy! Boy!" groaned Bill, taking the child in his arms. "What is it? Come now, what is it? This is your pa. Bill! Little Bill!"

"It's my eyes," the child sobbed. "I—I can't see!"

"My God!"

With the help of his comrades, who threw planks across the gap in the bridge, Bill managed to get the child back to the town with reasonable speed. There was only one doctor in Barrow End, but fortunately this one was in when Bill staggered up to his house.

He listened to Bill's story as he examined the child's eyes. He carried the pathetic little figure into a dark room, and he asked that he reserve his decision for an hour. At the end of the hour he came out to Bill with the news.

"It will mean," he said, "a great sum of money. Without that the child will never see again."

"But if I can get that money—he will?" Bill asked fearfully.

"Assuredly," replied the doctor. "A specialist in New York. . . ."

Bill turned away. For the rest of the day he and Nora nursed the afflicted child and tried to think of a way of raising the money, and it was not until evening that Bill happened upon the forlorn hope.

"I'll go," he said, "and try MacFarlane."

He went down to headquarters and asked to see Mr. MacFarlane. Five minutes later he was out of the manager's office again. Not only had his request for money been refused, but, as a result of the bitter quarrel which had ensued, Bill Benson was once more out of a job.

Almost broken-hearted he wandered through the dark streets of the town, trying to think, trying to think and thinking nothing; and just as the moon was dipping over the western woods he came out on the railroad at the east end of the town and was startled to feel a hand fall on his arm and an excited voice exclaim:

"Benson! Benson!"

He turned. It was Gregory.

"What is it?" he demanded roughly.

"You can drive a train. Get aboard this engine here and drive me east as fast as Hades. I'll pay you any money—"

"What for? Why are you quitting?"

Bill demanded. "Come on now—the truth. You're in my hands, remember."

Gregory gulped.

"I—I've shot MacFarlane!"

"What!"

"He—he found out I'd been plotting with Red Burley to blow up the trestle. He accused me. We—quarrelled and I shot him. I didn't know what I was doing. I. . . ."

Bill thought swiftly—more swiftly than ever he had done before. Suddenly he spoke.

"Gregory," he said. "I'll make a deal with you."

"What do you mean?" Gregory asked.

"This. That nipper o' mine was blinded in the explosion. I reckon you owe somethin' to him. He can be cured in New York. Take him there and get him cured and look after him until he's grown up and can look after himself, and—I'll stand for this shootin' myself. I'll confess to killin' MacFarlane."

"What?"

"Is it a deal?"

"My God!" Gregory wiped his brow with a moist hand, "I—I— Yes, of course. Anything— I'll agree to anything! I'll be a second father to the child. I'll— Look here. Come back into the town now. We'll talk it over as we go along."

They turned back and walked along the rails into Barrow End. And an hour later the whole town was ringing with the news. Big Bill Benson had



Three minutes later they pulled up at Fairfield amid scenes so wild that they have never been adequately described.

been arrested for the murder of Manager MacFarlane.

Queer days. Days following each other in a dull monotonous procession. Senseless days. Nora thinking. Bill away behind prison bars, doomed to twenty years of jail. Gregory gone. The child, Little Bill, in the care of strangers. Ill-treated, it was said.

Queer days. Nora thinking in every minute of them, and yet unable to think. Senseless days.

The railroad pushed on. Nearer and nearer to Fairfield it crept. But nearer and nearer crept the 15th.

Once Nora went out to the city and saw Bill in his cell. He seemed fairly cheerful and resigned, but he would say nothing about his "crime."

"I don't touch you in any way," he said, "so why should you worry, Nora?"

"But it does touch me," she protested. "How?"

"Can't you guess?"

He looked at her, was aware for the first time of her blushes, and recoiled from the truth with sheer astonishment.

"But you—Nora—you can't. . . . A hulk like me—a jailbird! Not love me? You can't!"

"I—do. . . ."

"Nora—I— Dunno what to say. And—and what's the use?"

"I could look after Little Bill for you," she said, with her eyes lowered.

"Little Bill? Why, Little Bill's all right. Gone away to New York. Little Bill has, to be looked after and made into a fine man!"

She stared, she asked a further question or two, and then she told him the facts.

At first he could not believe.

"Strangers? Ill-treating Little Bill. But—Gregory?"

"Left the town the morning after you were arrested."

A very torrent of emotion broke loose in face of the truth. Bill told all to Nora, and a little later to the Governor of the prison. The Governor, a calm and business-like man, promised to investigate. Bill felt hopeful, but there was a dead weight at Nora's heart.

"To-night," she whispered as she left him. "If you'll be at your cell window . . . Files. . . . Escape. . . ."

Bill started, but nodded when she looked up at him.

CHARACTERS.

Big Bill Benson -	HARRY CAREY
Little Bill - -	FRANKIE DARRO
Nora - - -	EDITH ROBERTS
Gregory - -	WALLACE McDONALD
Red Burley - -	FRANK HAGNEY
MacFarlane - -	DUKE R. LEE

Narrated by permission from the F.B.O. film of the same title.

That night the whole town turned out to celebrate the completion of the track. At seven o'clock the first train was to drive through to Fairfield, and by eight o'clock the South-Western's concession would be established. An unnatural—almost impossible—state of excitement prevailed, and the mob was ripe for any hilarious event. Anything was good enough to cheer. And even a cheer was raised for the news, which came in at sundown, that Big Bill Benson had escaped from the County jail on a horse.

"Oh, well," said the townspeople, "it's up to Bill. MacFarlane never was much loss, anyway."

Suddenly a great roar arose.

"Look! Look! That yer glow ther'. The forest! The forest's afire!"

It was true. With the great engine almost due to start, here was its only path blocked by a sudden forest fire. The entire population crowded across the tressle to watch the amazing spectacle. Yes, it was true enough. And almost with the realisation came an inkling of the truth.

"Red Burley! His folks hang out at the shack up the woods. It was them kept that kid of Benson's, after Bill was took. That's where the fire's started, see. My! What if that kid's still there! Blind! They'd never. . ."

They did not notice two dusty mounted figures who had plunged into the town on their heels. They did not know that their fears, spoken aloud, were being listened to by Bill and Nora as they sprang from the dusty steeds. They did not see the mounted police tearing into the town a quarter of a mile away, hot after the fugitives.

All they were aware of, a moment later, was that the great engine had suddenly started on its wild and fantastic career towards the burning forest. A hoarse, incredulous cry arose, to be turned the moment afterwards into a cheer.

"Who was it aboard? Simms?"

"Nay, Simms is here. It looked like—it looked very much like—Bill Benson, and that gal from the lunch dive!"

"Then give 'em a cheer, boys. They're out to save that kid!"

It is history now, in Barrow End and Fairfield. It has almost become a legend, like the stories of the saints. Everybody admits that Big Bill Benson and the girl must have been mad; but everybody will tell you, too, that they were wonderful.

Almost half of the forest was ablaze when the engine plunged into it—so fiercely ablaze that the police behind gave up all thought of pursuit.

"They'll never get through," they said in Barrow End. "It ain't possible for them to get through that."

"No, and the South-Western'll never get through now. This is the end of their chances with the concession. The Y. B. & O. will have paid Red a fine fat fee to get that fire started. By the time it's cleared away, the 15th'll have gone for ever. . . ."

But neither Bill nor Nora were thinking of getting through at first. They planned no further ahead than the little shack that had been Red Burley's home. There Bill sprang down and plunged through the falling sparks to the door. This he kicked open and sprang inside, and a moment later appeared with the insensible form of the blind boy in his arms; and it was not until now, when the track behind was as fierce as the track ahead, that the idea first came to him of plunging on.

(Continued on page 70.)



Bill lowered his voice and smiled at Nora as he took her in his arms. "There's a church there, y' see," he said.

A Bit About Betty

Stately Betty Blythe is a very human figure off the screen. There is nothing of the "haughty princess" about her, so that interviewing her is a pleasant task.

The remnants of winter were battling with the beginning of spring when I walked into the Carlton and asked if Miss Betty Blythe was at home. Betty, I had heard, had just come back from Germany where she had been playing the title rôle in the film version of Rider Haggard's "She," and was renewing her acquaintance with London before setting sail once more for America. A brief conversation with a dignified official near the entrance elicited the information that Miss Blythe was in her room and expecting me, and a diminutive boy in buttons, who had been decorating a chair by the wall, was told off to lead me to her.

I followed him through a labyrinth of subdued pink passages, past a succession of mysterious closed doors, feeling, to tell the truth, a little nervous at the prospect of meeting so regal a lady as I pictured the erstwhile Queen of Sheba to be. As we stopped before one of those closed doors and my youthful guide beat a tattoo upon its panels I believe I had a wild impulse to turn and flee, but the opening of the door effectually diverted me from my cowardly intent. I pulled myself together, and looked up as a pleasant feminine voice, with just a slight American accent, said cordially

"How do you do? Come right in and sit down!"

Two minutes later I was seated in a comfortable chair in front of a crackling coal fire, surveying my hostess with surprised and curious eyes. The Betty I saw before me was very different from the one that I had conjured up in my mind's eye. There was about her manner none of the cold formality I had dreaded meeting—she did not even pose as I have known several of her sister stars to do.

"Will you think me very rude if I go on combing my hair while I talk to you?" she asked me when we were both settled by the fire. "I had it permanently waved and all sorts of funny things done to it yesterday, and I'm supposed to keep training it well in the way it should go for the next few days." She brought out a comb and stood by the mirror, patting the errant locks into place as she chatted to me.

Betty's hair, which is dark brown in colour, is shingled and the style suits the shape of her head to perfection. She has blue-grey eyes and a fair complexion and is unusually tall—a fact.

by the way, that rather restricts her choice of leading men, for it is inconceivable that any hero who calls himself a hero should be overtopped by the heroine. The frock that she was wearing—an all black one, very simply made with a wide frilly collar—seemed to accentuate the stately lines of her figure and the fairness of her complexion.

Betty
Blythe.



Presently the brown ripples of hair were all arranged immaculately and to the satisfaction of their owner, and with a sigh she sank back into a chair.

"You know," she told me, as though to explain the sigh, "I've promised to make a personal appearance in aid of the London Hospital to-night, and I've been trying all morning to think what I'm going to say. I always try to prepare something beforehand on occasions like this, because I think that if people take the trouble to come and see me I should at least have something interesting to say to them. But I wish they would let me sing instead of talk."

"You still sing, then?" I asked in some surprise. I knew that Betty had once trained as an opera singer, but had always understood that she gave it up when she started her film career.

"Still sing! Oh, yes. Why, I'm going to play in "Madame Pompadour" when I get back to America. I like to go back to the stage every now and then—it makes a nice change. You know," she added, "I started on the stage, and it was only by the merest chance that I became a film actress. I studied music in Paris for two years, then my family had—reverses of fortune," she smiled ruefully, with that characteristic lift of the upper lip of hers, "circumstances compelled me to

leave Paris and go back to America to find a job. But training for the stage seemed to be one thing and getting on to it another. Broadway didn't seem to be just crazy to put me up amongst the bright stars, and work seemed to become more and more difficult to get.

"Then one day I got down to my very last penny. Without exaggeration I was walking down



Top right: With Mahlon Hamilton in "The Recoil." Above: Betty as "The Queen of Sheba," the role that brought her fame. Left: A beautiful new camera portrait.



Fifth Avenue and I hadn't a cent in my purse. I was pretty near desperate and I believe I was beginning to have wild thoughts of flinging myself in the river or something equally silly when I met a friend who was working in pictures. She was going down to the Vitagraph Studios to collect some photographs and she asked me to go with her. I think she must have seen that I was pretty down and wanted cheering up.

"You'll realise how thoroughly down and out I'd got when I tell you that just the idea of getting a car ride for nothing meant a thrill for me. I went with her and sat in the general waiting room while she went in to one of the private offices to collect her photographs. While I was waiting a man came in and looked at me. He looked at me for such a long time and so intently that I was beginning to feel rather indignant when all of a sudden he said to me: 'Say, are you open for a job?' You can imagine how good that sounded to me, with nothing in my purse, and I snapped the chance up. It was one of those opportunities that come to about one person in every hundred, for it wasn't only a crowd part that he had to offer me. It appeared that they had been trying all over the place to get an actress to play an English lady of title in a picture they were to make. She had to be stately without being matronly, and I



"I just love these great, wide fireplaces," she told me. "There's something so cheerful and homelike about them." She leaned back in her chair again, and for a moment the only sound in the room was the ticking of a clock on the mantelpiece. I broke the silence to ask her how she had liked Germany.

"Germany? Oh, I loved it," she confessed. "I suppose I ought not to talk like this to an English person, but I really found the German people—at any rate, all those that I met—most charming. They were, one and all exceedingly nice to me."



was just the height and figure they had been trying to find."

I looked at her, sitting with arms stretched carelessly and gracefully along those of her chair, and thought that stately was indeed the word. But it was a supple stateliness—nothing of the haughty princess about Betty in real life! Her eyes were fixed dreamily on the fire, and presently she leaned forward and stirred it into crackling life.



the world," she declared. "I could spend days just wandering about along the Embankment, gazing at the Houses of Parliament. To me they represent everything romantic and wonderful in history. It's one of the ambitions of my life to go into them and explore them from the inside," she added, "but I don't expect it will ever be realised. Another of my pet ambitions that is going to be

(Continued on page 65).



Five characteristic studies of Betty Blythe.

"And London?" I asked. I remembered hearing that she had been very enthusiastic about our dear old foggy city on her last visit to England, when she had made *Chu Chin Chow* and *Southern Love* over here, and I was curious to know whether she had changed her mind after a longer acquaintance. But absence had evidently made the heart grow fonder, for her admiration seemed, if anything to have increased.

"I think London's the most fascinating city in



The Last Laugh

A film masterpiece, starring a great German actor.

position, only agonising humiliation remains. Mocking laughter greets him at home and he slinks back to the hotel, broken-hearted. And here comes a novelty ending. A freakish will gives him immense wealth and he celebrates his good fortune in the very hotel where he had been despised and degraded. Throughout, the emotions of the man are most cleverly portrayed; in his pomp, in his misery, and in his final

Emil Jannings as "The Porter."

Like everything truly great, both the film *The Last Laugh* and its star, Emil Jannings are exceedingly simple. Both are unique, and both so intensely human that nationality simply doesn't count. That fact was proved when, at the close of the first showing at the Capitol Kinema, Emil Jannings stepped forth upon the stage and was greeted by a spontaneous and hearty burst of cheers and applause. He had fully earned it.

A blonde giant, still on the in *The Last Laugh* an aged sunny side of forty, he plays, hotel commissionaire, who, clad in the magnificent uniform of the Hotel Atlantic is a young-old-man, but bereft of it, is an old, broken, and pitiful figure. So perfect was the make-up, gesture, and characterisation that the audience gaped visibly when Emil appeared.

The film is a character study, dealing as it does with a few days only in the life of the porter, and dealing solely with him, and his outlook on life. There are no side issues, and only two subtitles, one of which is a written message. Amongst the many clever touches in the film is the one which shows this message, at first plain and clear, then, suddenly dimmed and blurred as though seen through the tear-filled eyes of the old Porter. Then the letters loom up large with the words "old age" standing out black and clear and emphasising the tragedy. For the man, bereft of his



Above, Left and Below: Scenes from "The Last Laugh."

rehabilitation, Jannings never misses a point. The film owes much to its director, F. W. Murnau, but more to its star. Though an undoubtedly Teutonic theme in that the whole thing hangs upon the traditional respect of the German for any sort of uniform, it is so subtly and skilfully worked out that it belongs in the very first ranks of movie masterpieces. J.L.





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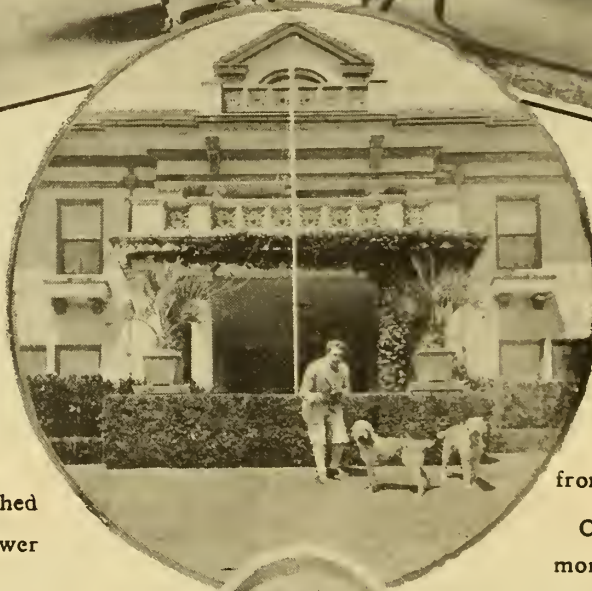
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Above: A corner of the dining room in the Hollywood home of William Farnum. The woodwork shows the influence of the Italian school of architecture on a modern structure, for the top half of the walls are of grained chrome, finished with pastel-shaded muals, the lower half being of dark mahogany.

Above: The living room, a place of spacious comfort in which warmth and colour are given by masses of flowers and bright silk lampshades and Oriental rugs.

Circle: Farnum and his dogs in front of the house.

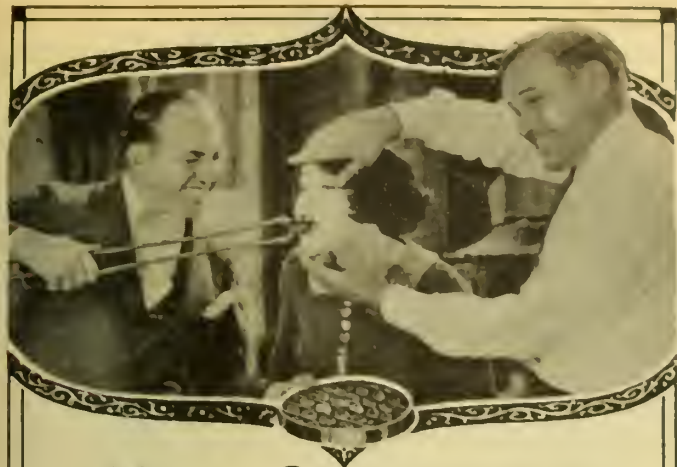
Oval: William Farnum, who owns more homes than any other movie star.

Below: Another view of the living room, with its deep French windows and brightly-tiled hearth.

Below: The hall, which contains a fine collection of Oriental rugs.

One of William Farnum's Homes





Marie Prevost

here seen in an unusual interlude between "shots" in the preparation of "The Black Swan" (Gaumont-Warner) says:—

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Most men ask "Is she pretty?"

not

"Is she clever?"



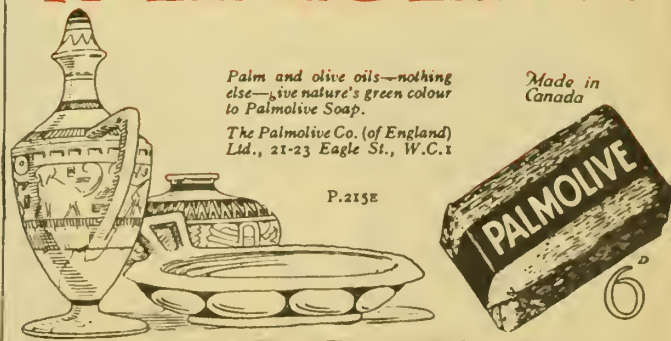
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6

Charley's Aunt



Syd
Chaplin.



'Aunty'
enjoys
himself.

Thirty-three years ago, "Charley's Aunt" made her stage debut at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, but, unlike most debutantes, the intervening years have caused her to lose none of her freshness. Since then she has rolled her way across the world—through Germany, Italy, Norway, Greece, America and even China—and now at last she is taking on an entirely new lease of life and finding celluloid immortality.

The "Charley's Aunt" of the screen happens to be Charlie's brother also—which sounds paradoxical until it is explained that Syd Chaplin is the sprightly lady in question. Syd was given the part at the suggestion of his brother, and he has fully justified expectations in his interpretation of the rôle.

At its first production in London in 1893 "Charley's Aunt" ran continuously for four years (1,486 performances) and it has been touring the provinces and coming to London once a year for the Christmas Season ever since. W. S. Penley, who was the original star, is said to have made a million and a half out of it, and it has always been a fortunate play for any actor or actress who has played in it. James E. Page, who has taken the part of "Spettigue" in the stage version over here 4,100 times, was brought over to Hollywood by Al Christie to take the same rôle in the film. Other of the supporting players are Ethel Shannon, Lucien Littlefield, Alec B. Francis, Eulalie Jensen, Jimmie Harrison and Priscilla Bonner.

The filming of the famous farce was all done on one big stage at the Christie Studio. There was a decidedly English atmosphere about the place when the Oxford University sets were built, for Al Christie had visited the real Oxford during his visit to England, and had brought back with him dozens of photographs of one of the colleges, taken from every conceivable angle. From these the sets were built, correct in every detail, so those who have visited Oxford will have no cause for complaint when they see the reproductions of some of the quadrangles, chapels and gardens.

The picture had its first showing in London at the Tivoli Theatre, and picturegoers in the provinces will have a chance of seeing it before long.



Above and
right: A
finished scene,
and a view of
the actual set on
which it was made

Below:
Aunty" (Syd
Chaplin) with
"Jack" (David
James) & "Charlie"
(Jimmie Harrison).





Miss Marjorie Daw

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Every woman can gain a smooth fine skin, free from blemishes, by the right care—the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. If you do not already follow this method, begin it at once—day by day you will see your skin and complexion growing smoother, clearer and lovelier.

Each night before retiring cover your face, neck and hands with Pond's Cold Cream and wipe off after a few moments with a soft towel, bringing away all the impurities that have collected during the day. And in the daytime apply Pond's Vanishing Cream—simple and refreshing to use, it protects as well as beautifies.

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Kinema Carols



MY FILM FAVOURITES.

When I saw Douglas Fairbanks first
I thought of screen stars he was best,
Until John Bowers came along
And I for him forsook the rest.

And then John Stuart first appeared
"Surely," I thought, "He beats them
all!"
Till Ramon came across my path,
And gay Novello, dark and tall.

Then Owen Nares and Monte Blue—
I very nearly tore my hair!—
And when Tom Meighan I espied
I gave up movies in despair.
GOLLYWOGGLES (Swansea).

THE ONE AND ONLY.

He wields the world's most patient pen
At 93, Long Acre,
Most tireless of all Answers Men,
More faithful than a Quaker.

Before his desk he sits him down,
Nearby his stack of letters,
And queries that would make you frown
Instead make us his debtors.

How'er elusive they may be,
They cannot long escape him;
His lore would stretch for miles, you'd
see,
If by his brain you'd tape him.

A thousand readers at a time
Are plying him with questions,

Epistles foolish or sublime,
Surprises and suggestions.
Oh, George! despairingly I cry,
How shall I pay my homage?—
And dimly hear his faint reply:
"Cheese it! *passsez le fromage!*"

I have no cheese, dear George, just now
And my devotion utter
Can only be expressed, I vow,
In softest soap and butter.

Oh, fans who hail the stars in song,
Doro or Dix or Denny,
When still more years have passed
along
George will be fresh as any.
You'll find him (if you're still alive)
Telling some flapper nifty
That Fannie Ward is ninety-five,
And Baby Peggy's fifty.

Long shall his wit and wisdom flow
From out that store so clever;
For stars may come and stars may go
But he goes on for ever.
A. H. S. (Somerset).

A KINEMA NURSERY RHYME.

Sing a song of eightpence,
A cosy tip-up chair,
Four and twenty flappers
With bobbed or shingled hair;
When the Picture opened,
They all began to sing,
"Of all the Movie heroes,
Valentino is the King."
R. P. (Wales.)

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Another Hat Trick.

In the Paramount film *The Stranger* with Richard Dix and Betty Compson starring, Lewis Stone takes the key and goes to Betty Compson's lodgings. Before entering he looks about him and he is wearing a high top hat—when he lets himself in and stands in the hall it has changed to a bowler.

C.B. (Wanstead).

Loss of Memory?

Barbara La Marr's name in *The White Moth* is "Mona." Yet when "Douglas Morley" (Ben Lyon) gazes at a photograph of "Mona" it is signed "Mary." Had she a bad memory or a bad pen?

E.F. (Morecambe).

The Wrong Date.

At the beginning of *The Man Who Came Back* we are told that Harry Potter is four years old, and the date is given as April 1st, 1906. Later he is seen as a young man on April 1st, 1923, and a sub-title informs us that his mother died exactly twenty years ago, at his birth. This means that he was born on April 1st, 1903, and four on April 1st, 1907, not 1906.

L.R. (Bristol).

A Wandering Wound.

In *Wanderer of the Wasteland* "Adam Larey" (Jack Holt) throws a revolver in the "Hanging sheriff's" face. The sheriff puts his hand to his left eye. Afterwards it is his right eye that is seen to be injured.

B.C. (Brixton Hill).

The Lock that Didn't.

"Rudolph Rassendyl," in *Rupert of Hentzau* knocks down the spy and dashes into the house in Strelsau, where Rupert is lodging, bolting the door behind him. He speaks with "Rosa" and then turns and goes out, *without pulling back the bolt!*

C.M.P. (Harrogate).

Reflections.

In the picture *Held to Answer*, House Peters is seen sitting at his desk. Near by stands a reading lamp, and reflected in the shade the camera man can be seen quite plainly.

R. H. (Huddersfield).

Ask Us Another!

In *Wine of Youth*, the heroine, (Eleanor Boardman), falls unconscious while out camping. She is then in her nightdress and dressing gown, with her hair hanging down her back, but when they get her home she is wearing evening dress and her hair is beautifully done. Did they dress her and do her hair up on the way home? G. M. (Hull).

FEEDING FILM FOLK

(Continued from page 27.)

missariat department. In one day this big movie family consumed seven hundred pounds of sugar; one thousand pounds of potatoes; nine hundred pounds of butter; nearly two thousand pounds of meat; over a thousand gallons of tea and coffee; nearly two thousand pounds of bread; four thousand eggs and a hundred gallons of tinned fruit!

Great hardship was occasioned to the Paramount Company which went out on location for the making of *The Covered Wagon*. During most of the time the company was eighty miles from the nearest town, and owing to several sand storms, quantities of food was ruined. The sand, mixed with a bitter alkali dust, penetrated into kitchen tents as well as into the sleeping tents and dressing rooms, and every article of food not enclosed in air tight tins was spoilt in five minutes from the commencement of the storm. Lois Wilson has since declared that she grew so accustomed to the addition of sand with all her food that she quite missed it when they moved to a colder location! Then, instead of sand, the intrepid players encountered frost, snow and ice. So intense was the cold, in fact, that a cup of boiling hot coffee was reduced to a solid, frozen mass in about three minutes.

Jane Novak tells of a strange meal she was once forced to take while away on location in the South Sea Islands. The native chieftain insisted on acting as host to the whole company for lunch; and a weird and wonderful repast was set before the movie actors. Each guest's lunch was served on a large circular bamboo tray, and consisted of bowlfuls of cold, boiled rice; a weird concoction of long tuberous roots and succulent bamboo shoots; a strange kind of native bread; and fruits of various kinds, some of which, being previously quite unknown to the American players, needed explanation by the host. Jane declares that the meal itself was quite enjoyable but the fierce-looking native servants, of whom there was a vast number, were most terrifying and embarrassing!

Alice Terry and her company, while making exteriors for a recent film, spent several weeks in the desert at the very hottest time of the year. Work was commenced about seven o'clock each morning so that the company could rest during the almost unendurable mid-day hours, the cameras becoming busy again in the cooler evening. In order that the company should be able to keep perfectly fit under such unusual conditions the director decreed that a strict vegetarian diet must be the order of the day. Fruits and green vegetables, therefore, composed the meals, and these commodities were obtained by express carriers from the nearest village many miles away.

RAMON NOVARRO, *Metro Star*, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Novarro



FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube



COLLEEN MOORE, *First National Star*, says:

Results are really astonishing. On the advice of my dentist I use Pepsodent exclusively—I've never found any old-fashioned method with nearly the same effect—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Colleen Moore

Those £20,000 a year smiles in the movies

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

SMILES in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid may cause decay.

You must remove it at least twice daily and constantly combat it. For it is ever forming, ever present.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

New methods remove it

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth

Now in a new type tooth paste, called Pepsodent, this enemy to tooth health and beauty is successfully fought. And that is the famous tooth "make-up" method of the greatest stars of screen and stage—the dental urge of world's leading dentists. Its action is to curdle the film; then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit so dangerous to enamel.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds and dulls your teeth.

Results are quick. Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Find out what is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty. You may have gloriously clear teeth without realizing it.

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1741

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Picturegoer—May 1925.



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Colleen Moore	Anita Stewart
Tom Moore	Lewis Stone
Antonio Moreno	Eric Von Stroheim
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SHADOWLAND

MOVIE
GOSSIP
OF THE
MONTH



"Up to now," remarked Tom Mix, in the richest of Texan accents, at the banquet given in his honour at the Savoy, "I have always been in favour of all screen stars performing their own dangerous stunts. But now that I've got to stand up and deliver a speech, I honestly wish I had a 'double.'" It was an occasion, however, when not even "Tony," on whose back Tom made a spectacular entrance could be of any assistance, so the popular screen star rose to it with his usual intrepidity and came off with flying colours. He looks less than his six and forty years, this black-haired cowboy, and is just as "straight from the shoulder" as you would guess from watching his screen performances. There is no doubt about the fact of his being primarily the children's star—but then there are children of all ages. A special article by Tom Mix, entitled "My London Experiences," will appear in the June issue.

WHEN Pola Negri returns from Europe, she will be seen in stories written especially for her by Michael Arlen, the well-known author.

Flora Le Breton has the important rôle of the model in the screen version of *The White Monkey*, with Barbara La Marr, Charles Mack, and Thomas Holding.

Percy Marmont, Neil Hamilton and Mary Brian (Wendy) are playing in *The Street of Forgotten Men*, which Herbert Brenon is directing.

Despite her emphatic announcements that screen work held no further charm for her now that she is Mrs. Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor is still a film star. She is working with her husband in *Manhattan Madness*, a new version of one of Douglas Fairbanks' best Triangle features. It is Jack Dempsey's first feature picture, his previous efforts being confined to serials and series.

Wilfred Noy is directing Lila Lee and Gareth Hughes in *The Midnight Girl*. He is not likely to return to England for some time.

Norman Kerry has just finished his first serial, *Lorraine of the Lions*, with Patsy Ruth Miller as his leading lady.

When Griffith signed on with Paramount, he decided to abandon his Mamaronech Studios, the contents of which are to be sold by auction. Costumes, and various properties used in his famous films, including many souvenirs of now-famous stars will all be publicly sold. Many of these will be purchased by their former wearer, the whole of the costumes used in *The Birth of a Nation* are still intact. The sale is sure to have a large attendance.

Gladys Brockwell, who returned to the screen in a character rôle in *So Big*, is a great friend of Barbara La Marr. When Gladys starred in her first series of Fox melodramas, Bar-

bara La Marr, with no thoughts of screen fame ever entering her pretty head was a scenario writer out there. She was responsible for many of Gladys Brockwell's stories, and the two formed an enduring friendship.

Herbert Wilcox is hard at work on *The Only Way* at St. Margarets, with Sir John Martin Harvey in his original rôle of "Sidney Carton." Stoll's studios, too, are busy, on *Confession Corner*, starring Ian Hunter and Joan Lockton, and *The Squire of Lord Hadley*, featuring Brian Aherne (of "White Cargo" fame). Isobel Elsom will also recommence film work there shortly.

ALL Los was shocked and grieved at the death of little Lucille Ricksen. Her mother had died very suddenly, and physicians declared that grief over this had weakened the pretty little seventeen year-old star's hold on life. Her last film was *The Denial*, but she had several more to make under her Ince contract.

Elsie Ferguson is starring in *The Unknown Lover* opposite Frank May, at Vitagraph Studios.

The Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, has furnished yet another motion picture star in the person of Gayne Whitman, a popular matinée idol there. From this same theatre, Douglas MacLean, Richard Dix, Edmund Lowe, Warner Baxter, David Butler and Harland Tucker graduated into movies.

Excessive underarm perspiration

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YOU can be free from unsightly moisture and stain as well as the objectional odour of perspiration. Profuse underarm perspiration is due to an irregularity of the sweat glands, which physicians call hyperidrosis.

Odorono, a harmless, antiseptic toilet water, will correct this trouble without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

Originally a physician's prescription, Odorono has become the accepted deodorant and perspiration corrective of more than three million people. It is used in 47 countries besides our own. Physicians and nurses use and prescribe it.

A clear liquid, Odorono is not sticky nor greasy. Its mild but effective action immediately checks profuse perspiration and destroys all odour, leaving the underarm clean, dry and dainty.

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Send for sample
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Enclosed is 3d. in stamps, for which please send me sample of Odorono and your booklet, "A Frank discussion of a subject every woman should understand."

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After many years, Ferdinand Pinney Earle's screen version of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" is to see the lights. Litigation over this has been proceeding ever since the film was finished, and it will be shown, not under its original title, but as *The Lover's Oath*. It was the first film in which Ramon Novarro had a leading rôle, and at a private showing Rex Ingram "spotted" Ramon as future star material and got into touch with him at once. Ferdinand Pinney Earle, however, has decided that film making is not for him and has returned to portraits.

Paramount are establishing a State-recognised school for screen acting at Long Island. Youths and maidens must pay a fee, of course, and are restricted to between eighteen and thirty years of age (men) and sixteen and twenty-five (girls). The first class will consist of twenty, and six months later another will be formed. The students will serve a kind of apprenticeship in the Long Island Studios, with a year's contract at the end of that time for the best students, and assistance in securing engagements for everybody completing the course. Applications by the thousand are swamping the place, the incorporators will have a busy time selecting the first twenty. Screen schools are nothing new, but a school of this kind connected with a Producing Company is a novelty, since it can readily place its finished products.

Betty Bronson has a tiny rôle, that of the Madonna in *Ben Hur*. Something absolutely different to *Peter Pan*, this.

Poor Colleen Moore has had to spend five weeks in bed all cased up in plaster-of-paris. She had a nasty fall whilst filming *The Desert Flower*.

"Dislocated vertebrae," was the doctor's verdict, and so Colleen, the quintessence of activity had to lie quietly, with a very, very, stiff collar indeed around her neck. But the news that she had won the Wampas Gold Cup, for having made the greatest all-round progress of all the "Baby Stars" during the past three years, has done much to console her.

A preparation which is constantly used by nearly two million women is Veet, the perfumed cream depilatory which is put up in a tube like tooth paste. It provides an easy and quite hygienic method of removing superfluous hair.

Our readers will no doubt be interested in the present offered by Messrs. H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd., on another page. In exchange for the wrappers found on each tablet of their exquisite Ess Viotto Toilet Soap, they will send to you direct a standard-size package of one of their excellent toilet preparations. We can assure our readers that the soap is well worth the 2/- paid for a box of three tablets, for it is of the same unique quality and fragrance as that well-known preparation, Ess Viotto for the hands.

Curly hair can make a distinct difference between prettiness and plainness. Every child can possess it if every mother commences Nestol Treatment when her baby is under a year old. The treatment is simple and inexpensive, and is based on the fact that all hair grows out of the skin straight. Under the influence of humidity it curls or waves very much more than when dry. Nestol treatment produces curly hair, and with a little patience and time permanently wavy hair can be produced. The great thing is to begin in time. Write for full particulars to C. Nestlé and Co., Ltd., 43, South Molton Street, W.1.



Lloyd Hughes visits Colleen Moore and her mother during Colleen's convalescence.

WHAT'LL THEY DO?

(Continued from page 22.)

choose the pictures as their professions, it would make him very happy.

"They are being trained as absolutely free agents," he declared. "I have at no time discussed with any of the three older ones the question of their possible entrance into motion pictures in any capacity. John seems at present destined for mechanical pursuits. Cecilia, I think, is gradually leaning towards the writing end. She has already achieved minor successes in her school writing, and I have an idea that the call of the blood which has been in the family for five generations back will bring her finally into theatricals of some sort or another.

"However, neither in her case nor those of the other three will there be any influence of any sort. If a voluntary desire is expressed for help in learning about motion pictures, the full facilities of my organisation are at the service of any one of them. But this aid will not be offered unless requested.

"Both my brother and myself are the results of this sort of training. Our father, a famous playwright of his generation, let us choose our professions. Bill studied to be a civil engineer, while I had great ambition to be a soldier. But in a few years the pendulum came back and here we both are, in the centre of the business which has been eternally that of our family.

"My children can be in motion pictures if they wish. Such a choice would make me very nappy. But they need not be nor will any aid be given along that line unless they directly request it."

William De Mille's daughters, Agnes and Margaret, are aged nineteen and sixteen, old enough to appear on the screen, but evidently they have evinced no desire.

"They are being trained in literature, music and classic dancing, and will go through college," said their father. "All that we have tried to do is to give them a general view of the arts and crafts so as to aid them in making an intelligent choice. It makes little difference to us what line of endeavour their ambition may follow, although we do insist that they excel in it."

Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I am prepared to guide them along any line they choose—even motion pictures—but I will not drive them and I would particularly like to have them take up one of the arts which are not hampered by a censorship."

Which probably means bond-selling, for there doesn't seem to be any other art that has escaped.

CATHARINE BRODY.

WHO WANTS A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION LIKE MINE? AMAZING BEAUTY RECIPE



- No Wrinkles
No Crows Feet
- No Shiny Nose Nor
Greasy-looking Skin
- A Marvellous Peach-
Bloom Complexion

SHE: "I shall never give you up after what you have done for me—people now all say I am the prettiest girl in town."

This Wonderful Skin and Tissue - Building Food is the real secret of the marvellous complexion and youthful appearance of many a famous actress.

YOUR CHEMIST CAN PREPARE IT FOR YOU.

Apply a teaspoonful of predigested buttermilk and olive oil to your face before going to bed, and in the morning you will be surprised to find how soft, smooth and youthful-looking you have made your skin. When properly predigested by artificial means the buttermilk and oil become absolutely non-greasy and form one of the most nourishing and beautifying skin foods known. They not only quickly revitalise the skin and help to do away with wrinkles, enlarged pores and complexion blemishes, but by supplying increased nourishment to the skin tissues they help to make the cheeks firm, fresh and rosy. Your chemist can prepare them for you in a few days' time, or you can obtain them already prepared in a French product called Crème Tokalon. Thousands of women past 40 and 50 years of age, with grown-up sons and daughters, look almost like girls, in some cases, because of the use of this wonderful cream. It is made of the purest and most expensive ingredients, and will not grow hair. It is prepared in two forms: an absolutely non-greasy vanishing cream, and a slightly greasy cleansing cream. Successful results guaranteed in every case or your money will be refunded. It is sold for 6 francs in Paris, and 1/3 in London.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—To obtain the best results, we especially recommend the use of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder in connection with Crème Tokalon. The Mousse of Cream causes the powder to cling to the skin in spite of wind, rainy weather, heat or perspiration while dancing, and it thereby completely does away with shiny noses, greasy-looking faces, and powdering your face all the time. The Mousse of Cream also prevents the powder from absorbing the natural moisture from the skin, drying it up and causing wrinkles and a coarse rough skin. Being air-floated it contains no tiny, gritty, hard particles to irritate the pores, nor starchy grains of rice powder to swell therein and cause enlarged pores, blackheads and other skin blemishes. Poudre Tokalon may be obtained in all shades for 1/- at chemists, hair-dressers and stores, on an absolute guarantee of successful results in every case or your money returned.

A trial tube of Crème Tokalon and samples of Poudre Tokalon in four popular shades will be sent for 3d. in stamps by Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 447D), 212-214, Great Portland St., London, W.1.



DON'T ENVY THE WONDERFUL COMPLEXION OF THESE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN BUT DO AS THEY DID --- USE CREME TOKALON AND GET A GOOD COMPLEXION YOURSELF



She must be complete at all points dainty Miss 1925, who would face without a quail or tremor the all-too-revealing summer sunshine. For, though King Sol is himself, a great beautifier, he is also a ruthless exposé of blemishes.

He will mercilessly bring to light tired eyes or wrinkles where such things had not been twelve months ago. Wherefore the summer girl must look to her armour and prepare her weapons to meet him and defy him to do his worst. From top to toe she must put herself through a rigid course of self-examination, and picking out her best points and accentuating them, so that her worst may hope to escape notice altogether.

Personality counts, therefore, whilst no one should neglect Fashion's decrees, everyone should modify the current styles ever such a little so as to suit her particular style and type. This is by no means easy, for every woman is not born with what is known as "the clothes sense." But those who have it are usually very fond of developing it, by advising their friends what to choose and what to reject. But, to return to our summer girl.

She *Must*, with a capital M, have a good figure, which means practically the same as she must possess a well-made corset. If you study the advertisements in this section, you will find Gossard's Royal Worcester and several other high-class firms offering garments for any and every occasion.

She must have dainty underwear; that

goes without saying. She must have a lovely skin, which means good skin foods and creams, and pure non-injurious toilet soap. There are plenty of such preparations on the market.

And, as for attractive tea and dance frocks, she can take her choice of hundreds from the fairly simple pleated georgette affair at five or six guineas to more elaborate productions at more elaborate prices. Every woman loves the allure of dainty silks and fine cobwebby laces, she will cheerfully save for months and as cheerfully dispose of her store of crisp notes in one day of delightful shopping. And who is going to blame her?

But she must not forget that fresh air and judicious rest are potent factors also. Likewise, proper food, which means very few sweets and starchy foodstuffs, and plenty of fruit. Slenderness is such a necessity, in these days of short skirts and scanty frocks that a word or two on the subject of reducing weight might not come amiss.

If Miss Summer Girl has been indulging in too many chocolates, ices, and other dangerous delights she must take herself sternly in hand before it is too late, and eschew soups, milk puddings, sweets, cakes, ices and potatoes altogether. She must not drink with her meals, confining herself rigidly to a glass of hot water with a squeeze of lemon in it, sipped very slowly after the two principal meals of the day. She may have biscuits, and toast, but no white bread, no new bread, and only a little brown bread. She must walk for

an hour every day, and take her biggest meal in the middle of the day.

A very famous physician indeed, who has successfully "reduced" certain actors and actresses whose names are household words declares that the evening meal is the most fattening and to that end will not allow his patients anything substantial after five o'clock.

Of course, if she is too thin, Miss 1925 should reverse the treatment, but since most girls are "sweet toothed," this is an uncommon complaint. Perhaps more than any other season of the year, summer demands a smooth, clear skin, stylish clothes, beautiful hair, becomingly arranged, the spirit of the age all call for youthfulness of complexion, so that it is a positive anxiety for every girl to find a way to keep her skin youthful and radiant.

She needs a good cold cream and a good vanishing cream. Pond's is thoroughly trustworthy, although there are other equally good to be found. There seems to be something in the delicate oils used in preparing the cold cream which penetrates the pores of the skin and cleanses it from the accumulation of dust which collects there during the day. Used before retiring, it leaves the skin rested and relaxed, so that the hours of sleep are in themselves a rejuvenating process.

Vanishing cream protects the skin from too much sun and wind, and keeps it in condition in the daytime. Then there is the question of teeth. Nothing is more charming than a smile, especially when that smile reveals a row of white, even teeth. These, however, will not keep their colour in these days when most girls smoke unless they receive proper attention.

To this end a good tooth paste should be used regularly, at least twice a day, morning and evening. The more important time is the evening, because tiny particles of food which collect, if there



Louise Fazenda undergoing a beauty treatment in a new film.



The Appreciation of
Miss Flora le Breton

Miss Flora le Breton, the celebrated dancer and film star, has found the Royal Worcester Bon Ton Corsets and Corslettes the best she has ever worn, and she declares that whilst they set off the figure to the greatest advantage they are the acme of comfort allowing free movement and suppleness.

Two examples illustrated—

Model 2951 (Left).

An ideal Corslette for dancing and evening wear, in Pale Pink Satin, giving the new straight silhouette. Fastening at side. Sizes 24 to 46 inch bust . . .

3 Gns.

Model 2912 (Right).

Corslette of the new type combining the advantages of the Hip Belt and Brassiere. Ideal for tailored suits. In broche and Milanese Silk, Panel in front. Fastening at side. Sizes 32 to 48 inch bust . . .

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The new models comprise garments for every type of figure and suitable for all occasions.

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2/- PER BOX OF 3 TABLETS

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A Beautiful Box of **WARREN'S BEAUCAIRE CHOCOLATES**

with this delightful picture of **Rudolph Valentino** as **Monsieur Beaucaire**

Reproduced in many rich colours.



½ lb. box
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These charming "Beaucaire" boxes of Chocolates are on sale in most good class Kinemas. Ask for them by name. In the event of difficulty they can be obtained, post free, from the manufacturers.

A replica of the chocolate box top in colour-plate form without any advertising, and ready for framing can be obtained for 1/-. Post Free.

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is the tiniest break in the enamel of a tooth may cause decay if left in the mouth overnight.

A preliminary brushing with warm water and a little ordinary common salt is advisable, though not exactly pleasant. It is a fact that perfectly clean teeth do not decay.

The hands, too, must be considered. The well turned out girl is very particular about keeping her finger nails well manicured and highly polished. At the seaside and in the country, no one bothers about wearing gloves, and therefore arms and hands get sunburnt. Becoming as this is in the daytime, it is not so pretty when the fair owner of a healthy coat of tan dons evening attire. Any preparation of cucumber or witch hazel rubbed into the arms and neck will help to counteract the effect of over-exposure to the sun.

Only the purest soap should be used for the hands, and when one washes them, one should do it thoroughly. This rule applies to arms and elbows as well. There is no law against using a soft nail brush for elbows and knuckles as well as for nails. After they are thoroughly dry, a good lotion should be



Corinne Griffith is noted for her beautiful hands.

rubbed in to smooth and whiten the skin. Miss Summer Girl rides, drives, plays tennis and rows, therefore she should give her hands constant attention lest they become rough and red, or even lose their shape. You will scarcely ever find a screen star who neglects her hands, for she uses them in her work. Whether or no you want to imitate Nita Naldi and make your finger nails curve downward is a matter for you only to decide.

You may or may not wish to emulate Helen Ferguson, who had an aristocratic Roman nose which was a burden to her until she underwent an operation and now glories in a pert, tip-tilted organ. But—whisper it—they say it is beautiful but useless, for poor Helen cannot smell at all now.

Bright eyes are a positive necessity to the summer girl. But too much light hurts eyes which are not of the strongest. If Miss 1925 must walk abroad without that parasol, or dark glasses let her also arm herself with a bottle of eye lotion and use it night and morning. Camomile lotion is splendid for the eyes, though some prefer zinc or boracic. The zinc any chemist will make up at little cost, the boracic consists simply of a teaspoonful of boracic powder dissolved in a pint of rose-water. This must be bottled and diluted with warm water before use. Eyebrows and lashes need attention, too. Much can be added to or taken away from the charm of a face by eyebrows and eyelashes.

Care of the hair is dealt with on separate pages, this important asset to feminine charm is a fascinating subject about which to read or write.

Remains only a good face powder, of which there are hundreds on the market and our Summer Girl is complete.



You may be sure of the correct 1925 outline if you wear a Gossard Corset.



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 Please send free of charge your Dearborn Beauty Book and Complete Toilet Dictionary.

Name.....

(Please write clearly.)

Beautiful--- Hair



We cannot all be beautiful, although few of us who care to take a little trouble and time over our appearance need be completely unattractive. We can most of us cultivate, at least, some one beauty—some particular charm—and lovely hair is, almost without exception, a gift to be had for the asking. A woman with perfect features, exquisite colouring and glorious eyes, can look almost plain if her hair is thin and straggly and unbecomingly dressed.

It is astonishing how great a difference the arrangement of the hair will make to a girl's whole appearance. A study of modern screen stars affords us ample illustration of this. Irene Rich, in *A Lost Lady* allows her smooth ripples of hair to fall in neglected wisps about her, pencils a few lines of dissipation on her lovely face, and her beauty becomes nothing but a memory. Carol Dempster in *Isn't Life Wonderful* dispenses with her curls and draws her hair severely back from her forehead and ears, and behold, a transformation is effected. Not a particularly lovely transformation either, although it is in keeping with the character that she has to portray. And there are endless other examples of the same thing.

But these are film stars, and their sacrifice of feminine fluffiness is only for the screen. In real life they are the first to study, and to make the best of their appearance, and, like sensible people they realise that care of the hair is one of the most important parts of the toilet. Yet there are many girls who cannot afford to neglect the

least thing that is likely to improve their appearance, who never give a thought to the way their hair looks. If they belong to the long-haired sisterhood they twist up their tresses hastily in the morning, doing it in whichever way is the least trouble to them. If they have been bobbed or shingled they think that a hasty combing is all that it ever needs.

Their apathy in this direction is often caused by the idea that the upkeep of the hair is expensive. It need not be. Beautiful hair, in the first place, is healthy hair, and healthy hair can be cultivated by anyone who uses simple and commonsense treatment. While it is an advantage, of course, to be born with waves and ripples of sunshine hue, even the much maligned mouse-coloured or nondescript tresses, so poker straight that we can only boast that they are "natural," can usually be made far more of than the discouraged owner imagines. Many girls, because the colour is not exactly to their liking, give up their hair as a bad job and make no effort to do anything with it either in dressing it or keeping it in good condition.

One of the first rules to be complied with is scalp massage. Five or ten minutes morning and evening with a clean towel and the tips of the fingers will do wonders. If the hair is falling out, a good simple lotion used by many of Hollywood's brightest and best can be made from equal parts of paraffin (which can be obtained odourless from the chemist) and eau de cologne. Or, if you don't want to go to the trouble of making this up there are a number

of good reliable lotions on the market to choose from.

This also should be massaged into the scalp, in the same way with the tips of the fingers, until it tingles all over. A few weeks of this treatment will show a marked difference in the most obstinate head of hair. It will become thick, more lustrous and soft, and while naturally straight hair will not suddenly blossom forth into thick-clustering curls in imitation of a favourite star it is quite likely to develop a tiny wave from the head. Healthy hair never falls flatly and lifelessly round the head, but stands out from the face in a way which makes all the difference in the world to the appearance.

Of course, the state of one's own health has a marked effect upon the hair, and it should be given particularly vigilant attention during times of illness and convalescence. Run-down and nervy people cannot hope to have normal hair until they themselves are in a normal condition. Even the state of the mind seems to influence some people's wayward tresses, and a popular film actress once said to me: "When I'm happy my hair seems to curl twice as well as it does if I'm feeling at all down' or depressed!" This, I believe, applies to a number of us.

Women of to-day should be thankful that they may dress their hair practically as they please. They may bob, they may shingle in half-a-dozen different ways, or, if they prefer their tresses long, may wield the hairpins in any way they like. In fact nothing really becoming is out of date. Perhaps we have cultivated a sense of



Mimi Jordan (Miss 1924 at the Piccadilly Hotel) has lovely hair.

Each of these Amami Girls is a £500 Prize Winner

and Amami Girls win prizes in the Beauty and Hair Charm Contests all over the country—illuminating proof of the benefits derived from shampooing with Amami.

AMAMI ARE DOUBLING THE PRIZES IN THE "PICTUREGOER" COMPETITION.

If you are a user of Amami Shampoos, don't forget to attach an empty Amami Shampoo Sachet to your photograph when you enter the "Picturegoer" Beautiful Hair Competition. We would advise you to paste the sachet to the back of your photo, to prevent its getting detached. For if the £5 Prize Winner is an Amami user and has sent in the empty sachet with her photograph, she will receive an extra £5 from the makers of Amami Shampoos.

Likewise, the final £10 Prize Winner will receive another Amami £10 on the same conditions, and the Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoos will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

It is proved beyond question that Amami actually does make hair healthy and lustrous, and so adds that winning charm to a girl's appearance which counts so much, not in contests only, but whenever charm is judged.

If you are not already a regular Amami user, commence with Amami this week and give your hair its fullest opportunity of loveliness.

AMAMI Shampoos



Miss Barbara Doidge, of Plymouth, £500 1st Prize Winner in the "Daily Mirror" Sports Girl Beauty Competition last Summer, wrote us saying: "I always use AMAMI Shampoos. Having tried many, I have found the one I shall always use."

Miss Alicia Travers, of London, £500 Prize Winner in another "Daily Mirror" Beauty Contest, is also an AMAMI enthusiast.

Bring out the *natural* waves in your hair with Amami.

The fact that AMAMI encourages a natural wave is the clearest proof of the beneficial efficacy of this complete hair treatment. Try Amami for your next shampoo. It will leave your hair cleaner, fresher, and more delicately fragrant than you have ever known it before.

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Per Sachet

You can buy Amami from leading Chemists and Hairdressers everywhere.

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A Marcel Wave of A.D. 1898. Claire Windsor is the victim.

humour since the long ago days when we made frights of ourselves with pads and chignons, for the sake of fashion! Most of us have some special style suitable for our particular type, and the simpler the style, as a rule, the better it suits us.

The great mistake a number of girls make is in not studying the face from all angles when dressing the hair. Maybe the effect from the front is to their liking, but no attention at all is paid to side-view or back-view. The line at the back is to be specially watched. So much depends upon this; carefully studied in connection with the profile.

No girl with high forehead and fairly large nose should wear her hair low on the neck, but very often if the

back of the head is well-rounded a shingle or bingle will suit this type perfectly. The short-necked, plump-faced girl with features more rounded than prominent can wear her hair low, whether it is bobbed or long, and no girl with a straight shaped head at the back can stand a shingle.

The Eton crop is extreme and it is ugly. Only the very beautiful can wear it with impunity, and even then they are not beautiful because of it, but rather in spite of it. It is the nearest thing at the moment to having no hair at all and pretty nearly as ugly. So you would-be vamps—beware! Crop your heads in haste and you'll live to repent at leisure (at very long leisure while it grows again). Unless, of course, you are very, very beautiful and even then—it seems a pity. Imitation, we are told, is the sincerest form of flattery, and to ape the man tends to make the creature even more swollen headed than he is!

Straight hair upon the right type, either bobbed or long, can very often be far more effective than curls. There are a number of people to whom fluffy hair is not becoming at all. The straight style does not necessarily mean the sleeked down vamp style. If you merely want to flap you can do it just as prettily with a short-cut bob or shingle, devoid of wave, as you can with a fluffy baby halo. In fact you will probably be far more distinctive—or "cuter" as Hollywood would describe it. What could be more effective for the would-be baby vamp than the straight bob and fringe worn by Colleen Moore in several of her films?

One word of warning, though. Never let a straight bob get too long at the back. This is becoming to no girl whether she be of the classic, the

Pauline Starke coaxing the "spit curl," which is a feature of her 1850 wig, into its place.





The Winning Charm of Lovely Hair

If your hair lacks the captivating charm of rich lustrous beauty, follow the example of the world's loveliest women and use Lavona Hair Tonic. This is a wonderful secret-formula liquid that has amazed specialists all over the world. Lavona Hair Tonic aids both hair and scalp, removing all trace of dandruff and acid-loaded grease, both fruitful causes of hair troubles. This tonic penetrates to the scalp cells and glands and nourishes and stimulates them so that a new growth of rich, lustrous hair, full of glorious youthful colour, must quickly result. The secret ingredient in Lavona Hair Tonic infuses an electric vitality that lends to the

hair a natural waviness that alone would make Lavona famous . . . Many fashionable women who formerly spent pounds on permanent waving now rely solely on this tonic. The Lavona treatment is complete and no expensive "extras" are called for; it provides the one sure way to combat falling hair, dandruff, greasiness, brittleness, dryness and loss of colour. In the Lavona Hair Tonic cartons, selling at 2/11d. you will find everything necessary to transform your hair to perfect health and loveliness, including a delightful, easy-to-use shampoo. *Lavona Hair Tonic will beautify YOUR hair or cost you nothing; if it fails you in any way—if it doesn't come up to your highest expectations—send in the coupon in the package and get your money back. Lovely hair is yours if you use*

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To improve Dull Hair



If you are not satisfied with the appearance of your hair, use the Icilma Shampoos regularly and you very soon will be.

Under the tender care of the wonderful Icilma Shampoos, dull hair quickly assumes the gloss and sheen of fresh clean beauty. For not only do they cleanse the hair—they beautify and stimulate growth.

The WET Shampoo should be used every two or three weeks; the DRY Shampoo in between, and when washing is inconvenient.

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EVEN if you have been permanently waved, or are blessed with naturally curly hair, you know how difficult it is at times to get the waves to set nicely into those beautiful smooth ripples that make your hair look so rich and lustrous and lovely.

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Designed by Messrs. Nestlé, the originators of Permanent Waving, it is used successfully by thousands of the most attractive women on the film, the stage and in Society.



1. Just damp the hair and draw Comb through firmly from front to back.



2. Partially close the Comb by gently pressing it together.



3. After a few moments, lift the Comb out carefully—it's done!

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Beautiful hair and a very high standard of general perfection is a sine qua non at the Hal Roach Studio.

vamp, the flappy flapper, or the clinging vine type. You will merely look untidy, without style. There are a few who can stand a certain amount of length with a curly bob, but never with a straight one; either let it grow or keep it short. If you cannot afford regular trimming at least once a fortnight better to return to the hairpins once more.

In any case, long hair is strengthened and improved by cutting and singeing every couple of months or so—not an expensive business and very worth while. If the hair soon gets dirty and greasy wash it often with a good shampoo, putting a little borax in the water, once in ten days or so. For dry, brittle hair, olive oil massaged well into the scalp before shampooing is an excellent thing. One of the most wonderful tonics for hair of any kind, whether greasy or dry, is the sun. Go out hatless during the summer holidays as often as possible. It is very seldom that we get a day hot enough for the bogey of sun-stroke to come into being, and, in any case, we can soon tell whether it is likely to be too much for us and don hats and unfurl sunshades once more before any real harm is done.

Many girls who admire the well-waved hair of their sisters on the

screen, and who would really look better with the straightness relieved in their own tresses, are afraid to have it done because they have been told that the irons break and harm the hair. This is not so, for a competent hairdresser knows the exact heat at which to have his irons so that they do not burn the hair. Waving has been brought to a fine art to-day; thousands of girls are waved and curled weekly without the least harm resulting. Greasy hair takes the wave best, and healthy hair is, to a certain extent, greasy. In a normal, healthy head of hair the waves and curls, if put in by a hairdresser who knows his job, should last at least three weeks. Usually by then the hair wants washing, but very often, if a good dry shampoo is used and brushed out thoroughly and not too heavily with a clean brush, the wave is brought up again and will last the month out.

A good many girls both on and off the screen save time and trouble by having it waved permanently—a quite inexpensive and easy process nowadays. And there are, of course, a fortunate few upon whom Nature has bestowed the priceless gift of *bona fide* waves and ripples. At any rate, no girl need now make a sight of herself at bed-time by embellishing her

head with a Topsy-like array of curl-papers and rags.

Hair which is inclined towards curliness will very often take a water wave, and this can be put in at home immediately after the hair has been washed and before it has had time to dry properly. Indeed, most girls—especially those with bobbed or shingled hair—will find it much more easy to manage if they gently direct it in the way it should go while it is still damp.

The controversy anent the respective merits of bobbing, shingling or keeping the hair long, still continues to break out at intervals. There are stars who even now refuse to have their long locks cut, or, if for the sake of their work they at last have to bob, they do it under protest. Lois Wilson is one of the few who still wear their hair long, and she sounds very determined when she says that she will never, never cut it.

Dorothy Mackaill had a very hard struggle before she allowed her beautiful hair to be shingled off. She declared that it was her greatest beauty, but the scenario of *Chickie* demanded the sacrifice, so she was reluctantly forced to make it.

The worst of it is that very often, after a star has had her hair cut off, along comes a rôle in which she positively must wear it long again. The result is that quite a number of them are forced to wear wigs in the majority of their pictures. Another reason for the wearing of wigs is that the hair that looks really beautiful off the screen very often won't photograph at all well. Marjorie Daw nearly always wears a wig in her films, and so does Alice Terry.

Betty Compson, Kathleen Key and Evelyn Pierce are three stars who each possess hair of exceptional beauty. In fact they have been chosen to represent lovely hair in the new Amami competition, particulars of which are given on another page. If you think your hair looks like that of any of these stars, you should send your photo in to the Amami people and you may be a lucky prize winner.

If you haven't got hair likely to qualify for a prize, then start right away to cultivate it. There's no reason at all why the beauties of the screen should have the monopoly of lovely locks—except that, perhaps, they take more trouble over it than their lazier sisters!

Fans, it is your heritage—beautiful hair! It is not a thing to be envied and sighed for in vain; to be wistfully gazed after as it flashes across the silver sheet, crowning some scintillating wisp of loveliness. It is your right. But it is only a very favoured few of us who ever get even our deserts without working for them, and as we are constantly being informed from the cradle upwards by well-meaning relatives, anything that is worth having is worth preserving.



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"HOW TO BECOME A FILM ARTISTE." Contains nineteen chapters on this entrancing subject and covers all the ground necessary for an aspirant to a successful career on the Screen. The best book on the subject. Price 2/3d. post free, from: Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Spring—if we are to believe all the signs and portents usually associated with her coming—is upon us! I make the statement in no spirit of idle jesting, as my calendar might be supposed to do when it sets the date of her arrival for a bitter day in March, but as one who has a real reason for believing it to be true. In point of fact, not only are the trees bursting into bud, lambs gambolling on the green, and "lads" gambling on the turf, but actually the sun is out and has put in an all-day appearance on quite a respectable number of occasions.

But there are very few women who cannot afford something new, however small, to give a touch of freshness to a well-worn toilet. A new hat, a new pair of gloves, or new shoes and stockings—and, hey presto, a transformation is effected. The well-dressed girl is she who pays attention to these finishing touches, and if you watch your favourite film star on the screen you will notice how carefully her shoes and stockings are chosen to match her various changes of costume. You will not see, for instance, a film heroine attired in a light afternoon frock—and brogue shoes! Yet I know girls off the screen who think the two can be made to go together.

Shoes and stockings should always be chosen so that, although they show off the leg to the best advantage, they do not obtrude themselves upon one, and thus spoil an otherwise well-chosen and

well-matched outfit. To the girl without much money to spend this may sound a state of perfection difficult to attain. But if she is careful in choosing a type of shoe that can be worn with almost anything she need have no difficulty in always looking just right about the legs and feet.

Thick ankles seem to be a common failing, judging by the number one sees in any crowded thoroughfare where women are to be found. As the new short skirt draws attention to the feet and ankles it seems a pity that the care of them is so generally neglected.

Silk stockings help a great deal in making the ankles look slim, but they must be well-fitting and no wrinkle. Black ones give an effect of slenderness, and the girl with too generously proportioned legs will do well to wear this colour always.

The fact that a girl has not tiny feet need not cause her dismay, for these are nearly always made in proportion to a person's size. A tall girl with small feet would look ridiculous. The girl with large feet will never make them look smaller by squeezing them into shoes several sizes too small for her—she will only draw attention to them by her half-crippled gait.

If you remember the few practical hints given above there will be no need for you to envy your well-dressed film favourites. You will be secure in the knowledge that you, too, are the possessor of that valuable asset—perfectly shod feet.

A BIT ABOUT BETTY

(Continued from page 41).

realised is to attend a first night at Drury Lane Theatre. I'm going to-morrow night to the *première* of "Rose Marie" and I'm frightfully excited about it."

She paused and the conversation jumped somehow from London to Hollywood. We talked of famous film stars out there, of Mary and Douglas, Ramon Novarro, who was a fellow pupil of Betty's at Marian Morgan's dancing school, and others.

She told me that it had taken her a long time to pluck up the courage to see herself in her first film.

"When I did eventually see it I found to my relief that, although there were plenty of things that I could alter, I wasn't so frightfully bad as I had expected," she said. "And right there I decided that there was a place for me on the American screen. My next big part was in *Over the Top*, a war film. Then I played in *The Third Generation*, *The Silver Horde*, *The Queen of Sheba*, *Nomads of the North*, *Chu Chin Chow* and lots of others. The last of my pictures to be released at home, just before I left for Germany, was *Speed*—I don't think it's been shown over here yet. In it I have rather an interesting rôle—that of a middle-aged and rather old-fashioned woman, the mother of a family, who goes to Paris with her husband and becomes gradually rejuvenated and modernised. Then there's *The Desert Flower*—I played in that with Charles Ray, and I had a real "vamp" role in *In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter*."

"How did you like the rôle of 'She'?" I asked her.

"Very much. It's one that I've always been keen about, so when the opportunity to play it came I took it, even though it meant making the film abroad. But I don't think I shall leave America again, after this," she added.

"You'll be glad to be working again?" I asked, as I rose to go.

"Glad? Rather—I hate being away from the studio for long, it seems such a terrible waste of time. I don't know what I should have done these last few weeks, since I finished work on *She*, if I hadn't had friends over here and shopping to occupy my time. I've been buying frocks galore, you know, here and in Paris, so that I can take a good supply back with me. I never thought that I should find clothes to satisfy me in London—my tastes, you know, are rather exotic—but I'm delighted with the things I've found."

As I found my way back, a few minutes later, along those subdued pink passages, I found myself wondering whether real queens were, in real life, anything like screen queens in real life. Because if that is so they must be pleasanter people than I had imagined.

E. E. BARRETT.

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The Beloved Brute (*Vitagraph; May 11*).

A Western story about a strong man who meets his match in his own brother. Good atmosphere and fights. Victor McLaglen, Marguerite de la Motte and William Russell star, supported by Stuart Holmes, Mary Alden, R. D. Maclean, Wilfred North, Ernie Adams and Frank Brownlee.

Big Timber (*European; May 4*).

William Desmond in a good lumber camp story, with a four-cornered romance and many thrills. Cast includes Clive Hasbrouck, Betty Francisco, Ivor McFadden, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

Bulldog Jim (*Western Import*).

Fairly good sensational drama of San Francisco's Chinatown. George Larkin stars, supported by Eva Novak, Wilfred Lucas, Lillian West, Bud Osborne and Karl Silvera.

By Divine Right (*Wardour; May 4*).

Heavily religious drama about a tyrant boss and a mysterious individual known as "The Prince," who overcomes him. Played by Elliott Dexter, Mildred Harris, Anders Randolph, Grace Carlisle, Sidney Bracey, De Witt Jennings and Jeanne Carpenter. Poor entertainment.

Christine of the Hungry Heart (*Ass. First National; May 4*).

This adaptation of a Kathleen Norris's novel will please Florence Vidor fans for the star gives an excellent performance as the much-married heroine. Clive Brook, Ian Keith, Warner Baxter, Walter Hiers, Lillian Lawrence and Dorothy Brock appear in support. Somewhat uninspiring fare.

Damaged Hearts (*Wardour; May 18*).

Interesting pictorially, for it is set in the Florida Everglades, but improbable and melodramatic of plot which concerns a man's regeneration. Well played by Mary Carr, Jerry Devine, Eugene Strong, Helen Rowland, Tyrone Power, Jean Armour, Effie Shannon, Florence Billings, Sara Mullen, Charles DeForrest and Brian Danlery. Good popular fare.

The Desert Code (*Ducal; May 11*).

Vivian Rich and Hayford Hobbs in a simple story about a dreamer whose dream came true. Fair Western drama.

Every Man's Price (*Western Import; May 18*).

Society melodrama in which an Attorney does battle between love and duty. Grace Darling and Nita Naldi star with Charles Waldron, E. J. Radcliffe and Bud Geary in support. Unconvincing entertainment.

The Female (*Paramount; May 18*).

A South African romance adapted from Cynthia Stockley's "Dalla, the Lion Cub," with good veldt settings, good photography and excellent acting by Betty Compson, Warner Baxter, Noah Beery, and Dorothy Cumming. Good entertainment.

The Fighting Fool (*Pathé; May 25*).

Dick Hatton in a Western stunt melodrama of the conventional type, with plenty of action, good photography and fine mountain scenery.

Fighting Fury (*European*).

One more Westerner, with a forceful story about a man's revenge. Jack Hoxie, Helen Holmes, Fred Kohler, Duke R. Lee, Bert De Marc and Al Jennings act well. Will please action lovers.

The Foolish Virgin (*Pathé; May 11*).

Elaine Hammerstein and Robert Frazer in the story of a husband with a past which nearly wrecks his marriage. The cast also includes Phyllis Haver, Gladys Brockwell, Roscoe Karnes and Lloyd Whitlock. Good social drama.

The Great Diamond Mystery (*Fox; May 11*).

A good murder mystery drama in which a young authoress who, single handed, exonerates her lover from a murder charge. Shirley Mason is featured, supported by William (Buster) Collin, Hardee Kirkland, Jackie Saunder, Harry Von Meter, Philo McCullough and John Cossar.

Greater Than Marriage (*Vitagraph; May 4*).

Lou Tellegen and Marjorie Daw in an effective story of theatrical life and matrimonial misunderstandings. Peggie Kelly, Tyrone Power, Mary Thurman, Dagmar Godowsky, Raymond Bloomer, Effie Shannon, Florence Billings, William Ricciardi and Ed Roseman.

Her Night of Romance (*Ass. First National; May 25*).

Excellent light comedy concerning the daughter of a millionaire and a nobleman disguised as a doctor. Constance Talmadge and Ronald Colman star, with Jean Hersholt, Albert Gran, Sidney Bracey, Jim Barrows and Claire De Lorez in support.

In Love With Love (*Fox; May 4*).

Comedy drama concerning a girl who had too much of everything, including suitors, but, who finally marries the one who fights against her wiles. Allan Forrest, Harold Goodwin, William Austin, Mary Warren, Will Walling, Allan Sears, and Marguerite de la Motte act well. Fair entertainment.

Let's Go (*Unity; May 18*).

Richard Talmadge in a breezy stunt comedy about a ne'er-do-well who made good. Support includes Tully Marshall, Eileen Percy, George Nichols, Al Tremont, Matthew Betz and John Stepping. Excellent stunt fare.

The Light that Failed (*Paramount; May 25*).

A good adaptation of Kipling's famous novel and play, well photographed and acted by Percy Marmont, Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence, Sigrid Holmquist, Mabel Van Buren, Luke Cosgrave, Winston Miller and Mary Jane Irving.

Love and Glory (*European; May 25*).

Charles De Roche, Wallace MacDonald and Madge Bellamy in a sincere story of the Franco-Prussian war. Ford Sterling, Gibson Gowland, Priscilla Dean Moran, Andre Lacy and Charles D. Ravenne also appear. Good dramatic fare.

Love's Triumph (*Ducal; May 25*).

France Dhelia in a French production about a family feud in a Continental village and how it is at last patched up. Fair entertainment.

Love's Whirlpool (*F.B.O.; May 18*).

Emotional melodrama with James Kirkwood as a master criminal and Lila Lee as his wife. Plenty of action but little suspense. The cast also includes Robert Agnew, Matthew Betz, Edward Martindel, Madge Bellamy, Clarence Gildert and Joe Mills. Good entertainment.



Eleanor Boardman and Peter the Great in "The Silent Accuser."

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Every woman delights in dainty underwear, and none is more conducive to health and comfort than LenaLastik. These elastic and lasting garments are ideal—and economical. LenaLastik is soft, guaranteed unshrinkable, and fits nicely to the figure.

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PRICE'S SOAP CO. LTD. LONDON AND GREENWICH



Shirley Mason in
"The Great Diamond Mystery."

Married Flirts (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; May 11*).

Pauline Frederick as a masterful woman who eventually wins happiness. Elaborately staged and efficiently directed. Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Huntley Gordon, Patterson Dial, Paul Nicholson and Alice Hollister complete the cast. Good social drama.

The Narrow Street (*Gaumont; May 25*).

Light comedy about the transformation of a bashful boy by a charming girl. Capably played by Matt Moore, Dorothy Devore, David Butler, Russell Simpson, Gertrude Short, Kate Toncray, Tempe Pigott, George Pearce, Madame Sulkivan and Joe Butterworth. Excellent comedy fare.

Not For Sale (*Stoll; May 18*).

Pleasant comedy-drama of an Earl in a Bloomsbury boarding house played by Mary Odette, Ian Hunter, Gladys Hamer, Julie Kean, Edward O'Neill, Mary Brough, Maud Gill, Mickey Brantford, Minnie Leslie, Phyllis Lytton, Lionelle Howard and Jack Trevor.

Ports of Call (*Fox; May 25*).

Somewhat similar to *The Man Who Came Back*, in that the hero and heroine descend to the depths and then work out their salvation. Well acted by Edmund Lowe, Hazel Keener, William Davidson, William Conklin, Bobby Mack, Lilyan Tashman and Alice Ward. Melodramatic South Sea romance.

Racing for Life (*Wardour; May 25*).

Speedy action drama culminating in a thrilling motor race. William Fairbanks and Eva Novak star, with Philo McCullough, Wilfred Lucas, Ralph de Palma, Lydia Knott, Frankie Darro, Edwin Booth Tilton, Harry La Verne, George Atkinson and Ed. Kennedy in support.

Roaring Rails (*F.B.O.; May 11*).

Harry Carey in a full-blooded railway melodrama. Wallace McDonald, Frankie Darro, Edith Roberts, Frank Hagny, Charles Belcher, Duke R. Lee and Fontaine La Rue also appear.

Reckless Romance (*Gaumont; May 11*).

A bright comedy romance about a matrimonial tangle which took some time

to unravel. Well played by T. Roy Barnes, Harry Myers, Wanda Hawley, Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall, Jack Duffy, Lincoln Plumer and Morgan Wallace also appear.

Rounding Up the Law (*Ducal; May 18*).

Big Boy Williams, Patricia Palmer, Chet Ryan, Russell Gordon and William McCall in a Western story about a ranch feud. Plenty of fights and stunts. Good entertainment.

The Silent Accuser (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; May 25*).

Introducing a new dog star, Peter the Great, in a murder mystery drama; most attractive as to photography, settings and acting. The cast comprises Eleanor Boardman, Raymond McKee, Earl Metcalfe, Paul Weigel and Edna Tichenov.

The Silent Watcher (*Ass. First National; May 18*).

A well knit drama about a youngster whose loyalty to his chief causes even his wife to lose her faith in him. Played by Glenn Hunter, Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth, Gertrude Astor, George Nichols, Aggie Herring, Lionel Belmore, De Witt Jenning, Alma Bennett and Brandon Hurst. Good entertainment.

Sinners in Silk (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; May 4*).

Adolphe Menjou, Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel, and Hedda Hopper in a lavishly produced society story of an old man's rejuvenation. Fair entertainment.

The Sins Ye Do (*Stoll; May 11*).

A British love drama about a man whose life is almost wrecked by the indiscretions of a friend. Joan Lockton and Henry Victor star, supported by Leslie Attwood, Eileen Dennes, Jerrold Robertshaw, Jameson Thomas, Eric Bransby Williams, Maie Hanbury, Edward O'Neill, Annie Esmond, Frank Parfitt and Evelyn Chipman

The Snob (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; May 18*).

An interesting and unusually well directed small-town story about a death-bed marriage. Excellent characterisation and acting by John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, Phyllis Haver, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Seddon, Aileen Manning, Hazel Kennedy, Gordon Sackville, Roy Laidlaw and Nelly Bly Baker.

Stormswept (*Unity; March 25*).

Wallace and Noah Beery in a rugged sea story of life aboard a lightship. Virginia Brown Faire, Arline Pretty and Jack Carlyle complete the cast. Sombre, but good entertainment.

Teeth (*Fox; May 18*).

Tom Mix, Tony and Duke (the dog) in a thrilling and appealing Western melodrama culminating in a big forest fire. Lucy Fox opposite the star, also George Bancroft, Edward Peil, and Lucien Littlefield. Pleasing open-air stuff.

A Temporary Prince (*Unity; May 11*).

Maciste (Lucien Albertini) in a stunt story based upon the proverbial Philosopher's stone, which was said to turn baser metals into gold. Serial lovers will enjoy this one.

Triumph (*Paramount; May 11*).

A Cecil De Mille production of an unconvincing story in which the hero and heroine are alternately at the top and at the bottom of the tree of success, but finally emerge triumphant. Perfectly acted by Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Julia Faye, George Fawcett, Spottiswood Arthen, Zusu Pitts and Raymond Hatton.

Unguarded Women (*Paramount; May 4*).

The story of a reckless, anchorless girl of to-day, set in America, Pekin and France. Good acting by Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Walter McGrail, Frank Losee, Helen Lindroth, Harry Mestayer and Joe King.

Wine (*Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; May 11*).

Smart society drama of prohibition showing the havoc wrought upon a family of three by "bootlegging." Technically excellent, and well played by Clara Bow, Forrest Stanley, Huntley Gordon, Myrtle Stedman, Robert Agnew, Walter Long and Grace Carlyle.



Ronald Colman and Constance Talmadge
in "Her Night of Romance."

THE PICTUREGOER BEAUTIFUL HAIR COMPETITION

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AND 30
CONSOLATION
PRIZES EACH
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ABOVE are photographs of three famous Film Stars, each possessing hair of exceptional beauty. Every month a prize of £5 (five pounds) will be awarded to the reader of the "PICTUREGOER" whose hair, in the opinion of the Editor, most resembles that of any one of the examples. A final prize of £10 will be given to the owner of the most beautiful head of hair in the whole Competition.

Remember, in this Competition features don't matter—it's only the hair that counts. Study the examples and your mirror; ask your friends which of the three types you most resemble, and then send in a photograph or snap-shot of yourself—that's all.

In addition to the monthly prizes of £5, Consolation Prizes will be given to the ten competitors whose hair comes next in degree of resemblance to any of the three examples.

Read the Rules Carefully.

- 1—There is no Entrance Fee.
- 2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows:—"Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 1, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.
- 3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.
- 4—The closing date for this Competition is 30th MAY, 1925. The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.
- 5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.
- 6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PRIZES DOUBLED

Messrs. FRICHARD & CONSTANCE announce that in the event of the Prize Winner being a user of Amami Shampoo Powder they will double the monthly prize—thus making it £10. All Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoo will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

IMPORTANT.—If you wish to qualify for these Extra Prizes, you must enclose with your photograph an empty Amami Shampoo Powder Sachet to show that you are a bona-fide user.

NOTE.—A similar Competition appears in this month's "ROMANCE"

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Miracle High Point
Brassiere.
For shoulders—front
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A coat-shaped
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general reduction,
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75/-

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Relieved of the discomfort of dieting or dangerous restraint, you can now retrieve girlish slimness and supple grace—through the use of Miracle Reducers. They are made entirely of pure Rubber, Kleinert's Rubber, famous for half a century: the one rubber whose unquestionable purity makes it safe to wear against the skin. You can literally live in the Miracle Reducers. They act on sound, scientific principles, and give a sense of perfect freedom. You can wear them either with or without a corset, and will find them perfectly odourless. Only a damp sponge is needed to keep them hygienically clean and fresh.

The large illustration above shows two Reducers; Miracle Bust Reducer at 27/6, and Miracle Hip Reducer at 52/6.

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Write for Booklet of complete range of Reducing Garments, and if any difficulty in obtaining reducers, write The I.B. Kleinert Rubber Depot, 87, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Cured it Quickly,
Root and all, so it
Never Returned.

From the beautiful dancing girl to the inmate of the purdah, from high-caste princess to the wife of the poorest coolie, Hindoo women have never a trace of superfluous hair. Their religion makes hair elsewhere than on the head a thing unclean. "How can this be?" you will ask if you are among those who suffer from this distressing disfigurement. "How can they avoid the hideous blemishes that have made my life a misery?"

Let me tell you the secret. You cannot be worse than I was; yet after suffering for years I discovered the secret and cured myself for ever. For years, right up to middle age, I suffered the shame and mental agony of superfluous hair. I tried everything I heard of, even the painful electric needle, only to find that everything made it worse. I almost gave up hope.

Finally my husband, a noted surgeon and an officer in the British Army, secured from a native Hindoo soldier (whose life he had saved) the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo religion which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except the hair on their head. I used it. In a few days all my hair growths had gone. To-day not a trace can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to tell my experience to others afflicted that they may profit by it and not waste their time and money on "worthless concoctions" as I did. Therefore, to any lady who will send me this coupon or a copy of it, with your name and address within the next few days, sending three penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting, &c., I will send, quite free, full information so that you may for ever end all trace of embarrassing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address your letter to Frederica Hudson, Dept. 44N, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.



THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. Hudson: Please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON, Dept. 44N, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

ROARING RAILS

(Continued from page 38.)

"We'll try it," he said. And they tried it. And to-day, as has been told, it is history in Barrow End and Fairfield.

Bill opened out the engine all he could, and then, with Nora and Little Bill in his arms, knelt in the shelter of the cabin and left it to Providence.

It was like riding through a furnace. The woods on either side were red brilliant and soon too terrible for eyes to gaze on. Bill lowered his to the two frail people in his care, nor did he look up again before their destination. He just prayed—prayed that the engine would keep the rails and that they could find air enough to breathe before the end.

Minute after minute, like year after year. Agony after agony; the most astonishing selection. But—at last—victory.

Bill felt the heat die away. He looked up. They were clear of the forest and heading down on Fairfield. He sprang to his feet and laid a hand on the brakes. And three minutes later they pulled up in Fairfield, amid scenes so wild that they have never been adequately described, and now never will be.

The officials of both the South-Western and the Y. B. & O. were waiting, and prominent amongst the latter was Malcolm Gregory. Dismayed, indeed, did the Y. B. & O. officials look when their incredible engine drew in, but not more dismayed than the rest was Malcolm Gregory when the driver leapt down from his cab. For so black and smoke-stained was he that Gregory did not recognise him. It was not until the man had leapt upon him and drawn a knife that the truth came to him.

"Now," said Bill, "choose, and quick about it. Do you want a prison cell or a grave. Will you die or confess to what you did to MacFarlane. I give you three seconds. One—two—"

"I confess!" shrieked Gregory. "I—I killed MacFarlane!"

Police were near, officially of the celebrations. Bill threw Gregory to them and turned to the officials of his own line.

"This," said the President of the South-Western, "Will mean the first step of a big career to you, Benson. You've saved the company to-night, and the company will never forget. Shake hands."

Bill turned with a smile and led Nora and Little Bill forward.

"I'd like to be the first passenger on the first train that goes back to Barrow End, sir," he said. "Me and Miss Nora here and the nipper. I'm quite eager to get back there, sir. There's —" He lowered his voice and smiled at Nora as he took her in his arms. "There's a church there, y' see!"

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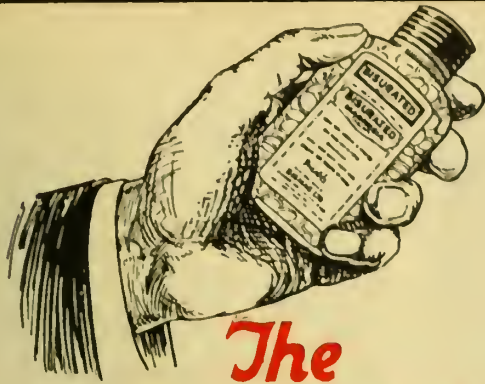
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TWELVE delightfully intimate snapshots—real photographs—snapped in home or garden of famous film stars:—"Douglas" and "Mary," "Norma," Richard Barthelmess, Betty Compson, Con-

way Tearle and Adele Rowland, Claire Windsor and her son Billy, Jackie Coogan, and his dog "Watch," Corinne Griffith, Warren Kerrigan, Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, and John McCormick.

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50/-

Looks worth
80 Gns.



The very latest fashion, this high-class watch is here to supply the demand of those people whose taste demands the best, but who do not wish to pay extravagant prices.

An exact reproduction of a Diamond and Platinum Model.

Sterling Silver Case, genuine diamond set with lustrous Parisian Diamonds or Onyx and Diamonds. High grade Ruby jewelled movement. Silver dial, on adjustable silk moire band, fits any wrist. Artistic clasp. 10 years' written guarantee.

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YARO (Czechoslovakia)—(1) Address Mae Murray c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Mae was born May 5th, 1894, and she has blue eyes and fair hair. (3) Her latest release is *Circe, The Enchantress*, and she's at present working on *The Merry Widow*. (4) Mae Marsh played opposite Ivor Novello in *The White Rose*. (5) Nita Naldi was "Dona Sol" in *Blood and Sand*. (6) The three bachelors in *Three Wise Fools* were played by Claude Gillingwater, W. H. Crane and Alec Francis. Eleanor Boardman was their ward.

E. C. (Brentwood).—Letter forwarded to Ramon. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

WANDERING SCOT (Scotland). — (1) Norma Shearer is still acting for the films. She has just finished work in *He Who Gets Slapped*, directed by Victor Seastrom and is busy in *The Snob*. (2) Norma isn't married.

RODES (Cricklewood).—You're welcome to use my Christian name—it's the only thing belonging to me that I can't use myself! (1) I certainly think you ask nicely. Write to him c/o Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. (2) There is no set rule about sending the stars money for their photographs, although, I believe a good many people send about 2/- or 2/6. Your best way of

sending it is to get a Foreign Money Order for the amount.

ROY (Birmingham).—My natural politeness forbids me to say what I think of any of you, Roy. (1) Nazimova's next release is *The Madonna of the Streets*. She has just signed a contract with the Vitagraph Co., and is making a film called *The Pearls of the Madonna*. (2) *Three Women*, starring Pauline Frederick will be released at the beginning of this year. (3) Pauline's next is called *Married Flirts*.

MARION (Brixton).—Thanks for the fine flow of affection contained in your letter. I should find it both flattering and embarrassing, if I didn't have a strong suspicion that it's only cupboard love after all! (1) You may imagine my eyes any colour you like, if that sort of thing amuses you. As a matter of fact they're not brown, so guess again! I'm not cultivating a moustache or a beard. At the moment I am teaching my hair to wave over my right temple. (2) Colleen Moore generally answers her fan mail pretty promptly, so I don't see why she should make you an exception to her rule.

NAOMI AND PAN (Oxford).—Letter forwarded to Conway Tearle. Glad to be able to please you so easily.

PATRICIA (Brighton).—Says "I expect

you will hear from me again one day." I'm too used to these kind of threats to let them disturb my peace of mind. However, just to show there's no ill-feeling I've passed your carol on with the usual recommendation to mercy.

ALINE (Birkenhead).—Letter forwarded to Alice Terry—of course I'll wish you luck if you think it will help you. Thanks for seasonable wishes, and for all the nice things you say about Xmas PICTUREGOER.

F. G. (South Hackney).—Thanks for the cigarettes which were much appreciated by the rest of the staff and my encyclopaedic self. I've forwarded your letter to Roy Stewart and hope you will hear from him soon.

JULIETTE (Haarlem).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Juliette. (1) Conway Tearle was born 1880, in New York, and he has dark hair and eyes. (2) He's married to Adele Rowland. (3) Conway played with Pola Negri in *Bella Donna*. (4) His address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California. (5) Send letters to film stars whose addresses you don't know c/o these offices and I'll see that they're forwarded.

C. R. (Leicester).—(1) Ralph Forbes is on this month's cover. I'll try to get you an art plate of him soon. At present he's in America on the legitimate stage.

N. (Glasgow).—(1) Constance Talmadge was born April 19th, 1900. (2) No, she's not married now. (3) There was an interview with Constance in July 1921 PICTUREGOER. (4) I've forwarded your letter. (5) Your modesty takes the shine off mine!

PEGGY (Blackpool).—I've passed your carol on with my blessing. You can call me anything you like.

ROBERT (Kensington). — (1) Helene Chadwick was born at Chadwick, November 25th, 1897. (2) She is an American and her address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (3) Art plates of Helene appeared in September 1922 and October 1923 PICTUREGOER. Her latest film is *Pity the Poor Chorus Girl*?

S.S.W. (No address).—(1) I'm certainly not an old fogey and the only game of patience I know is the one I play every month for the benefit of you fans. (2) Ramon Novarro was born February 6th, 1899. (3) He's playing the title rôle in *Ben Hur* at present. (4) Art plate appeared in January 1924 issue.

Roses (Bournemouth).—(1) Milton Sills was born January 10th, 1882, in Chicago. (2) He's married to Gladys Wynne and has one daughter Dorothy. His latest film is *As Man Desires*. (3) An art plate of Milton appeared in April 1921 PIC-



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SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

TUREGOER and one in July 1924 issue. He's in this issue, too, for your special benefit.

KATHLEEN (Paignton).—Glad your "Faults" Prize arrived at such an opportune moment. Best wishes for success in our new "Popularity" Contest.

TONI (Harrogate).—(1) Stewart Rome's last film was *The Salving of the Derelict*. He's gone to Germany now to star for I.F.A. Co., Berlin. (2) I'll bear your request in mind.

MADELINE (Wallasey).—Thanks for thanks! (1) An interview with Tony Moreno appeared in May 1921 PICTUREGOER.

F. O. (Bristol).—(1) Letter forwarded to Ivy Duke. (2) Try Stoll Film Co., 49, Greek Street, W.1. for "stills" from *The Great Prince Shan*. (3) The usual charge for "stills" is 2/- or 2/6 each.

SYBIL (Nottingham).—Thanks for the promise to love me for ever. On the strength of it I've forwarded your letters.

HEATHER.—(1) Nazimova's married to Charles Bryant. (2) She was born May 22nd in 1879.

MYSTERY (Bournemouth).—(1) Tony Moreno was born in Madrid in 1888. (2) He isn't married.

P. M. (Durham).—(1) No, Margaret Leahy isn't doing any more film work. (2) I have it on the authority of Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, that Margaret has married and settled down in Los Angeles.

JILL (Bedford).—No, there's no harm in adoring Ivor Novello if you want to. I don't expect he'll mind so long as you do it quietly. I've forwarded your letter.

BABS (Cheltenham).—Sorry to damp your youthful ardour, but I'm afraid I can't advise you to go in for film work, however beautiful you are. The profession's already hopelessly overcrowded—better confine your talents to charades at home in the winter evenings. (1) *The Dark Swan* isn't released over here yet. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost and Helene Chadwick share the honours in this.

JUNE ROSE (Bristol).—Glad to hear from you and your sister. The best of luck to you both in your work. I've forwarded your carol with the usual recommendation to mercy.

TRUE TO RUDOLPH (London).—I've passed your brickbat on to your erring fellow reader and hope he will feel duly chastened. (1) Rudolph's latest film *The Sainted Devil* isn't due for release yet. Watch "Picturegoer's Guide" for news of it. (2) Rudolph's address is c/o Ritz-Carlton Prods., 6-8, West 48th Street, New York City. (3) I've handed your carol on to the right quarter.

D. F.—Letter forwarded to Ramon. MILTON SILLS FAN (Kensington).—(1) Milton is married to a non-professional. He has one daughter, Dorothy. (2) Conrad Nagel's name pronounced "Nay gel." (3) Ethel Clayton has retired from the screen for the present—but don't despair, they generally come back. (4) No, I'm not "George Fitzmaurice," so, with my customary honesty, I return your love herewith.

SPOTTY (Nottingham).—Try Stoll Film Co., 49, Greek Street, London, W.1, for photos of Fred Paul and Harry Lyons.

M. R. (Presso Prochet).—(1) *The Cheat* hasn't been dealt with in THE PICTUREGOER. Sorry!

DORIS (Colchester).—(1) Letters forwarded to Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque. (2) In view of all the nice things you say about me, I'll excuse that blot. (3) I'll do my best to get those art plates for you when the Editor is in a particularly melting mood. An art plate of Monte Blue appeared in September 1923 PICTUREGOER.

ANNIE (Gateshead).—In view of the fact that your letter is questionless I've forwarded the carol with a double blessing!

A FILM FAN.—I've forwarded your letter to John Barrymore. He finished in *Hamlet*, at the Haymarket Theatre, early last month.

MARGARET (Doncaster).—As you think me a "dear kind man," I suppose I shall have to live up to your conception of me. I've forwarded your letter to Warren Kerrigan, and hope you'll get a reply from him.

Stars Off The Reel.

What are they like off the screen. What do they do and where do they live? Do you want to see what your favourites look like at home? Then send 1/- to Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, W.C.2 for our *Monster Packets* of "Kinema Stars at Home." These are charming snapshots (real bromide photos) of popular stars caught quite informally in their own homes just as you might snap them yourself if you could get them within focus. The first series consists of Jackie Coogan, Norma Talmadge, Mary and Doug., Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Dick Barthelmess, Warren Kerrigan, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Conway Tearle, Corinne Griffith and Claire Windsor and Billy (12 in all).



Matt Moore and Dorothy Devore in "The Narrow Street."

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A young girl should be bright and full of energy. The pink flush of health should be on her cheeks. She ought to be irresistible. Life is at its best. She should not be tired and wan, too languid to enjoy plain food, too shy and timid to attract anyone, often being ill for a day and having to be in bed, and looking limp and unhappy when out walking.

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FREE.—No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to R.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

What Do You Think?

YOUR
VIEWS
AND
OURS



Frank Tjeltle &
Bebe Daniels

In the Spring the young fan's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Rudy—or so it would appear by the state of my mail-bag. The Antis are fulminating because *Telling the Old*, he won the Popularity Contest; and the Dyed-in-the-Wool Valentino worshippers are exultant over it in seven to ten page effusions. They are perfectly beautiful epistles, all of them, but, my gallant army of ink-slingers, can you not think of something else besides Rudolph? I cannot fill this page with your eulogies and disparagements, else the "Brick-bats and Bouquets" man will be after my blood. And I should hate to burden you with my thoughts. So roll along with some new ideas, I entreat, so that I can depart on my holidays in peace.

"I have been wondering if the 'effects' with which present-day films are presented, add to the pleasure of the entertainment, and I have come to the conclusion that *Silence is Golden*. they do not," writes E. M. F. (Kent).

"Several people to whom I have spoken on the subject, agree with me, and I should like to know what your readers think. *The Four Horsemen*, to name but one of many, was completely spoilt for me, by the series of ear-splitting crashes which accompanied the battle scenes. These

'effects' are supposed to make the film more realistic, but don't you think that they defeat their own ends? With everything else in the story making itself heard, surely it tends to make the characters mere puppets, and heaven preserve us from a talking machine! I have always preferred the 'silent' drama to the spoken one, mainly because it was silent. To my mind it is a pity to make the kinema an imitator of the theatre, far better to let it stand on its own merits. The cosy kinema which presents its films with first-class orchestral accompaniment and no 'effects' gets my patronage every time."

"As an ardent fan and a painstaking peruser of every screen magazine that I can afford to buy, I know all about the limitations of movie stars as to *A Little Faster* camera limits, etc. *Action, Please!*" But, even taking this into account it seems to me that film players are too slow. Sometimes a star will take what appears several minutes just to turn round and look sorry for himself or herself as the case may be, whereas, in reality, a hasty movement would occur. Is this "slow-motion" business the newest fashion in movies? I find it in so many of the current releases and I don't like it. It makes the movies more artificial than ever. What do you think?"—*Pop* (London).

"What funny people Americans are. The other day I picked up an American film magazine and glanced down the filmgoers' guide. All the pictures that we *Tastes Do Differ, But—* should probably call musty or too strong for our more delicate susceptibilities were praised and commended. *Captain Blood* came under the heading of "Commended with Reservations."

Here's the paragraph:—"Tons and of costume weighting down a thrilling tale by Rafael Sabatini. J. Warren Kerrigan and Jean Paige wearing clothes in the manner of old songs with pictures, the rest of the caste supplying action and thrills."

"Now, to our English minds, Kerrigan lacked nothing, he fitted the rôle wore his costumes and manners correct to period, plus the dignity which we like in our romantic historical figures. *This is a Bit Severe.*

We all know the mean type of persons. The Americans are like that, because none of them possess the slim elegance of our nobility. Therefore they make fun of it and brag about the great open spaces of America where men are *men*."—*Briton* (London).

"This is what I think," confides *Picture Lover* (London). "We all want to see our British Film Industry win through. Well, I would like to say my little piece. I don't think our films come up to the American

standard yet, although I must admit I've seen some very good ones. They never seem to have the same extravagant, don't care a —, yes, you say it—for the expense look about the interior settings. Also, we haven't many really nice heroes, and many of our heroines are stagey and lick their lips too much. Maybe we have some hidden stars, but they're still hidden. Why can't there be some "finds" like they have in America? My British favourites are Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, Harry Edwards, and Clive Brook (is he still British?); I also like Stewart Rome, and Henry Victor."



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75,000 Already Sold

If your bust is too large, or your shoulders too thick, if your thighs are too fleshy or your abdomen protrudes, you need no longer let them mar the beauty of your figure. By means of the Vaco Reducing Cup, thousands of people are regaining youthful, slender figures in a surprisingly short time. The fame of the Vaco Reducing Cup has spread like wildfire! Already 75,000 have been sold—so you can tell the amazing success of this new method! You—anyone—can easily and quickly perform these wonders for yourself with this new marvel of Science. The principle upon which it works is as perfectly natural as the formation of the fat itself. Fat is formed when the circulation of the blood is too sluggish to dissolve it and carry it off. And when once formed it further impedes the flow of the blood through it, adding to the congestion. The Vaco Reducing Cup, by gentle but concentrated suction, creates a natural circulation in the fat part, and the rotating massage exercises and loosens the fatty tissue, making it still easier for the active blood to dissolve and carry away the clogging fat. Gymnastic and other exercises act on the same principle, but unfortunately it is hard to confine the exercise to the precise spot you wish to reduce. Besides, strenuous exercise often affects the heart and other organs. The Vaco Cup goes direct to the affected part—circulates the blood there and there only. The warm, tingling sensation you feel in the part, after using the Cup, is proof, if proof were needed, that the bealing blood is at work, clearing out the useless excess in a perfectly natural way.



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Anna Q. Nilsson

**ELSIE TARRON**

*The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will the Bathing Girl do,
Poor thing?*

*With fur on her suit
She'll look so darn cute
The north wind will lose all its sting,
Poor thing!*

PICTURES AND
THE PICTUREGOER
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



W. S. Hart.

Bill Hart, champion weeper of the West is coming back. Also the swallows. Another wet summer!

A new "Monte Carlo" film has millionaire supers. Well,

judging by the way supers dress, I should say they have need to be.

"Is she an actress or a leading lady?"

What about Educational Films for producers?

"Slow motion." The speed those "better pictures" take in coming.

There is distressing unemployment among custard-pie fillers.

The Hollywood husband who told his wife he had been studying astronomy was a wit.

The way that most Hollywood stars hurriedly invest their salaries in real estate suggests that they're pretty good critics on the side.



Colleen Moore.

Colleen Moore wonders where the Englishmen's monocles are. Sure now, Colleen, an' an't they all in ould Los Angeles, on them movin' pictures?

Natural-colour photography, of course, will never apply to the leading lady.

Would-be vamps are advised to wear veils. Now if only Ben Turpin would want to be a vamp. . .

It is said that Miss Nameless intends to give up autographing her postcards and go back on the screen.

Joke that will occur to seven daily papers simultaneously this month—"My Lady's Dress" is in seven parts."

Marie Prevost says that "natural eyebrows are coming in." So the truth is coming out!



Marie Prevost.

If you still doubt that the movies will make an appeal to posterity, drop in at any seaside cinema just now and see them doing it.

A headline says: "The future for English Films." It seems to me the answer is: English films for the future."

"I hear Billy is out of work again." "Yes, poor boy; he's just started a month's engagement as juvenile lead."

"And so Freddy is doing well in Los Angeles?" "Rather! Every time the star has to fall off a house or slip down a waterfall they give Freddy the leading rôle."

Jack Buchanan's next. After the "Happy Ending"—"Evidence Enclosed." Looks like it was an unHappy Ending, after all.



Jack Buchanan.

Send six stamps and learn how to be a movie director." So they haven't a post office in Los Angeles?

Actors under the new "Eye-strainless" blue lights appear to be working in a kind of fog. But the movie authors have been doing this for years. Where's the novelty?

Wanted. Name of American millionaire who, after buying out a round dozen of private European galleries, now boasts that he has a thousand feet of Rembrandt.

"That man is a diplomatist. You can tell by the star on his chest." "Really? That other fellow is a movie actor." "You don't say! And how can you tell that?" "By the star on his chest."

It looks as though the man who used to write those Keystone comedies is doing very well as the Clerk of the Weather.



Charles Chaplin.

But the world's softest job at the moment is imitating Charlie Chaplin.



I guess I've had my share of adventures out of life, but one of the biggest thrills I've ever experienced was when I woke at dawn on board the "Aquitania" and caught my first glimpse of the English coast, a far off line of white, shrouded in early morning mists. For so many years I'd planned the time when I should visit your wonderful old country and when I found myself actually in sight of it at last, it sure seemed almost too good to be true.

Long before the "Aquitania" docked, I was up and dressed, eager to set foot in Southampton, and when at last we arrived and I saw the great crowd of people, headed by the deputy Mayor of Southampton and other town officials, all waiting to welcome Tony and me as we went down the gangway together, I reckon I enjoyed one of the happiest moments of my life. You English people sure are a hospitable race!

After attending a welcome lunch, we drove to the station where a special train was waiting to take us up to London. I saw Tony comfortably settled in the loose box that had been provided for him, and then started the journey through your wonderful English scenery to Waterloo station. Here again the crowds that had gathered to greet me, and especially the hordes of cheering boys and girls, im-



Photo: Alferi Picture Service.

Tom and Tony in Town.

pressed and touched me beyond words.

We left the train, after some photos had been taken of my wife and Thomasina, Tony and me, and I tell you Tony just jumped with delight at being on solid ground again. In the Rolls Royce that had been placed at our disposal I experienced the first fright that London had for me, for the reversion of the traffic rules from those in America made me feel that we were going to crash into something at every corner we went round. In fact I must confess that once or twice I grabbed Thomasina, honest, I believe I should have jumped clean out of the car with her if it had been an open one.

However, we arrived at the Savoy without any accident and went upstairs to our suite of rooms. Here I was delighted to find that my windows looked right out over the Thames, and I was able to feast my eyes on what I consider the most wonderful section of your most wonderful London.

After that the days of my visit seemed to pass in a regular whirl of thrills and excitement. Wherever I went the children seemed to gather in their hundreds, and the way they fussed about Tony made me feel real glad that I'd decided to bring him with me on the trip. One of the first things I did on my arrival was to visit the Broadcasting headquarters, where I spoke on the wireless. I've several times done this in America, but it was a little strange to me here, at first, because your transmitter seems to be a newer and more up-to-date model than those I have used in the States.

One of the most enjoyable visits I made during my trip was to the Mansion House, where your Lord Mayor, Sir Alfred Bower, did me the honour of receiving me. I was greatly impressed by the dignity of everything and everybody connected with the place, and had a right good time being shown all over it by Lady Bower. I saw the Banqueting Hall and Drawing Rooms, and went down into the kitchens, where the chef told me how he made his famous turtle soup—then from there we went to the strong room and saw regular piles of honest to goodness gold plate. I reckon it would be almost a pleasure to be fined in such a wonderful place!

My next visit was to Scotland Yard where I got permission for my firearms, and in the evening I attended the Stage Guild Ball. Everybody was just fine to me wherever I went, and what impressed me more than anything was the

EXPERIENCES

TOM MIX

genuine sincerity and lack of affectation of English girls. They didn't hand me the limp mitt, but shook hands good and hearty and made me feel right welcome. They sure are some of the nicest girls I've ever met.

Another regular thrilling experience was my visit to the Tower of London. When I was making *Dick Turpin* I came across Sir Walter Raleigh several times, when we were digging out facts of English history to get the right atmosphere in the film, and as I stood in the little room in the Tower where he was at one time imprisoned, I felt how I'd like to make a picture about him. One of these days, maybe, I shall, and the memory of that little room will help me no end.

I reckon there's hardly room here to write about everything I found to impress me in London, but I must just mention how I enjoyed my ride with Tony in Rotten Row. I'd heard so much about this Rotten Row of yours,



Tom, Victoria (Mrs. Mix) and Thomasina (their baby girl).

Another thing I'd have just hated to miss was my visit to Cricklewood's Home of Rest for Worn Out Horses. I think this is a regular splendid institution, and just as soon as I get back to America I'm going to set right to work and see if something of the sort can't be started for our four-footed friends over there.

Altogether I can't say how much I enjoyed this visit of mine, nor how much I appreciated the real splendid welcome everybody gave me. I can only say this much—that when I get back home again, no matter where else I may travel, I reckon my trip to London will remain back of my mind as the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me.

Photo: London News Agency.



Tom with Lord Mayor Sir Alfred Bower.

Photo: Keystone View Co.

Tom causes a sensation in Rotten Row.



but I kind of thought it'd be some narrow pathway with hardly room to turn round. I should like to say right here how delighted both Tony and I were when we found out what it was really like. It sure is the finest bridle path I've ever ridden on. Here, too, the way the children crowded round made me feel real glad to think that if I'd never done anything else with my picture work, at least I had managed to please the kiddies.

Movie Making at Monte

On the Riviera with Betty Balfour, Carlyle Blackwell and the Louis Mercanton Company.



Carlyle Blackwell contemplates suicide.

Never had the name of The World's Playground suited the pearl of the Riviera better than when Betty Balfour arrived in Monte Carlo. As the express from Paris drew in the station the platforms were crowded with "Wee MacGregor's Sweetheart's" admirers, and a guard of honour composed of waving handkerchiefs and hats was the appropriate welcome accorded to the popular star.

In twelve hours "Squibs" had captivated half Monte Carlo with her winsome smile and her bubbling personality.

As Betty Balfour, accompanied by the rest of Louis Mercanton's company passed through the waiting room I heard a pretty French girl ejaculate: "She is like a bottle of champagne just uncorked." Many were the weird and wonderful terms of praise for Betty who lost no time in avoiding the crowd by sinking deep into the plush cushions of a luxurious *cabriolet*.

Each morning before shooting began Betty was out and on the beach ready for her daily swim. Carlyle Blackwell accompanied her, and so did many other members of the company.

I met Betty one morning near the Casino, and inquired how she liked her new life compared with that of her many Squibs pictures? "I adore it. Never have I had so many beautiful jewels to wear, or such beautiful clothes and believe me I am very

Below: Betty Balfour in the famous Atrium at Monte Carlo.



Betty Balfour

happy." I could quite well believe it for I have never seen Betty Balfour look more adorable than she did that day.

"Louis Mercanton is a wonderful director," said Betty Balfour, "and so very sympathetic. Everyone in the company loves him. I think this will be one of the finest pictures I have ever been in. The story was written by E. Phillips Oppenheim and on several occasions he has come to watch us at work to see how the picture is getting on."

"Monte Carlo" as this latest picture is called will be chiefly interesting because it will reveal the intimate life of Monte Carlo, the lure of its gambling tables, its beautiful villas with its flowery groves, the gay life and the gay people that have made this resort so very famous.

One of the most interesting scenes in this photoplay will be The Fashion Ball, which was held at the Casino. It was the last great function of the season and naturally everybody was there. The Opera House, in the Casino, where the ball took place was packed so that dancing seemed well-nigh impossible. Thousands of amperes of light were projected inside by means of Mercanton's lorries, and so dozens of small *arcs* and *spots* gave the scene an unaccustomed brilliance.

When Mr. Mercanton started shooting with his three cameramen, half the floor was cleared for dancing, whilst the other half was filled with interested spectators who also occupied a vast number of boxes.

There were many famous people present; among them the author of the film, E. Phillips Oppenheim, preferred the crowd on the floor to the safety of his box on the first *etage*. Lady de Bathe (Lily Langtry) also was there and ever so many more famous people. Never were more beautiful jewels worn in the Casino and there must have been several million francs worth in the boxes alone.

In the little room, a sort of dressing room, at the back of the stage, Betty sat awaiting her "call" and next to her



Robert English and Carlyle Blackwell at the Casino.

Carlyle Blackwell remained also waiting to do his bit. Louis Mercanton had arranged things so well and speedily that there were few people who noticed the acting, and although this is one of the most important bits of work in Monte Carlo it lasted only a very short time.

When Betty and Carlyle Blackwell appeared on the stage, however, there was uproarious applause that lasted several full minutes.

There are few who do not know the famous Atrium at the Casino, which leads to the gaming rooms. This was almost smothered with flowers, and two bands and a Tzigane orchestra provided uninterrupted dance music. After the dancing a wonderful supper was served in the course of which the tables were bombarded with coloured balloons, carnations and rose

Special lighting apparatus outside the Casino.



Below and centre: Two studies of Betty Balfour displaying vividly different types.



Carlyle proposes to Betty.

and flowers of every description. These scenes will appear in the film in colour.

"Monte Carlo" as written by E. Phillips Oppenheim, is a very interesting story. Betty's part is not unlike the role of "Tip Toes" in *Love, Life and Laughter*, which was one of her finest screen portrayals. It tells of a little tyist entangled in the intrigue and dazzling life of the Riviera, who is a striking contrast to the exotic type to be found on the Côte d'Azur generally. Incidentally it furnishes Louis Mercanton with one of the most remarkable stories he has ever filmed.

Monte Carlo is laid in the most beautiful settings of Monaco and the French Riviera and the many thousands who have never had the good fortune to go to Monte will thus have a wonderful opportunity of seeing their dream city on the screen, having lost none of its romance, its beauty or its mystery.

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.

Minds & the Movies

Most film producers are ignorant of psychology, according to the author of this article. In all sorts of curious little ways they give themselves away.

Samuel Goldwyn is a wonderful man.

He has helped to make, as hardly another man in America has helped to make, the toy moving pictures of twenty years ago into the world-powerful kinema of to-day.

He has found stars and given them the chance to scintillate.

He has brought the most famous authors in touch with the movies, and persuaded the most famous singers to close their mouths and go before the camera.

He has written a book of intimate reminiscences without being directly rude to anyone.

He has tried to get Bernard Shaw into the film industry.

He has never made a film without sub-titles.

He has given a five-year contract to Ronald Colman.

But the most wonderful thing of all that Mr. Goldwyn has done is a failure. He has packed his grip and hustled off to Vienna, to get Professor Siegmund Freud to collaborate with him in the making of pictures. Freud says no, and Samuel Goldwyn has taken his passage home again without the great psychologist, but the impulse is none the worse for that. Goldwyn

Samuel Goldwyn.



is a wonderful man to have *though* of winning Freud for the movies, to have realised the need for a Freud in the movies, to have realised that Freud is the man to fill that need in the movies.

For the fact is that the kinema knows less about psychology than a rabbit knows about metaphysics.

Producers in general do not even seem to know what the word psycho-



Evelyn Brent.

logy means. On the rare occasions when they make use of it, they take it as a nice-sounding alternative name for exaggeration. Any very intricate and ugly emotion is classed as psychological. Any actress who rolls her face about more than is customary and makes complicated grimaces into the camera is supposed to be a student of intense psychology. In fact the word psychology in the kinema can be stretched to cover almost anything. . . . A word in ten letters, meaning to behave like a lunatic. . .

Ah! that's just it. Here and there a producer, cleverer than the rest, has got on to the idea of psychology being the study of the mind of a madman, and has clung to it. He has his cue. The dictionary definition of the word reads "Psychology; a scientific knowledge of mental phenomena." And nobody bothers to look up "phenomena," knowing that it is generally used to describe unusual happenings.



The Shadow in "Dr. Mabuse."

And so comes the idea of psychology as a scientific knowledge of *unusual* happenings in the mind. And the result of this idea is *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, and much of *Dr. Mabuse*, and a great deal of *Kean*. Brilliant films all; intricate studies of an unbalanced mind; psychological without a doubt; but this is not the whole of psychology.

As a matter of fact, if you look up "phenomenon" in the dictionary, you will find that it stands for a happening or an appearance, and only in the secondary sense for an *unusual* happening or appearance.

And so the true psychologist occupies himself with studying the affairs of everyday, with the way that ordinary people behave under both ordinary and extraordinary circumstances, the way they talk when they are happy, the way they move when they are sad, the way they eat their breakfast when there is bad news in the morning paper, the way they get into a train when they are in love.

In the whole of the kinema I only know of one film which gives a complete psychological study of the normal man—the typical man—the man of every country and every age—and that is Karl Grune's film of middle life, *The Street*. That man, with his memories, and his respectable, monotonous home life, and his spring hunger for the unknown, might stand as a monument to the whole of mankind in its middle years. You must have met hundreds of him, going home to Clapham or Chiswick or Golders Green in the evening, clutching his umbrella. He is not Mr. Anybody, for he has no individual, no personal, traits; he is Mr. Everybody, and you can't fail to know him.

Ronald Colman.



feet to its smallest detail. You would not think a producer could make a mistake with Neil. But Matt Moore, trying desperately hard to look like a simple village lad in his teens, cut across the character from his very first entrance. A dolt he might have been, a Tol'able David he might possibly have been, but a brilliant young lawyer, with bearing and firm decision, he could not have been in this world. Matt is too good an actor, Beaumont too good a director, to have bungled psychology so.

To do the kinema justice, the days when heroines propped themselves against the doorpost and sobbed on the least provocation are nearly over. When the star hears bad news over a telephone to-day she does not as a rule clutch the mouth-piece to her heart and fall in a dead faint on the expensive carpet. When her lover leaves her for ever she does not any longer tear at her throat with convulsive hands and roll great drops of glycerine down

Below: Matt Moore and Irene Rich in "A Lost Lady."

her cheeks. Producers have begun to realise that emotion does not take people that way in real life. They have learnt just enough psychology to know that the big crises of life are apt to leave people numbed.

It is four years now since I saw that clever story of Bohemian love, *Laughter and Tears*. But I still remember the wave of joy and admiration, almost incredulous admiration, that swept over me as I watched the scene in which the girl is deserted by her artist-lover. There was Adelqui Millar, with a world of promise in front of him, setting off for adventure and a new romance. There was Evelyn Brent, alone in the room that had been their home, with a world shattered at her feet. It was the moment for registering the most intense emotion of which the screen is capable. And she sat at the table, looking straight in front of her, and did just nothing at all.

The effect was magnificent. I have never forgotten it.

In the days when *Laughter and Tears* was made, such a scene in the teeth of crisis came as a shock to kinemagoers. To-day the thing is different. Largely under the influence of Sweden and Germany the producers of all countries have realised the weight of immobility as a dramatic factor. Numbers of heroines, when they hear bad news nowadays, sit still and look in front of them and do nothing at all. Sometimes they do it intentionally and sometimes they don't. But in either case the stillness is better, more true to life, than the heart-clutchings

(Continued on page 49).

The book "Babbitt" drew man like that, but the film *Babbitt*—well, the film *Babbitt* thought it knew better.

And this happens again and again in the kinema. A clever author will write about a man, drawing his character to the last shoe-string and sketching in his psychology with the finest strokes, as Sinclair Lewis did with *Babbitt*, and then along comes the producer, and with the best intentions in the world, meaning to finish the portrait and paint it in all nice and clearly, he bungles the outline and fills in the detail with all manner of false strokes.

I don't grumble at the sort of thing that happened in *Gerald Cranston's Lady*. Said Alma Rubens to James Kirkwood, with a magnificent gesture "You have betrayed me—and with a woman of my own blood!" Of course she wouldn't have said such a thing in real life. If she had really discovered such a thing, she wouldn't have worried much about the blood of the woman, or the position of her arm, or the turn of her sentences. But I don't blame Alma for the false ring of that situation, any more than I blame Emmett Flynn, who produced it. The fault is Gilbert Frankau's, for drawing a woman in the first place without any psychology.

On the other hand, I have no patience whatever with Harry Beaumont and Matt Moore for what they have done with young Neil in *A Lost Lady*. Here was a clear-cut, sympathetic study of the romance of a very young boy, and of the gradual maturing of his mind and his affections. The psychology of the character was per-



Victor Varconi, Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque in "Triumph."



Merton of the Movies

by HARRY LEON WILSON

This enthralling serial of life behind the movie screen commenced in the February issue of THE PICTUREGOER. Back numbers may be obtained from the publishers.



He felt better after this chat with his old friend, and the following morning he pressed a suit in the Patterson kitchen and resumed his vigil outside the gate. But now from time to time, at least twice a day, he could break the monotony of this by a call at the little window.

Sometimes the woman beyond it would be engrossed with the telephone and would merely look at him to shake her head. At others, the telephone being still, she would engage him in friendly talk. She seemed to like him as an occasional caller, but she remained smilingly sceptical about his immediate success in the pictures. Again and again she urged him not to forget the address of Giggenholder or Gooshswamp or whoever it might be that was holding a good job for him. He never failed to remind her that the name was Gashwiler, and that he could not possibly forget the address because he had lived at Simsbury a long time. This always seemed to brighten the woman's day. It puzzled him to note that for some reason his earnest assurance pleased her.

As the days of waiting passed he began to distinguish individuals among the people who went through the little outer room or sat patiently around its walls on the hard bench, waiting like himself for more companies to start shooting. Among the important-looking men that passed through would be actors who were now reaping the reward of their struggle and sacrifice; actors whom he thrilled to recognise as old screen friends. These would saunter in with an air of fine leisure, and their manner of careless but elegant dress would be keenly noted by Merton. Then there were directors. These were often less scrupulously attired and seemed always to be solving knotty problems. They passed hurriedly on, brows drawn in perplexity. They were very busy persons. Those on the bench regarded them with deep respect and stiffened to attention as they passed, but they were never observed by these great ones.

The waiting ones were of all ages; mostly women, with but a sprinkling of men. Many of the women were young

or youngish, and of rare beauty, so Merton Gill thought. Others were elderly or old and a few would be accompanied by children, often so young that they must be held on laps. They, too, waited with round eyes and in perfect decorum for a chance to act. Sometimes the little window would be pushed open and a woman beckoned from the bench. Some of them greeted the casting director as an old friend and were still gay when told that there was nothing to-day. Others seemed to dread being told this, and would wait on without daring an inquiry.

Sometimes there would be a little flurry of actual business. Four society women would be needed for a bridge table at 8.30 the next morning on Stage Number Five. The casting director seemed to know the wardrobe of each of the waiters, and would select the four quickly. The gowns must be smart—it was at the country house of a rich New Yorker—and jewels and furs were not to be forgotten. There might be two days' work. The four fortunate ladies would depart with cheerful smiles. The remaining waiters settled on the bench, hoping against hope for another call.

Among the waiting-room hopefuls Merton had come to know by sight the Montague family. This consisted of a handsome elderly gentleman of most impressive manner, his wife, a portly woman of middle age, also possessing an impressive manner, and a daughter. Mr. Montague always removed his hat in the waiting-room, uncovering an abundant cluster of iron-grey curls above a noble brow. About him there seemed ever to linger a faint spicy aroma of strong drink, and he would talk freely to those sharing the bench with him. His voice was full and rich in tone, and his speech, deliberate and precise, more than hinted that he had once been an ornament of the speaking stage. His wife, also, was friendly of manner, and spoke in a deep contralto somewhat roughened by wear but still notable.

The daughter Merton did not like. She was not unattractive in appearance, though her features were far off the screen-heroine model, her nose being too short, her mouth too large, her cheekbones too prominent, and her chin too square. Indeed, she resembled too closely her father, who, as a man, could carry such things more becomingly. She was a slangy chit, much too free and easy in her ways, Merton considered, and revealing a self-confidence that amounted almost to impudence. Further, her cheeks were brown, her brief nose

freckled, and she did not take the pains with her face that most of the beautiful young women who waited there had so obviously taken. She was a harum-scarum baggage with no proper respect for anyone, he decided, especially after the day she had so rudely accosted one of the passing directors. He was a more than usual absorbed director, and with drawn brows would have gone unseeing through the waiting-room when the girl hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Henshaw, one moment, please!"

He glanced up in some annoyance, pausing with his hand to the door that led on to his proper realm.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Montague! Well, what is it? I'm very, very busy."

"Well, it's something I wanted to ask you." She quickly crossed the room to stand by him, tenderly flicking a bit of dust from his coat sleeve as she began, "Say, listen, Mr. Henshaw: Do you think beauty is a curse to a poor girl?"

Mr. Henshaw scowled down into the eyes so confidently lifted to his.

"That's something you won't ever have to worry about," he snapped, and was gone, his brows again drawn in perplexity over his work.

"You're not angry with poor little me, are you, Mr. Henshaw?"

The girl called this after him and listened, but no reply came from back of the partition.

Mrs. Montague, from the bench rebuked her daughter.

"Say, what do you think that kidding stuff will get you? Don't you want to work for him any more?"

The girl turned pleading eyes upon her mother.

"I think he might have answered a simple question," said she.

This was all distasteful to Merton Gill.

The girl might, indeed, have deserved an answer to her simple question, but why need she ask it of so busy a man? He felt that Mr. Henshaw's rebuke was well merited, for her own beauty was surely not excessive.

Her father, from the bench, likewise admonished her.

"You are sadly prone to a spirit of banter," he declared, "though I admit that the so-called art of the motion picture is not to be regarded too seriously. It was not like that in my day. Then an actor had to be an artist; there was no position for the little he-doll whipper-snapper who draws the big money to-day and is ignorant of even the rudiments of the actor's profession."

He allowed his glance to rest perceptibly upon Merton Gill, who felt uncomfortable.

"We were with Looney James five years," confided Mrs. Montague to her neighbours. "A hall show, of course—hadn't heard of movies then—doing Virginius and Julius Cæsar and such classics,

and then starting out with *The Two Orphans* for a short season. We were a knock-out, I'll say that. I'll never forget the night we opened the new opera house at Akron. They had to put the orchestra under the stage."

"And the so-called art of the moving picture robs us of our little meed of applause," broke in her husband. "I shall never forget a remark of the late Lawrence Barrett to me after a performance of *Richelieu* in which he had fairly outdone himself. 'Montague, my lad,' said he, 'we may work for the money, but we play for the applause.' But now our finest bits must go in silence, or perhaps be interrupted by a so-called director who arrogates to himself the right to instil into us the rudiments of a profession in which we had grounded ourselves ere yet he was out of leading strings. Too often, naturally, the results are discouraging."

The unabashed girl was meantime having sprightly talk with the casting director, whom she had hailed through the window as Countess. Merton, somewhat startled, wondered if the little woman could indeed be of the nobility.

"Hello, Countess! Say, listen, can you give the camera a little peek at me to-day, or at pa or ma? 'No, nothing to-day, dear.'" She had imitated the little woman's voice in her accustomed reply. "Well, I didn't think there would be. I just thought I'd ask. You aint mad, are you? I could have gone on in a harem tank scene over at the Bigart place, but they wanted me to dress the same as a fish, and a young girl's got to draw the line somewhere. Besides, I don't like that Hugo over there so much. He hates to part with anything like money, and he'll gyp you if he can. Say, I'll bet he couldn't play an honest game of solitaire. How'd you like my hair this way? Like it, eh? That's good. And me having the only freckles left in all Hollywood. Aint I the little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour?"

"Say, on the level, pa needs work. These days when he's idle he mostly sticks home and tries out new ways to make prime old Kentucky sour mash in eight hours. If he don't quit he is going to find himself seeing some moving pictures that no one else can. And he's all worried up about his hair going off on top, and trying new hair restorers. You know his latest? Well, he goes over to the Selig place one day and watches horse meat fed to the lions and says to himself that horses have plenty of hair, and it must be the fat under the skin that makes it grow, so he begs for a hunk of horse from just under the mane, and he's rubbing that on. You can't tell what he'll bring home next. The old boy still believes you can rise hair from the dead. Do you want some new stiffs of me? I got a new one yesterday that shows my other expression. Well, so long, Countess."

The creature turned to her parents. "Let's be on our way, old dears. This place is dead, but the Countess says they'll soon be shooting some tenement-house stuff up at the Consolidated. Maybe there'll be something in it for some one. We might as well have a look-in."

Merton felt relieved when the Montague family went out, the girl in the lead. He approved of the fine old father, but the daughter lacked dignity in speech and manner. You couldn't tell what she might say next.

The Montagues were often there, sometimes in full, sometimes represented by but one of their number. Once, Mrs. Montague was told to be on Stage Six the next morning at 8.30 to attend a swell reception.

"Wear the grey georgette, dearie," said the casting director, "and your big pearls and the *lorgnon*."

"Not forgetting the gold cigarette case and the chinchilla neck piece," said Mrs. Montague. "The spare parts will all be there, Countess, and thanks for the word."

The elder Montague on the occasion of his calls often found time to regale those present with anecdotes of Lawrence Barrett.

"A fine artist in his day, sir; none finer ever appeared in a hall show."

And always about his once superb frock coat clung the scent of forbidden beverages. On one such day he appeared with an untidy sprouting of beard, accompanied by the talkative daughter.

"Pa's landed a part," she explained through the little window. "It's one of those we-uns mountaineer plays with revenooers and feuds; one of those plays where the city chap don't treat our Nell right—you know. And they won't stand for the crêpe hair, so pop has got to raise a brush and he's mad. But it ought to give him a month or so, and after that he may be able to peddle the brush again; you can never tell in this business. Can you, Countess?"

"It's most annoying," the old gentleman explained to the bench occupants. "In the true art of the speaking stage an artificial beard was considered above reproach. Nowadays one must descend to mere physical means if one is to be thought worthy."

V.

During these weeks of waiting outside the gate the little woman beyond the window had continued to be friendly but encouraging to the aspirant for screen honours late of Simsbury, Illinois. For three weeks had he waited faithfully, always within call, struggling and sacrificing to give the public something better and finer, and not once had he so much as crossed the line that led to his goal.

Then on a Monday morning he found the waiting-room empty and his friend beyond the window suffering the pangs of headache. "It gets me something fierce right through here," she confided to him, placing her finger-tips to her temples.

"Ever use Eezo Pain Wafers?" he demanded in quick sympathy. She looked at him hopefully.

"Never heard of 'em." "Let me get you some." "You dear thing, fly to it!"

He was gone while she reached for her purse, hurrying along the eucalyptus-lined streets of choice home sites to the

nearest drug store. He was fearing some one else might bring the little woman another remedy; even that her headache might go before he returned with his. But he found her still suffering.

"Here they are." He was breathless. "You take a couple now and a couple more in half an hour if the ache hasn't stopped."

"Bless your heart! Come around inside." He was through the door and in the dimly lit little office behind that secretive partition. "And here's something else," he continued. "It's a menthol pencil and you take this cap off—see?—and rub your forehead with it. It'll be a help." She swallowed two of the magic wafers with the aid of water from the cooler, and applied the menthol.

"You're a dear," she said, patting his sleeve. "I feel better already. Sometimes these things come on me and stay all day." She was still applying the menthol to throbbing temples. "Say, don't you get tired hanging around outside there? How'd you like to go in and look around the lot? Would you like that?"

Would he! "Thanks!" He managed it without choking. "If I wouldn't be in the way."

Merton decided she was a *harum-scarum* baggage with no proper respect for any one.





Do you want some new stills of me? I got a new one yesterday that shows my other expression. Well, so long Countess!"

"You won't. Go on—amuse yourself." The telephone rang. Still applying the menthol she held the receiver to her ear. "No, nothing to-day, dear. Say, Marie, did you ever take Eezo Pain Wafers for a headache? Keep 'em in mind—they're great. Yes, I'll let you know if anything breaks. Goo'-bye, dear."

Merton Gill hurried through a narrow corridor past offices where typewriters clicked and burst from gloom into the dazzling light of the Holden lot. He paused on the steps to reassure himself that the great adventure was genuine. There was the full stretch of greensward of which only an edge had shown as he looked through the gate. There were the vast yellow-brick, glass-topped structures of which he had seen but the ends. And there was the street up which he had looked for so many weeks, flanked by rows of offices and dressing-rooms and lively with the passing of many people. He drew a long breath and became calculating. He must see everything and see it methodically. He even went now along the asphalt walk to the corner of the office building from which he had issued for the privilege of looking back at the gate through which he had so often yearningly stared from across the street.

Now he was securely inside looking out. The watchman sat at the gate, bent low over his paper. There was, it seemed, more than one way to get by him. People might have headaches almost any time. He wondered if his friend the casting director were subject to them. He must carry a box of the Eezo wafers.

He strolled down the street between the rows of offices and the immense covered stages. Actors in costume entered two of these and through their open doors he could see into their shadowy interiors. He would venture there later. Just now he wished to see the outside of things. He contrived a pace not too swift but business-like enough to convey the impression that he was rightfully walking this forbidden street. He seemed to be going to some

place where it was of the utmost importance that he should be, and yet to have started so early that there was no need for haste.

He sounded the far end of the long street visible from outside the gate, discovering its excitements to wane gently into mere blacksmith and carpenter shops. He retraced his steps, this time ignoring the long row of offices for the opposite line of stages. From one dark interior came the slow, dulled strains of an orchestra and from another shots rang out. He met or passed strangely attired people, bandits, priests, choir boys, gentlemen in evening dress with blue-black eyebrows and careful hair. And he observed many beautiful young women, variously attired, hurrying to or from the stages. One lovely thing was in bridal dress of dazzling white, a veil of lace floating from her blonde head, her long train held up by a coloured maid. She chatted amiably, as she crossed the street, with an evil-looking Mexican in a silver-corded hat—a veritable Snake le Vasquez.

But the stages could wait. He must see more streets. Again reaching the office that had been his secret gateway to these delights, he turned to the right, still with the air of having business at a certain spot to which there was really no need for him to hurry. There were fewer people this way, and presently, as if by magic carpet, he had left all that sunlight and glitter and cheerful noise and stood alone in the shadowy, narrow street of a frontier town. There was no bustle here, only an intense stillness. The street was deserted, the shop doors closed. There was a ghost-like, chilling effect that left him uneasy. He called upon himself to remember that he was not actually in a remote and desolate frontier town from which the inhabitants had fled; that back of him but a few steps was abounding life, that outside was the prosaic world passing and re-passing a gate hard to enter. He whistled the fragment of a tune and went farther along this street of uncanny silence and vacancy, noting, as he went, the signs on

the shop windows. There was the Busy Bee Restaurant, Jim's Place, the Hotel Renown, the Last Dollar Dance Hall. Hank's Pool Room. Upon one window was painted the terse announcement, "Joe—Buy or Sell." The Happy Days Bar adjoined the General Store.

He moved rapidly through this street. It was no place to linger. At the lower end it gave insanely upon a row of three-story brown-stone houses which any picture patron would recognise as being wholly of New York. There were the imposing steps, the double-doored entrances, the broad windows, the massive

lines of the whole. And beyond this he came to a many-coloured little street out of Bagdad, overhung with gay balconies, vivacious with spindled towers and minarets, and small reticent windows, out of which veiled ladies would glance. And all was still with the stillness of utter desertion.

Then he explored farther and felt curiously disappointed at finding that these structures were to real houses what a dicky is to a sincere, genuine shirt. They were pretentiously false.

One had but to step behind them to discover them as poor shells.

Their backs were jutting beams carried but little beyond the fronts and their stout-appearing walls were revealed to be fragile contrivances of button-lath and thin plaster. The ghost quality departed from them with this discovery.

He left these cities of silence and came upon an open space and people. They were grouped before a railway station, a small red structure beside a line of railway track. At one end in black letters, on a narrow white board, was the name Boomerville.

The people were plainly Western: a dozen cowboys, a sprinkling of bluff ranchers and their families. An absorbed young man in cap and khaki and puttees came from a distant group surrounding a camera and readjusted the line of these people. He placed them to his liking. A wagon drawn by two horses was driven up and a rancher helped a woman and girl to alight. The girl was at once sought out by the cowboys. They shook hands warmly under megaphoned directions from a man back by the camera. The rancher and his wife mingled with the group. The girl was drawn aside by one of the cowboys. He had a nobler presence than the others; he was handsome and his accoutrements seemed more expensive. They looked into each other's eyes a long time, apparently pledging an eternal fidelity. One gathered that there would have been an embrace but for the cowboy's watchful companions. They must say good-bye with a mere hand-shake, though this was a slow, trembling,

long-drawn clasp while they steadily regarded each other, and a second camera was brought to record it at a distance of six feet. Merton Gill thrilled with the knowledge that he was beholding his first close-up. His long study of the photodrama enabled him to divine that the rancher's daughter was going to Vassar College to be educated, but that, although returning a year later a poised woman of the world, she would still long for the handsome cowboy who would marry her and run for the Bar-X ranch. The scene was done. The camera would next be turned upon a real train at some real station, while the girl, with a final look at her lover, entered a real car, which the camera would show moving off to Vassar College. Thus conveying to millions of delighted spectators the impression that a real train had steamed out of the station, which was merely an imitation of one.

The watcher passed on. He could hear the cheerful drone of a sawmill where logs were being cut. He followed the sound and came to its source. The saw was at the end of an oblong pool in which logs floated. Workmen were polishing these toward the saw. On a raised platform at one side was a camera and a man who gave directions through a megaphone; a neighbouring platform held a second camera. A beautiful young girl in a print dress and her thick hair in a braid came bringing his dinner in a tin pail to the handsomest of the actors. He laid down his pike-pole and took both the girl's hands in his as he received the pail. One of the other workmen, a hulking brute with an evil face, scowled darkly at this encounter and a moment later had insulted the beautiful young girl. But the first actor felled him with a blow. He came up from this crouching, and the fight was on. Merton was excited by this fight, even though he was in no doubt as to which actor would win it. They fought hard, and for a time it appeared that the handsome actor must lose, for the bully who had insulted the girl was a man of great strength, but the science of the other told. It was the first fight Merton had ever witnessed. He thought these men must really be hating each other, so bitter were their expressions. The battle grew fiercer. It was splendid. Then, at the shrill note of a whistle, the panting combatants fell apart.

"Rotten!" said an annoyed voice through the megaphone. "Can't you boys give me a little action? Jazz it, jazz it! Think it's a love scene? Go to it now—plenty of jazz—understand, what I mean?" He turned to the camera man beside him. "Ed, you turn ten—we go to get some speed some way. Jack"—to the other camera man—"you stay on twelve. All ready! Get some life into it, now, and Lafe"—this to the handsome actor—"don't keep trying to hold your front to the machine. We'll get you all right. Ready, now. Camera!"

Again the fight went on. It went to a bitter finish in which the vanquished bully was sent with a powerful blow backward into the water, while the beautiful young girl ran to the victor and nestled in the protection of his strong arms.

Merton Gill passed on. This was the real thing. He would have a lot to tell Jessie Kearns in his next letter. Beyond the sawmill he came to an immense wooden structure like a cradle on huge rockers supported by scaffolding. From the ground he could make nothing of it,

but a ladder led to the top. An hour on the Holden lot had made him bold. He mounted the ladder and stood on the deck of what he saw was a sea-going yacht. Three important-looking men were surveying the deckhouse forward. They glanced at the newcomer but with a cheering absence of curiosity or even of interest. He sauntered past them with a polite but not too keen interest. The yacht would be an expensive one. The deck fittings were elaborate. A glance into the captain's cabin revealed it to be fully furnished.

"Where's the bedding for this state-room?" asked one of the men.

"I got a prop-rustler after it," one of the others informed him.

They strolled aft and paused by an iron standard.

"That's Burke's idea," said one of the men. "I hadn't thought about a steady support for the camera; of course if we stood it on deck it would rock when the ship rocked and we'd get no motion. So Burke figures this out. The camera is on here and swings by that weight so it's always straight and the rocking registers."

"That was nothing to think of," said one of the other men, in apparent disparagement. "I thought of it myself the minute I saw it." The other two grinned at this, though Merton Gill, standing by, saw nothing to laugh at. He thought the speaker was pretty cheeky; for, of course, anyone could think of this device after seeing it. He paused for a final survey of his surroundings from this elevation. He could see the real falseness of the sawmill he had just left, he could also look into the exposed rear of the railway station, and could observe beyond it the exposed skeleton of that New York street. He was surrounded by mockeries.

He clambered down the ladder and sauntered back to the street of offices. He was by this time confident that no one was going to ask him what right he had in there. Now, too, he became conscious of hunger and at the same moment caught the sign "Cafeteria" over a neat building hitherto unnoticed. People were

entering this, many of them in costume. He went idly toward the door, glanced up, looked at his watch, and became, to anyone curious about him, a man who had that moment decided he might as well have a little food. He opened the screen door of the cafeteria, half expecting to prove one of those structures equipped only with a front. But the cafeteria was practicable. The floor was crowded with little square polished tables at which many people were eating. A railing along the side of the room made a passage to the back where food was served from a counter to the proffered tray. He fell into line. No one had asked him how he dared try to eat with real actors and actresses and apparently no one was going to. Toward the end of the passage was a table holding trays and napkins, the latter wrapped about an equipment of cutlery. He took his tray and received at the counter the foods he designated. He went through this ordeal with difficulty because it was not easy to keep from staring about at other patrons. Constantly he was detecting some remembered face. But at last, with his laden tray he reached a vacant table near the centre of the room and took his seat.

He absently arranged the food before him. He could stare at leisure now. All about him were the strongly marked faces of the film people, heavy with makeup, interspersed with hungry civilians, who might be producers, directors, camera men, or mere artisans, for the democracy of the cafeteria seemed ideal.

At the table ahead of his he recognised the man who had been annoyed one day by the silly question of the Montague girl. They had said he was a very important director. He still looked important and intensely serious. He was a short, very plump man, with pale cheeks under dark brows, and troubled-looking grey hair. He was very seriously explaining something to the man who sat with him and whom he addressed as Governor, a merry-looking person with a stubby grey moustache and little hair.

(Another long instalment next month).



From his stand Merton could see the exposed skeleton of that New York Street. He was surrounded by mockeries.

On Location



Above: The 120 horse-power truck bungalow being christened on location during the filming of Reginald Denny's picture "California Straight Ahead." Note the roof "dance-hall" on which the players may disport themselves during their leisure hours.



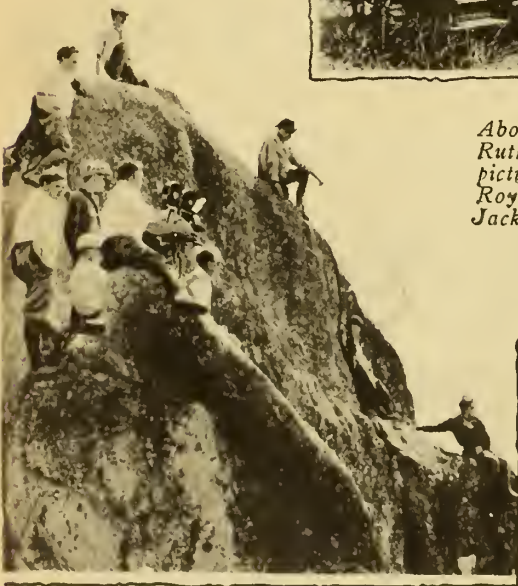
Perilously near the water! A group of Mack Sennett girls on their native beach.



Above: Lunch-hour on location with Ruth Roland during the filming of her picture "Out Where the West Begins." Roy Stewart, Matt Moore, Alec Francis, Jack McDermott and Ruth are in the group.



Below: Mary McAllister assists Jack Hoxie in his make-up for "Crimson Days."



Above: Clarence Brown filming a peak in the Yosemite Valley, where the camera-man has to work under difficulties.



Right: Members of Universal's "Ace of Spades" company amuse themselves with a wood-carving contest between scenes.

Following in Father's—

Girls will be boys in Movieland. Occasionally, once at least, to every screen star, comes the opportunity of donning "breeks," and she always seizes it with avidity.

"I wish I had been made a man," sighed a plaintive maiden of my acquaintance. "Cheer up!" responded her unkind male companion, with wilful misunderstanding. "Perhaps you have—only you haven't found him yet!"

It is with such poor flippancies man meets and seeks to parry any attempt to encroach upon his cherished privileges.

Nevertheless, the remark is one that falls from the lips of most girls, at one period or another of their lives, although I suppose there are very few who mean it really seriously. But to doff hampering skirts and don male attire, if only for a few hours—who could resist the chance of so fascinating a masquerade? All down the ages it has been the delight of the more daring of the feminine race to so array themselves when opportunity offered; indeed, I have no doubt that even the prehistoric maiden took advantage of her brother's absence on a hunting trip to try on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting bear-skin pants for the delectation of her admiring and less venturesome sisters.

Small wonder, then, that when the beauties of the screen find the opportunity of donning breeks they jump at it delightedly, and there are very few who have not so garbed themselves in one or other of their films.

Right: Mary Pickford as "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Below: The Nearly-but-not-quites in "The Last Man on Earth."

Frequently it is just a desire to look picturesque that prompts the disappearance of skirts and the substitution of trousers, and the effect in most cases is certainly very fetching. Mae Murray seizes eagerly on the excuse given her in *Mademoiselle Midnight* to wear a Mexican outfit and a black wig, and adorns them both as no dark-faced Mexican could hope to do. The trousers that encase Mae's shapely



Above: Marjorie Benson.



Shirley Mason in "Youth Must Have Love."



limbs seem rather to accentuate the femininity of her appeal than to detract from it.

Lois Wilson, in *North of 36*, dresses appropriately as an early American

pioneer in breeches and shirt, and the costume gives her a boyish charm that is very intriguing. There is something about knee breeches and a shirt open at the throat that is particularly becoming to the girl with a slight, trim figure, and it is a form of masculine attire very much in vogue in Filmland where people are quick to recognise and make use of an effective form of costume.

But to dress in men's clothes is one thing and to look like a man is an entirely different matter. Amongst all the girls who have had to pass as boys on the screen, only Anna Q. Nilsson had the courage to do the thing properly, when, for her rôle in *Ponjola* she had her beautiful wavy tresses all shorn off.

Usually, when the scenario calls for a star to don masculine garments, she *Right: Ethel Clayton in a swagger uniform. Below: Anna Q. Nilsson was an excellent boy in "Ponjola."*

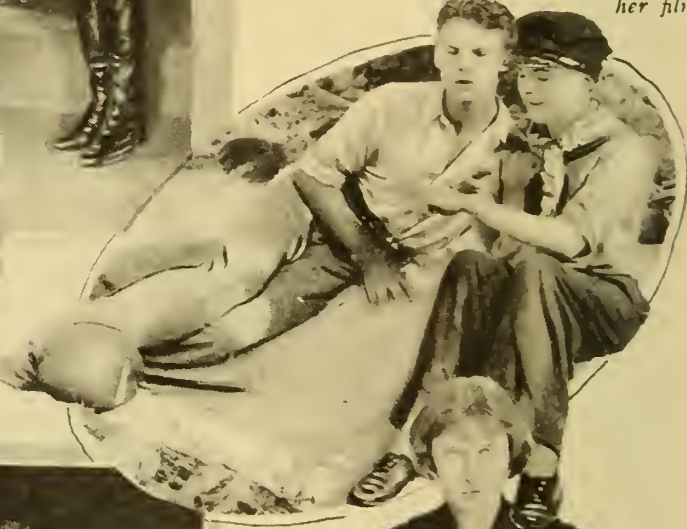


remains obviously and charmingly feminine to every member of the audience, while managing completely to bamboozle all the other characters in the film. Those of you who have seen many films will realise that this is hardly due to your brilliant intelligence, but to the overwhelming stupidity of all screen people in the matter of disguises.

It is a strange but indisputable fact that the characters in most movies, although they are almost supernaturally sharp in evolving situations that often puzzle the keenest intelligence in their audience, when asked to see an inch before their noses are completely stumped.

We are all familiar with the old, old comedy situation of the girl masquerading as a boy, who finds herself suddenly in the midst of an admiring and flirtatious group of beautiful damsels, all of

Oval: Betty Balfour in "Satan's Sister." Below: Dorothy Dalton is quite at home in breeches; she frequently wears them in her films.



Mary Johnson's only venture was as a disguise in "The Gay Knight."

whom, of course, are thoroughly taken by her exceedingly thin disguise. Embarrassments and farcical absurdities follow in quick succession, until the final unmasking and explanations.

Marion Davies in *Little Old New York* took the place of her dead brother, to please her old father, and so became heir to a large fortune. She made a picturesque and pretty boy and only revealed her real identity at the end of the film in time to marry the hero and live happily ever after. Incidentally she presented a record in quick hair growth, for with the doffing of trousers and the return to skirts and petticoats came the return of the golden ringlets that had adorned her at the beginning.

Dorothy Dalton in *Moran of the Lady Letty*, took the opportunity of wearing trousers and a rough sea jersey, but this was because she was a sea captain's daughter, and this, I presume, is the correct attire under the circumstances. Betty Balfour in her new film, *Satan's Sister* is similarly clad, and her golden curls are surmounted by a peaked cap.

Chief amongst the famous "girl-boys" of the screen comes Mary Pickford's portrayal of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and here her golden curls and childish prettiness were not misplaced. There was a boyish vigour in her playing of the part, and a convincing lack of "girlish" tendencies, that belied the curls and velvet suit, when she met and fought the "other boy."

It would never do to speak of boy impersonations on the screen without mentioning Betty Bronson, whose elfin portrayal of *Peter Pan* brought her with sensational suddenness into the front rank of American screen stars. I suppose there were few actresses, at the

Right: Marion Davies in "Little Old New York." Below: Lois Wilson donned what-d'ye-call 'ems for "North of 36."



Viola Dana (left) in a Chaplin get-up



Above: Mae Murray is always Mae Murray though she makes a pretty boy.

time this film was being cast, who did not have a secret longing to play "The boy who didn't grow up," for "Peter" is almost a tradition in the theatre.

The days of slashed doublet and hose, and curls tied back with a black ribbon, are great favourites with film producers and many a lovely rebel maid, disguised as drummer-boy or page, has dashed across the silver sheet.

That was in the days when men and maids had one thing in common—the length at which they wore their hair. In these days of shingles and short crops the same thing holds, and in the near future, if film stars continue to sacrifice their long tresses as they are doing now, it should be even easier for girls to be boys on the screen.

Unlucky Jim

Thus named because he has had more accidents whilst filming than any other screen star. But it doesn't apply otherwise, he himself smilingly admits

So they call him.

But I think they are wrong.

And Jim smiles and smokes, and smiles and will not say a thing, and looks at Lila and his baby, and quite obviously thinks so too. For James Kirkwood is an Irishman, and however often Fate may knock him down, he will always bob up again smiling and ready for the next round. *The Luck of the Irish* was the title of his first starring picture, and it might just as well be the title of his life and film career. Some unseen demon of trouble has dogged his footsteps ever since he grew up and the arc-lights called him, but there has always been an Irish fairy near by to help him through.

Lucky Jim!

It's not every actor who's helped by the fairies. It's not every actor who misses death by a hair's breadth, not once, but again and again, and again. It's not every actor who comes through bad photography and unsympathetic parts and foolish stories without the loss of one letter from his morning mail. It's not every actor—

But then Jim is six feet, and slender, and blue-eyed, with bright, sandy-gold hair, and perhaps the fairies, the Irish fairies, like them that way.

Other people do. Griffith liked him first, saw him and liked the

Below: With Anna Q. Nilsson in "Pink Gods."



Above: Jim sported a beautiful home-grown beard in "The Sin Flood." Left: He shines in open-air stuff.



look of him in the old Biograph days, when Mabel Normand and Owen Moore, Mack Sennett and all the rest of the film pioneers were working as extras. So Kirkwood became a student in the best film college of all, learning to act and to direct as well, writing scenarios, studying the technique of the studio from prop boy to production chief.

He did well.

But he never got the chance to shine.

As a Griffith star, Kirkwood did not rise to set the sky ablaze. He was too capable, perhaps, too satisfactory a villain, wore a beard too well, knocked up too useful a fight. His fairies whispered to him, and he became a director.

Then for years, where Mary Pickford shone—she was in her early days, her days of *Little Pal* and *Rags*, *Cinderella* and *The Eagle's Mate*—Jim Kirkwood was behind her. All her big and early successes were of his direction, but a director—. Who cared about directors then, anyway? John Barrymore and Dorothy Gish, Jack Pickford and Billie Burke, Hazel Dawn and Florence Reed, are all figures that Kirkwood moved towards stardom from behind his megaphone.

He did well.



against ten thousand, the heroic strong man loved of audiences the world over. You shall go down into the depths, drink, desert your wife, lose your name and honour, be thrashed, be shot, fall delirious, run into debt and be sent to prison. You shall suffer, how you shall suffer!

But she knew—I'm sure it was a she fairy—that the hero who gets it in the neck is just the hero who gets an audience in the heart. So she allowed Jim to fall on the battlefield in *Bob Hampton of Placer*, to be arrested as a traitor in *Under Two Flags*, to go down and out in *The Forbidden Thing*—and still the contracts came.

Then it was that the demon of trouble got really busy. If he could not wreck James Kirkwood's professional career, he could at least have a shot at his life. He had three. Once, during the making of *The Eagle's Feather*, Kirkwood was nearly beaten

to death. After a long fight with the villain he had to fall, and be knocked about unmercifully with a stock whip.

Against this scene he had provided himself with a leather shield to wear, but when the time came the shield slipped out of position, and Jim was thrashed to within an inch of his life. During the making of another film he was thrown into the Pacific from a capsized canoe, and, although a fine swimmer, was stunned and nearly drowned, so that he had to be revived with a pulmotor.

The third accident was the most serious of all. It happened four weeks after his marriage to Lila Lee, while he was playing the leading part in *Wild Oranges*. Riding one day, he was thrown from his horse and fractured his skull. For weeks the doctors despaired of saving him; the film was re-made, with Frank Mayo in Kirkwood's part, and the whole misadventure looked like turning to tragedy.

But that Irish fairy—

She—I'm certain it was a she—who had come to his rescue aforetime, decided that her work was ended and that Jim's trials and tribulations were over. For he had a delightful dark-eyed fairy of his own (one Lila Lee) to guard him henceforth and for evermore. And she was right.

Well, anyway, Jim is alive and well to-day. He can make his own pictures. His contracts are fatter than ever. He has tempting offers for stage work on Broadway. He's defied death three times and the spell is broken. If he doesn't shine now, it will be his fault and not the fairy's.

Lucky Jim!



Above: Jim Kirkwood. Oval: In "The Eagle's Feather." Bottom right: With Lila Lee (Mrs. Kirkwood) in "Love's Whirlpool."

Then came the fairies, whispering, calling him back to an actor's life, offering *The Luck of the Irish* as a tempting bait. And he took it, and work followed busily, *The Man from Home*, and *Man, Woman and Marriage*, *The Forbidden Thing* and *Bob Hampton of Placer*, *The Sin Flood* and—no, a list is foolish. Jim worked.

But he never really got the chance to shine. That demon of his followed, and, seeing that Kirkwood was determined to make a name for himself as an actor, tried to prevent it. The camera should be unjust to him. Easy. Light colouring is against him; those light eyes tend to register blank and the whole upper part of the face to lose its strength and crispness.

But the Irish fairy was close at hand again, with that Irish smile, that deep, ruminative smile, that leaps into the eyes and gives them fire and colour. It beat the camera. Jim became photographic in spite of himself.

All right, quoth the demon, you shall suffer in your films. You shall never be the gallant rescuer, the fighter



Here Comes the Bride

June inevitably brings a fine collection of Wedding Belles from Screenland.

All the world, so they say, loves a lover and all the world, or at least the picturegoing part of it, loves a wedding. Film makers, realising this weakness of their patrons, indulge it wherever possible, and there are very few modern movies in which orange blossom and confetti do not play a part.

The most important factor in any wedding scene, of course, is the bride. It is she who is the focus of all eyes, whether she is the gorgeously-attired partner of a film millionaire or only Mary Ann, the skivvy, with the usual retinue of comic relatives, whose presence no lower class film wedding can do without.

Sometimes she makes her appearance in the first few reels of the picture, and then you may be pretty sure that domestic rifts will loom upon the horizon before many more feet of film have been gone through. As a matter of fact, most film couples go through the marriage ceremony at this early date simply so that they can drift apart during the rest of the picture, and come together again, touchingly and charmingly at the end. It is for this sole reason that Alice Terry becomes the bride of Lewis Stone (*King Christian of Illyria*), in *The Confessions of a Queen*.

The self-sacrificing bride is a great favourite with most film audiences and producers. Usually she marries the villainous but incredibly wealthy man who holds some dark secret of her father's past, and demands her hand

Reading downwards: A lovely trio. Marie Prevost, Ruth Roland and Estelle Taylor. Below: The mystery bride in "The Spanish Dancer."



Above: A custard comedy Bride and Groom in à la Mack Sennett.

as the price of his silence. She has a youthful lover somewhere in the background, and the two part "never to meet again." But they always do, somehow, in the last reel, when the villainous husband having had the good taste to do a quiet fade-out, leaves her free to marry the man of her choice.

Then there is the bride who doesn't turn up, exemplified by Madge Bellamy in *The Dancers*. The guests are assembled at the church, the clergyman is waiting and only the principal players in the great scene are absent. In this case the youthful bride is busy confessing her past to her husband-to-be, and the wedding ends in a tragedy when she takes poison and dies in his arms before he can save her.

The brides who *do* turn up in their unwelcome hundreds are the main theme of Buster Keaton's latest comedy *Seven Chances*. Buster as "James Sharman" is left a fortune on condition that he is married at seven o'clock that evening.

His girl refuses to marry him and his lawyer inserts an advertisement in the paper asking for a bride to be at the church by a certain time. The result is a whole horde of women of every nationality, arrayed in hastily rigged up bridal attire, who fill the church to overflowing. When they learn that the wedding will not take place they chase the unfortunate man from one end of the town to the other, until he finally manages to dodge them and has an eleventh hour wedding with the girl he really loves.

Bridal costumes on the films range from the most exquisitely lovely creations, complete with the conventional orange blossom and veil, to the plainest and poorest of garments. The most grotesque and unbecoming of any I have yet seen was worn by Carol Dempster in *Isn't Life Wonderful?* Her poor old grandmother made it for her, during



Above: Beverly Bayne in "Her Marriage Vow"

intervals of active starvation on a scanty potato diet. The only argument to put forward on behalf of the old lady is that the potatoes had gone to her head!

I might well quote whole lists of films in which the bride plays an important part, but the enthusiastic picturegoer needs no enlightening on this point. It is sufficient to say that in every other film, whether it is a comedy, drama, thriller or melodrama, the centre of the action is nearly always—the Bride!

Oval: Mae Murray as "The Merry Widow" when she was a wife. Below: Frank Mayo and Mildred Harris in "The Shadow of the East."

E. E. BARRETT.



Flora Le Breton in her first Movie Bridal attire.

"Cute" Indigestion



It's a common disease in Studioland, and attacks actresses in general, but, ingénues in particular.

lets for their hair, or scatter posies around a room.

Marion Davies has travelled far, since her early appearance in *Cecilia of the Pink Roscs*, and she must recall rather ruefully her indisposition as filmed on that occa-

sion. I vaguely remember Miss Davies holding on to a sheaf of roses, just as a cripple might hold on to a crutch. Her artistry, as subsequently revealed in *Little Old New York* and other vehicles, denoted a happy recovery from the plague.

Mary Pickford has always been interesting. Even in her first efforts she was charming. But in spite of and not on account of "cute indigestion!" Her locomotion consisted of a hop, skip and a jump, and she, too, revealed a craving for floral embellishments. Her adolescent ailments are things of the past. She now enjoys perfect health. Following in the footsteps of Mary Pickford came a host of others, following also in her example. A hop, skip and a jump became a movie custom, a recognised convention. So Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, and all the rest capered and gamboled.

Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, and Constance Talmadge frisked in similar fashion, the last-named finally adopting a policy of intentionally "guying" the procedure and holding it up to ridicule. But all in vain! The pestilence still lingers!

Marguerite Clark married and retired but Constance Binney was pressed into service. And the familiar signs and tokens were photographed in the studios and revealed to the fans. Eyelids fluttered, lips pouted, ringlets tossed and heels kicked up. Mae Murray became the High Priestess of the cult; Cutest of the Cute.

Dorothy Gish took sides with Constance Talmadge, and made fun of these mannerisms. As a result, she

"Cute indigestion" is one of the most prevalent diseases in the movie studios. It attacks actresses in general, but *ingénues* in particular. "Flappers" are actually expected to suffer from this malady, just as children are expected to go through measles and mumps.

Producers and directors, instead of seeking to effect a cure, prefer rather to aggravate the ailment. It is as though one with a cold were urged to sneeze.

Characteristic symptoms are a fluttering of the eyelids, a pouting of the lips, a tossing of the ringlets and the giving of a little backward kick when caught in the arms of a big strong man.

Movie fans, who pay for seats in picture palaces, are expected to be entertained by these morbid manifestations, which clinical cases nevertheless impress many of us as being as distressing as any other physical disorders.

When the *ingénue* begins to squirm in delight, Yours Truly begins to squirm in dismay. One after another the symptoms are revealed, and our pangs are intensified. "Cute indigestion," if shown at all on the screen, should be labelled "The Horrible Example." Just as besotted drunkards were formerly exploited at temperance meetings.

We may buy a ticket and take a seat, all unsuspecting of what the picture play is about, even unsuspecting of what players are concerned in the proceedings. We smile in amiable anticipation. When, lo and behold, a pretty patient is disclosed flaunting her malady! She may be shown picking daisies in a field, peeping out from a rose-bush or considering a lily. For people in the grip of this complaint have an abnormal craving for flowers. They weave chap-



Reading down: Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Marguerite Clarke, and Viola Dana.



seemed to suffer in popularity. Exhibitors asserted that these cherished illusions must not be scoffed at.

So the older actresses were instructed to simulate the symptoms, and the younger ones were inoculated with the germs. I can see Billie Burke now, in my mind's eye, sitting on one foot, playing with a kitten!

Which point brings up another thought. Following after a craving for flowers, comes a mania for pets. *Ingénues* have an obsession for kittens or puppies. For a change, they have been filmed with little chickens or tiny ducklings. Even baby pigs! Evidently in efforts to "hog" the scene!

Louise Fazenda has rendered an excellent service in showing up the absurdity of this phase, and has been shown with mock affection for various birds and beasts, including a trained seal.

In the old Mack Sennett bathing girl days, Gloria Swanson was frequently filmed with a bulldog. But, with proper attention, she recovered from her trouble, and regained her good health. She developed into an excellent actress, and nowadays only at rare intervals is she subjected to the humiliation of inhaling the fragrance of flowers or the degradation of fondling quadrupeds.

A particularly painful form of this *ingénue* disease, followed an attack of maidenly shyness, and was expressed by the dropping of the eyes. "Dark lashes lying against pale cheeks" stands out in my memory as the caption which explained the picturisation of the attack, and down the long line of

kinematic years, myriads of dropped eyes are strewn in my path. Perhaps, had the process of technicolour been perfected then, the dropped eyes would have been accompanied by a "rising blush."

A movie theatre sometimes resembles a medical laboratory — even a dissecting room, and we are placed in the position of medical students.

Prominent among the symptom of "cute indigestion" was the backward glance, used to denote coy-



Reading downwards: Shirley Mason, Louise Fazenda, Marion Davies, & Mabel Normand.

the flapper. How many dainty, lace-trimmed handkerchiefs have been rent asunder by a turn-in-toed sixteen-year-old, evincing nervousness and embarrassment. How many pounds of flapper fingernails have been chewed to bits in a demonstration of excitement?

And last, but not least, oh, by far not least, was the contraction of the right eye, most popularly and cutely known as a "wink," but which developed more often, due to too elaborate an attempt into a blink. Many, many are the symptoms, from pursed, rosebud mouth, to flower in hand, but the cure has as yet to be found.

The Astaires used to warble a nonsensical ditty about "The whichness of the what." I could warble a more nonsensical one about "The cuteness of the cuties when they're cute."

Only I shouldn't call them "cute." I should call them something stronger. For there is nothing in screenland so irritating as the contortions of the honest-to-goodness movie cutie. But there's nothing new under the sun.

When the late William Shakespeare desired to denote that Ophelia was out of her mind, he indicated the fact by causing the unfortunate creature to appear with crown of posies on her head, with further instructions to strew various blossoms about the stage. And William Shakespeare, who was born in 1564 and died in 1616, was attempting even then to eradicate the still current malady of "cute indigestion!"

Oh, shades of a great author, and his great brain-child, who interpreted cuteness as madness!

HAROLD SETON.

ness, and an ingenuish desire too maidenly to be shown in words. Had motion picture directors been less busy men, with more time to devote to the perusal of Biblical works, the story of Lot's wife and how she was turned into a pillar of salt in punishment of one backward glance, might have deterred them from inoculating the flapper with this particular type of germ, or did the classical kinema then, as now, necessitate a study of allegorical history, the story of Orpheus who lost his beloved Eurydice by a backward Hades-ward glance, would have nipped this cute gesture in the bud.

A proof that this form of indigestion is a disease, in truth, is found in the old expression of nervousness, as evinced by

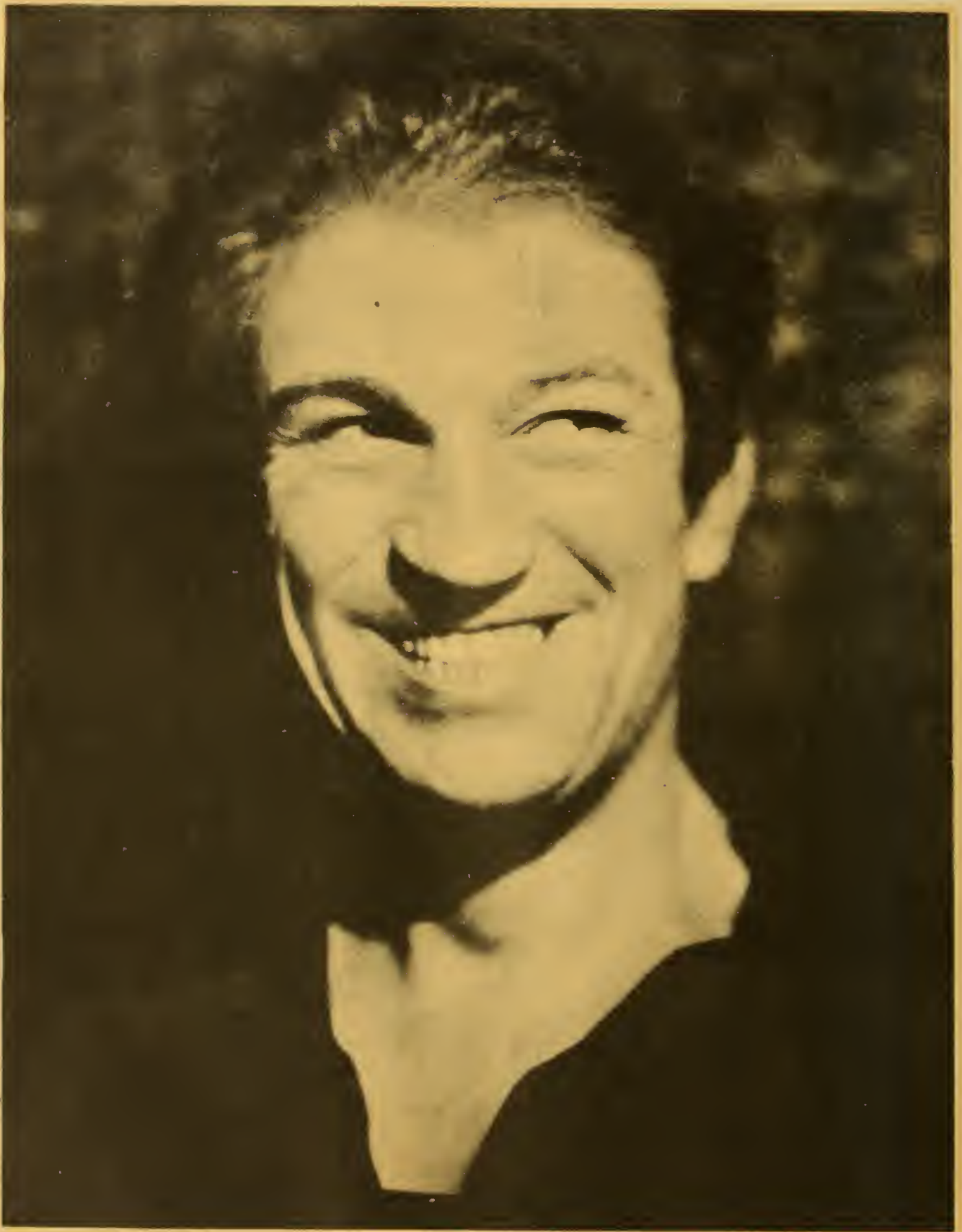


**DONALD KEITH.**

Made his bow to picturegoers as Norma Talmadge's eldest son in "Secrets" under the name of Francis Feency. But when he signed a new contract he adopted this new name. He is nineteen.

**ALMA RUBENS.**

Is a lineal descendant of the great painter of the same name. She has wonderful dark eyes and brown hair, and her distinguished ancestor would have delighted in her as a subject for a portrait.

**VICTOR McLAGLEN.**

The star member of a big family of boys Victor came into screenland after an active career as a boxer. He is working in America these days and his newest film is "Winds of Chance."

**BESSIE LOVE.**

We have never been able to find out whether Bessie's second name is an abbreviation of "lovely" or no. Anyway, Bessie is playing the little Irish heroine of "Marqueray's Duel" at the moment.

**JACK MULHALL.**

Looks the perfect Irishman but hails from Little Ole New York. Has been on the screen since early Biograph days and is now a star with a big fan following.

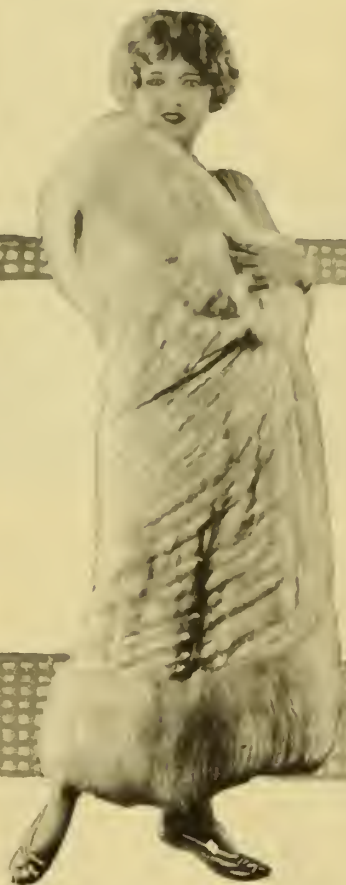
The Screen Fashion Plate



A youthful looking beaded frock of peach colour georgette with a beaded double-fringed overskirt worn by Evelyn Pierce.



Eleanor Boardman's Mediterranean blue dance frock is the embodiment of girlishness with its dainty floral trimmings on shoulder, hip and skirt.



Ermine, which is as popular in summer as in winter, forms this lovely evening cape appertaining to Phyllis Haver (above). It is elaborately trimmed with white fox.



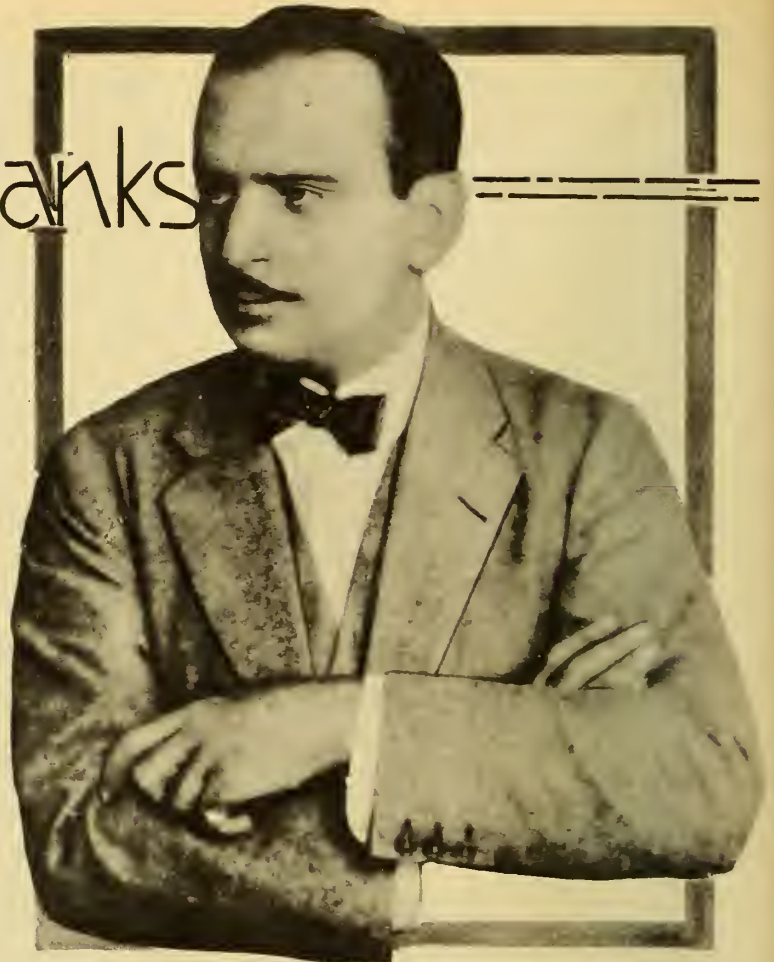
Left: glittering tissue and ostrich feathers compose Mae Busch's distinctive evening attire, with which a cloth of silver turban is worn.



Doris Rea in a housefrock with full Russian sleeves embroidered in three colours. Note the double scallops on the skirt.

The Art of Douglas Fairbanks

The author of this series has chosen his subjects with great deliberation, taking only those whose work seems to him a permanent and essential contribution to the art of the screen.



Someone is smiling. "What," he asks, "The art of Douglas Fairbanks?"

Yes, my dear sir, the art of Douglas Fairbanks. I have not forgotten the days of his cowboy comedianhood, nor his cheery, American face, which no make-up can change or disguise; I have not forgotten the fact that he never did a really subtle bit of acting in his life. Yet I stick to it—Fairbanks is an artist, one of the kinema's dozen, and out of that dozen perhaps the most powerful of all in the beauty he can command and give to the world.

Fairbanks is not an actor. He never pretended to be an actor. He used to be an acrobat. To-day he is a harlequin, who has not quite learnt completely to trust the expressiveness of his body and limbs, completely to mask the expressiveness of his face. But of all the producers, all the successful stars in the kinema, this exuberant Fairbanks, who cannot and does not want to act, is the nearest to a complete understanding of the screen as a canvas for a beautiful whole.



Doug. in
"The
Thief
of
Bagdad."

My own admiration for Fairbanks, patron of the arts and unknowing poet, is boundless. Here is a business man, whom luck and hard work have put in a position to be a power in the world of films. He is a successful man, has always been successful, from the early days of his western comedies, when he set out to hold up the fast mail for the engine driver's whistle, to the time of his entry into romance under the umbrella in *The Mark of Zorro*, and on to the fantastic splendour of *The Thief of Bagdad*. He could make the most absurd of films—has made the most absurd of films from time to time—and still win success from them, by his zest and easy personality. He could afford to be mediocre, if anyone could. But he would not. Himself did not content himself. He was tired of Fairbanks.

Somewhere deep within the man lies a crude, elemental spirit of poetry. It used to bubble through his comedies, shooting his Western films with a queer individual fantasy; he himself has never had mastery over it, nor a clear understanding of it; he himself could never satisfy it, with all his success.

He looked outside himself. He looked to the ballet. He looked to the painters. He looked long and hungrily to architecture. And then he took all his dollars out of the bank and squandered them on beauty.

He gathers round him the big men, the young, brilliant men, of every art. Skilled architects and painters plan his scenes for him, skilled musicians

write his scores; his posters are drawn by the best artists that money can buy, his costumes are designed by poets of texture and line, and the photography is in the hands of cameramen with vision and understanding.

And Fairbanks himself, moving through the middle of this brightly-coloured canvas, at first a little dizzily—a little like a child in a sudden field of buttercups, not knowing where to run for beauty and brightness—has put on the costume and caught up the lath of Harlequin, and moves the more fittingly for that.

And gradually, from *The Mark of Zorro* to *Robin Hood*, from *Robin Hood* to *The Thief of Bagdad*, as his stories have turned more and more towards fantasy, so his movements have caught a rhythm of their own, almost a dancer's rhythm. Gesture has been strengthened with meaning poise. Dignity has come to balance speed. And the whole scope of his movement has been fitted into the mass movement of the film.

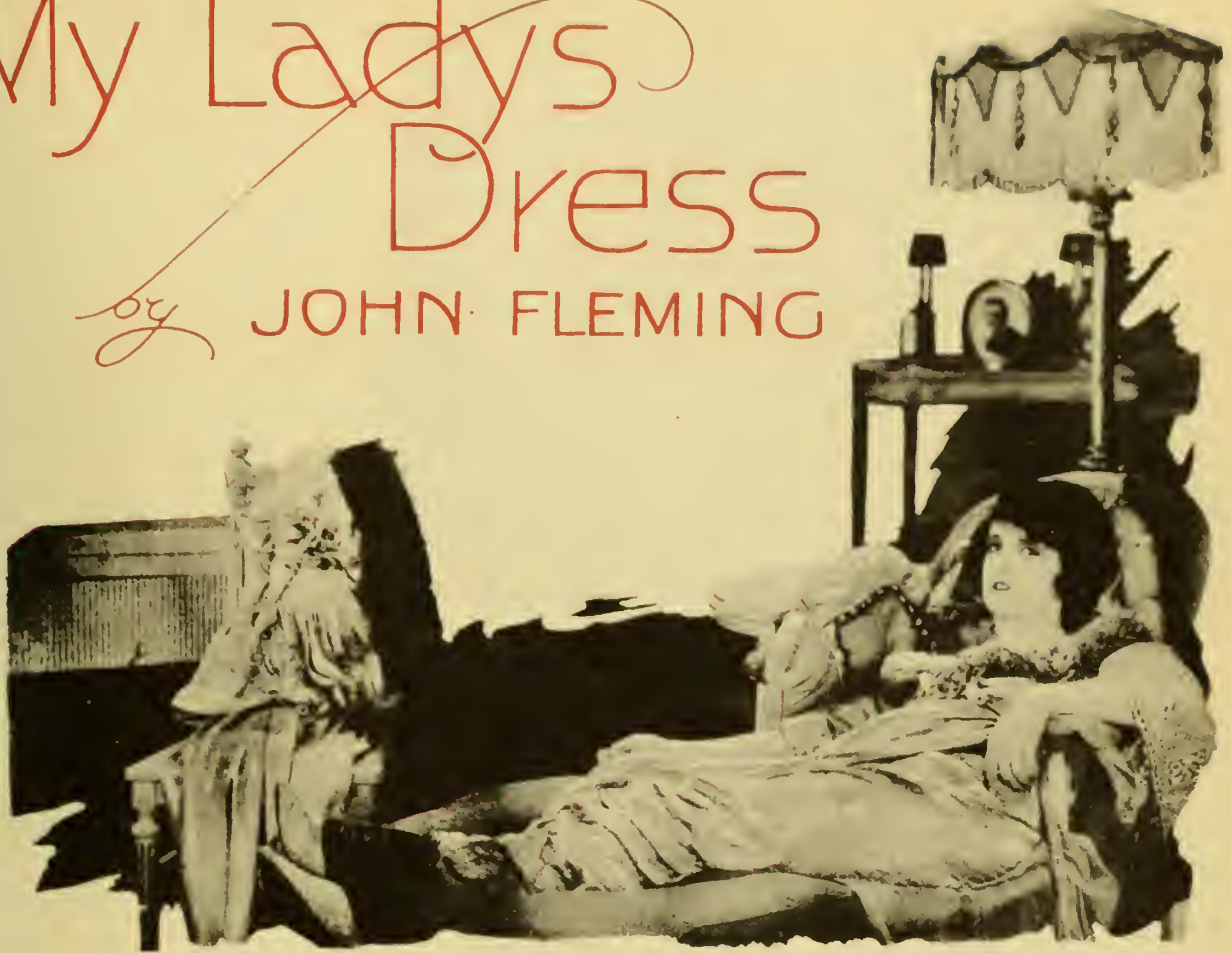
So rhythm, like painting, like architecture, like music, has been shaped and welded to make for the kinema a beautiful whole. The film is regarded as an *all* and not as a *many*. The individual Fairbanks, playing in it, is of no more importance to the Fairbanks who made it than the curtain or the paving stones or the old beggar in the street.

Every part perfected, it is the whole that is perfect. And the Fairbanks who is an artist is the Fairbanks who knows that Fairbanks himself is not an artist at all.

E. R. THOMPSON.

My Lady's Dress

by JOHN FLEMING



Symbolically the sun dipped behind a cloud, leaving the great wide desk in shadow, as John Morley laid down his pen, took up the letter he had this moment written, and read it over. It was a letter to the proprietors of the Maison Jacqueline, most famous of all Bond Street's dress houses. It was a letter announcing that Mrs. John Morley's account with that establishment would henceforth be closed.

Then John Morley laid the sheet on his desk, took up his pen once more and affixed his signature.

Folding the letter into its envelope, he addressed the latter and strode into the hall, with the intention of having the thing delivered by hand at once. But as he crossed the hall his eye fell upon a gaily coloured oblong box which one of the servants was carrying to the foot of the great staircase. He stopped the servant and looked at the label on the box. It bore his wife's name and was from the house of Lizzard, a dress artiste who was almost as notorious as he was famous.

"I will take this," said John Morley; and box in hand he ascended the staircase to his wife's room.

Anne Morley was younger than her husband in years and as young as the youngest of her generation in outlook. Though the great grandfather's clock in the hall below had already chimed the half hour after ten she was still in

bed. John Morley laid the gaily coloured box on a chair beside the bed and looked at her.

"Good morning, my dear," she said with a yawn.

"Good morning," said John soberly.

"Is anything wrong?" asked his wife anxiously, catching sight of his face.

"Much," said John Morley.

She opened her eyes wide and stared at him.

"Is—what?"

"I have closed your account with Jacquelin's."

She sat up.

"You have closed my account with Jacquelin's, John?"

"Yes." His eyes met hers, but it was Anne's that dropped. "You cannot be surprised. We have talked about it before. I . . . threatened, I believe you put it so—threatened to do so some time ago. Well, Anne, I have done it indeed. I am sorry to be speaking to you like this, but there is apparently no help for it. You are extravagant. You are wilfully extravagant. I am—I am sorry that you could not see in time. Something had to be done. This had to be done. I have done it."

He took the coloured box from the chair and laid it on the bed.

"Five minutes ago, this came. It has Lizzard's label. What is it?"

"My new dress."

"Your new dress! Your old dress is—how old? Four days? And how is

it you are having it from Lizzard? You have kept to Jacquelin hitherto."

"You seemed so displeased with my account at Jacquelin's," said Anne, pouting.

"It was not with your account, but the size of it," said John Morley, bitterly. "In any case you might know that I would not be pleased at you going to Lizzard. The man's name is a by-word in the town. He is a libertine."

"He offered a long credit, and I knew you did not want to spend a great deal just now."

"Oh, it is not that I am hard pressed for money, Anne, as you know very well, or should. It is the principle of the thing—or rather, the lack of principle of the thing. I would like you to have some greater passion in your life than a passion for mere personal adornment. If I had wanted to marry a mannequin I assure you I could have done so."

Anne winced, pouted again, and turned over in the bed.

"If you can afford it, why should I not do it?"

"Wilful extravagance can never be justified."

"Oh!" She glanced up at him almost fiercely and made a sweeping gesture with her dainty hand. "You lecture me as if I were a small child, John. I know what I do—I am not quite the fool you imagine. You talk as if I were throwing your money into the gutter. Ex-

It was for the comb that she had promised to marry Giovanni.



travagance, you say. Where would hundreds of poor people be but for the extravagance of such women as myself? Does not my extravagance provide employment. You know it does, and that if you were to restrict my allowance to the merest pin-money, there would be misery in many a peasant home that. . . ."

He held up his hand and she stopped speaking. Never before had she seen such a stern expression on his face.

"Misery! But that is there already, Anne. You have not seen, so you cannot know. I have been among the silk-workers and the weavers. I have seen. For all that I am a man, I know perhaps, more of the hidden lives of mannequins and shop girls than do you. Oh, I have seen! If you knew how in making the beautiful things you so recklessly squander, how many hearts are broken, how love and even honour are sacrificed—if you knew of the pain and misery suffered, you would not talk like that, Anne. I do not say you are wicked. But you are thoughtless. Thoughtless. Careless. These may not be sins. But on the other hand, they are not virtues."

He frowned on the coloured box as he turned on his heel.

"I will leave this with you," he said curtly.

At the door he paused and looked back.

"I am not—tired of you, Anne," he said gently. "It is not that. I am just tired of your extravagant ways. I hoped you would be different."

He went out and the door was closed.

For a long time Anne lay motionless, thinking. Thinking bitter thoughts. In some way they led her to the conclusion that this is a hard world! A world in which women are crushed and kept under heel by brutal men! For the moment she hated her husband. And

then her thoughts took a different turn.

She thought of all that John had said, wondered what he meant by hinting that he could have married a mannequin had he wished to do so, thought drowsily for the moment that she was a mannequin herself, nodded, aroused herself with a start and tried to go on thinking clearly again, drowsed once more. And soon she slept, and when she slept she dreamed—strange dreams that seemed like fantastic songs that John was singing. And yet realistic dreams, too.

She seemed, oddly, to be walking down a foreign lane, this spoilt woman who had never left the shores of her native country, but though she had never seen these places in reality she seemed to know instinctively where she was. She recognised a little cottage at the turn of a lane. Anne? But her name was not Anne. It was Nina, surely? This was the cottage of her father in sun-kissed Italy.

ITALY.

Peo, Nina's beloved, came to Nina, one day.

"An hour ago I was only a peasant," he said proudly. "Now I am on the way to wealth. A good man has given me a crop of silkworms, and it is the finest crop within a score of miles. I am very happy now, Nina. At last we can be married. We have waited so long that I had begun to think it could never be, but now it can be at once, can it not, Nina?"

And as she had said "Yes," a long time ago, and liked Peo fairly well she said "Yes" again, and Peo was delighted.

It mattered little to her that she had already said "Yes" as well to Giovanni the pedlar, a month ago. Very little indeed. For Giovanni was not near to see or to know. She loved pretty things, this Nina, far more than she

loved her lovers, and she loved the beautiful comb that Giovanni had given her in return for her promise even more than she loved most pretty things. It was for the comb that she had promised to marry Giovanni.

But there! Giovanni was away across the hills, peddling. He would not be back before the 20th. She would be married to Peo on the 19th, as Peo seemed to wish it, and then Giovanni could go and throw himself in the lake or do just whatever he wished. Who would marry a pedlar when she could marry the owner of the finest silkworm crop within twenty miles? Silkworms meant money, for their silk was much prized in far lands. Other women, besides Nina, loved pretty things. . . .

"When," asked Peo softly, "shall we be married?"

"The 19th?" asked Nina prettily.

"Why, how glorious!" laughed Peo. And so the word went round the village that Nina would become Peo's wife on the 19th of the month.

On the morning of the 19th a man, shabby but happy, came down over the hills into the village. He had a case upon his back, and he was a pedlar. He was Giovanni, come to claim his bride. As he walked he sang.

But when he reached the village he stopped in amazement. He stopped singing. For the streets of the village, though they were decorated as if in anticipation of some festivity were empty. The shops were closed. There was no one in sight of whom to ask an explanation. Giovanni walked on a little way and presently reached the cottage of Peo, whom he knew as a poor peasant who had once, poor fool, hoped to have Nina. On an impulse, Giovanni tapped at the door and raised the latch and went in. He would ask Peo what all this was about.

But it was not Peo he saw when he entered the cottage. It was Nina.

"You," he said. "What do you here, Nina. And where is Peo?"

Blushing guiltily, Nina replied that Peo was at the church.

"And why at the church?" Giovanni demanded.

"For the wedding," said Nina.

"Wedding? Whose wedding?"

"Ours."

"Ah! So that is it." In a sudden gust of rage Giovanni began to stamp up and down the floor. "So you cast off the poor pedlar for the wealthy gutter-picking Peo, eh? You do well for yourself, Nina. But why are you here, if it is your wedding-day?"

"Peo had to go to make arrangements, and I must stay and guard the silkworms until his brother comes. We dare not leave them unprotected. They are very valuable. They are our wedding dowry. Without them Peo would be poor and we could not marry."

"I see! I see!" cried Giovanni. "Oh I have escaped you very well, miss. I am lucky! As for Peo, well he is very welcome to you. For what you are worth he may have you. But if I were

a harder tempered man, Nina, I would kill you now and you would have no wedding."

"Giovann!"

"Oh, have no fear. I am mild. I would not molest you. No, I have too much pride. See, now, this is how much I will forgive you. Go to your wedding, or it will be too late, and there will be no wedding. Something must have befallen Peo's brother. I will look after your silkworms for you and your husband. If Peo's brother comes I will keep him here and myself come to see you married and wish happiness. But if you do not go soon the church will close."

"You are so good, Giovann," said Nina.

"I always was so good," said Giovann, watching her narrowly out of his eyes slits. "Too good. But there, my passion is over. I am calm. I bear you no malice. Now you must hurry."

After a moment's hesitation she went from the house. He stood at the door to watch her go. At the corner by the bridge she turned and waved gaily to him, then she was gone.

Near the gates of the church, running, was Peo's brother.

"My horse fell lame," he exclaimed. "I had to come on foot."

She told him that Giovann was watching the silkworms for them and then she hurried into the church. At a more leisurely pace Peo's brother walked along to the cottage.

But he could not find Giovann when he got there. And scattered on the floor was all that remained of the silkworm crop—dead.

Up on the hill road, Giovann was laughing.

Tossing restlessly, Anne Morley tried to sort the dream from the reality, but only dreamed the more. Italy? In her restless sleep she attempted to get it all clearly. This was Italy. What was she doing thinking of Italy? Nina? Foolish name! Her name was Anne, of course. And she was married. She was the wife of—of—what was his name? Ivan. Yes, Ivan. His wife, but it was another she loved. She loved Louka—Louka, their foreman. Italy? Quaint notion to enter her head. This was

SIBERIA.

Ivan was a trapper, of course. He was away for long days together across the white wastes, often with his life in peril, getting the beautiful white skins that fetched so little here in cold, hard Siberia but fetched so much (so the rumour went) in distant London.

Oh yes, Ivan risked his life, went away for long days together in order that they could keep their rude shack above their heads. An industrious man. A good man. Oh, yes. Certainly. But good men are so dull.

"Are they not, Louka?" she asked with a smile, looking up at him.

"What is that?" said Louka, startled.

"That? What?"

"I—Look! Your husband!"

He pointed through the window to where in the beating storm, Ivan could be seen approaching the house.

"I must hide," he muttered. "Get him out of the house on some pretext soon and then I will make good my escape. But for the moment I must hide. Where?"

"This cupboard," said Anne. "We use it only for old boots, and he never looks in it. But quick!"

Louka scurried into the boot cupboard and Anne closed the door upon him. And very soon the outer door opened, letting in great snowflakes and a piercing blast and—Ivan.

CHARACTERS.			
Anne	-	-	ESTELLE TAYLOR
John	-	-	MARC McDERMOTT
Jacquelin	-	-	HARRY SOTHERN
Lizzard	-	-	ROBERT SCHABLE
Narrated by permission from the Fox film of the same name.			

"My wife!" he cried, coming forward and taking her in his arms.

"You have been a long time away?" she grumbled.

"Ah, but this is a hard life and no man can say when he will be back, or that he will be back at all. However, here I am safe and sound again. And I have a valuable present for our son."

"Our son?" said Anne.

"Assuredly. For next season he will

go to the traps with me and he must be well protected. See!"

He laid a wonderful white skin on the table and stood away, rubbing his hands.

"It will make a beautiful white coat for him, will it not? I had to go far out of my way to get it. But it will keep the boy nice and warm in the cold nights next year."

"It would be worth how much in London," asked Anne suddenly.

"A year's pay for such as us—more," said Ivan.

"I would like it," said Anne.

Ivan glanced at her.

"But I got it for the boy. He will need it more than you. When he goes to the traps—"

"Oh!" cried Anne. "Is every man of our family for evermore to go to the traps? It is pitiless!"

"It is nearly pitiless," agreed Ivan. "But it helps to keep a roof—poor roof though it is—above the heads of our loving wives. . . . After all, you have the lonely waiting, but we have the dreadful going. Sometimes it is to death."

He began to unfasten his boots.

"I must have new boots from somewhere, though where, God knows, prices as they are. These let in the snow. Well, I need go out no more tonight. An old pair will do—" He went to the boot cupboard. "Yes, Anne," he said musingly, "sometimes I do think—"

He brought up sharply with a muttered cry. The door of the boot cup-



"You beast," Anne stepped down from the platform and half ran across the floor, then, remembering that perhaps her mother's very life hung in the balance, she faced about and stood waiting

board was open before him and there was Louka, his trusted foreman.

"What—what does this mean?" he asked.

Louka looked at Anne, Anne faced her husband.

"What do you think it means? What can it mean? You have found out. We did not mean that you should, but now you may as well know all. You leave me here for days alone, while you go to your miserable traps for the meagre living it brings us. A woman must have love. Well, I have taken love. . ."

The husband proudly drew himself up and faced them both.

"Very well," he said. "You shall keep your love. I will go my way, with my boy by my side. I see. I have been blind. I—"

"Go you may," said Anne wildly, "but the boy stays."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—" she glanced at Louka. "I mean," she said, "that the boy is not your boy at all. . ."

Ivan staggered across the floor like a shot animal.

"Is this—true?" he gasped.

"Can't you tell?"

"My God—yes!"

Somehow he reached the door. It seemed to be the thing to do, to open it. He went into the storm again, leaving them together. He did not know where he was going nor what he was to do. Presently he came to the river. He looked back to see if he could see the lights of what once had been his home, but the wild storm obscured even them.

Knowing not quite what it was he did, he began to walk into the river.

Fevered, almost, Anne Morley tossed from side to side.

The white wastes of Siberia faded in a white mist. She seemed to be in France, in a little place where every cottage had its weaving shed, and where every inhabitant worked to make My Lady's Dress, the fine thing that it was. Her name was Annette, and she toiled at the loom in the place of her sick husband who for so many weeks had lain crippled in bed. Love was there, but it flourished but hardly on such rocky soil. There was an old lover, a rejected sailor, drunken, come back, and he to whom she had promised her love lay useless in bed. It was horrible, sordid, grey. . . . The dream became a nightmare.

She tossed about, and the scene changed. This was not France. This was a happy, familiar place. Why this was

JACQUELIN'S

where everything was gay, bright, cheerful. But—

No. Not everything. *She* was not. She? Her name was Anne. She was a mannequin. . . .

No, she was not happy. Long were her hours, sparse enough was her pay, and at home, while she toiled here hour after hour, a sick mother lay seriously ill. Something was wrong. . . . And then a voice seemed to be speaking to her. "To-night, my dear? *Ciro's*? At ten o'clock, then?"

She came out of her daydreams. It was the customer of Jacquelin's, who had come to inspect the gowns, and, perhaps place a very large order with the firm. It depended on many things. It depended, had Anne but known, on Jacquelin's models themselves. And here was the customer leering at her, smiling, insinuating, with Jacquelin nervously awaiting the outcome of it all in the background.

"Well, my dear," smiled the customer, "what say you?"

"You beast!"

Anne stepped down from the platform and half ran across the floor; then, remembering that perhaps her mother's very life hung in the balance, depended on her holding down this post at all—or nearly all—costs, she faced about and stood waiting.

But the mischief already was done.

"I will, I think," said the customer, "take my order where there is a little

more civility and the girls are a little more—how shall I say—accommodating?"

As he walked out of the shop, Jacquelin turned on Anne.

"You little fool!" he hissed. "There through your stupidity, goes fifteen thousand pounds' worth of orders.

"It is not part of my duties to let strange men make love to me."

"Indeed, it is part of your duties to see that these gentlemen—"

"Gentlemen!" said Anne, with a bitter laugh.

"That they are not insulted so."

"It was I that was insulted."

"Bah!"

The shop was empty. Jacquelin looked round. Then he approached her.

"Nearly irreparable loss you have done me to-day, my girl. But not quite, eh? You would not like to lose your work here? Of course not, of course not. . . . Well, well, there is a way in which you can make amends. You understand? My—dear. . ."

Suddenly he took her in his arms, and when she struggled he laughed.

"Ah, no, no. I am not so easy. Before have I seen them struggle, yes. Now, my dear, be calm and Jacquelin will be good to you. Oh, yes. These dresses of other people's that you wear, they shall be yours. How would that be? I—"

There was a dagger in her hand. She did not know how it came there. Suddenly she raised it, for the shop was empty and no one could be seen in the street outside to come to her rescue.

"Stand away!" she cried.

"Oh, the spirit of her!" laughed Jacquelin admiringly. "Yes, I like them with spirit. Now. . . ."

"Stand away!"

But he would not stand away. He tried to draw the knife from her hand. Suddenly she plunged it into his breast and then with a loud scream. . . .

Awoke.

Awoke in the bedroom of Anne Morley, still screaming, staring wildly round the empty room. Half springing from the bed, she paused and her eyes settled on the beautiful coloured box in which was her new dress from Lizzard's. At that moment her husband dashed into the room.

"What is the matter, Anne?" he demanded. "You screamed. I heard you screaming"

She passed a hand across her eyes, and then, pale-faced, looked up at him.

"I had a dream," she said in a faint voice. Oh, it is gone now. It is gone. But—it was horrible. . . . I—"

She tapped the coloured box with her foot.

"John," she whispered.

"Yes?" said he.

"I am sending that dress back—to Lizzard's."

"John," she whispered, "I am sending that dress back—to Lizzard's"



Tropical Topics

The South Seas are romantic, and they screen well, besides bringing a little warmth and colour into kinemas when it's cold and rainy outside.

Once knew of a man who was very susceptible to cold. Every winter, he shivered and shook, his fingers froze and his teeth chattered. Eminent doctors told him he should winter in the Mediterranean, but the poor man hadn't the necessary cash. However, he cured himself. He bought a translation of Dante's "Inferno" and never felt cold afterwards!

I cannot, of course, vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, in fact, I've just made it up. But nowadays many people do much the same thing. Is it pouring with rain? They spend a shilling or so and see *Desert Passions*; Is it a heat wave? They see *The Soul of an Esquimau*; whatever the weather is, they can see what it isn't at the nearest kinema. Now the absence of warmth in our climate is its chief claim to fame, so the climate ranks with Beatrice Grimshaw, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Annette Kellermann and the Williamson Brothers, as the pre-eminent causes for the prevalence and popularity of South Sea films.

The Williamson's Under-Water Camera started it. Annette Kellerman, World's Champion Lady Swimmer, decided to enter the movies, and not being too sure of her acting ability on "terra firma" wished to perform below sea level. The camera helped to achieve her desire.

Below: Real South Sea stuff in "The Marriage Cheat."

Now with the Technicolour process, new beauties have been discovered in, or rather under the level of the South Seas. Do you remember *The Innocent Sinner*? If you do, it is probably only because of the really beautiful shots of subaquatic flora and fauna in natural colours and the scene, also under water, where Louis Wolheim gets the worst of an argument with an octopus

Right: Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels in "Sinners in Heaven."



Above: Viola Dana as "Pandora" in "As Man Desires."

Then there's the Regeneration theme. Whenever a fellow goes to the Pacific, he seems to degenerate; he soaks himself in cheap drink and falls in love with a native vamp. Then enters the heroine from her stately civilised home, she reforms him either by breaking his bottles of drink for him à la Norma Talmadge in *Love's Redemption*, or by whipping the man who's ruining him out of house and home à la Anna Q. Nilsson in *Thundering Dawn*. Sometimes, of course, it's the other way round and it's the lady who has to be "learned."

Two more at least are coming. Betty Balfour is at present in Jamaica making scenes for *Satan's Sister*, and Milton Sills, six-foot and sombre is playing opposite Viola Dana, five foot and flighty in a film which has an interesting history. The author thereof wrote the story as a scenario and naturally could not dispose of it; he re-wrote it as a novel and called it *Pandora La Croix*, naturally again, he was approached by film producers for the screen rights. He sold them and his work was retitled *As Man Desires*.

But we are almost certain of having many more, I consider. A South Sea story really should start in New York or among the smart set (shots of jazz parties, cabarets, etc.). The company go for a cruise on a palatial yacht and are wrecked (chance for spectacular scenes here) two shall be saved—the hero and heroine—and cast up on an island together, and then we glide easily and imperceptibly into the tropic love story. And that is what the public wants.

W. B. T.



My Trip Abroad

BY RUDOLPH VALENTINO

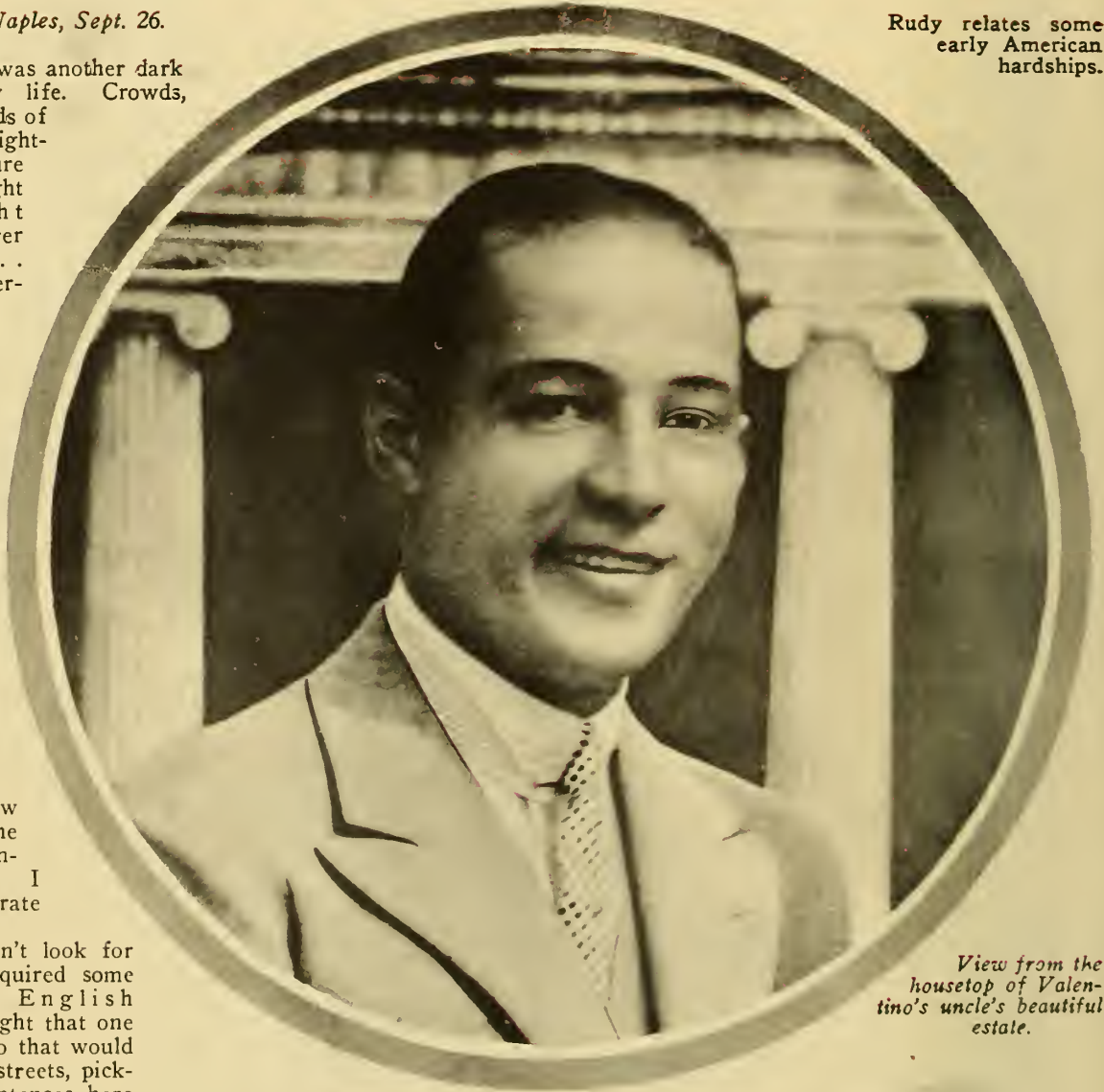
Naples, Sept. 26.

New Year's eve was another dark hour in my life. Crowds, surging crowds of people, bright-faced and on pleasure bent. Oceans of light words and light laughs drifting over me like cold waves. . . I couldn't even understand the joy of the others. . . That night, I remember, I went home and tried to read myself to sleep, but the bells of the New Year kept ringing in my ears, as if on purpose to mock me. I felt sore all over. My only refuge was to get up and write long letters home, to my mother, to my sister, to my friend. Some of these letters I tore up before I came to mail them. I knew they would make the dear ones at home unhappy about me. I couldn't act the ingrate by my own weakness.

Of course, I couldn't look for work until I had acquired some knowledge of the English language. And I thought that one of the best ways to do that would be to promenade the streets, picking up words and sentences here and there. Once in a while I would drop into Bustanoby's, where I could talk to the waiters in French. It was here that I met my first friends in the new country. One evening I was sitting there and I must have looked very lonely and apart, for presently a young fellow detached himself from a group at an adjoining table, came over and asked me in French if I wouldn't care to join his party. WOULD I? I simply faltered my thanks, being unable to express the extravagant gratitude I felt for this first human contact.

My first American friends. I could go on for pages telling of all we did together and how I began to lay, albeit unconsciously,

Rudy relates some early American hardships.



View from the housetop of Valentino's uncle's beautiful estate.



corner-stones for what was to come. But it must suffice here for me to record that it was with these friends I first began to dance in America. Every night we would go together to some cafe or other, and they would introduce me to girls they knew, and I would attempt to dance. At that time, although the tango and the one-step were in reigning favour, I knew only the old-time waltz and the mazurka and the lancers. I saw that these bygone numbers wouldn't do, and I made up my mind to learn the new ones. The only way to achieve this was by dancing with the best dancers,

me the remaining steps, the rhythm, and so on. Having once mastered the basic technique, I made it my business to practice daily, until I not only got the steps they all knew, but even originated a few new ones of my own. My next neces-



Above: A street in Pompeii.



Valentino on the terrace of a Roman Villa.

and though I was deservedly enough turned down time and time again, I put my pride in my deepest pocket and persisted in the face of spoiling any number of dancing slippers and a corresponding number of dispositions.

In time, what with my bad attempts and my equally annoying persistency, I became one of the best "wallflowers" in the city of New York. I supported more ballroom walls than any other man I have ever heard of. I finally pinned Alex to the wall one day and told him that I would never let him go until he had taught me the tango. I knew a few of the steps, so we had something to go on, and then and there, by sheer force, I made him teach

sary step, I felt, was to get along better with the English language. I realised that I was making very slow progress at Giolitto's because Italian was spoken there and I could and did lapse into my mother tongue whenever I felt tired or was in a hurry. It took courage, because I am rather indolent, as most people are when they have to take something by the very horns to achieve their aim, but I made myself move to an uptown boarding house, where only English was spoken, and where I would go without if I didn't make known my wants in English. I might add that I darn near approached starvation again — the names of most of the American dishes

eluded me almost to the very end!

I had been in New York three months before I actually went to work. This time had been largely taken up in learning English and in going about with my friends, spending money I should have been saving against the well-known rainy day. At the end of the three months, I realised that I had to get to work and that without any loss of time, if I didn't want to repeat my little experiment in starvation. I had a letter of introduction to the Commissioner of Immigration, and when I showed him my diploma from the Academy of Agriculture, he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Cornelius Bliss, and I got my first job — that of laying out the grounds of the Bliss country estate on Long Island in Italian gardens. I forthwith moved myself into a little apartment over the garage on the estate and took the position of superintendent.

It would take me too long to go into all that happened while, and after I thus began my career of work. It must be sufficient to say that I eventually lost my job on the Bliss estate, partly because of my own youthful follies, such as motor-cycling madly about the place, and partly due to my pride, which would not permit me to stoop to the labour of picking insects from leaves of bushes, when I had visualised myself as a sort of an advisory superintendent, nor would it permit me to eat with the other "help," when I had imagined myself as a sort of guest of the family. Mr. Bliss nevertheless, gave me, upon my departure, a letter to Mr. Ward, the park commissioner, who engaged me for the position of an apprentice landscape gardener in the Park, until I could study up for the examination and become a part of the park staff. But when I went to the civil service bureau to take my examination, I found that only American citizens were qualified for a city job, and also that it would take me five years to attain that elevated standing. Five years! I could have laughed at that.

(Another long instalment next month).

A Thing of Beauty



Ramon Novarro and Kathleen Key in "Ben Hur," watch a procession from the housetops, from which the falling of a stone causes so much trouble.



A particularly beautiful garden scene. Only Italy can produce cypresses and vegetation like this. Ramon Novarro and Hobart Bosworth are seen in the foreground.



Above: The mammoth parade, when Gratus, Jerusalem's new Procurator, enters the city in triumph. Centre: "Ben Hur" himself (Ramon Novarro).



Above: Ben Hur (Ramon Novarro), introduces his mother (Claire McDowell) and his sister Tirzah (Kathleen Key) to his boyhood's friend "Messala" (Francis X. Bushman).



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Mary Dibley

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After a hard-fought set at tennis or a spell with the punt pole, a little of this daintiest of vanishing creams works wonders. Being instantly absorbed by the skin it produces a delicious sense of coolness and refreshment.

It vanishes immediately, leaving no trace save its fascinating fragrance.

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"EASTERN FOAM" is a wonderful protection against sun-burn. The girl who uses it has no need to worry about her appearance. She can bathe and row, play tennis and motor to her heart's

The beautiful and popular British Film Star, writes:—

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content, confident that at all times she is looking her best.

"EASTERN FOAM" is non-greasy. It cannot grow hair. Its purity, refinement and exquisite, though subdued, fragrance place it in the forefront of all Toilet preparations. Thousands of beautiful women on and off the Stage use it regularly, and gratefully testify to its wonderful powers.

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The Cream of Fascination

Film Fools

It takes a wise man to play the fool in films as well as in real life.

By one word misquoted thus sings Jeffery Farnol:
 "A fool! A fool! ye cry.
 A fool forsooth am I. But tell me wise ones, if you can. Where shall ye find a wiser man? Lived there one since the world began? Come, answer ye to me."

Easy. I've always been led to believe that it takes a wise man to play the fool and my experience of films has made me in no wise alter my opinion. It takes some acting to act a fool acting the fool while all the time the fool is acting the fool the

fool's heart is breaking. When you've worked out what I mean by that last sentence you'll agree that that is what film fools generally have to do.

The clown's wife is dying of starvation, his children are following their mother's ex-



ample, and he, the breadwinner of the family, has to daub his face with grotesque streaks of paint and act as if he hadn't a care in the world, or perhaps, if he is a little younger, he is in the ghastly throes of a hopeless love and is forced to sing songs about kippers, and mothers-in-law.

One of the most pathetic clowns ever seen is "Sylvester Urban" in *The Merry-go-round*. He is amusing a crowd of children by asking them who has stolen his little finger when the villain pushes a flower-pot on to his head. Dying, the old clown continues his fooling, so that his juvenile audience may not see his suffering. But then, Cesare Gravina, who plays this part, is an expert.

Those who saw Ernest Torrence only in *Tolable David* or *Broken Chains* were surprised to see him play a clown in the film version of Löcke's novel *The Mountebank*. But he does and does it remarkably well, too. Another "six-footer"—or rather a "six-foot-pluser"—to wit, Monte Blue—appears as a clown in a film called *The Lover of Camille*. That title is bad enough but it is as naught compared to Victor Seastrom's *He Who Gets Slapped* (Oh, shades of *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*) in which Lon Chaney with a new outfit of make-up plays the old familiar rôle of the broken-hearted clown.



Reading downwards:

Jack Goodrich

who plays the Clown

in the circus serial "Under the Big Top";

Cesare Gravina in "Merry-Go-Round";

Marion Davies who slipped

into the crowd madriga Cabaret scene of "The

Wife of the Centaur," and the finished scene. Puzzle: Find Marion.

If Amami Users win the "Picturegoer" Beautiful Hair Competition Prizes their Prize Money will be doubled.

IF you are a user of Amami Shampoos, don't forget to attach an empty Amami Shampoo Sachet to your photograph when you enter the "Picturegoer" Beautiful Hair Competition. We would advise you to paste the sachet to the back of your photo to prevent its getting detached. For if the £5 Prize Winner is an Amami user and has sent in the empty sachet with her photograph, she will receive an extra £5 from the makers of Amami Shampoos.

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Brown and Dark-Haired Girls should buy Amami No. 1 which contains just a trace of Henna—not sufficient to colour the hair, only enough to bring out the glinting lights. The Fair-Haired should use Amami No. 5 which contains a little Camomile, to keep the hair gloriously fair. Amami Almond Oil Shampoo is made for those whose hair is especially dry.

Each is 6d. per Sachet, complete with Special Lemon Juice Rinsing Powder.

Sold by leading Chemists and Hair-dressers everywhere.

This is the latest picture of Miss Kathleen Amami—you will remember her being chosen in the Amami Stage Career Scheme. She has appeared in "London Calling" and the "Punch Bowl" at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

ĀMĀMĪ

(AH-MAH-ME)

Shampoos

The Blackguard

A British spectacular film made abroad.

This," observed a well-known, if somewhat highbrow film critic to me after the first screening of *The Blackguard*, at the Albert Hall, "is the best British film I've ever seen because it is so German." Though not entirely in agreement with the worthy fellow's sentiments, I can honestly say that *The Blackguard* is a noteworthy contribution by a Britisher to the art of making films.

It has a story of music and musicians, a difficult theme, and a story, unfortunately, none too good. But the settings and lighting are exquisite, the acting very fine, and the direction distinctive, though unequal.

This tale of a famous violinist commences capitably, by showing the sordid environment that failed to keep down a rising genius. Then it shows this lad grown to manhood, and achieving fame, and finally happiness. The way which it shows him is interesting. Continuity, the film cannot boast of. But then, neither can life. And life is made up of yet such small things having bearing upon great things as are seen in *The Blackguard*. Also the hero, when a boy, is played by that delightful and capable lad, Martin Herzberg, who appeared as the young "David" in a recent *David Copperfield* film.

Everyone was rather sorry when he grew up, although. Walter Rilla, who plays the fully-developed genius both looked and acted like one. The heroine, a Russian Princess, for whose sweet sake the story suddenly takes a header into Bolshevism, is rather colourless, even though she is played by Jane Novak. The dominant figures, so far as acting goes, are the old musician, who turns Bolshie, played by Bernhard Goetzke and the hero's besotted grandmother, the latter a powerful, though sinister character-study by Rosa Valetti.

Above: The theme of Michael Carrol's great Concerto—fairies and elves dancing in the woods. Right: Bernhard Goetzke and Martin Herzberg. Below: Walter Rilla and Jane Novak; and a fine Russian "set"



Goetzke with that strange face of his, and that method he has of creating the maximum of effect with the minimum of actual movement gives a great performance as "Levenski." As a ne'er-do-well musician, or blazing-eyed Revolutionist, he was excellent, and seemed somehow to leave everything flat and cold when he was absent from the screen for a sequence or two.

There is some notable imaginative work in the film, particularly in the artist's vision (caused by a most prosaic blow on the head from a cognac bottle) of the realms of music and the God of Music, whom he sees in a glorified likeness of his teacher "Adrian Levenski."

The Blackguard is a movie that decidedly must not be missed by the discerning film fan. J. LEDERER.



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Kinema Carols

MY HERO.

Rod's my favourite hero,
I've seen upon the screen;
He sends the rest to zero
Because he's just a dream.
His eyes are of the deepest brown,
And very twinkling too,
One does not often see him frown,
Or look especially blue.
So Rod it is for ever
To you I shall be true,
I'd break the "Ten Commandments"
For just one word from you.

MURIEL.

MY STAR.

There's a darling little actress, with
eyes of deepest blue,
With hair like golden sunbeams and a
face that's pure and true,
Of course she's really beautiful, so win-
some, chic and neat,
And now you want to know her name?
I'll tell you, it's Blanche Sweet.

JUNE ROSE (Bristol).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in Chrissie, my second in
White,
My third is in Haidee, my fourth in
Wright,
My fifth is in Olive, my sixth in Sloane,
My seventh's in Molly, my eighth in
Malone,
My ninth is in Agnes, my tenth in
Ayres,
My eleventh's in Owen, my twelfth in
Nares,
My whole, a delightful little star
Dear to everyone, near and far.

Answer: Shirley Mason.

I. M. D. (Bucks).

MY STAR.

A picturegoer I have been,
Full many a night at the silver screen.
I've gazed amazed at Thomas Mix,
And handsome, manly Richard Dix.
I've wasted money by the ton,
On dramas sad, and yarns of fun.
I've seen dear Jackie, Bull and John,
Kind-hearted Bebe, fearsome Lon.
But then I saw *Monsieur Beaucaire*,
And now I know my only care,
Is for dear handsome Rudy V.,
For ever he my star shall be.

M. A. J. (South Africa).

A "REELY" FUNNY PLACE.

If the people round about us every day
Acted just like all the movie folk we
see

As we watch them in a thrilling movie
play—

What a "reely" funny place the
world would be!

If we all indulged our latent sense of
fun

By maltreating custard pies and
things at tea,
And by chucking too, well-buttered bits
of bun—

What a "reely" funny place the
world would be!

If we slunk about the place and rolled
our eyes,

And we wore our stockings rolled
below the knee,
With a most effective "movie vamp"
disguise—

What a "reely" funny place the
world would be.

ERMYNTRUDE (Kensington).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Film "Peter Pans."

In *David Copperfield* "David," aged ten, goes to stay with the Micawber family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and their four small children. Later, when "David" is a young man, he again goes to visit the Micawbers, and the children still appear to be the same age! A. B. (Bradford).

An Elusive Pair of Gloves.

Charles de Roche goes to visit the heroine, Barbara La Marr, in *The White Moth*. When he leaves her he has his gloves in his hand, but a few minutes later he goes back to fetch them. J. I. (Westcliff.)

England A La Hollywood.

Betty Compson, in *The Rustle of Silk*, is shown going into the Green Parrot Tea Rooms. Outside can be seen an American policeman. As the film is set in England, what is he doing there? P. A. N. (Crosby).

A Quick Recovery.

In *The Ant*, "Jamil" was shot in the shoulder. He rode away to his father and a few hours later was using his arm quite easily. Wasn't this rather a sudden recovery? E. M. (Oxford).

Who Unlocked the Door.

Stewart Holmes, in *Every Woman's Life*, is called from Virginia Valli's cabin on board ship. After he leaves, she locks the door, but when going out herself immediately after, the door is discovered to be unlocked!

I. R. (Harrogate).

When Time Stood Still.

In *The Love Story of David Copperfield*, "David" is shown as a small boy, and "Mr. Dick" is a man of middle age. Later "David" grows up into quite an elderly man, and "Mr. Dick" appears not a day older. A. S. (Poplar)

There's Hair!

Bessie Love in *The High Road* has bobbed hair, but a short time afterwards it has grown so long that she can do it in a large roll over her head. Surely this was rather quick work.

E. G. (Dalston).

The Frock that Changed.

In *The Sins Ye Do*, Joan Lockton is wearing a dark, long-sleeved frock when she leaves school for the afternoon to meet her lover (Henry Victor). Later, she is caught in a thunderstorm and is forced to spend the night at his bungalow. The next day they are married at a Registry Office, where she is seen in a short-sleeved frock with a white collar and cuffs. After the ceremony, Henry Victor drives her back to school when she is again wearing the long-sleeved dress.

E. T. (Warwickshire.)

MINDS AND THE MOVIES.

(Continued from page 13).

and frenzies that marked the movies' early days.

The kinema has almost mastered the psychology of crisis. A few more films like *The Marriage Circle* (can't you see Marie Prevost now, at her moment of complete failure, snatching for the manicure set?) *A Woman of Paris*, and *Forbidden Paradise*, films in which the reactions to joy and despair, passion and misunderstanding, are just as simple and individual as they would be in everyday life, and there will be no more need for a Freud to direct the stronger emotions of the screen.

But the behaviour of men and women under the lesser emotions, or under a sustained effort of passion, is just as unnatural to-day as ever it was. Madge Bellamy in *The Dancers*, such a contradiction of the jaded and the enthusiastic innocent, might have learnt a good deal from Freud.

And I don't think a girl who took so much interest in silk stockings as Ivy Close in *The Wheel* would have gone about quite so often with coal dust on her face and her skirt unhemmed. I'm not sure, either that a strong-willed young man like Ronald Colman in *A Thief in Paradise* would have shot himself even in Ronald's difficult situation, but I am quite sure that he would not have bungled the job so badly that five minutes later he is convalescing on crutches.

But quite apart from their handling of action, from their treatment of a man or woman in the face of crisis, the great mass of producers give away their ignorance of psychology in every set they use.

By her drawing room, the flowers she chooses, the music she plays, the dinners she gives, a woman's thought may be read. A nice woman—and all film heroines, I take it, are nice women—will not entertain with a lavish vulgarity that would sicken her in her friends.

At least—all these things are deeply significant in real life.

In the kinema they mean just nothing at all.

The one criterion is always—the richer the better.

I am not a bit surprised that Mr. Goldwyn, who really does believe in the art of the kinema, hurried off to Vienna to look for Freud.

For the only way to justify the absence of psychology from the movies is to turn the movies into things of fancy and fairy tale.

When fairies come into the movies, then good-bye to the need for science. But so long as producers concern themselves with ordinary beings, and try to move us with their joys and tragedies, their loves and their hates, the absence of psychology in the movies will be a matter for real concern.

E. R. THOMPSON.

MAE MURRAY, Metro Star, says:

In the silent drama small details are more essential, I believe, than in the spoken. That's because the whole appeal is to the eye. So pretty teeth are tremendously important, and formerly a great problem. To-day Pepsodent is regarded as important as, if not more so, than any other part of "make-up." There is no doubt that it gives a delightful glister to one's teeth. How much so, one never knows till using it after ordinary, old-fashioned methods.

Mae Murray



TOM MIX, Fox Star, says:

White teeth?—in my profession they must be so. Nothing can spoil a film smile like unattractive teeth. Using Pepsodent before "going on" as well as several other times during the day, is an important part of my make-up. Gloria Swanson first told me about it. I know of no other method that has so remarkable an effect.

Tom Mix

Those £20,000 a year smiles in the movies

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

SMILES in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds and dulls your teeth.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty. You may have gloriously clear teeth without realizing it.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid may cause decay.

You must remove it at least twice daily and constantly combat it. For it is ever forming, ever present.

New methods remove it

Now in a new type tooth paste, called Pepsodent, this enemy to tooth health and beauty is successfully fought. And that is the famous tooth "make-up" method of the greatest stars of screen and stage—the dental urge of world's leading dentists. Its action is to curdle the film; then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit so dangerous to enamel.

Results are quick. Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Find out what is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth.

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Picturegoer—June 1925.



The Latest Novelty!

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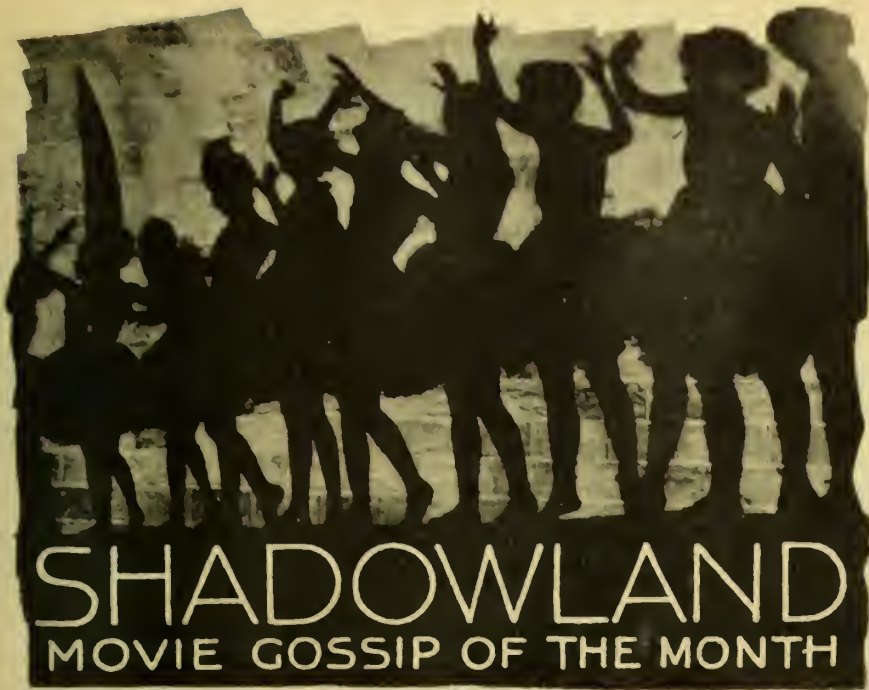
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Real Photos*

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TWELVE Famous Film Stars "snapped" in their own homes just as they are in real life. Charming, intimate studies, taken on the lawn, in the garden or indoors. *Real* photos, such as you might take with your own Kodak. Snapped by an artist and superbly finished. Twelve splendid subjects: "Douglas" and "Mary," Norma Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Betty Compson, Conway Tearle and Adele Rowland, Claire Windsor and her son Billy, Jackie Coogan and his dog "Watch," Corinne Griffith, Warren Kerrigan, Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore and John McCormick. *Sent post free for ONE SHILLING.*

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**Picturegoer Salon,
88, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.**



Warner Brothers and Vitagraph have amalgamated, the former having bought out the latter, lock, stock, and barrel. These amalgamations seem fashionable in America, amongst the Independents, and are made more or less for distribution purposes. The "big three" that side, Famous-Lasky, Metro-Goldwyn and First National are so powerful that smaller organisations are cold-shouldered. However, this year's Vitagraph and Warner Brothers' plans will not be changed. Albert E. Smith the late President will now be chairman of directors and all the Vitagraph directors will continue their good work.

Ivor Novello is filming *The Rat*, under the direction of Graham Cutts with Mae Marsh opposite. Ivor and Mac were a great success in *The White Rose*. Exteriors of the film are to be made in Paris, in the real Apache haunts.

The rumour that Jackie Coogan was retiring is only a rumour, and has been definitely contradicted. Adolphe Menjou's rumoured disagreement with Paramount and threatened retirement from that company, is, however, still on the cards.

A gorgeous dinner and entertainment dance was given to Gloria Swanson on her return to America. She has opened an office of her own in New York, for business and publicity, though she usually lives and works at Hollywood.

Musical comedies are all the rage for filming purposes, since Eric Stroheim commenced *The Merry Widow*, which, by the way, he actually finished ahead of schedule. Griffith's first for Paramount was a musical

comedy, Colleen Moore contributed *Sally*, followed *Irene* and now *A Waltz Dream* is being made in Germany by U.F.A.

Hearty, if somewhat belated congratulations to Eileen Dennes, the charming Hepworth star on her marriage to Jack Connell, the Rugby player at Shepperton. The bride does not intend retiring, which is good news for fans.

Stewart Rome is the latest Britisher to date to sail for U.S.A., one of the few corners of the world he hasn't already visited.

Marion Davies declares that little Jack Huff who plays "Zander" in *Zander the Great*, will become a second Jackie Coogan. A little while before "Zander" was due to be commenced Marion was lunching with a friend and happened to notice an unusually fascinating kiddie lunching with his grandparents at an adjacent table. She soon made his acquaintance and discovered that he came from Chicago, and his parents' consent would have to be obtained before he could do any film work. This, however, was not difficult, and the youngster has scored a pronounced success. However, it takes more than that to make a Jackie Coogan!

Fox Films have bought the screen rights of three hundred O. Henry stories, many of which fans have seen in two reel form under the Vitagraph sign some years ago. Excellent they were, too, and George Ridgwell, who has worked this side for the past few years, directed them. But the Fox versions are to be more elaborate, and several series (the Van Bibber's for one) are scheduled.



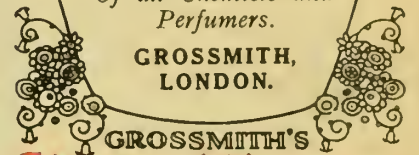
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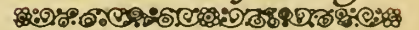
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£10**



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**£5
AND 10
CONSOLATION
PRIZES
EACH
MONTH**



Phyllis Haver

HERE is the second monthly round of this Free Competition. Above are photographs of three popular film stars each with a different type of hair. A prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader of "Picturegoer" whose hair, as shown in a photograph, most resembles that of any one of the examples. A final prize of £10 will be given to the owner of the most beautiful head of hair in the whole competition. In addition to the monthly prize of £5, Consolation Prizes will be given to the 10 competitors whose hair comes next in degree of resemblance to any of the three examples.

Read the Rules Carefully.

1—There is no Entrance Fee.
2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows: "Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 2, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.

4—The closing date for the second round is June 20th. The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.

5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PRIZES DOUBLED

Messrs. PRICHARD & CONSTANCE announce that in the event of the Prize Winner being a user of Amami Shampoo Powder they will double the monthly prize—thus making it £10. All Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoo will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

NOTE.—If you wish to qualify for these extra prizes enclose with your photograph an empty Amami Shampoo Powder Sachet to show that you are a bona-fide user.

*Tell all your
Friends about this
Free Competition*

NOTE.—Similar Competitions (each with different stars) appear in this month's "Romance" and "Twenty-Story Magazine."

Al Christie has announced a unique popularity contest to decide who is the most popular actress amongst all the girls who commenced their careers there. The list given, which is an extensive one, includes the names of Colleen Moore, Betty Compson, Laura La Plante, Sielig Rhodes, Molly Malone, Vera Reynolds, Alice Lake, Edith Roberts, Wanda Hawley, Grace D'Armand, Ethel Shannon, Priscilla Bonner, Anne Cornwall and Patsy Ruth Miller. Al is Mack Sennett's close rival in the star selection class.

Corinne Griffith is the first movie star to photograph parts of her own star film *Declassé*. She has always been deeply interested in the mechanical side of movies and after a few chats with Gaudin, Vignola's camera man persuaded the director to let her turn for awhile. Robert Vignola was very willing to allow this, for he believes a knowledge of range, perspective, etc., is of great use to an actor or actress in their work. By watching others through the eye of a camera they can avoid making the same mistakes themselves.

Joseph Kilgour gave a little party recently to celebrate his 366th movie death, and told his guests that dying was a healthy form of indoor sport and that he gets strong and his bank balance gets fat on it. He ought to know, for he's been at it for years and can die in any position at the word of command.

Ask any fan what a sheik is and you'll be told that he's an extinct animal in Movieland these days. But the female of the Sheik species remains to be exploited and Colleen Moore is going to show us what's she's like in *The Desert Flower*, a melodramatic comedy she has been busy upon. All she will tell us about her is that she lives in a box car in the desert.

At long last the great gas tank that stands on the edge of the Pickford "lot" in Hollywood has justified its existence. It used to be every director's bugbear, and all sorts of masks, huge canvasses, etc., have been used to blot it out when exteriors were made. But it fits well into Mary Pickford's *Little Annie Rooney*, for it is just the kind of background a tenement needs. It cost seven hundred and thirty-five dollars to put up, for it is 280 feet high and 273 feet in diameter, so that it would have been a pretty expensive "property" to build specially for the occasion.

Lillian Gish will not go to Germany after all. She has signed a long contract with Metro-Goldwyn, so that we shouldn't be greatly surprised if they cast her as "Juliet" opposite Ronald Colman. Metro-Goldwyn have also signed on Antonio D'Algy, brother of Helena D'Algy. This youth is almost a newcomer, though he has three years' in musical comedy to his credit. His biggest film rôles are in *The Rejected Woman* and *The Sainted Devil*.

We are glad to be able to announce that Dick Talmadge is very much alive. Circumstantial reports of his death have appeared in print, but though the stunt star met with another accident, he has now fully recovered. He has just completed *The American Eagle*.

So much foreign hosiery and knitted goods comes into this country, and finds a ready market because it is cheap. But British-made goods, such as the St. Margaret Brand, the oldest Hosiery Trademark on the Government register are usually more reliable, and cost no more in the long run. The St. Margaret hosiery is exceptionally good value and a study of their catalogue is well worth your while.

An interesting free booklet dealing with the romance of industrial transportation is the latest of the Cadbury series. Most of the various articles that go to the making of cocoa and chocolates come from overseas; the sugar from Queensland, the spices from Central America and so forth, and beautiful and interesting photos of different parts of the world cannot fail to interest lovers of adventure. Write in for one to-day.



Miracle High Point Brassiere.
For shoulders—front and back—as well as bust.
32/6



Miracle Hip and Back Reducer.
A coat-shaped garment for general reduction, excluding the Bust.
75/-

Safe Reduction

Relieved of the discomfort of dieting or dangerous restraint, you can now retrieve girlish slimness and supple grace—through the use of Miracle Reducers. They are made entirely of pure Rubber, Kleinert's Rubber, famous for half a century: the one rubber whose unquestionable purity makes it safe to wear against the skin. You can literally live in the Miracle Reducers. They act on sound, scientific principles, and give a sense of perfect freedom. You can wear them either with or without a corset, and will find them perfectly odourless. Only a damp sponge is needed to keep them hygienically clean and fresh.

The large illustration above shows two Reducers; Miracle Bust Reducer at 27/6, and Miracle Hip Reducer at 52/6.

Guaranteed by the Makers of the famous Gem Dress Shields and Jiffy Baby Pants.

Obtainable from most leading Drapers and Stores throughout the country including Harrods, Marshall & Snelgroves, Harvey Nichols, Debenham & Freebody, Pontings, and Selfridges.

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grows up—

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Mother's first concern will be the care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap that can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

Once every day, preferably at bedtime, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Such cleansing is the only sure basis of complexion beauty.

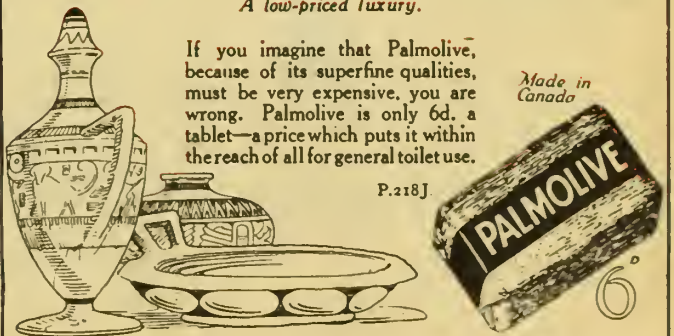
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P.218J





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A thing you are unconscious of yourself

AT first glance so smart, so dainty and charming; then, one trace of perspiration annoyance—a perspiration stain, or just the slightest perspiration odour—and you have made an unfavourable impression on those around you that will be very hard to live down.

It is a physiological fact that persons troubled by underarm perspiration odour are seldom conscious of it themselves. Also, there are very few persons who are not subject to this odour, at least when they exercise or become excited.

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Enclosed is 3d. in stamps, for which please send me sample of Odorono and your booklet, "A Frank Discussion of a subject every woman should understand."

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There is a popular fallacy, still in existence amongst the more optimistic, that summer, just because it is summer, is necessarily a season of blazing heat when keeping cool is the one thing in life that matters. Wrapped in rugs and with hot water bottles at our feet, we keep up the old pretence with a determination that is praiseworthy to say the least of it. Some of us even write articles on "Keeping Cool."

But not for nothing are we taught from our earliest infancy to "Be Prepared." The dweller in England must be ready for anything, from hot sun in December to hailstorms in August, and there is always the hope that summer, for this year at least, may be summer indeed, so why not learn how to keep cool just in case the weather decides to take us by surprise and behave conventionally for once?

Having come to this momentous decision the great thing is to take as your model some one who has become, by long usage, a connoisseur of cooling devices. And who could be better fitted to be our guides in this matter than the denizens of Hollywood?

Away in lucky California, where they get our share of the sun as well as their own, the problem of how to keep cool is really serious. Cold baths, bathing suit parties, iced drinks and sundaes of every fascinating description might almost be numbered amongst the common necessities of life with the Hollywood folk.

Some people might consider that the Mack Sennett bathing belles are amongst the most enviably cool people to be found in Hollywood, but bathing suits that are made for ornament and never go near the water are usually pretty substantial things, with their frilled skirts and other furbelows and

trimmings. A cotton frock, simply made with short sleeves, can be very much cooler.

The most comfortable kind of bathing suit for summer weather is the ordinary, tight-fitting little one-piece costume that most of the stars use when they go for a dip in their own private bathing pools.

Ice cream sundaes, those dishes of delight for whose discovery we tender up our grateful thanks to America, are one of the most acceptable mediums of coolness, and they can be made in such a vast variety that everybody can find one particular kind at least to suit his or her particular taste.

A great favourite with most movie stars is a mixed fruit sundae, and this can be made quite easily at home. If you haven't an ice cream machine it is easy enough nowadays to buy a quantity at any well-known shop and keep it in ice until it is needed, and,



Babe Langdon investigates a sundae.

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LEMON SQUASH

ORANGE SQUASH

*You are better for every
glass of KIA-ORA*

NATURE has provided for us in lemons the most beneficial of all fruits, not only on account of their blood purifying acid, but also in vitamine content—valuable for adults, invaluable for children. 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is absolutely and actually made from fresh lemon juice and white cane sugar, and in process of manufacture is untouched by hand.

The juice is extracted by automatic machinery, the juice added to the white cane sugar in solution, stirred by automatic stirrers throughout the process of bottling, which is entirely automatic, therefore 'Kia-Ora' is untouched by hand at any time.

A cleaner, better prepared beverage than 'Kia-Ora' it is impossible to find. 'Kia-Ora' is not only a refreshing beverage when a drink is wanted, but it is equally valuable as a mealtime drink because by its nature it aids digestion, and for these reasons it is most valuable with any meal.

Drinking 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is a matter of great enjoyment. The flavour is delicate, but at the same time rich and distinctive. It is not too acid nor too sweet, but just right, leaving the palate clean and refreshed.

Make 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash your lunch, dinner and supper drink for a few days and note the benefits you derive from it.

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Sunproof Your Skin!

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A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) . . . 3/- 3/8 3/10
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'ORDINARY'
SHAMPOO

as a matter of fact, it is hardly worth the trouble of making it yourself.

Fruit sundaes should be made with fresh fruit if possible, or if not, tinned fruit can be used. Strawberries, cherries, raspberries, and any other kind of fruit that is needed should be arranged at the bottom of little glass dishes, then a generous portion of ice cream, pink and white mixed, should be placed on top. This should be garnished with a particularly red, juicy strawberry, and covered all over with whipped cream. The result is pleasing to the eye—and ten time more pleasing to the palate!

Cold drinks are to be had by the dozen, and film stars all have their own particular favourites even as you and I. Many of them think a glass of Kia-ora Lemon Squash or Orange Squash very acceptable when the weather is too warm to be altogether comfortable, and quite a lot of other people agree with them. A novel idea is to add crushed strawberries or raspberries to this drink, and make a fruit lemonade. The fruit is crushed well with a teaspoonful of castor sugar added, and is strained into the bottom of a tumbler. Then the lemon or orange squash is poured on top of this, and a large piece of ice is dropped in to get the required coldness.

Another refreshing drink, and one that is very good to take on picnics, is Rose's Lime Juice, and there are no end to piquant mixtures the daring experimenter can make, with this as a sort of background.

To the young idea, hanging longingly about a hokey-pokey stall, ice-cream is something that can be eaten for an indefinite length of time and still remain the food of the gods to those who eat it.

But Walter Hiers told a different tale, after he had finished work on his recent comedy *Sixty Cents an Hour*. The scenario called for him to drink ice cream soda after ice cream soda, and by the time the film was finished Hiers declared he never wanted to look another in the face. His rôle was that of a youth in charge of the ice cream bar in a store, and the amount of that delectable dainty to be seen in the picture ought to make it particularly acceptable to audiences during the hot weather.

This is not the only film in which the amount of ice-cream displayed is calculated to arouse the spirit of covetousness in the hearts of those who watch it. Keeping cool is one of the main pursuits of the Californian, and perhaps this is why it is reflected in so many pictures from Hollywood.

I've no doubt many an ice-cream merchant has profited by the showing of films in which the hero or heroine are seen having a "cooler"—for the power of suggestion will work wonders. Let us hope that no impres-



DISFIGURING HAIR.

Nothing so quickly takes away a woman's daintiness as conspicuous growths of superfluous hair. Nearly two million women have found that Veet Cream satisfactorily solves the perplexing problem of getting rid of such disfiguring hair. This perfumed, velvety cream removes hair as if by magic. You just spread it on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case, or money is returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/- and 1/6 from all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price plus 6d. for postage, etc. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 370D), 68 Bolsover St., London, W. 1.



sionable film fan, after watching a Mae Murray picture, will hit upon the undoubtedly cool plan of appearing à la Mae the next morning.

Keep cool, film fans, by all means—but don't let the remedy be worse than the complaint!



Bebe Daniels and a lemon squash.



When you are really thirsty

be careful to choose a wholesome drink. As a pure, refreshing beverage, thirst-quenching and enjoyable, there is nothing to equal

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

A British product throughout, prepared entirely from West India Lime Fruit and the finest cane sugar.

DELICIOUS, WHOLESOME AND REFRESHING.



Paris Has "gone" Patou



THE MAN WHO TURNED STYLE IN A WEEK!

The dramatic change of waistline which Jean Patou has sprung upon Paris, and which Lewis Baumer has caught to perfection in this sketch, is literally a *fashion landslide*. The nearly normal waistline which he proclaims is already a vast success. It is an abrupt turning of the current of style—and a welcome one, after the monotony of waistless, sack-like months and years.

Long before the curtain was raised on this exquisite new mode the designers of Royal Worcester Corsets were at work perfecting their models in readiness—and now there is available for every lady a Royal Worcester Corset which will give her this surpassingly lovely Patou waistline. In no other make, however fancifully priced, are these same styles to be found. Once again the Royal Worcester

SCORES A GREAT COUP!

Ladies desiring to be **FIRST** with this new vogue, which is destined to sweep the fashion world by storm, should write us for address of nearest agency where the models are to be bought. Already they are to be seen in Bond Street, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, Kensington High Street, and Belgravia, and **IMPORTANT MANNEQUIN DEMONSTRATIONS** are being organised with as little delay as possible. For name and address of nearest agent and Booklet, write to the **WORCESTER WAREHOUSE Co., 76 and 78, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.**



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All Good Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers stock **KOKO**.
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Setting Stars in Hollywood



An ice carnival setting in "The Bridge of Sighs."



A Buenos Aires cabaret according to "This Woman."



A Cabaret in the underworld of San Francisco. ("On Thin Ice.")

Once upon a time we were satisfied to go to a theatre and accept the crudely painted canvas as a realistic setting for a drama. When the movies first showed us the great outdoors in actuality and followed that with interior settings that looked quite real, that was marvellous. Then we began to take realistic settings for granted and producers began to tear their hair and film magnates started to shovel in their money to make gorgeous settings that entertained with sheer weight of spectacle.

But picturegoers got surfeited with too many elaborate cabarets, mammoth baronial halls and the like, and a demand was made for appropriate settings and less recapitulation. Theoretically, the demand should be easy to satisfy, but in practice it is not. The primary reason is the necessity to avoid monotony.

No less than six successive current Warner pictures demanded restaurant or café settings and in some cases more than one café scene had to be provided in the same picture.

This shows how the art director went to work to get his different effects. In *The Narrow Street*, he used a magnificent high columned cabaret set of the palatial order. In *The Dark Swan*, the restaurant was done in the futuristic coldness of black and white. In *A Lost Lady*, two cabaret settings had to be provided, one of them to suggest the Spanish atmosphere of a South American town and the other a typical New York night haunt. *A Broadway Butterfly* required two special cabaret settings, the first a reproduction of the famous Roof Garden of the Amsterdam Hotel and the other a replica of the interior of Macy's. Then along came *The*

Bridge of Sighs with a demand for another cabaret setting. This time the director decided to get away from the conventional by building an enormous ice cavern.

For *On Thin Ice*, he had to think of something different again, taking into special consideration that the cabaret was to be the setting for an exhibition dance by the famous American eccentric dancers, Deno and Rochelle. With

the next Warner production *The Man Without a Conscience*, the art director had a rest from cabaret scenes, but in *Recompense*, he had to grapple with a carnival scene typical of the hectic excitement of the war and in *My Wife and I, Kiss Me Again* and *The Woman Hater*, he had to find other varieties of restaurant or cabaret settings.

Now the poor art director finds that mere inventiveness is no longer sufficient for some producers. Every bit of setting or furnishing in a Lubitsch picture, for instance, is ordered by the producer not only to convey atmosphere but to point character and play a part in the story.

Many people, including travelled critics, were quite certain that *The Marriage Circle* was a German picture with genuine Viennese interiors and exteriors. That was due to Lubitsch's insistence on absolute fidelity of detail.

In *Kiss Me Again*, his latest picture, the locale is Paris and most of the settings are "intimate" but you'll notice among other things that a piano plays the most important part of all in the development of the plot, whilst a quite ordinary looking screen is the cause of a great deal of humour, and two chairs tell a tale of romance in the finale.

Lubitsch had three fully-fledged directors—James Flood, Sven Gade and Henry Blanke—to act as technical directors for him on the big ball scene he produced in *Three Women*. Harry Beaumont had five technical directors to help him with the war scenes in the Warner film version of Robert Keable's *Recompense*.

Setting stars in Hollywood is no longer a one man job. To-day it needs a platoon of technical directors. Tomorrow, perhaps it will need an army!

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Jane Novak

The Alaskan (Paramount; June 1).

Tom Meighan in a mystery melodrama, somewhat old-fashioned as to plot and treatment, but with wonderful backgrounds of the Land of the Midnight Sun. Supporting cast includes Estelle Taylor, John Sainpolis, Frank Campeare, Anna May Wong.

Against All Odds (Fox; June 1).

Western melodrama about murder and a haunted house. Buck Jones stars, with Dolores Rousse, Ben Hendricks (junior), William Scott, Thais Valdimar, W. N. Bailey, Bernard Seigle, and Jack McDonald in support. Good entertainment.

Bag and Baggage (W. & F.; June 22).

Romantic comedy drama containing some lavish society and cabaret scenes, and a crook story. The cast includes Gloria Grey, Carmelita Geraghty, John Roche, Paul Weigel. Fair entertainment. The Bandolero (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; June 11).

Realistic, actual Spanish atmosphere; good acting and some vivid bull fights atone for a rather theatrical Toreador story. Pedro de Cordoba is the star, supported by Renée Adorée, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Manuel Granada, Gordon Begg, Dorothy Ruth, Arthur Donaldson, Maria Valray, and Jose Rueda.

The Beauty Contest (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; June 15).

Light comedy about a manicurist who wins a beauty prize and is hailed as a society girl. Excellent acting by Viola Dana, Pat O'Malley, Eddie Phillips, Eunice Von Moore, Edward Connelly, Edith Yorke, Joan Standing, and Fred Truesdale.

Champion of Lost Causes (Fox; June 18).

Edmund Lowe, Barbara Bedford, Walter McGrail, Jack McDonald, and Alec Francis in a mystery melodrama, well produced and acted, in which the hero clears his sweetheart's father from a murder charge at the risk of his own life. Good entertainment.

The City that Never Sleeps (Paramount; June 29).

An artificial story about the daughter of a proprietress lavishly produced. Capable acting by Ricardo Cortez, Kathlyn Williams, Virginia Lee Corben, Pierre Gendron, James Farley, Ben Hendricks, and Vondell Darr. Fair entertainment.

Daring Chances (European; June 29).

Jack Hoxie and the Universal Ranch Riders in a whirling out-door story containing a great Rodeo, Steeplechase, and many other thrills. Other players are Atta Allen, Claude Payton, Jack Pratt, Catherine Wallace. Good adventure romance.

Drums of Jeopardy (W. & F. June 29).

Excellent anarchist mystery melodrama, well played, directed, and photographed, starring Elaine Hammerstein, supported by Jack Mulhall, David Torrence, Wallace Beery, Maude George, and Eric Mayne.

Excuse Me (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; June 29).

A bright farce comedy of honeymoon predicaments aboard a boat train, combined with a few good stunts. Well acted by Conrad Nagel, Norma Shearer, Renée Adorée, Walter Hiers, John Boels, Bert Roach.

Fast and Furious (Wardour; June 22).

A very good Westerner, which, though possessing most of the stock ingredients has a well-told story, and develops many unexpected angles. The cast comprises Bill Patton, Peggy O'Day, Fred Hank, Andrew Waldron.

Flying Fists (W. & F.; June 1 onwards).

A very worthy follower of the popular "Leather-Pushers" series, these boxing comedy dramas star Benny Leonard, the Light-weight Champion of the World, supported by Frank Evans, Diana Allen, Frank Allswork, Tammany Young, Billy Mitchell, and Gladys Feldman. The titles are *Breaking-in* (June 1), *Hitting Hard* (June 8), *Soft Muscles* (June 15), *Come Back* (June 22), *Surprise Fight* (June 29), and *Jazz Bout* (July 6).

The Good Bad Girl (Ass. First Nat.; June 15).

The story of a screen vampire who is forced to pretend she is "The worst woman in Hollywood," for publicity purposes, but who is in reality a self-sacrificing and noble character. Interesting "behind-the-screen" incidents, and very good acting by Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Mary Astor, Laurance Wheat. Sob-stuff, but good entertainment.

Helen's Babies (Wardour; June 8).

Adapted from the famous "best-seller," this has been altered more than a little so as to give Baby Peggy star

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material. Feminine fans will like it. Jean Carpenter, Clara Bow, Edward Horton, Claire Adams, Richard Tucker, George Reed, Mattie Peters, and William A. Lester complete the cast.

The Hunted Woman (Fox; June 8).

A good adaptation of James Oliver Curwood's adventure romance of the frozen North, played by Seena Owen, Earl Schenck, Diana Meller, Cyril Chadwick, Victor McLaglen.

Love's Wilderness (Ass. First Nat.).

Powerful romance, well varied settings, and heaps of close-ups of Corinne, who is supported by Holmes E. Herbert, Ian Keith, Maurice Cannon, Emily Fitzroy, Anna Schaefer, Bruce Covington, David Torrence.

Manhandled (Paramount; July 8).

Reveals Gloria Swanson as an excellent comedienne and mimic, in the story of a shop-girl who wishes to rise above her station. Good characterisation and acting by the star, Tom Moore, Frank Morgan, Lilyan Tashman, Paul McAlister, Ian Keith.

Merton of the Movies (Paramount; June 15).

Entertaining, with clever comedy touches and good, if exaggerated, acting, this tragi-comedy of a film fan will appeal to everyone who has not read the book or seen the Play. Others may find too many alterations. Glenn Hunter and Viola Dana star, with De Witt Jennings and Gale Henry in support. Good entertainment.

My Husband's Wives (Fox; June 22).

A triangle story about a second wife and a catty friend, very lavishly produced, and fairly well played by Shirley Mason, Bryant Washburn, Evelyn Brent, and Paulette Duval. Feminine fans will like it.

Oh, Doctor (European; June 22).

Reginald Denny and Mary Astor in a breezy story about an invalid who becomes a daredevil to win the love of his pretty nurse. Lucille Ward, Clarence Geldert, Otis Harlan, Wm. V. Mong also appear. Good light farce.

Pampered Youth (Vitagraph; June 29).

A good picturisation of Booth Tarkington's novel about a family of snobs, and the regeneration of the principal one. Alice Calhoun and Cullen Landis star, with Ben Alexander, Allan Forrest, Emmett King, Wallace McDonald, Charlotte Merriam, Kathryn Adams in support.

The Redeeming Sin (Vitagraph; June 8).

An adaptation of "The Pearls of the Madonna," the apache melodrama, in which a denizen of the Parisian underworld commits sacrilege to please the girl he loves. Conventional crook stuff, but well played by Nazimova. Lou Tellegen, Carl Miller, Otis Harlan, Rosita Maishni, and Rose Tapley. Fair regenerative drama.

Sinners in Heaven (Paramount; June 22).

Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Holmes E. Herbert, Florence Bilings, and Sidney Paxton in a capital story of love and adventure on a tropical island.

Turn to the Right (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; June 1).

A Rex Ingram production of a small town melodrama of the falsely accused hero type, played by Alice Terry, Jack Mulhall, Harry Myers, George Cooper, Edward Connelly, Betty Allen, Margaret Loomis. Not for the critical.



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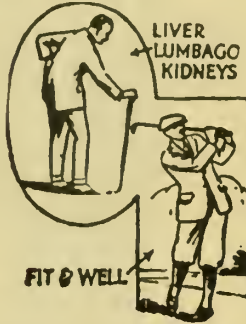
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Alice Calhoun

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PRICE
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"I have an idea," communicates *A Film Lover (Oxford)*. "Don't you think after this voting competition is over, the film actor or actress who heads the list ought to be called

What's In a Name? "The Movie Moon?" Such

crowds of film people are now stars, so that the word does not signify as much as it used to. The Movie Moon would be the most popular film actor or actress according to the votes of the competition in the contest. What do you think?"

"Rod La Rocque is my ideal of ideals," writes *Peggy (Chelmsford)*, "and every time I see him on the screen I feel more than ever-dis-

A Suffering Swain. He (my fiancé) is not at all like Rod, and al-

though I am always dropping hints it doesn't seem to worry him (my fiancé) a bit. What do you advise?"

(I don't suppose it worries Rod any either, *Peggy*. Have mercy on your suffering swain and don't let your film enthusiasms turn your head.)

"I see there is a movement on foot to establish a picture theatre in which uncut and uncensored films will be shown. That's all very well for people who want

A Plea for Shorter Films. to sit through reel after reel of slow-moving drama, but there are many people, like myself, for example, whose tastes run to the other extreme. In the early days of the movies, when films were 'one-

reelers' and 'half-reelers,' programmes had the great charm of variety that is sadly lacking to-day. Why does not some enterprising kinema manager establish his theatre for the screening of short films only? Let him announce four or five dramas and an equal number of comedies on the same bill, and I am convinced that he will do record business."—*E. L. G. (Edinburgh)*.

"Whenever I read of a film star being divorced or getting into trouble of any kind, I shudder with indignation," declares *E. L. C. (London)*. "Such things should be kept out of the papers, in my

Feet of Clay. opinion. It is most distressing to learn that one's idols have feet of clay. I always look upon kinema stars as supermen and women. Now, I suppose you are laughing at me?"

How did you guess?

"Dear THINKER, affable and sage. Don't put this on the 'Carols' page. Although I put my thoughts in rhyme, I'm sending you a 'think' this time. I think

The Influence of Spring oughter be termed a star of the first water, for how can he eclipse (poor fellow), that human masterpiece, Novello. Though for most men I feel contempt, there's one at least who is exempt, for Ivor, king of all the males (except, perhaps the Prince of Wales) is just the cutest, nicest ever, so handsome, virile, strong and clever. And so I think it is a shame (perhaps your readers were to blame)

that Valentino is preferred to Ivor—really its absurd. Enough to drive a girl to drink. Well, anyway, that's what I think"—*C. N. (Hampstead)*.

"German pictures never, never, never should be shown on British screens," declares *Patriot (Woking)*. "Admittedly, many of

them are very good, but any exhibitor who shows them is not a patriot. I

think, too, that the PICTUREGOER should ignore German pictures altogether. If you do not draw attention to them, your readers will not be tempted to go and see them when they are shown. Let us hear no more about them.

Sorry to disagree with you Patriot, but if German pictures maintain their present level of excellence you will hear a good deal more about them in the PICTUREGOER and elsewhere.

"Novarro Fans, wouldn't you like to know how the Perfect Screen Lover pronounces his name? RAMON (accent on the O) is pronounced R A R -

Regarding Ramon. MON, the final N as in the French language with the

faintest suggestion of a G after it. His second name is GIL, pronounced HE-ILL (all in one syllable, with a guttural sound). Novarro is said just as it is spelt, but in case Ramon gets married and you want to say how much you envy Mrs. Samaniegos—you'd say it SAR-MAN-YEA-GOS (man, as in policeman). So now you know."—*Mariano (Upper Norwood)*.

The enterprising gentleman who conducts that PICTUREGOER postcard salon has just been showing me his latest publication—a

beautifully printed *The Film Star's "Who's Who"* of Kinema Stars. This

book, which fulfils a long-felt want, contains a hundred

portraits and biographies and at the modest price of a shilling it is within the reach of every film fan. PICTUREGOER readers should hasten to secure a copy before the supply is exhausted.

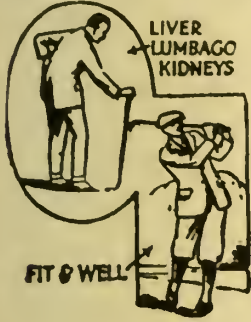


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Lloyd Hughes

**SIGRID HOLMQUIST**

Is over here in London on a holiday, after a terribly severe attack of "Kleig eyes." Sigrid hails from Baros, Sweden, and has the traditional Icelandic colouring—golden hair, sea-blue eyes, and a rose-leaf complexion.

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks

"Miss Giggly Smirk is slow on production this year. Here's July and she's not started." "They say that's because she's finished."

"You actors are suffering from too much money." "Yes? Well, speaking for myself, I'm entirely free from pain."



Pola Negri says she does not care a bit about her beauty. Well, if she'd care to give it to— But there! there!

It's all very well to turn on the music to make the heroine weep in the sob scene. But

it's pretty thick to use up the musicians in the movie theatre, between weeps.

"I like me very much," said the juvenile lead. "You see, I might as well. Everybody else does, and I'd hate to be conspicuous in a crowd."

"Poor Johnny looks worked to death." "Yes, he's putting in ten hours a day autographing Sylvia Splendide's photographs for her admirers."



Hank Mann

Hank Mann is now a father. But I should think the author of the plot where the girl has to marry the wrong man to keep papa out of prison is a great-great-great-great-grandfather.

A Pathe picture is entitled *Ten Scars Make a Man.* And two oversize eyes, a grin and a wriggle seem to make a film star sometimes.



Those Eyes.

"No More Film Eyes." But what about the film smile? It is even more deadly.

It beats me how the director fellows get away with it, dragging out a poor little one-reel plot into a six-reel "super." Now if I did this

sort of thing

with one of my pathetic paragraphs, I just know what the Editor would have to say.

If you're really dead keen on being a movie actor just slip into the the road that's filled with folks dead keen on being movie actors. Walk in the opposite direction from the crowds. You'll come to Hollywood.

A new series of shorts is to show us things as they are and things as they used to be—old and new motor cars, old and new trains, etc. There'll be six in the series. Somebody suggested a seventh, showing old and new movies plots. But that would really be six and a half, wouldn't it?

The desk used by Emile Drain in *Madame Sans Gene*, belonged to Napoleon. The origin of Ben Turpin's necktie has not been traced.



Ben Turpin

They say that a good movie murder moves a Chinaman to wildest mirth, whereas the best slapstick comedy makes him cry for a night. I am now wondering if the bump at the back of my head is a pigtail sprouting.

It is pretty high—when Edmund Lowe plays three rôles in one picture.

The creator of a certain 5,000 ft. *Flaming Passion* picture is boasting that he cut

27,000 ft. away before release. I hate these weak characters who fall away with the goal in sight. All he needed was a last firm spurt and he'd have done it.

"Opening for New Ideas in Hollywood." Yes, through the trap-door in the floor after the poison's been given

"Stars are born, are they? Well, six months ago I made Percy Floppitt a star." "H'm. Then it's time he was back for repairs."

The man who discovered Charles Chaplin has a sporting chance of bringing it off twice if he cares to.

And now Dale Fuller is working in three pictures at once. But for sheer overwork I guess both Dale and Edmund have got to sit down when I stand up. I was once the entire audience at a movie theatre.



Edmund Lowe



I Dale Fuller

The Gold Rush



Above: Charlie is acclaimed "King of the Hoboes." Right: With Georgia Hale his new leading lady.

Interpreted by Chaplin, Master-mime of the Movies, *The Gold Rush*, a saga of poverty is neither hideous nor horrible. Often it is comical. Sometimes it is even sublime.

And in thus identifying himself artistically with the lowly ones of this world, Charlie Chaplin has joined that company of the immortals which includes Thomas Burke, who blazed into literature the elemental lusts, passions and emotions of "Limehouse Nights;" Sir James Barrie, prophet of plain people and whimsical teller of children's tales; Bairnsfather, who, out of scenes of unparalleled horror, conceived that profound philosopher "Old Bill"; or, to go further afield, C. J. Dennis, who discovered in a noisome alleyway Australia's own particular hobo, "The Sentimental Bloke."



Top left: Charlie meets a citizen of the Yukon. Above: directing a scene.

In this new epic film of the Yukon—in the gold rush days of '98—'Charlie' appears once more in his world-famous make-up—the baggy trousers, the big shoes, the trick hat and the swagger little cane. Against a background of stark tragedy he has built an uproarious comedy, in which misery finally emerges triumphant over smug well-being.

A POOR, frightened, undersized, ill-nourished being—a victim of the gold rush—who always misses the luck, always draws the joker, whose hopes and vibrant joys are built upon false loves and bitter lies, who is so used to suffering that it no longer holds any terrors for him—this pathetic little figure, in the disastrous climax encompassing all alike, rises superior to circumstances—Lord of the Realm of Laughter (so near akin to tears), watching the majesty of a great enterprise fade into futility and nothingness!

The famous "Chilkoot Pass"—the gateway to the Alaskan goldfields—has been duplicated by Chaplin on the mountainsides of the High Sierras, with the rough camps of the pioneers clustering at the base of frozen cliffs.

Special agents of the railways were asked to round up more than a thousand men for the stampede through the pass. And in two days a vast gathering of vagabonds—frayed wanderers of the Western nations, with their blankets on their backs—had assembled. These tattered demagogues trudged through the heavy snows just as if gold were actually in sight.

What did it matter if the job only lasted a day? Were they not going over the "Chilkoot Pass" with Charlie Chaplin, the greatest vagabond of them all!

"Charlie" was here, there and everywhere—giving instructions, leading the men, directing the scenes—and these vagrants responded like magic at his word. To them he was a blood brother of misfortune, and not a millionaire with a mansion on a hill.

At the Chaplin studio in Hollywood—which, by the way, used to be part of an old lemon grove one was greeted by the curious spectacle of snow clad peaks rising above the surrounding trees, the golden globes of fruit peering from between the glossy leaves. And beneath the shadow of these pseudo-mountains a mining-camp was reconstructed for the "shooting" of the interior scenes. Here was a rough windlass . . . a bucket. There a deserted hut, with its broken window . . . a battered broom . . . empty tins . . . the candle stuck in a bottle. The interior of a saloon was faithfully reproduced even to the old-fashioned piano, its yellowing keys and broken castor, which "Charlie" would not part with for a goldmine.

These are his stock-in-trade. In his "prop" rooms are stored away infinite "treasures" of this description awaiting their appointed place in his pictures when just that particular touch is needed.

Little has appeared in the press in regard to the filming of Chaplin's



Reading downwards: Three diverse studies from "The Gold Rush."



latest, and so far as the reading public is concerned, "Charlie" might actually have been hibernating during those months amid the snows upon which the scenes of *The Gold Rush* were acted. At work he is practically a hermit, inaccessible save to his studio associates, and entirely oblivious of the outside world. "Charlie's" muse flees at intrusion. His jocularly springs from within, and is more a matter of mood than of circumstance. Though the vitality of his humour needs very little story structure to lean upon, he has in this case a rugged story in which laughter surges from the spectacle of a valiant weakling facing dire perils.



Herein, Chaplin—still faithful in his championship of deprived humanity—depicts an army of hoboes, ragged ne'er-do-weels, braving mountains, ice and driving snow, starvation, death in their mad rush for gold . . . "Charlie" the most pitiful figure of them all, shamming, pretending, hoping beyond hope, keeping a brave front before a fate which seems to trick him at every turn. A hard-luck sourdough whose brightest moments are overcast with shadows . . . hiding an empty stomach beneath a wry grimace, and redeemed at last—even as the Trojans of old—by his secret weapon, his magic shield, his gift of laughter. (Even 'Margot Asquith' admits that you can imitate "almost anything but laughter"). That is the ultimate test.

A whole vista of paradoxical situations, tragi-comic climaxes—from China to Peru!—is opened up now in *The Gold Rush* as Chaplin, with something of the Shavian manner and sympathetic vision has unveiled the subtle art of burlesquing history on the silver sheet.

Movie Misfits

Some of the "Square Pegs" of Screenland.

in *Poor Men's Wives*. Versatility can be pushed too far. Barbara looked very uncomfortable too, in *Quincey Adams Sawyer*, and Lon Chaney was absolutely out of his element in that same movie. When a play or a novel is filmed miscasts come

the Rex Ingram production of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but nobody suffered quite so much by comparison as did Elaine Hammerstein as "Princess Flavia," the rôle previously taken by Alice Terry. Elaine should have changed parts with Claire Windsor, who was in the same cast with her.

Incidentally, another exchange of rôles might have saved two miscasts. In *Beau Brummel*, a really excellent film, there was one discordant note. Carmel Myers needed tuning. In a Regency drawing-room among "Bucks" and "Corinthians" she behaved as if she were in an Oriental harem among slave-girls and sheiks. Oh, that she had played "Noorma-hal" in *The Song of Love*, and Norma had taken her rôle of "Lady Hester Stanhope" in the Barrymore opus!

Again, if Rafael Sabatini had not happened to write "Captain Blood" before Vitagraph filmed it, J. Warren Kerrigan's performance would have been above reproach, but he really isn't

Norma Talmadge's "Song of Love," gave her a part that didn't suit her personality.



Mae Busch as "Glory Quayle."

The poet's dream of "The right man in the right place" can very often become the casting director's nightmare, witness Goldwyn's *Ben Hur* fiasco. George Walsh and company, already well into the filming of the story, are recalled and Ramon Novarro and his little lot carry on. Doubtless it was a bitter blow to the rejected ones, but it may have saved a miscast on the wholesale basis. Many other films have not been so fortunate and the "square peg" has remained in the "round hole."

Of course, it may be my perverted taste, but Douglas Fairbanks is not my ideal either for "d'Artagnan" or for "Robin Hood." Nevertheless, he played both rôles—and got away with them, too. Then consider for a moment the sad case of *When Knighthood was in Flower*. I don't want to be cruel, but that film was one huge miscast unless it was intended as a subtle burlesque. Even then Mack Sennett would have made a much better job of it.

Nobody really is to blame, because, after all, a miscast proves that a player has attempted to get out of the usual groove. Even Norma Talmadge is guilty of, at least, one misfit. She is generally acknowledged as one of the most versatile actresses on the screen, but she shouldn't have attempted *The Song of Love*. She was no more an Algerian dancing girl than Barbara la Marr was a shabby, discontented woman



George Walsh, the most miscast man in the movies.

into their own. In *The Tavern Knight*, Cecil Humphreys as the villain was excellent, but Rafael Sabatini, who wrote the book, makes "Joseph Ashburn" a small, ill-favoured man. Cecil is a six-footer. Selznick, too, made a grave mistake, when they filmed *Rupert of Hentzau* so soon after





Lon Chaney and Barbara La Marr, in "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

Right: Cecil Humphreys, in "The Tavern Knight." Below: Warren Kerrigan as "Peter Blood."



Quayle" of Hall Caine's *The Christian*. It is useless to attempt to reconcile the "old grey head" of the poem with Florence Vidor's Southern belle in *Barbara Frietchie*, and Marie Prevost in *The Lover of Camille*, who is supposed to be dying of consumption throughout the story, looks as if she'd never had anything more dangerous than a cold in her head, even when she is expiring in the arms of her lover.

anything like a Sabatini hero. Milton Sills makes a much better one in *The Sea Hawk*. And as for Tom Mix as "Dick Turpin," well—Tom can ride a horse. Come to that, highwaymen are generally misrepresented on the screen. Matheson Lang was not my beau ideal of "Turpin," either, and poor virile Nigel Barrie who should play Westerners, was forced to play "Claude Duval," a slight, dapper little Frenchman in the British film of that name.

If producers can't keep faith with the originals when they film books, poems, operas or historical characters, why on earth don't they give scenario writers a chance and utilise original stories? Mae Busch was not at all the "Glory



George Walsh, however, seems to be more unhappy than anyone else in his rôles. He was an English officer in *Vanity Fair*. Miscast. He was a Spanish grandee in *Rosita*. Miscast. He was a Parisian in *Slaves of Desire*. Miscast. Why can't he remain an athletic American youth? Rudolph Valentino had much the same experience until he revolted, and after prolonged inactivity and legal delays, gained a part that suited him in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Really, there ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Miscasting of Film Stars, and then, perhaps, the fans might be spared some shocks.

W. B. T.

Carmel Myers struck a discordant note in "Beau Brummel."



Circle: Neither Conrad Nagel nor Blanche Sweet, visualised the "Angel" and "Tess" of Hardy's novel.

Filming Stage Stars

by
TOM AITKEN

I felt very pleased indeed when, after the trade-show of *Stage Stars Off Stage*, that hardened critic—the editor of PICTUREGOER, told me he liked the film. I was still more pleased when he asked me if I would write him an article giving my impressions of filming the various stars.

Many admirers of the various musical comedy favourites of to-day have probably often wished to meet their favourites off the stage, and to know more of them in their private life. It is with the idea of satisfying some of these hitherto ungratified longings that I have produced "Filming Stage Stars."

Compared with their American cousins who will do almost anything for publicity, the modesty of our British stage and screen stars is refreshing to say the least of it, and in consequence I feel I cannot say too much for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Quartermaine (Fay Compton) in their garden.



Above: Anita Elson and "June" indulge in a boxing match on the lawn.

And now for my impressions.

A delightful old-world house is the dwelling place of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Quartermaine. Mrs. Quartermaine will perhaps be better known to her admirers as Fay Compton. Here we see the real Fay, away from the madding crowd surrounded by her beloved dogs, chickens and ponies.

A charming personality allied to a pretty face is undoubtedly a two-fold gift and Fay Compton is happy in being blessed with both. She posed for our camera man with perfect ease and grace, and was ready and willing to do anything to help us in the making of the film.

Before her marriage, Binnie Hale lived at Maidenhead with her mother and father and a more homely, jolly crowd you could never wish to see.

Being met at Maidenhead by Binnie herself in her own car, is an honour



perfectly unconscious of the wicked wink Ella had given us, lit his cigarette, thanked her, and strolled off!

Margaret Bannerman, the charming stage and film star is, as you have probably guessed, nothing like the ultra-sophisticated ladies she loves to portray behind the footlights. A petite, golden-haired girl, with a boundless capacity for hard work—character work, in particular, she is never very much "in the lime-light" in the daytime. She is a Canadian, and an ardent sports-lover.

(A further selection of pictures from "Stage Stars Off Stage" will appear next month.)



Margaret Bannerman and her terrier outside her home.

many of her followers will envy—and that honour was mine every time I repaired to her home for the purpose of taking pictures.

One of the most charming ladies on the music hall stage to-day is Ella Shields. Seen on the stage dressed in her male attire one would never suspect she had a fine crop of very fair hair under her sleek black wig.

Waiting one day for that bugbear to the British film industry—the sun—to shine in order to film Ella in one of her male characters, rather an amusing incident occurred. We were working in a street just off Piccadilly, when a dapper young man seeing Ella lounging in characteristically masculine fashion asked her for a match. The stranger,



Top left: Odette Myrtil rolls her own lawn. She says the exercise is beneficial. Centre: Peggy O'Neil at the height of her career. (She didn't climb up on that stump by herself, either.) Above: Binnie Hale is an infant Pavlova, when she's at home. Left: Ella Shields attending to her correspondence in her London flat.

Tell Me Mo(o)re!

A London "Close-Up" of the screen's Perfect Flapper.



Colleen Moore has been called the "Perfect Flapper" so many times that the title seems likely to stick to her for the rest of her life. But to most people the word "flapper" conjures up a vision of a much powdered, much be-rouged young damsel with a cigarette stuck jauntily between her lips and no mind above chocolates and jazz parties. In case you have begun to form that impression of Colleen, let me hasten to enlighten you by giving you a pen picture of her.

Her brown bobbed hair—usually worn straight with a fringe—is the most flapperish thing about her, if the species is to be judged from film standards. She had this cut for screen purposes when she was given the rôle of "Pat" in *Flaming Youth*, and it has remained bobbed ever since. Her piquant little face is refreshingly free from make-up of any description, her dress is simplicity itself, and her mannerisms are not exaggerated affectations, but a natural part of her personality. When she talks to you

her small white hands move in a fluttering accompaniment to the conversation, and her eyes—one blue and the other grey brown—grow round with eager enquiry. She has a way, too, of putting her head slightly on one side when she is interested or amused.

Colleen's recent visit to Europe was made for three reasons. In the first place it was to be a much belated honeymoon, for the little star was married over a year ago to John McCormick, but her work has never allowed her time for a proper honeymoon until now. In the second place it was to give her an opportunity to visit Erin, the land of her fathers, and in the third place she was to take some exteriors for her new film *We Moderns*.

At the Carlton Hotel, where I met her and gathered my first impression of the screen flapper off the screen, she was wildly excited at the prospect of her visit to Ireland.

"I've looked forward to it for so long," she told me, "that I can hardly believe it's true now that I'm really going. I've always just longed to see Ireland and so has John—he's Irish, too, you know—and more than anything else I've always wanted to see the famous Blarney Stone." Her small hands fluttered their accompaniment to the words in a fascinating way as she went on to tell me Mo(o)re (Sorry, but that title had to be justified somehow!)

Colleen, it appears, is not content to be "The Perfect Flapper," however much her admirers may like her in this type of rôle. She likes to be versatile and to submerge her own personality in whatever character she is playing.

"I don't want to feel that I shall never play another flapper," she explained, "but I want to be able to get away from a stereotyped film personality. That was why I loved making *So Big*—it was such an interesting piece of characterisation, and I found it a most refreshing change to be allowed to grow old and grey in a film instead of having to be young and kittenish all the time!

"In *We Moderns*, though, I have a flapper rôle again, but it won't be quite the same as my portrayal in, say, *Flaming Youth* or *The Perfect Flapper*. You see in these pictures I was typically American, but in *We Moderns* I shall give my version of an English flapper—a very different person.

"We're filming the exteriors for *We Moderns* in the real English countryside," she continued, "so that we get the right atmosphere all the



fact—the little star had an accident and dislocated her neck and spine. For over a month she lay in a plaster cast. When she discarded her cast she decided to keep it as a souvenir, and she has hit upon the novel plan of getting all the famous people she meets on her travels to autograph it, so that she can have something pleasant to take away the sting of a very tedious month in bed.
E. E. B.



Above: Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick.

way through, and the rest of it we shall make back in Hollywood. Apropos of England, in the words of husband John McCormick, who came across to us just then, the two of them were awed by the very mud in the harbour at Southampton!"

Just before Colleen and her husband came over here—on St. Patrick's Day, as a matter of



Top: The first photo of Colleen taken since her illness. Above: as a stone-age flapper of A.D. umpteen hundred and nix. Right: A scene from "The Perfect Flapper."





This enthralling serial of life behind the movie screen commenced in the February issue of THE PICTUREGOER. Back numbers may be obtained from the Publishing Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.

"You see, Governor, it's this way: the party is lost in the desert—understand what I mean—and Kempton Ward and the girl stumble into the deserted tomb just at nightfall. Now here's where the big kick comes—"

Merton Gill ceased to listen, for there now halted at his table, bearing a laden tray, none other than the Montague girl, she of the slangy talk and the regrettably free manner. She put down her tray and seated herself before it. She had not asked permission of the table's other occupant, indeed she had not even glanced at him, for cafeteria etiquette is not rigorous. He saw that she was heavily made up and in the costume of a gipsy, he thought, a short vivid skirt, a gay waist, heavy gold hoops in her ears, and dark hair massed about her small head. He remembered that this would not be her own hair. She fell at once to her food. The men at the next table glanced at her, the director without cordiality; but the other man smiled upon her cheerfully.

"Hello, Flips! How's the girl?"

"Everything's jake with me, Governor. How's things over at your shop?"

"So, so. I see you're working."

"Only for two days. I'm just atmosphere in this piece. I got some real stuff coming along pretty soon for Baxter. Got to climb down ten stories of an hotel elevator cable, and ride a brake-beam and be pushed off a cliff and thrown to the lions, and a few other little things."

"That's good, Flips. Come in and see me some time. Have a little chat. Ma working?"

"Yeah—got a character bit with Charlotte King in *Her Other Husband*."

"Glad to hear it. How's Pa Montague?"

"Pa's in bad. They've signed him for *Camillia of the Cumberlands*, providing he raises a brush, and just now

it ain't long enough for whiskers and too long for anything else, so he's putterin' around with his new still."

"Well, drop over some time, Flips, I'm keeping you in mind."

"Thanks, Governor. Say—"

Merton glanced up in time to see her wink broadly at the man, and look toward his companion who still seriously made notes on the back of an envelope. The man's face melted to a grin which he quickly erased. The girl began again:

"Mr. Henshaw—could you give me just a moment, Mr. Henshaw?" The serious director looked up in quite frank annoyance.

"Yes, yes, what is it, Miss Montague?"

"Well, listen, Mr. Henshaw, I got a great idea for a story, and I was thinking who to take it to and I thought of this one and I thought of that one, and I asked my friends, and they all say take it to Mr. Henshaw, because if a story has any merit he's the one director on the lot that can detect it and get every bit of value out of it, so I thought—but of course if you're busy just now—"

The director thawed ever so slightly. "Of course, my girl, I'm busy—but then I'm always busy. They run me to death here. Still, it was very kind of your friends, and of course—"

"Thank you, Mr. Henshaw." She clasped her hands to her breast and gazed raptly into the face of her coy listener. "Of course I'll have to have help on the details, but it starts off kind of like this. You see I'm a Hawaiian princess—"

"Yes, yes, Miss Montague—an Hawaiian princess. Go on, go on!"

"Oh, excuse me; I was thinking how I'd dress her for the last spool in the big fire scenc. Well, anyway, I'm this Hawaiian princess, and my father, old

King Mauna Loa, dies and leaves me twenty-one thousand volcanoes and a billiard cue—"

Mr. Henshaw blinked rapidly at this. For a moment he was dazed. A billiard cue, did you say?" he demanded blankly.

"Yes. And every morning I have to go out and ram it down the volcanoes to see are they all right—and—"

"Tush, tush!" interrupted Mr. Henshaw, scowling upon the playwright and fell again to his envelope, pretending thereafter to ignore her.

The girl seemed to be unaware that she had lost his attention. "And you see the villain is very wealthy; he owns the largest ukelele factory in the islands, and he tries to get me in his power, but he's foiled by my fiancé, a young native by the name of Herman Schwarz, who has invented a folding ukelele, so the villain gets his hired Hawaiian orchestra to shove Herman down one of the volcanoes and me down another, but I have the key around my neck, which Father put there when I was a babe and made me swear always to wear it, even in the bath-tub, so I let myself out and unlock the other one and let Herman out and the orchestra discovers us and chases us over the cliff, and then along comes my old nurse who is now running a cigar store in San Pedro and she—"

Here she affected to discover that Mr. Henshaw no longer listened.

"Why, Mr. Henshaw's gone!" she exclaimed dramatically. "Boy, boy, page Mr. Henshaw." Mr. Henshaw remained oblivious.

"Oh, well, of course I might have expected you wouldn't have time to listen to my poor little plot. Of course I know it's crude, but it did seem to me that something might be made out of it." She resumed her food. Mr. Henshaw's companion here winked at her and was seen to be shaking with emotion. Merton Gill could not believe it to be laughter, for he had seen nothing to laugh at. A busy man had been bothered by a silly girl who thought she had the plot for a photo-drama, and even he, Merton Gill, could have told her that her plot was impossibly wild and inconsequent. If she were going into that branch of the art she ought to take lessons, the way Tessie Kearns did. She now looked so mournful that he was almost moved to tell her this, but her eyes caught his at that moment and in them was a light so curious, so alive with hidden meanings, so eloquent of some iron restraint she put upon her own emotions, that he became confused, and turned his gaze from hers almost with the rebuking glare of Henshaw. She glanced quickly at him again, studying his face for the first time. There had been such a queer look in this young man's eyes; she understood most looks, but not that one.

Henshaw was treating the late interruption as if it had not been. "You see, Governor, the way we got the script now, they're in this tomb alone for the night—understand what I mean—and that's where the kick comes for the audience. They know he's a strong young fellow and she's a beautiful girl and absolutely in his power—see what I mean?—but he's a gentleman through and through and never lays a hand on her. Get that?"

Then later along comes this Ben Ali Ahab—"

The Montague girl glanced again at the face of the strange young man whose eyes had held a new expression for her, but she and Mr. Henshaw and the so-called governor and all those other diners who rattled thick crockery and talked unendingly had ceased to exist for Merton Gill. A dozen tables down the room and nearer the door sat none other than Beulah Baxter. Alone at her table, she gazed raptly aloft, meditating perhaps some daring new feat. Merton Gill stared, entranced, frozen. The Montague girl perfectly understood this look and traced it to its object. Then she surveyed Merton Gill again with something faintly like pity in her shrewd eyes. He was still staring, still rapt.

Beulah Baxter ceased to look aloft. She daintily reached for a wooden toothpick from the bowl before her and arose to pay her check at the near-by counter. Merton Gill arose at the same moment and stumbled a blind way through the intervening tables. When he reached the counter Miss Baxter was passing through the door. He was about to follow her when a cool but cynical voice from the counter said, "Hey, Bill!—ain't you fergettin' sompin'?"

He looked for the check for his meal; it should have been in one hand or the other. But it was in neither. He must have left it back on his tray. Now he must return for it. He went as quickly as he could. The Montague girl was holding it up as he approached. "Here's the little joker, Kid," she said kindly. "Thanks!" said Merton. He said it haughtily, not meaning to be haughty, but he was embarrassed and also fearful that Beulah Baxter would be lost. "Exit limping," murmured the girl as he turned away. He hurried again to the door, paid the check and was outside. Miss Baxter was not to be seen. His forgetfulness about the check had lost her to him. He had meant to follow, to find the place where she was working, and look and look and look! Now he had lost her. But she might be on one of those stages within the big barns. Perhaps the day was not yet lost. He crossed the street, forgetting to saunter, and ventured within the cavernous gloom beyond an open door.

He stood for a moment, his vision dulled by the dusk. Presently he saw that he faced a wall of canvas backing. Beyond this were low voices and the sound of people moving. He went forward to a break in the canvas wall and at the same moment there was a metallic jar and light flooded the enclosure. From somewhere outside came music, principally the low, leisurely moan of a 'cello. A beautiful woman in evening dress was with suppressed emotion kneeling at the bedside of a sleeping child. At the doorway stood a dark, handsome gentleman in evening dress, regarding her with a cynical

smile. The woman seemed to bid the child farewell, and arose with hands to her breast and quivering lips. The still-smiling gentleman awaited her. When she came to him, glancing backward to the sleeping child, he threw about her an elaborate fur cloak and drew her to him, his cynical smile changing to one of deceitful tenderness.

The woman still glanced back at the child, but permitted herself to be drawn through the doorway by the insistent gentleman. From a door the other side of the bed came a kind-faced nurse. She looked first at the little one, then advanced to stare after the departing couple. She raised her hands tragically and her face became set in a mask of sorrow and despair. She clasped the hands desperately.

Merton Gill saw his nurse to be the Montague mother. "All right," said an authoritative voice. Mrs. Montague relaxed her features and withdrew, while an unkempt youth came to stand in front of the still-grinding camera and held before it a placard on which were numbers. The camera stopped, the youth with the placard vanished. "Save it," called another voice, and with another metallic jar the flood of light was turned off. The 'cello ceased its moan in the middle of a bar.

The watcher recalled some of the girl's chat. Her mother had a character bit in *Her Other Husband*. This would be it, one of those moving tragedies not unfamiliar to the screen enthusiast.



"You're a clumsy bunch," announced a harried-looking director.

The beautiful but misguided wife had been saying good-bye to her little one and was leaving her beautiful home at the solicitation of the false friend in evening dress—forgetting all in one mad moment. The watcher was a tried expert, and like the trained faunal naturalist could determine a species from the shrewd examination of one bone of a photoplay. He knew that the wife had been ignored by a husband who permitted his vast business interests to engross his whole attention, leaving his wife to seek solace in questionable quarters. He knew that the shocked but faithful nurse would

presently discover the little one to be suffering from a dangerous fever; that a hastily summoned physician would shake his head and declare in legible words, "Naught but a mother's love can win that tiny soul back from the brink of Eternity." The father would overhear this, and would see it all then: how his selfish absorption in Wall Street had driven his wife to another. He would pursue her, would find her ere yet it was too late. He would discover that her better nature had already prevailed and that she had started back without being sent for. They would kneel side by side, hand in hand, at the bedside of the little one, who would recover and smile and prattle, and together they would face an untroubled future.

This was all thrilling to Merton Gill; but Beulah Baxter was not here, her plays being clean and wholesome things of the great outdoors. Far down the great enclosure was another wall of canvas backing, a flood of light above it and animated voices from within. He stood again to watch. But this drama seemed to have been suspended. The room exposed was a bedroom with an open window facing an open door; the actors and the mechanical staff as well were busily hurling knives at various walls. They were earnest and absorbed in this curious pursuit. Sometimes they made the knife penetrate the wall, oftener it merely struck and clattered to the floor. Five knives at once were being hurled by five enthusiasts, while a harried looking director watched and criticised.

"You're a clumsy bunch," he announced at last. "It's a simple thing to do, isn't it?" The knife-throwers redoubled their efforts, but they did not find it a simple thing to do.

"Let me try it, Mr. Burke." It was the Montague girl still in her gipsy costume. She had been standing quietly in the shadow observing the ineffective practice.

"Hello, Flips! Sure, you can try it. Show these boys something good, now. Here, Al, give Miss Montague that stickeree of yours." Al seemed glad to relinquish the weapon. Miss Montague hefted it, and looked doubtful.

"It ain't balanced right," she declared. "Haven't you got one with a heavier handle?"

"Fair enough," said the director. "Hey, Pickles, let her try that one you got." Pickles, too, was not unwilling to oblige.

"That's better," said the girl. "It's balanced right." Taking the blade by its point between thumb and forefinger she sent it with a quick flick of the wrist into the wall a dozen feet away. It hung there quivering.

"There! That's what we want. It's got to be quivering when Jack shoots at Ramon who threw it at him as he leaps through the window. Try it again, Flips." The girl obliged and bowed impressively to the applause.

(Continued on page 55.)

Beginners' Luck-----

Monte Carlo from behind the scenes.

Everybody who goes to Monte Carlo has "beginner's luck." That applies to weather as well as winnings. Monte Carlo has the reputation of being bathed in perpetual sunshine and warmth. If you go, as I did, for a long week-end, in all probability the sunshine will last as long as you remain, but if you are a film producer scheduled to stay in Monte Carlo for eight weeks or more, you will most likely discover that the Monte Carlo weather is not quite so certain as you assumed it to be.

And there are other things—mosquitoes for instance. Miss Balfour was so badly stung by mosquitoes when filming *Monte Carlo* for Gaumont Phocsea that she was confined to her hotel for four days.

One of the first things one wants to do when one reaches Monte Carlo is to go into the Casino and for a small fee and a little trouble and provided that you are a person of adult age and independent means, respectable and not in charge of public or private funds nor employed as a "menial" you will be allowed to lose your money in the Casino after the authorities have carefully examined your passport, which is the outward and visible formality of their discovering very nearly all there is to know about your financial and social position.

The Casino authorities have one of the most efficient secret services in the world and such criminals as do waste their time going to Monte Carlo seldom stay more than a few hours. The secret service knows precisely the time of their arrival and pre-determines the

Circle: getting a "close-up" of Betty Balfour's hand & wrist watch. Below: Betty "plunges" at the tables. Bottom: filming "inside" the Casino at Monte Carlo.



time of their departure. Not that there is any fuss or bother. Politeness is a most affective attribute in Monte Carlo. Arguments are not allowed to develop in the gaming rooms and such people who are inconsiderate enough to want to debate the question of a stake usually discover that they and their argument attended by sundry frock-coated gentlemen, have been transported by a sort of magic carpet arrangement to the entrance.

The stream of visitors to the Casino is automatically sorted out at the portals into those holding day tickets, monthly tickets and season tickets respectively. Not that it makes any difference when one gets inside, but it provides a little job for a couple of ushers at the doors. Inside you find yourself in the big gam-

(Continued on page 56.)

When they're at Home

How Film Stars fare at home as neighbours and citizens.

For the first time in the history of the world it is possible for actors to live in their own homes in a community, pay taxes, vote, join churches, belong to school boards, chambers of commerce and Kiwanis Clubs, like butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers or any other citizen. Until a few years ago there was no actor's town. The theatrical calling was the Wandering Jew of professions, its members lived temporarily in hotel suites, boarding houses or furnished rooms (week's rent in advance), moving on before they grew accustomed to the pattern of the wallpaper.

The joys of putting out their own milk bottles, mowing their own front lawns and putting their own latchkey into their own keyholes, have been denied them. Actors have owned houses before this, true—but seldom lived in them.

A New York actress, moving out to Hollywood, was discovered by an acquaintance in tears the morning after her arrival. "It does seem so wonderful and home-like," she wept. "This morning my cook ran over next door and borrowed a c-c-cup of s-sugar!"

The best part of the motion picture industry from a player's standpoint is its stationariness, to coin a word. Except for an occasional location trip the mountains come to Mahomet and Rome is built in a day on the studio lots. An actor works in regular busi-

ness hours like a plumber or a bricklayer and can commute to and fro like any householder who dashes for the eight-ten every morning at Homeview Heights, because if he misses it he will have to take the local at eight-twenty-seven.

At last actors have an address. At last they have a chance to be property owners, voters, citizens and neighbours. How are they regarded in their own home town?



Above: Ernest Torrence mows his lawn. Centre: Herbert Rawlinson is a gardening enthusiast.



Hollywood is the most famous city in the world and with the possible exceptions of Babylon, Sodom and Gomorrah, the best publicised place in the world's history. It was made by the movies. Before the studios discovered its beauty of mountains and trees, it was wheat fields and orange plantations. For better or for worse, its name is wedded to the films—and yet

only about one-third of its inhabitants are picture people and not more than a tenth of the houses in town are owned by movie actors. Traditional habits are hard to break and the theatrical people who come out here find it as hard to settle down here as they are said to find it to settle up. Pola Negri has been in town more than two years, living in a hotel room.

"Theenk of it!" she marvelled recently. "I would have laugh if anybody have told me once that I would stay two year in one place. But I am so happy here, so now I buy me a house!"

Many players, like Mae Busch, build a bungalow and then, after trying to live in it, rent it and flee to the familiar roise of a hotel. Others, unable to believe they will not soon be moving on, rent instead of buying, but the Helts, Tor-

Estelle Taylor and Noah Beery visiting a benefit performance at the Hollywood Egyptian Theatre.



rences, Rays, Nagels, Fairbanks and hundreds of others own beautiful homes, and in spite of press stories telling the public that they weed their own onions, push their own lawn-mowers and raise rare iris, they often actually do these things.

The neighbours of Milton Sills, over on Crescent Heights Boulevard, are accustomed to the sight of the film hero in khaki pottering happily among his flowers, while the inhabitants of Ivarine Avenue, on the hill slope, know Noah Beery, not as a screen heavy, but as a householder who dons overalls in his leisure hours and discusses neighbourhood improvements and cusses neighbourhood troubles with them over the rose hedge.

Perhaps it is the long homelessness, the weary generations of wandering, that make the actors who have acquired homes keep to them more closely than the average citizen. This, at least, is the case in Hollywood. You might make a cocktail of oil and water more easily than you could mix most of the movie inhabitants of Hollywood with the retired Iowa farmers, the real estate operators, and the families of lawyers, business men and mechanics who make up the other two-thirds of the population.

The movies bring a profit to Hollywood, but the profit is without honour in its own country.

Real estate salesmen, showing prospects a new house, will say boastfully, "and besides the view and the breakfast alcove and the fireplace, there aren't any moving picture people on this street," in much the same tone in which they might say, "no Japanese or Mexicans." Until recently, most of the bungalow courts bore a sign, "No

Mae Murray has been elected a member of the exclusive Women's Club



Milton Sills opens the Hollywood Broadcasting Station.



Pola Negri has bought a house of her own.

Children, Dogs or Movie People Taken." Of course, if the prospects admit to being movie fans, the tune changes and the salesman points to Wallie Beery's new house clambering the bare hillside, and assures them that if they lean "out of the kitchen window they will almost be able to see the backyard of the Valentino home on Whitley Heights."

The layman's view of Hollywood as a long street, bordered by studios, from which radiate little paths leading up to palatial homes of movie stars among the foothills, is rudely shattered

when he tries to find the dwelling of one of these stars. A writer from New

York came to Hollywood the other day to see Rudolph Valentino, a personal friend of his. To inquiries where the famous Rudy lived, the citizens questioned turned blank faces. An iceman asked if he was "one of these here now moving picture fellows"; a stout man with an expensive bay window and grey gloves, stated indignantly that he hadn't the slightest interest in any of the actors; while the gas station operative, in California white, thought that "a lot of those movie stars lived somewhere around Whitley Heights." The house owner three doors away from Valentino wasn't sure which his home was.

"It's a salutary thing for our souls to ask to have a package sent home from a Los Angeles store!" Lois Wilson laughed. "The other day I gave my name to a salesgirl, only to have her groan, request me to repeat it, and ask me to spell 'Lois' and 'Wilson' separately. Most certainly no movie actor is famous in his own home town."

For a year now, Louise Fazenda has been going every Thursday afternoon to sew on *layettes* for Mexican children in a Los Angeles Charity Mission, and none of the girls who have chatted with her and borrowed her thimble have recognised her in all this time. Not that Louise wants to



Mary and Doug. record their votes on Election Day.

be recognised—she is an exception to the general rule that movie actresses aren't interested in people outside the profession. Under the name "Nadine Mason," she belongs to all sorts of queer groups, such as the Lonely Folks Club, Feminist organisations and the Y. W. C. A., and finds her greatest interest in life in talking with people of the all sorts and conditions who make up the world.

Unless they went anonymously and incognito, picture folk could hardly join in the lives of their non-professional neighbours or the larger life of the community. Their celebrity would make them outsiders, objects of curiosity, the victims of whispers, stares and requests for autographs.

"Hollywood residents may claim to look down on the movies," a Lasky official remarked to me the other day, "but they look up quickly enough when one of the stars passes by! My wife and I took a Boston friend to the Montmartre. She was very supercilious about the movies. 'How one can be interested in such common people, I can't understand!' she sniffed. 'They none of them had any ancestors, you know. Chaplin was a gutter urchin—' 'Yes,' I remarked casually, 'I believe he was. By the way, that is Chaplin sitting over there in the corner.' The Boston lady nearly fell out of her chair in her excitement. 'Where?' she gasped.



Lois Wilson is a home-loving book-worm.

'Tell me quick! Which is he?'

Every noon two lines of tourists—or possibly they are citizens—form on either side of the entrance to the Montmartre and the movie actors who run this gauntlet are commented on as freely as though they were deaf.

"I really think," a studio publicity man told me, "that they have seen their shadows so often that they forget that the stars have actual substance! The other day I took a party of seemingly intelligent and well-bred people

on to a stage where a famous woman star was working, and they stood not more than six feet away from her and without lowering their tones, exchanged gossip about her personal affairs and scathing comments on her appearance as they might have done if they had been watching one of her pictures on the screen."

Although only a third of Hollywood is in the movies, most of the other two-thirds would like to be, in some capacity or other. The picture actor or director rash enough to mix in community sings or church fairs would inevitably be backed into a corner and forcibly read a scenario to, so to speak, or asked to get little Willie into the pictures because he's so cute and can make such lovely faces. Real estate neighbours would show their neighbourliness by selling them lots in a subdivision; lawyer neighbours would ask them for their divorce work; retired Iowa farmers would expect them to show Cousin Maria's folks around the studios so she can go home and say she has seen Pola or Jack Holt.

A number of movie men belong to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce—at least they own seats there, but they seldom sit in them. Not a movie name appears upon the school board—and players with children send them to private schools. The Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs have no star members. There are so many politics in the studios that the actors, most of them, didn't know what November 4th was a holiday for.

During the last election several leading men offered to speak for La Follette, but all but Joseph Swickard withdrew because the producers feared that they might make fan enemies by identifying themselves with national politics.

In church affairs the studios make a slightly better showing. The Christian Scientist Church boasts Cecil B. de Mille on his yacht "Seaward."





Irene Rich is popular with everybody.

the most movie members and everyone from Finland to the Antipodes has heard that Conrad Nagel ushers in that church.

Although only one club in Hollywood definitely excludes picture people, Mae Murray is the only woman star to be asked to become a member of the exclusive Women's Club, and in general the picture colony has its own organisation—the Los Angeles Tennis Club, the Writers, the Hollywood Athletic Club, the Directors and so on. In the country clubs the membership is about half movie, but the screen members keep to themselves pretty much even on the links.

Milton Sills, one of the most public-spirited of the film faction, was introduced at the Hollywood Bowl one night as "a good neighbour and a splendid citizen." He and Rupert Hughes are the official spokesmen of the movies at all public gatherings. Will Rogers surprised a recent mass meeting at Beverly Hills, called to organise a polo team, by rising, a section at a time, shifting his gum out of the way of speech and bursting into an impassioned plea for a church for the exclusive sub-division which boasts marble villas, parks, landscape gardening, swimming pools, fashionable shops—but no public library and no place of worship.

"I got six children," Will began,

so I think I can claim to be a good citizen."

Mary Pickford has been active in circulating petitions to save Hollywood's trees.

Cecil B. De Mille is the only prominent member of the movies to have extensive business interests outside the studio—he is president of a bank, promoter of a sub-division and owner of several big manufacturing plants. Many stars dabble in real estate: Mother Ashton manages a tea room; Viola Dana owns a garage; Bennie Alexander's father runs a large department store; but Hollywood business has little to do with the film people except to sell them things at a slightly higher price than they would have to pay anywhere else in the world. If a customer demurs at the



Mary Philbin lives at home very quietly with her parents.

price, the clerk has only to murmur, "Norma Talmadge bought exactly the same model yesterday," or "Jack Gilbert, Conway Tearle and Novarro always come here for ties," to reduce them to submission. Hollywood citizens have to pay a celebrity tax on everything. Like the signs, "Caterer to His Majesty the King," or "Draper by Appointment to the Royal Family," the shops along the Boulevard display signed photographs of screen favourites, thus delicately hinting that Mary Pickford buys all her pianos here at this music store, and Buster Keaton wouldn't shop for canned herring and laundry soap anywhere else except at this grocery.

For a city of its size—about a hundred thousand—Hollywood has the most beautiful stores in the world, rare furs, imported Paris gowns, jewellers who sell five carat diamonds, and butchers who sell five carrot beef steaks at jewellery prices.

To the visitor it seems that Hollywood belongs to the movies. Alighting from the train, he is confronted by a grinding camera and is pulled violently aside to make way for a crowd of merry villagers to wave good-bye while our Nell starts out for the Wicked City. His taxicab is delayed on the Boulevard to let by a fire engine wreathed in smilax and roses and bearing a comedy bride and groom, and before he can enter his hotel he must wait until some handsome star emerges, lights a cigarette dramatically and gets into a taxicab, all in the name of Art.

Just let somebody hint that the movies are deserting Hollywood and moving back to New York and watch the local papers come out with ten-inch headlines fiercely denying it!

RUTH CABOT.

Huntly Gordon spends most of his spare time answering his fan mail.



On Location



"Members of the "Never the Twain Shall Meet" company at anchor near Tahiti where the picture was made on a neighbouring island. Maurice Tourneur, the director, and various stars, including Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, Huntly Gordon, George Siegmann, and Lionel Belmore are in the group.



"The Prairie Wife" company lunching on location. Dorothy Devore, who plays the title rôle, is seated on the left, and others in the picture are Hugo Ballin, Gibson Gowland, and Herbert Rawlinson.



Rudolph Valentino secures a few stills during the filming of "A Sainted Devil."



Above: Three Mack Sennett Beauties repair damages during a wait whilst on location for a bathing comedy. Right: Chief Big Tree and Long Branch, two Chickasaw Indians visit Edwin Carewe, director of "My Son," in which Nazimova and Jack Pickford appear. Carewe, himself, boasts Chickasaw blood.





On the sinking battleship ("In the Night Watch").

Filming beneath a Mediterranean sun is one of the most delightful experiences of a screen star, and Nina Vanna is one of the luckiest of all, for just now she is travelling all over Europe making films, and has just finished making a wonderful production on the Côte d'Azur.

I met this young Russian actress at her mother's pretty little villa near Nice. Only twenty-four years of age she is most attractive. She is beautiful, and there is an air of wistful charm about her that does not pass unperceived.

At most times she is very pensive, and it was in this mood that I caught her reclining in a hammock strung between two elm trees at the back of the villa, the silence broken only by the rippling of the tiny brook nearby, and the chirruping of birds.

"I left Russia at the time of the revolution," said Nina Vanna abstractedly nibbling her string of pearls, a thing she always does while ruminating reminiscences, "and then things went so badly with me that I had to accept any employment."

Nina once filled a job as waitress in a restaurant. Things were going from bad to worse then, until finally she was discovered. By whom, I do not know. All I know, however, is that Adrian Brunel, that most excellent British producer, is responsible for her present

Nina Vanna

A Star from Russia who has enjoyed a rapid rise to fame.



Nina Vanna and Henry Krauss in "The Pitfalls of Love."



Above: Nina Vanna has often been told that she is a dark edition of Lillian Gish. She is not averse to hearing it, for Lillian is her ideal film star. As seen above, in "In the Night Watch," there is a distinct resemblance. She has the same delicate appeal as the American blonde star, as exemplified in the portrait below which shows her in "The Pitfalls of Love."



position to-day, when she has reached that coveted position of an Ufa star.

One of her most interesting productions was *The Man Without Desire* directed by Adrian Brunel, and photographed by Henry Harris, when she played opposite Ivor Novello. Nina Vanna has also played with Matheson Lang in *Guy Fawkes*, in the Commonwealth Production *The Money Habit*, and in many others.

Her next big chance came, however, when she went to Paris to play in the Vandal production *The Pitfalls of Love* which was adapted for England by Oscar M. Sheridan. She achieved such success in this picture that she was immediately engaged by the famous French film producer Jacques de Baroncelli, who gave her the leading rôle in *In the Night Watch* from the famous play by Percy Hutchinson.

"This is undoubtedly the finest production I have ever been in," continued Nina Vanna, "Most of the story takes place on board a ship. I am shut in on the ship in one of the officers' cabins and I am only discovered when the man-o'-war is in the middle of the ocean and fighting with an enemy vessel. It is a most thrilling story and I am sure everyone will like it.

"For one of the scenes in this picture I had to stand five hours in cold water while the whole cabin turned upside down. The boat is sinking, you see, and so as to have as much realism as possible, gallons and gallons of water were being poured in through the windows across the decks and everywhere, drenching me to the skin.

"All the while this was happening bombs and shells are exploding on deck and creating an infernal row. So you see that the life of the film star is not always an enjoyable one. When I had finished that scene Mr. de Baroncelli took me over to a corner and explained the next scene, but all I heard was a weird jarring noise and not a word of what the director told me."

Nina Vanna's experience in *The Pitfalls of Love*, however, was almost as bad. She had to climb to the top of a rock, thousands of feet above the sea, in a raging storm. Below, the angry waves were crashing against the foot of the rocks making a noise like rumbling thunder. All the while the taunting waves were cruelly lashing her with foam. There was about half a mile of rocks to climb, and Nina Vanna had to do the scene twenty times.

Marcel Vandal, the producer, who, by the way, made that interesting film *The Battle* with Sessue Hayakawa, told me that never in his long experience of films has he met an artiste with so much courage. In this picture Nina Vanna's climb on the treacherous rocks is a thrilling achievement, but it is also an incident that many others would have done their best to avoid.

"I am now leaving for Italy," Nina Vanna told me, "where I am to play the lead in *Groziella, a Girl of the Hills*. We shall visit Rome, Naples, Florence and ever so many other places for our exteriors. I have received ever so many offers for appearing in continental productions, including one from Abel Gance, who made *L'Accuse*, to play an extremely important rôle in *Napoleon*.

"This I have refused and I have now signed a contract with the famous German firm Ufa, but I do not yet know in what picture I shall play. They are keeping this a dead secret and although I have vague ideas what it is, I do not like

Two scenes from "In the Night Watch."



The Court Martial: "In the Night Watch."



to tell the world the good news.

"All I know is that I shall be cast opposite Emil Jannings, who achieved such great fame in *The Last Laugh*, and perhaps make a film with Warwick Ward with whom I have already played in *The Money Habit*."

The Ufa studios in Berlin where this young Russian star is going to work are probably the finest in the world. Situated not far from Potsdam they lie in the midst of extensive and beautiful pine forests.

Here the sky is everlastingly blue, and the lighting and atmosphere so perfect in these gigantic studios that production goes on throughout the year with no stop.

An idea of how big these studios are may be gathered when it is known that a railway takes the extras from one set to another, transports all the material and brings the director and his staff to and from the various lots.

The grounds are immense and towns almost entire are built here. How convincing these sets are can be imagined by seeing *The Last Laugh*, *The Nibelungs* and films produced at Ufa City.

In one corner of the studios is a menagerie where all kinds of animals are stocked, and as a matter of fact it rivals many a public zoo. The lighting equipment is undoubtedly the finest in Europe, and a staff of several thousands are sometimes at work at Ufa City.

O. M. S.



My Trip Abroad

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Naples, September 26th.

And then began my real Gethsemane. Then I was literally and really penniless, stranded, hungry and alone. Mr. Bliss had been making me an allowance while I apprenticed in the Park, until such time as I should have got a really paying job. Of course, I couldn't accept anything further from him now that I had nothing definite in sight. And there I was; I was kicked out of lodging after lodging for non-payment of bills. I walked long and blistering streets on hot and blistering days, searching for employment that seemed to elude me like some giant gadfly, torturing while it kept away. I went to the Mills Hotel, I inhabited cubbyholes, where I had to use newspapers for linen. I slept on the well-known and almost immortalised park benches, where so many a sorely discouraged head has rested. I was become a mendicant, a tramp. I couldn't beg help from my family. Letters from home told of financial distress due to the war. My mother was beginning to ail. I couldn't stoop to the final ignominy of letting them know that I was just as much of a failure in America as I had been at home, and in a far less glittering fashion.

Holding on to what pride and grit I had, I made it a habit to go into some one of the big hotels, the Astor as a rule, and there I would write to my mother on the hotel stationery, drawing for her a beautiful picture

of my successes in New York, my comfort, my wonderful achievement.

There came a day when I would have swept the streets for bread. There came a day when I thought again and this time in that most bitter of all bitter ways, on an empty aching stomach, of suicide. Of the peace and oblivion of the effacing waters. But part of my code has always been that only a coward dies by his own hand, the man worth while hangs on though he hangs to a cross

At last the tables turned. It is too long a story to record here, and some day, when the sting of it has faded so completely away that I can write of it dispassionately and with a just perspective, I will put it all down, but I did finally get a job at Maxims, dancing with women who came there minus partners. And one thing led to another. A job with Bonnie Glass. One with Joan Sawyer, all evolving by processes dim enough at first, to the final beginning of my screen career.

There came the day when I was able to write to my mother legitimately on Hotel Astor stationery. A prouder moment.

These things, all these things that I have written down here, were what thronged through my mind as I sat with my cousin in the little old café of my home town, and saw there before me the group of men, boys grown older, who had been sitting there when I left. Somehow they made my past misfortunes, my agonies, my sufferings, seem more worth while than anything else had ever done.

About noon of the twenty-second or third we drove to Caresino, outside of Tarento, to the old property of my dead uncle. It is a big country place that looks like a Moorish village. My cousin doesn't live there since his mother and father passed away. They used to stay there in summer, two or three days of each week. It is only an hour by auto and two or three by coach.



The latest portrait of Rudolph Valentino.

To-day it is dilapidated, not kept up at all. It has that aura of sadness of old neglected places that once knew light feet and merry laughter, and the song of life being lived between its walls.

I went over, on that old estate, all of the battlefields of my youth. I was always crazy about animals, as I so frequently reiterate. And here I used to go to the stables and fool with the mules. My mother lived in constant fear that I would be brought home with a hoof print in my stomach. My favourite occupation was to put on the harnesses, take the mules to water, hitch them up, drive the carts. That sort of thing.

We had a lovely lunch. Marvellous wine, sixty or seventy years old. The wine unbottled in my honour was bottled when my cousin was born thirty years ago. We had, too, a white liquor, Marsala, like sherry, bottled the year my uncle was born. The wine was marvellous. Tremendously strong, though. It went down like oil. But you couldn't stand more than a sip at a time. Gosh!

After luncheon my cousin told me that a great friend of our family was living on the way between Caresino and Tarento, and that I really ought to go there. He wouldn't tell me who

siderable mail for me and interesting things in a business way among them. I feel confident that soon I will be able to return again to the work I love. . . to get back to it all!

But yesterday I stopped before our visit, my cousin's and mine, to an old friend of our joint family, living near Tarento. The man of the family had been a college chum of my father's. He couldn't come to see me because he was ill and in bed, so we went by at my cousin's suggestion to say "Hello."

As I went in, he said, "My God, you aren't Rudolph, are you?"

I said, "Yes."

And then, affectingly, this man of sixty, began crying like a child. It was one of the most moving greetings I had had since I began my travels.

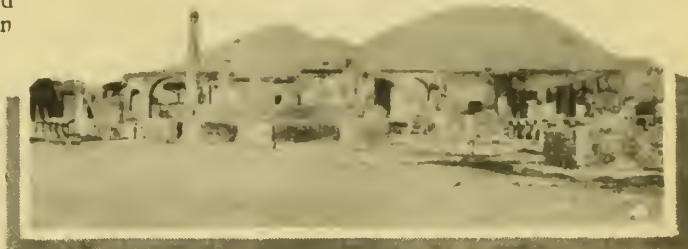
He put his arms about my neck and said, "Sit down by me."

Just, I felt, as if I had been his. So we sat down for a while, and never have I been so eagerly, so in-

approached the town of my birth, as the buildings rose before me on the turn of the road, I stopped the car and took a picture of it.

Before going into the town, there is an enormous ravine that comes right down underneath a stone bridge. And right above, the railroad passes. The bridge that goes over this ravine was built by my mother's father, my grandfather, a Frenchman and a railroad engineer. It is very peculiar in its surroundings. My grandfather also built the railroad.

In building this railroad my grandfather had to go through a forest inhabited by brigands, and on one of these expeditions of engineering he was captured by the brigands. They held him because the chief of the bandits got it into his head that my uncle was captain of the National



Pompeii with Vesuvius in the distance.

Guards. The chief was going to shoot my grandfather. He wasn't even going to parley by taking a ransom. Bound and lying on the ground, my grandfather had the grisly pleasure of over-hearing this talk. The only thing that saved him was the fact that one of his band of brigands had once been a soldier and afterwards a deserter. Having been a soldier and having known the chief of the National Guard, he went to the chief of the brigands and told him that he had mistaken his man. "This man is not he," he said. And so, finally, they let my grandfather go.

It is a funny thing about telepathy. My grandmother was an extremely telepathic person. It so happened that my grandmother and my mother were on their way to Tarento the very night that my grandfather was about to be shot.

My mother told me that my grandmother said, "I know that my husband is in trouble. I can feel it."

She had no idea what kind of trouble (most fortunately for her), but somehow she got danger signals and spoke of them.

She told me that my grandfather was an exceptionally brave and valiant man, but that he told my grandmother that, as he got out of that forest and looked back, his hair stood up absolutely straight. It seemed to him
(Continued on page 62.)



Rudolph at the entrance to the Agricultural School, which he attended as a boy.

it was until we arrived. And I shall have to defer writing about it until to-morrow. . .

Naples, September 27th.

Natacha has written and assures me she is quite rested from her journeyings and is impatient for my return. She writes me there is con-

terestedly, questioned about my career and all of its ups and downs. He was as vividly interested in every detail as if he had lived through them all himself, and was as anxious for me as if I had been indeed bone of his bone. It was a fine exhibition of friendship.

It was on my way back to town that I passed Castellana. Just as I

**BEN LYON**

Has no business to be in THE PICTUREGOER again so soon. But we have had many requests for another plate of Ben, who is filmland's pet juvenile lead at the moment, and every fan's ideal lover.



LAURA LA PLANTE

This dimpled little Universal player began her career as a Christie Comedy girl and played leading woman in Westerns before becoming a Universal star. Laura's one of the few really natural film ingénues.

**GEORGE HACKATHORNE**

Is called the "wistful star," and his screen rôles usually call for an extra large size in pocket handkerchiefs. Now, George says, he's tired of being pathetic, and he wants to play the dashing hero for a change.



VIRGINIA VALLI

Was practically unknown to pictures a few years ago. Now she's a Universal star with films like "The Shock" and "The Lady of Quality," to her credit. In her latest picture, "Siege," she co-stars with Eugene O'Brien.

**AGNES AYRES**

Started life as Agnes Hinkle, but for screen purposes changed her name to something more euphonious. Agnes recently married Manuel S. Reach, a Mexican diplomat, but she doesn't intend leaving the screen.

Bathing Belles



Gertrude Olmsted displays a nifty two piece suit of black and white printed satin, complete with bandeau of the same material.



Cecille Evans, a member of the famous Sennett Bathing squad



Alluring Aileen Pringle is seen to advantage in a close-fitting black costume, with a turban of lighter hue.



Above: Elsie Tarron has a check on the Bank of Beauty.

Left: A Mack Sennett girl with an ultra-fashionable bathing-suit.

Right: Evelyn Pierce avers that the plain one-piece suit has few rivals both for utility and beauty.



The Art of Leatrice Joy

There are two Leatrice Joys. No, I am wrong; there is one Leatrice, and then there is her image.

The one lives, the other moves and speaks and breathes and plays her part, and her name—Leatrice's own name—gleams in big electrics over the picture house door.

The first Leatrice is an actress; the second Leatrice is a star.

The first Leatrice has an art as individual and shattering as that of any screen actress in America to-day; the second Leatrice has charm and good looks and a competent technique, and is not asked to have anything else.

On the day when Leatrice Joy became a star the kinema should have gone into mourning.

Once upon a time there came out of the Goldwyn studios a new and quite original little actress. She drew towards her, by her work, all the most discriminating eyes in the motion picture industry.

She was young, quite young, but without the precocity and mannerism of the girl who has acted her way through professional childhood. She had a fresh, uncrumpled way about her; she was like clean spring. I can remember her now as I first saw her, playing the restaurant scene in *The Night Rose*; something tentative about her, something mischievous and shy, like a wild creature, something truthful and aflame.

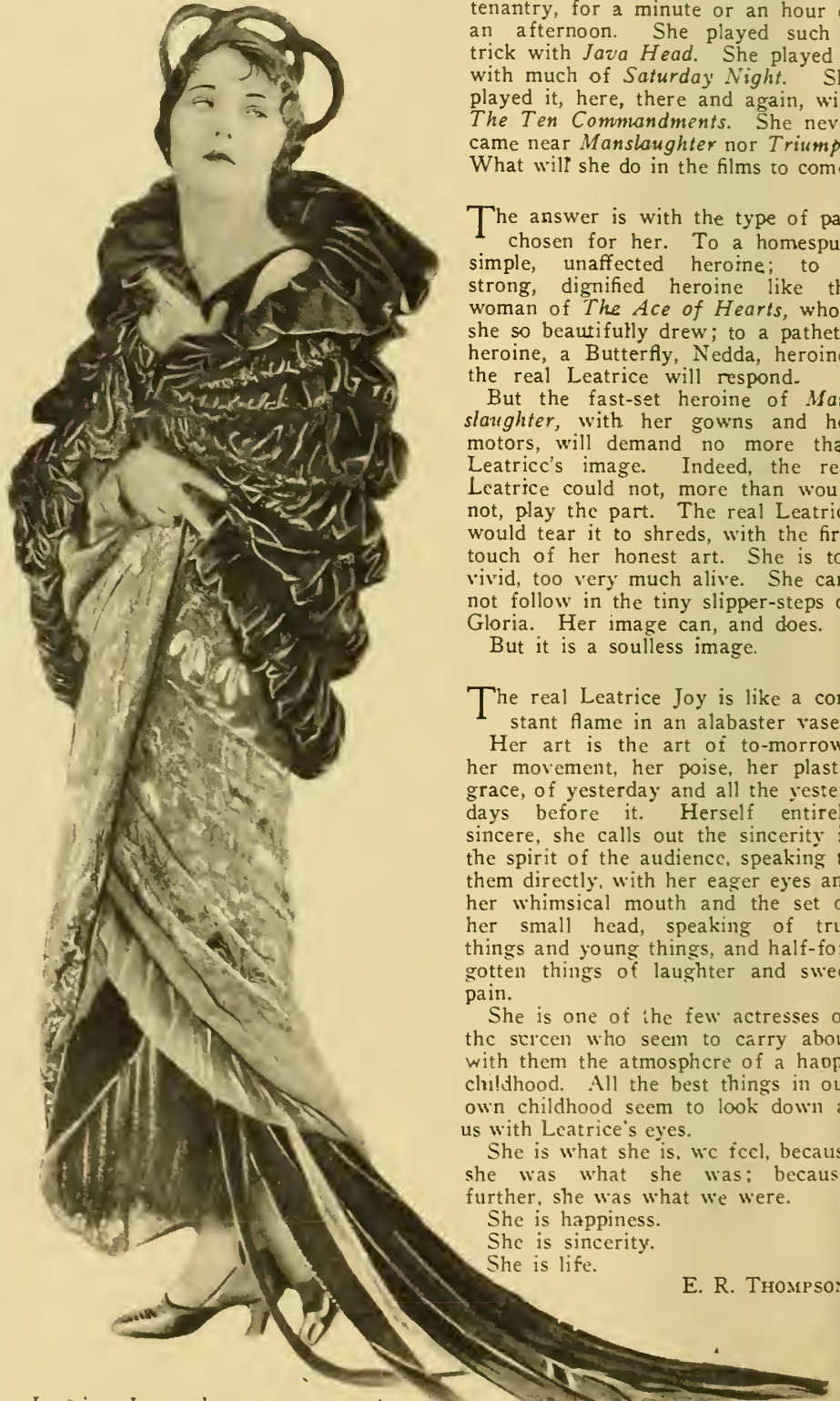
The youth and freshness, the frank first look, that wins us in Norma Shearer to-day, was all in the face of Leatrice of *The Night Rose*, but she had not, and never will have, Norma's faint chill. Where Norma is young ice, Leatrice is all young fire. But the youth, in something deeper than years, is their common heritage.

Leatrice worked, was sought after, made good. She was featured. She was starred. Cecil De Mille wove his spectacles around her. She wore beautiful clothes beautifully. She never, in all the multitude of pictures in her record, played a part incompetently. Her technique polished itself, crystallised, became flawless.

But the real Leatrice, the actress of *The Night Rose* days, stood by and laughed. She was on holiday.

Holiday . . . not far away. She likes to watch her image deputising, so competently and heartlessly, for herself. She likes to see its efficient little movements, its charm, its easy mastery. But sometimes indignation blazes out in Leatrice, and, pushing aside her image, she steps herself

Once upon a time, a new and quite original little actress drew towards her, by her work, the most discriminating eyes in the motion picture industry. Needless to say she became a star, but it says much for Leatrice Joy that she did not at the same time, cease being an actress.



Leatrice Joy, whose screen work is marked by faultless technique.

into the empty part and sets it aflame with life.

Then the film trembles. Artificialities of story and production go down in the fire. The other actors are forgotten. The thing is sincere and sympathetic, according to Leatrice's tenantry, for a minute or an hour or an afternoon. She played such a trick with *Java Head*. She played it with much of *Saturday Night*. She played it, here, there and again, with *The Ten Commandments*. She never came near *Manslaughter* nor *Triumph*. What will she do in the films to come?

The answer is with the type of part chosen for her. To a homespun, simple, unaffected heroine; to a strong, dignified heroine like the woman of *The Ace of Hearts*, whom she so beautifully drew; to a pathetic heroine, a Butterfly, Nedda, heroine; the real Leatrice will respond.

But the fast-set heroine of *Manslaughter*, with her gowns and her motors, will demand no more than Leatrice's image. Indeed, the real Leatrice could not, more than would not, play the part. The real Leatrice would tear it to shreds, with the first touch of her honest art. She is too vivid, too very much alive. She cannot follow in the tiny slipper-steps of Gloria. Her image can, and does.

But it is a soulless image.

The real Leatrice Joy is like a constant flame in an alabaster vase.

Her art is the art of to-morrow; her movement, her poise, her plastic grace, of yesterday and all the yesterdays before it. Herself entirely sincere, she calls out the sincerity in the spirit of the audience, speaking to them directly, with her eager eyes and her whimsical mouth and the set of her small head, speaking of true things and young things, and half-forgotten things of laughter and sweet pain.

She is one of the few actresses on the screen who seem to carry about with them the atmosphere of a happy childhood. All the best things in our own childhood seem to look down at us with Leatrice's eyes.

She is what she is, we feel, because she was what she was; because, further, she was what we were.

She is happiness.

She is sincerity.

She is life.

E. R. THOMPSON.



"He stared as if he could see nothing for a moment or two."

The Legend of Hollywood

JOHN FLEMING

When John Smith first came to Hollywood to show the moving picture metropolis just how stories should be written for the screen, he stayed at the Hollywood Hotel. And when Mary Brown first came to Hollywood from that little place way back whence all the Mary Browns come, sooner or later, she, too, stayed at the Hollywood Hotel. She was come to be a film star, not the second Mary Pickford but the first Mary Brown. She stayed at the Hollywood Hotel and so did John Smith. All the elite of film-land stay, at some time during their career, at the Hollywood Hotel. All the best people. The somebodies.

And so John Smith and Mary Brown stayed there.

"What," asked John Smith of Mary Brown one day, "is your line?"

"Comedy," replied Mary. "Light comedy. The world wants to laugh. Well, I've come all the way from Greendale to help it laugh. They tell me they're paying mighty high salaries."

"Yes," replied John. "If only one is sincere there are prizes to be gathered."

"I suppose you're heavy drama?" said Mary.

But John shook his head.

"I'm not an actor at all. I'm a writer. I've written a scenario."

"Oh! Well, they say there are big prizes in scenario-writing, too. I hope you make good. I mean to."

"I mean to," said John. "But it isn't just the prizes in my case. I've

got a message. I really have something to say. I'm convinced that the world wants something better than bathing girls and Fifth Avenue domestic upheavals and dope dramas."

"I'm sure," agreed Mary. And then John began to flick sheets of paper from his attache case.

"I've got it here," he said stoutly. "The story that is going to revolutionise the screen drama."

"Is it bought?"

"It isn't even submitted. But it's going to be, right away. I've come here to establish myself."

"The Hollywood Hotel?"

"Yes."

"That's exactly why I came here," said Mary. "After all, the best way to start at the bottom of the ladder is to appear to be at the top. Appear to be down and you are down."

They saw a great deal of each other in the following days, and the sympathy which had arisen between them almost at their first meeting as a result of their common ambition was strengthened in time by another bond; the bond of hope deferred.

"I haven't got the part I want yet," Mary would say.

And John would reply:

"I have not yet disposed of my scenario at my terms."

"But the day will come!"

"Ah! the day will come!"

They used to smile about their troubles in those early days. But day by day the smile was harder to show, and soon it vanished altogether.

Soon there was nothing to smile about, and even conversation dried up. They would meet in a morning, each give the other an enquiring glance, each receive in response a gloomy shake of the head. And that was sufficient. It told all, for there was nothing to tell. They seemed indeed almost to lose interest in each other as the days became weeks. And Mary had left the Hollywood Hotel three days before John became aware of the fact.

Very soon it became apparent to John that he, too, would have to select a more modest background for his onslaught on filmdom. He left the Hollywood and moved to a cheaper hotel, and presently to one yet cheaper. The "greatest scenario of all time" continued to make the rounds.

It went from this producer to that and in each case back to John, looking after each visit a little more delapidated, a little more hopeless and futile. Once it had been bright and had contrived to appear full of promise; now it looked not only a manuscript that had not sold, but a manuscript that would not sell.

John began to sigh over it and shake his head as he sent it off on a fresh journey. And then he began to run over the columns in his bank book, and to wonder if he could afford to have a fresh copy made. Two fresh copies—as it seemed to be such a long business, disposing of the thing, at his own or any figure.

Yes, he decided after severe consideration, he could afford to send it

Mary, desirous of helping him, confided even in the great Mrs. Rooney herself.



forth again decently presentable—but only if he forsook hotels and betook him to some more suitable lodging place. He had got to know one or two of the minor actors since coming to Los Angeles. He approached one now and sought the advice of a fellow starver.

"I want," he said, "a place where there will be a congenial atmosphere—not out of the film business, if you understand me, but not too far in to eat up all my savings in a week. Not an hotel at all, if it could be managed. Somewhere—"

"Somewhere cheap, you mean," said the actor. "Why don't you say so, kid. We all gotter go through it some time or other. Me, I'm going through it an' have been for four years. No sign I'm ever comin' out the other end, either. It's a life. Well, I'll tell you—Mrs. Rooney's."

"Where and what is Mrs. Rooney's?" asked John.

"Mrs. Rooney's," replied the actor, "is the place for movie people whose expenditure's busy and whose income's asleep. A good many of the stars that are were thumping glad to dine off her eternal prunes in their early days in Hollywood. It's just off the Boulevard, central, where you can keep in touch with things, but its greatest asset of all is that it's CHEAP!"

"Don't shout," said John.

"Man!" cried the actor. "That's the one big thing worth shouting."

"I think I'll try it," said John.

"Shouting?"

"Mrs. Rooney's."

"Wise man. In that case take my arm and I'll lead you to it. I board at Mrs. Rooney's myself."

The actor led his new-found friend along a length of the wonderful Hollywood Boulevard, down a side turning, across a maze of building lots

that became steadily shabbier as they progressed and eventually in an obscure street came to the humble but famous boarding house of the justly-celebrated Mrs. Rooney, where Cheapness was writ as large on the mat as Welcome.

Mrs. Rooney's maid admitted them.

CAST:

John Smith	-	PERCY MARMONT
Mary Brown	-	ZASU PITTS
Mrs. Rooney	-	ALICE DAVENPORT
"Blondie"	-	DOROTHY DORR

Narrated by permission from the F.B.O. Film of the same name.

Mrs. Rooney's maid was a disillusioned-looking young woman of twenty-five. John Smith started when he saw her. He knew her. Her name was Mary Brown.

"You—here?" he gasped.

"That," said Mary, "is a line out of the dramas that I can't get a place in."

"As bad as that, is it?"

"Well, none of us come to Mrs. Rooney's because we're successful millionaires, do we?" said Mary bitterly.

"I guess I'm pretty well in the same plight as yourself," John confessed. "My scenario keeps on coming back and coming back. If I just didn't know it was so good I'd begin to hate the very sight of it. I suppose we must keep on hoping."

"Hope's a great thing," Mary agreed, "and you've come to the right place for hope. We have hope instead of pie at Rooney's."

John became established at Rooney's, and at first, but for the terror of approaching starvation and the seemingly everlasting failure of his manuscript, he contrived to be reasonably happy. Mrs. Rooney's guests were without exception actors

who played days now and again, and as under these conditions a dollar became a rare thing deserving of worship, it needed very little to produce a gala night in the boarding house.

John was a quiet fellow; he said little about his own affairs, and it was only known at Rooney's that he was "looking round" with a view to later taking up a place in one of the scenario departments of a studio. But bit by bit things began to get about. Mary, desirous of helping him all she could, confided in the actors there, and even in the great Mrs. Rooney herself, as the result of her conferences she was able to approach John one day with a practical suggestion.

"All these men here are in the business," she said. "They're practical men, actually acting—now and again. They've been inside and to a certain extent, they know the ropes.

Perhaps there is something just slightly wrong with your story that a practical man could put right in no time. Don't you think it's worth while showing it to them and getting their opinions. It might save you no end of trouble and—waiting."

John considered.

"There might be something in it," he admitted reluctantly. "The next time it comes back—yes, I'll show them and see what they think of it."

And so the next time the scenario was rejected there was a conference held in the common sitting room at the Rooney house. Every one of the Rooney boarders was present, and Mrs. Rooney herself presided. John read his story aloud to them and when it was over waited for the verdict.

They looked at each other, hummed, coughed, whispered a little and then gave their considered opinion.

"Too highbrow, old chap. Too highbrow."

"Too highbrow!"

"Good, mind you. Oh, a topper. But not what they're buying now. The sort of thing the movies will be giving the public in twenty years' time. But that's not much use now, is it?"

It was like a sudden dash of cold water to John.

"You mean—I'll never sell it?"

"Hm. . ." One of the actors turned to a second. "What do you think, Phil?"

"I wouldn't say," said the actor called Phil— "I wouldn't say that you'll never sell it. There's always a chance with everything. Always a chance. The most unlikely things. . . But I wouldn't say it's got a big chance, old chap. I wouldn't be a false friend and buoy you up to that extent. It's what Harold says—it's too highbrow.

They don't want highbrow stuff. They won't have it. Now, you've got talent. You can deliver the goods. All you want is to get the goods to deliver. Now, listen to me. Slip upstairs and start a fresh story. Work in a good dope scene and some bathing stuff and a few stunts, send it along to—"

John Smith laughed mirthlessly.

"Never!" he said.

"What?"

"Never! It's the best that is in me, or it is nothing at all. There are sufficient authors to turn out the dope and bathing stuff at the studios. But this story of mine is like nothing that has ever been done before. It shall be this or it shall be nothing. I will—try again—and if I fail, then. . ."

He had seen Mary Brown go out of the room. Leaving the others to their interrupted conference he followed. He found Mary on the porch, looking down at the distant lights of Los Angeles. A moon was creeping up the sky. It was very hot and still. When he approached, Mary turned and saw him. She nodded sympathetically.

"Isn't it—dreadful?" she murmured.

"It is a strange position when a man wants to give his best and the world refuses to accept it. 'Do your best and you'll win through' we are told when we are little; and when we grow up and do our best we starve. It sounds like a joke."

"I am weary of Los Angeles," Mary confessed. "I am willing, and I am sure I would prove able if I were given a trial. But I cannot get even a trial. I have tried everywhere. I will wait just a little longer, but if nothing turns up then I shall go back to Greendale, and try to forget that I was ever ambitious. It is terrible! To turn one's back on ambition at twenty-five. . ."

"I will wait just a little longer," said John. "But I'll not go back. . ."

Next day he sent off his scenario to its last hope, a great new studio that had recently opened at the other end of the Hollywood Boulevard. As he left it at the gates he felt his hand to be trembling. The rest of the day he spent walking about the great hills, unable to tolerate the sight of fellow-men or the ordeal of speech.

As dusk was falling and the great lights were popping in down the Boulevard he crept back into the town and began to wearily trudge about the

back streets where he would not be seen and recognised by what few friends he had made in the West.

His perambulations brought him presently to an obscure and almost furtive drug store. There was something about the place that captured his imagination at once. He put his hand in his pocket and began to chink the money that remained to him.

Long ago he had ceased to have use for banks. His bankbook was lost or destroyed—he did not know which, and he had not sufficient interest to care. He counted his worldly wealth in a shaking palm. Twenty-seven dollars. Enough to live on for a week

She approached John with a practical suggestion.



and settle up at Rooney's. Then—what?

He glanced over his shoulder. There was no one in sight. He held his head low and slunk into the side door of the drug store. It was empty but for the assistant behind a counter. John slunk forward.

"I—want to poison some rats," he said. "We've got rats in the house where I live, and they get in my bedroom. I want something strong."

Two minutes later he was slinking forth with a small but very precious white paper parcel hidden away in the corner of his pocket.

He crept back to Rooney's. There was nobody in sight. The actors were over in the Boulevard, picking up hints of probable work on the morrow. Mary was—where? He did not care very much. He stood in the hall and called Mrs. Rooney.

"I want seven glasses," he said when that estimable lady arrived.

"Seven glasses? Lord! Mr. Smith and whatever for do you want seven glasses?"

"If I told you," said John, hiding

his bitterness, "you'd laugh. It's a game."

"Queer game," commented Mrs. Rooney.

But she got the glasses.

Up in his room John laid out the glasses in a row and into one he emptied the contents of the little white packet. He then filled each with water, closed his eyes, rearranged them until it was impossible for him to tell which contained the poison and then put them away in the sideboard. After which he sat and stared for a long time out of the window.

"The Venus Company will never buy," he muttered. "Nobody will buy. To-morrow I will drink the first glass. Yes, it is a game. Mrs. Rooney little knows what a grim game it is that is to be played out in her poor boarding house. A game with fate. . . I will wait until the postman calls, and then—"

The next morning he was up early and nervously pacing the porch. Up the street came the postman, stopping at almost every door. He reached Mrs. Rooney's and came up the steps with a letter in his hand. He handed it to John. The postmark was "Greendale," the name was that of Mary Brown. He turned and found Mary at his elbow.

"For you," he said shortly.

"It is from my people at Greendale. I told them was most likely coming back soon," said Mary.

"There is—nothing for you?"

"Nothing for me. . ."

He went indoors without another word and up to his room. He opened the sideboard cupboard and took out the first of the glasses. He stared at it as if he could see nothing for a moment or two, then he drained it and laid it aside.

"First trick to Fate?" he asked himself. "I wonder."

And then he started to hear a timid knock on the door and swung round to find Mary peeping in.

"It is the day to do your room," she said. "Shall you be staying in?"

"No," said John, "I shall be tramping about somewhere—making friends with the tramps in the park, most likely."

Mary laughed as she brought in her broom and pail.

"Ambition must be smiling at us," she said. "I, a parlour-maid and you a tramp. And fast up inside us are our hopeless dreams. . ."

John nodded and went out and down the Boulevard as far as the park. As he had said he spent the day making friends with the tramps. By sundown



"We are going to climb the ladder together; side by side."

he knew, with a little shock, that he was to live—for another day at any rate. He went home and tottered to his room, spick and span after Mary's cleaning, and went straight to bed. Exhaustion brought on sleep right away and a long and terrible nightmare carried him through to morning.

He arose heavily and stood by the window. He had not the pluck this time to go down and wait on the porch for the postman. He saw the man coming up the street on the opposite side. He passed on and out of sight without even crossing to the Rooney side. John turned savagely to the sideboard and drained the second of the glasses.

"First trick to me. Second trick to—?"

He spent the second day as he had spent the first, or in even more sordid and hopeless ways. He crawled home at night, caring not what became of him, met Mary on the porch, chatted with her aimlessly for a few moments, evaded Harold and Phil and the other actors, suddenly prosperous with a day's work, and tottered into his room, alive.

"A good game," he said bitterly—"a good game for Fate. She sits up there and laughs and watches me choose the wrong glass until the right moment. Well. . ."

The third day followed pretty much as the first and second. The fourth, the fifth, and the sixth. Still the postman had left no letter for John Smith. Still John Smith survived. On the sideboard stood the last glass. And over the Beverley Hills crept the last

morning, down into the grey streets of Los Angeles.

Up and down the street in front of the Rooney house John Smith paced restlessly. The other boarders had not yet put in an appearance, and of Mary Brown, strangely, there was nothing to be seen. At this hour she was usually about preparing breakfast for the others. He wondered why she was not here now. Strange! he thought, and then he ceased to think of her. The postman was in sight.

Like a guilty being, John hurried back to the Rooney porch and hid behind a pillar, watching the approaching postman.

The man was fifty yards away. He had called at the Simms's. He was thirty yards away and had called at the Maples'. Was he crossing? He had stopped. He was going to cross. . . No. He was looking over his letters. He seemed to be hesitating. Now he was coming on. . .

He was going to cross.

He went on. . .

Right on and out of the street. . .

Suddenly sick, John Smith turned and tottered into the house. There was nobody about and he felt thankful, though somewhere could be heard the joyful sound of Phil singing at his shaving. He never knew how he came to reach his room. He was standing at the sideboard, groping out with a shaking hand for the last glass.

"The others gave me life," he was murmuring. "This must give me death. This is the glass with the poison, the glass to end all. Well. . ." He turned and held up the glass.

"Ambition — work — love — life. . .

Good-bye—"

And he drained the glass, cast it into a corner of the room, and began to laugh like a man gone mad.

He tottered to the window to take a last look at the Hollywood he had hoped to love, and felt a sudden tightening of the temples at the sight of the postman returning to the street. He gripped the window sill and watched. The postman came up the steps of the Rooney house, and gave a loud knock. After a moment Mrs. Rooney could be heard ascending the stairs outside John's room.

"One for you," said Mrs. Rooney.

It was from the Venus Company. They had accepted his story. They enclosed a cheque for ten thousand dollars.

Mary Brown's box, ready tied, was in the hall of the Rooney house. At the door of John Smith's room Mary, ready for departure paused and knocked. She knocked again and then she turned the handle.

On the floor lay John Smith, motionless. Mary in alarm fell on her knees at John's side.

"John! she cried. "What is it? Is anything wrong? It's Mary—Mary!"

He opened his eyes and stared around.

"I—I drank the glass—the seventh glass. It was poisoned. . . the postman. . ."

Disjointedly he told his story, of the last cruel irony of fate. He fluttered the cheque towards her and pointed to the shattered remnants of glass. "In an hour," he muttered, "I shall be dead."

"But. . ." Mary puckered her brow. "The glasses—the seven glasses?"

"Yes."

"Why! You remember the day I cleaned your room?" She seemed to be shaking with joy. "I—I upset them! Cleaning your sideboard. And—I replaced them without mentioning it to you. . . I! John! John! You're saved! You will live! It—"

She stopped, unable to say more, while he staggered to his feet.

"Where. . . were you going?" he asked.

"Home," said Mary.

"No!" he cried suddenly. Not now! We are going to climb the ladder together, side by side—John and Mary. . . Mary—I love you."

And then she took off her hat and flung it aside.

"That is my answer," she said.

The Luck of The Twenties

John Stuart strenuously declares that he is not superstitious, but—

Everybody has a lucky number. Lots of people believe in the luck of three or five, or seven. Many folks make a superstition of not being superstitious, and believe that thirteen is a lucky number. Now I have no superstitions, except that I believe that it is unlucky to die on a Friday, or to walk under a ladder as someone drops a pot of paint, or to see a piebald horse two minutes after the news has come up that the one you backed has come in at fifty to one—last!

Still, though I am, as I said, without superstitions, I have to confess that there is something weird about the number of times in which twenty has turned up, as a lucky number for me. I'll tell you why

To begin with, there are ten letters in my name, which, as a start in early childhood, got me half way to my favourite twenty. To jump from there to the beginning of my stage career, we pass over twenty years—the age at which I made my first appearance. It was at the Old Vic, in "The Trojan Women," and if you add the name of the play to that of the theatre you will discover that there are twenty letters. As the old-time showman used to say of the "10 Sisters Whosit"—"count 'em, people, count 'em."

Then in January 1920 (the twenty turns up again, you see, in the date), I went on tour as juvenile lead in "The Chinese Puzzle," which, if you count the inverted commas at each end, also totals twenty once again.

After nineteen efforts to get on the screen, I finally succeeded at my twentieth attempt, when I played the title-rôle in Broadwest's *Her Son*. Once more, if you count the letters in the name of the firm and the title of the picture, and throw in for luck the little wiggly things at each side of the title, you have another twenty. Since



John Stuart.

then I have played in eighteen other films, so that *Venetian Lovers* is my twentieth picture.

I arrived here on April 20, to find eighteen people and one motor car awaiting me at the station, which, counting myself, makes another example of my twenty. I started work on the picture on this same April 20, in the twentieth sequence of the film, and at the time at which I am writing this I have played in just twenty scenes. Another curious coincidence. The story has been compounded by two people—Sir Philip Gibbs and Tilley—count the letters in these two names—twenty again! It's positively weird.

And, because it is my twentieth picture, and twenty is surely my lucky number, it seems to be the decree of fate that *Venetian Lovers* should offer me my big opportunity.

Three other British artists are in the film—Hugh Miller, Eva Westlake, and Ben Field. Not only do the names of the last two added together make once again the twenty that is my mascot, but the letters of Hugh Miller's name and my name added together also make twenty.

Once again—and this is the last specimen of my Twenty-complex (that's one in the eye for the psychologists)—that I can produce—we are going to Venice for exteriors on May 15. How do I get twenty out of that? Easily! You add the letters of the destination and the month, then add the date. But that comes to twenty-four? I know it does, but let me finish. You then deduct the clothes I am going in—plus fours—and you have twenty left.

What? You can't deduct them if they are plus? Oh my dear reader, don't be so foolish! You can do anything for the sake of a superstition. Besides, the sun is shining and it's holiday time in Munich—all bunting, bands and beer-barrels. I am going to look out of my window at the decorations . . . for the twentieth time!

JOHN STUART.



Right: John Stuart and Hugh Miller between scenes. Below: The same couple with a fair Fraulein who stars in the Munich Art Theatre.



Tales out of School

Told by Clare West, costumier to the stars.



Constance Talmadge, who has ideas of her own on the dresses that suit her best.

"We must be a year ahead of Paris," Clare West insisted. "It would be a simple matter if we could shop for screen wardrobes on the Rue de la Paix or Fifth Avenue. But motion pictures are months in production. After that it is months before they are out of the factory and ready for release. And they must enjoy a long popularity if they are to win a profit. Can't you see how unspeakably old-fashioned the clothes would be if we abided definitely by the Paris decrees?"

Clare West, costumier and designer to skumpty-umpty stars, was in New York on a shopping expedition. And because of the frequent criticism and ridicule lately regarding the clothes worn on the screen, her guards were down. If her personal contributions had not been attacked, her phase of motion picture production had been. And when you find a person in the least degree on the defensive, you are apt to find her frank.

So that the interesting things she

said will have their proper importance in your mind, we would like to give this paragraph to Miss West herself. For years she was associated with Cecil B. De Mille. She has gowned Glória Swanson and Leatrice Joy. The Biblical costumes worn in *The Ten Commandments*—and these necessitated months of careful research—were also designed by her. At the present writing she is under contract to concentrate her efforts upon Norma and Constance Talmadge and the various casts who appear in their various productions. She is a modern woman, keenly interested in life and undoubtedly gifted in the art of the modiste. And the old adage about shoemakers' children being ill-shod doesn't in the very least apply to her. The day I saw her she was smartly tailored as any star on the screen.

"Really," Clare continued from where I left off quoting her, "the screen has come to be a broadcasting station of style. There are thousands and thousands of women who never get to Paris or New York



Gloria Swanson in "Man-handled."

—who never even get to any large city where they may shop with some assurance that they are getting clothes of the latest vogue. The screen permits these women to select clothes simply. They know the actress who borders on their type, and if her clothes chance to please them, it is easy enough to adapt the main line and style of any particular gown or wrap to their individual taste."

I asked her if she thought the recent criticism of the celluloid vogues would temper them perceptibly.

"There have been too many instances where this ridicule has been just," she admitted sanely. "But any number of the things criticised must go on. The very fact that the public isn't accustomed to some of the gowns we show on the screen makes them seem bizarre. Actually it would be extremely difficult to conceive anything more exaggerated than some of the things I have seen in the shops this morning. However, how often do we rebel at some caprice of Dame Fashion and then turn around and accept it with appreciation?"

"Another thing I try to do . . . and I'm sure other designers do also . . . and that is have the clothes symbolic of the character they are dressing. There are sad materials and sad dresses, and there are glad materials and glad dresses. Just before I left Hollywood, Constance Talmadge came to me and said, 'Clare, I want to look like a Persian cat in that scene.' Now Constance didn't mean it was a mas-

querade or that she wanted a tail stitched on her gown. She meant she wanted something fluffy, white and soft. Something cuddly."

Clare West smiled reminiscently at the typical description.

"Right now," she said, "I'm centring my attention upon the Talmadge girls. With them I apply different tactics than I applied with Gloria Swanson, for example. When I was with Mr. De Mille, Gloria was wearing the most exotic gowns and wraps she has ever worn. And I'm sure that she could make the most far-fetched creation in the world seem entirely logical. I can only think of two or three other girls who would not be hopelessly at sea in the things Gloria used to wear as naturally as we wear tailored suits."

I asked her about the type of thing she usually selected for Norma.

"Norma," Clare West said, "can wear more nearly the same sort of thing she wears off the screen than anyone I have ever known. It is never necessary to do any more than suggest the character Norma is to portray. Her clothes must, above everything else, be unobtrusive . . . yet beautiful backgrounds for the light and shade of her emotional transitions. Soft fabrics for Norma.

"Never *bouffant* things. Constance can wear these, but she doesn't particularly care for them. And above everything else in the world, you must please an actress with the things you give her to wear.



Norma Talmadge is one of Clare's clients.

"No one can concentrate upon her characterisation if she's in that uncomfortable frame of mind that comes of wearing something she dislikes. It doesn't make a bit of difference if it is the loveliest thing she's ever possessed. Her friends may admire it tremendously. But her fingers fairly itch to rip it off her back. It is evident how fatal this state of affairs would be.

"The colours we are forced to use because of their photographic values are tabooed for private use," Clare West explained. "Sometimes, though, I make up a gown or suit or wrap in the same style as something which has been worn in a picture.

"But this doesn't mean that these clothes are discarded. Far from it. Lace, silk, braid, lining, velvet or whatever it is which has been used, is salvaged. Velvet first fashioned in an evening gown of this modern vogue frequently goes into a gown worn by a lady-in-waiting to some ancient queen before it knows the rubbish heap. Every studio has room after room closely hung with racks of clothes waiting to be remodelled. The waste which once existed has long ago been abolished. We have even gone so far as to instal a card index system which tells at a glance just what is waiting for the corps of seamstresses and just what will be needed in the pictures scheduled for production."

I told Clare West she had given me unusually interesting "copy."

And she smiled as she offered her hand in farewell.

"It would be," she said, "for it has been tales out of school."

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER.

Clare West, the famous costumier, at work on a design.



Custer's First Stand

BY WALTER IRWIN MOSES

General Bob Custer's Last Stand made American history. Bob Custer of Kentucky is out to make Movie history. He's made a good start, anyway.

By actual count — by popular demand, the western star is to-day—as in bygone days—the most popular with the fans; he has the same following to-day that he had five years ago—fans that are staunch and true—fans that are more than fans—friends! And the western hero has earned his following. His pictures are seldom made up of fake photography. They are seldom representative of the advanced age. A western picture draws folks who enjoy seeing the unpolished life of real folks; folks who are either good—or bad. There are no "Dr. Jekyll's" and "Mr. Hyde's" amongst the Westerns! He may be Mix, Hoxie, Duncan, Gibson, Thomson, Farnum or Desmond—and now there's a brand new one!

Barely in his twenties, this youthful stellar aspirant had had very little screen experience, prior to signing as an F. B. O. star. He won the recognition of a big director in one of Colleen Moore's recent pictures, and also played a part successfully in a Fox feature. Then he was idle for a while.

One day Walter Featherstone, Bob's room-mate, rushed in breathlessly and advised his friend that F. B. O. was searching for a new star—the right

Bob enjoys a musical moment with his friend Walter Irwin Moses.



star, he said—to appear in a series of Texas Ranger stories. "He must be the right man for the rôle," Custer's friend said, "or the pictures will never be produced."

So Bob, without hope but a goodly supply of ambition, went to the studios, was interviewed, and signed to a long term contract before he



knew what it was all about. Opportunity had knocked at his door, and he was home to admit Her.

A few nights ago, I dined with Bob Custer at the Green Mill, a delightful rendezvous, patronised by picture people.

"Before I became a star," he said, "I'll admit I was frightened. Now I am confident. I am serving the theatre-going public—doing my bit to entertain the masses—and earning every cent of my salary. If the public likes me, I bid fair to take my place with the permanents; if not—I dare not think what will happen. But, as I said, I am confident, within myself, and that helps so much."

Bob is sincere—and an unaffected personality seldom goes amiss. He is a pleasing and easy speaker, and this ensures his popularity with the writers. He is a convincing actor, and this certainly ought to ensure his popularity with the fans.

Although born in Kentucky — Frankfort, to be



Above and Left: Bob Custer on and off the screen.

exact, Mr. Custer belongs to the West. His experiences as a Texas ranger trained him for the rôles given him by the terms of his new contract, and moulded him as a sure-shot gunman, an expert with the lariat, a horseman of no mean ability and an authority on all that is, or ever was Western.

Praise be as it may, Bob Custer has one fault!—He loves his Johnny Cake and Bacon—and *will* order it, regardless of the occasion. Perhaps, however, he will be admired for dispensing with formality at such times as this. "Why eat something you don't want, just because it looks prim and proper?" he asks.

Custer is a graduate of the University of Kentucky, and was a Civil Engineer for a couple of years while trying to decide what his life's work should be. His father is a prominent contractor and his mother a noted singer in the South.

"Perhaps I am unlike other folks, in that I paint mental pictures of everything," my friend smiled, during the interview, "—and then again, perhaps I only imagine that I am. But, somehow, I picture and reason out things that would probably seem too minute to others—once I reach a conclusion, I do not easily change my mind.

"I sum up a person's good points, the kind acts he performs for others—then take into consideration his idiosyncrasies, and if the picture appeals to me, I want to know that person better.

"If I lack temperament—which is really only a nicer name for plain temper—I will have to make up for it in some other way. Please do not ask me the usual run of interview questions; for if you do, I'll change the subject. That is my way; I hope you will forgive it."



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the Art of Pauline Frederick

The author of this series has chosen his subjects with great deliberation, taking only those whose work seems to him a permanent and essential contribution to the art of the screen.

of the hand would carry; learnt even the subtleties which can be conveyed with a peculiar sweep back of the hair. She learnt and perfected these details for all time. She made them instinctive. They passed from conscious thought.

And so with the kinema to serve her, Pauline Frederick has never needed to exploit the tricks and mannerisms of modern stardom. She can gain nothing from pretty camera work, charming close-ups, fine

way to "put a character across" that she is apt to put across a character that is not a character at all. But Pauline Frederick graduated from this struggle many years ago. From the first moment of her appearance in a film, she is occupied with the creation of a character *within herself*.

She has no interest in types. Her women are always personal and distinct, with a range of emotional experiences that belong to an essentially individualised human soul.

Long after you have forgotten the stories that held them, the name of the films in which they appeared, you will hold a vivid picture of the opera singer, the sombre war-widow, the woman in the dock, the hard-stepping factory owner, the mother who longed to be young again, and a dozen other of Pauline Frederick's characterisations.

Between these women there is only one thing in common.

They are all mental or emotional giants.

Pauline Frederick is too strong herself to create anything but strength. Diffidence, immaturity, vacillation, she cannot reproduce with truth, and, like all great tragic actresses, she has no sympathy with the merely pathetic. In her whole mental equipment there is nothing weak, petty, or insincere. She has done more to bring the kinema into touch with great drama than any actor or actress on the screen.

E. R. THOMPSON.

A scene from "Madame X." Pauline's best movie.



I have known men and women who hate the kinema, who pass the door of a picture-house with a shudder, or, once trapped there, yawn the programme through—I have known men and women of this kind, unenthusiasts, who will yet walk a couple of miles or more and waste a perfectly good evening for the sake of an hour with Pauline Frederick on the screen. They won't ask what she is playing. They won't wait for a criticism of the film. They'll just hear the name "Pauline Frederick" and be off like a shot.

Personally, I don't blame them. I have done it myself. I shall do it again. And although I don't hate the kinema, or feel any particular shudder as I pass a picture-house door, there are few enough actresses on the screen to-day who could draw me two miles, irrespective of the film in which they are appearing, for this Frederick enthusiasm to be something of a phenomenon. Indeed, I can find a parallel only in the case of Nazimova. And hers is a magnetism of a wholly different sort, a will-o'-the-wisp magnetism, a little uncanny.

Pauline Frederick is so deeply and fundamentally of the Kinema that she does not need to be concerned with the traditions of the kinema at all: Years and years ago, before the modern crop of stars had begun to glimmer, Pauline studied and mastered her art.

She learnt the precise importance of every movement and pause; learnt the dramatic weight that a glance, a turn

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This is the latest picture of Miss Kathleen Amami—you will remember her being chosen in the Amami Stage Career Scheme. She has appeared in "London Calling" and the "Punch Bowl" at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

ĀMĀMĪ

(AH-MAH-ME)

Shampoos

The Omegas of Ingram—

Although ninety-five out of every hundred films end with a cuddlesome close-up, there are a few producers who are wise enough to know better. Rex Ingram is one of them.

Rex
Ingram.



and no one took exception to that. The film could not have ended other than it did.

Rex Ingram is no slavish follower of the "happy ending." No film of his has ended in the sunlight or the moonlight making a halo of Her hair while He clasps her to his manly person. "And so two loving hearts through trial and tribulation, etc." No! In three of his films he has parted Alice Terry from the man she loved, but the

the missionary's daughter and the handsome young native, are parted in a similar manner, and here it is a camel train that disappears into the desert bearing with it the native, who has decided to return to his own people in the same way as the girl has done.

Turn to the Right ends with a motor-car disappearing, but this time the ending is presumably a happy one—hera and heroine have just been married. The boy's mother watches the lights of the car ascending the drive to the house, she sees a light appear in the hall and then one in an upper room, then the blinds are pulled down!

Scaramouche, as befits an historical spectacle ends on a different but no less effective note. Headed by Rose Dione as the epitome of Revolution, the mob march forward on to the camera singing lustily the "Marseillaise."

Endings! Endings! Endings! All bearing the mark of genius which the finish of this article certainly does not. But then the writer is no Rex Ingram, more's the pity! W. B. TURNER.

Next month:
The Greatness of Griffith.

"The end justifieth the means," saith the poet, and in the case of Rex Ingram, he is most certainly right. Personally, if such a thing as an uninteresting Ingram film existed (which, as Euclid used to say, is absurd) I would yet sit through it in silence, waiting to see how it ended, for assuredly Rex Ingram is a master when it comes to rounding off a film in a pleasant and effective manner. In fact, combined with his careful and carefully insidious introduction of local colour this faculty of his is the dominant characteristic of his work.

At the time his *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* was released, he was somewhat adversely criticised for the ending thereof. Especially for a scene showing the war graves in France where "Marcelo Desnoyers" is visiting the grave of his son "Julio." To him comes "Tchernoff," the Russian visionary; and the old man, pointing to the grave enquires, "You knew my son?" The Russian, with outstretched arms, and ineffable sadness in his eyes, replies, "I knew them all."

A wonderful finale which implies, as does the book, that "Tchernoff" is a reincarnation of the prophet John. I do not agree with those who said that panorama of the graves was too harrowing. After all it was considerably more symbolic and no more distressing than the bombardment of the French village in the earlier sequences,

cruel deed is done so artistically and so effectively that nobody really minds.

The theme of *The Prisoner of Zenda* was, of course, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," and consequently, Lewis Stone, as "Rudolph Rassendyll," leaves "Princess Flavia." We see the lights of a train vanishing in the distance, while "Colonel Sapt" and "Fritz von Tarlenheim" stand bareheaded on the platform.

In *Where the Pavement Ends*, Alice Terry is parted from Ramon Novarro. The missionary's daughter realises that her love for the handsome young native is impossible and implores her father to take her back to civilisation. He does so, and the native, unable to face life alone, commits suicide by jumping down a waterfall. Here is a ship that sails away and the body of "Motaury" is shown lying at the foot of the fall.

In *The Arab*, the same couple, still

Alice Terry and
Rex Ingram
discussing a
Film Story.





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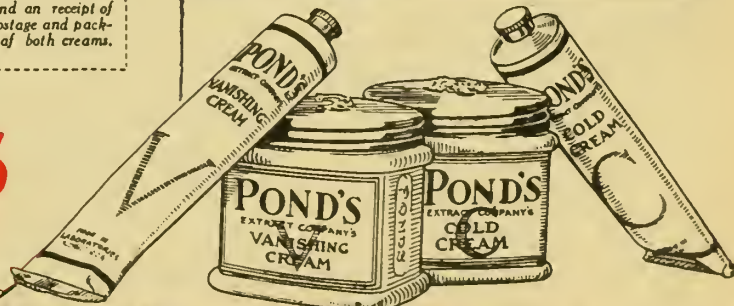
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TWO STARS.

Long have I sat in pensive mood
And pondered deep and true,
But still I hesitate to name
The fairer of the two,
I thought that Alice was sublime
A queen she reigned alone
And never, never could there be
A rival to her throne.

But then to *Moon of Israel*
I chanced to go one day,
And now my mind is in a whirl—
I don't know *which* to say.
Maria Corda, Maid of Dreams,
Soft, wistful, charming, sweet.
Does she or Alice hold the palm?
My heart is at their feet.

As each of them an Empress is
My throne must then fit two,
And I must give to each of them
The praise and honour due.
All hail to these immortal queens,
We worship at their shrine.
Long may they live in health and
wealth
And long in glory shine.

H. B. E. (Dublin).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in Ethel and also in
Clayton,
My second's in Lewis but not in
Dayton,
My third is in Richard but not in Dix,
My fourth is in Tom but not in Mix.
My fifth's in Priscilla but not in Dean,
My sixth is in Doris but not in Kean,
My seventh's in Alice but not in
Terry,
My eighth is in Katherine and also in
Perry,
My ninth is in Josephine but not in
Earle,
My tenth is in Conway but not in
Tearle,
My eleventh's in Ivy but not in Duke,

And when you have solved this riddle-
me-ree
My favourite actress you will see.

Answer: Leatrice Joy.

COBWEB (Bristol).

BETTY BALFOUR.

Of all the stars upon the screen,
There's one that I love best;
She is the brightest of them all,
And shines above the rest.
She holds a warm place in my heart,
And she is sweet and true;
And—proud I am to say it!
She's British through and through.
She will always be my favourite.
For her acting is superb;
May Fortune smile upon her,
And naught her peace disturb.

IRENE RICH.

Of all the stars upon the screen
None can compare with sweet Irene—
An uncomplex and vivid soul
She moves across the shifting stage
And holds between her slim white
hands
The hearts of youth, the hearts of age.
CORBEAU (Colchester).

MY HERO.

Rudy I always will adore,
And to him will be true,
Harold will always make me roar
With antics ever new.

There's Mary Pickford and lots more,
The Gishes—Milton Sills,
But when I see John Barrymore,
My heart he really thrills.

I think of him from morn till night,
My idol of the screen,
And 'tis to him I've tried to write
This poem, small and mean.

FILM FAN (Taunton).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Gloria's Secret.

When Gloria Swanson, in *The Humming Bird*, is captured and put into prison, her hair is seen to be bobbed. But when she is next seen working in the prison she has two long plaits of hair hanging over her shoulders, nearly to her waist. How did she manage to grow it in such a short time?
G. G. (Luton).

How Did They Get There?

In *The Arizona Express*, Pauline Starke as "Kathleen" is being chased by Francis Macdonald as "Victor Johnson." They jump on to the first available horses, which are not saddled, and yet, during the chase, both horses seem to miraculously acquire saddles! P. C. (Birmingham).

A Quick-change Artist.

In the film *Winner Takes All*, Buck Jones rushes to the rescue of Peggy Shaw. He has just come from the boxing ring, and only stops to wrap a dressing-gown round him, but when he arrives at the ranch he is fully dressed in cowboy outfit. Also, a black eye which he received during the fight has entirely disappeared. Did these changes take place during the ride?
W. Y. (Clapham).

Quick Work.

A race is to be run for an important stake in Tom Mix's picture *Oh, You Tony*. His enemies delay Tom in every possible way and at the eleventh hour the heroine reminds him of a *short cut* which will enable him to get to the scene of action in time. He mounts his horse and starts on a wild gallop across the canyon, and when he arrives the heroine is there to meet him. How did she get there?
R. J. L. (London).

Where Did They Come From?

In *The Heart Raider*, Agnes Ayres goes aboard Mahlon Hamilton's yacht dressed in a bathing-costume and boots. He sends to the nearest port for a hat and dress for her and a boy brings them, saying: "A hat and dress for Mistah Dennis." A little later Agnes comes out of the cabin dressed in the hat and dress, and also some shoes and stockings. Where did these come from if there were no other women on board?

E. P. (Portsmouth).

Who Brought The Safety Razor?

Owen Moore, in *Torment*, was imprisoned underground. In time he began to grow a beard, but a little later he was seen to be clean shaven again. How was that, when the only water to be had dripped slowly through the roof, and he brought no safety razor with him?
M. F. (Surrey).

Miss Betty Balfour

BRITAIN'S GREATEST FILM STAR
NOW PLAYING IN THE FILM *"Monte Carlo"*

Says:—

"I am indeed glad to state that after having had 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash and 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash for many years, I consider them unequalled; each has the distinctive and characteristic flavour of the fruit which I have found not only most enjoyable but also most beneficial.

"Personally I am never without one or the other, and usually have both, not only at home but also in the studio as I find my friends enjoy 'Kia-Ora' just as much as I do."



KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

represents the highest possible quality—real fresh lemon juice, most enjoyable and wholesome, also most economical and convenient.

Its rich and delectable flavour delights everyone, because it supplies in beverage form all the flavour and tang of fresh lemons, so agreeable and so good.

Your guests will enjoy Kia-Ora Lemon Squash, not only at lunch or dinner, but at all times, and will appreciate the fact that you cannot offer them a better brand.

A sovereign drink for all at all times

Sold throughout Great Britain at **2/2** and **1/2** per bottle.

KIA-ORA ORANGE SQUASH is equally as good and makes a very pleasant change. Price 2/2 and 1/2 per bottle.

(Prices in Great Britain only.)

Sole Makers:

KIA-ORA, LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1



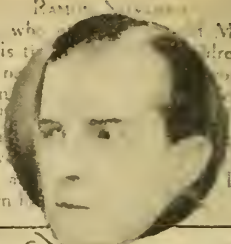
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
 Rudolph was born in 1895, and christened as Raffaele Giuseppe "Raffie" Valentino. He is of Italian extraction, and was a professional dancer in the military service. He is a professional film actor, and his favourite work and his favourite film is *The Foolish Wench*. He is tall, with black hair and eyes, and is married to Wilma Deering (Rambova).



Earle Rafael
 28th, 1886
 has a dark complexion, blue eyes, and is married to...




Ramon, who is of Mexican family, is the son of a Mexican father and an English mother. He was born in London on the 6th, 1894. He is tall, with black hair and eyes, and with the Revue. He is a stage actor, and his favourite stage play is *Ingram*.




Florence
 Florence Southern Houston, screen record goes to the screen in Dickens. Florence is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to Suzanne, who...

House
 was born to Anne on the 1st, 1890. She is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to...



Norma Talmadge
 was born on the 26th, 1894. She is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to...

Gloria Swanson
 was born in Chicago on the 27th, 1899. She is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to...



Will
 was born in California on the 1st, 1890. He is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to...

The Picturegoer's WHO'S WHO OF KINEMA STARS

100 Portraits with Biographies

KINNETT

Ivor Novello
 his mother is the singer January 15, 1891. He is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to...



Alice Terry
 was born in London on the 1st, 1890. She is of fair hair and eyes, and is married to...



Bethel
 D. W. Griffith's first wife, 5 ft. 3 ins. in height, with fair hair and eyes, and is married to Marshall Neilan.

The answer to a thousand questions about your Favourite Film Stars—

The Picturegoer's WHO'S WHO OF KINEMA STARS

Do You Know?

—who is Rudolph Valentino's most serious rival in good looks? If Betty Compson is married, and to whom?

The real name of Lew Cody? Of Betty Blythe? Who is "The Perfect Flapper"? That Agnes Ayres studied for the law? That Mae Busch used to take typical "vamp" roles? How "Hoot" Gibson got his name? That Dorothy Gish started her career at the age of 4 and is only five feet in height? Who is known as the "Girl with the Bee Stung Lips"? That Aileen Pringle is the wife of a former Governor of Jamaica

These and a thousand other facts about Film Stars will be found in *The Picturegoer's "Who's Who"*—the most informative work about Filmland ever published.

"I WONDER if he's married"—"I wonder how she started her career"—"I wonder if he has blue eyes"—"I wonder....."

The thousand and one questions that come crowding upon you about your Film Favourites are all answered in this new and absorbing volume just off the press "The Picturegoer's Who's Who of Kinema Stars."

All the little intimate things you wish to know about their lives are here revealed. Each biography—one hundred in all—is the life history of a Kinema Star in a nutshell, and each biography is superbly illustrated by a portrait in photogravure. The cover of this splendid book is heavily embossed in gold on art paper.

Here is a book which will be an ever faithful companion to answer your every question and a means of exacting the greatest possible enjoyment from the Kinema. Your copy is waiting for you. Send for it to-day.

1/-
 (1/2 post free)

Price 1s. 2d. post free from **The Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.**



Jack Pickford, accompanied by Marilyn Miller (who is Mrs. Jack), and Mary Hay, paid a fleeting visit to London, but Jack passed most of his time in bed. Paris seemed to suit him better, but they hope to return in time for the Kinematograph Garden Party, in which case you may be sure of catching them inside PICTUREGOER Postcard Parlour. Jack's last two films are *My Son* (Vitagraph) and *Waking Up the Town* (Allied Artists).

And, speaking of the Garden Party, there will be even more novel and interesting attractions there this year than last. There will be a film studio, wherein actual stars will be directed by England's leading producers. Then, when the visitors have seen exactly how Miss Betty Balfour, Miss Fay Compton or Mr. Ivor Novello and others appear before the camera, they will be able to watch the film in the many processes through which it passes before it reaches the screen. Special dark rooms and laboratories will be erected so that for the first time in the history of the British film industry, the public will realise the amount of work entailed in the making of a motion picture.

One of the kinema theatres which will be found at the Garden Party will exhibit some of the first films ever made, and here visitors will be able to see historical events which took place thirty years ago. These pictures are not recreations of the events, but the genuine records of such happenings as Queen Victoria's visit to Dublin, the coronation of King George, etc.

Another kinema theatre will show *Scenes the Censor Cuts*, which will undoubtedly prove a big attraction. At "The Rat Trap" the dance enthusiast will, in a Parisienne Apache haunt, be able to fox-trot with well-known film stars. At the Kinematograph Exhibitors' Association Stand one may be

sufficiently lucky as to win a Singer motor car, a billiard cue, a holiday in the country, or one of the many other interesting prizes offered.

Those who wish to learn something of their characters will be able to consult Miss Mary Odette (who will read cards for you), or a crystal gazer, a sand diviner, or an Aura-reader. Gladys Cooper, Betty Balfour, Fay Compton, Ivy Duke, Marjorie Hume, Chrissie White, Alma Taylor, Isobel Elsom, Gladys Jennings, Malvina Longfellow, John Morgan, Mary Odette, Betty Blythe, Madge Stuart, Mercy Hatton and many others are members of the Ladies' Committee, whilst Ivor Novello, Jack Buchanan, John Hamilton, Cameron Carr, Peter Dear, A. B. Imeson, Arthur Walcott, John Stuart, Malcolm Tod, Hugh Miller and many others will help. Tickets, which are 3/6 before the day, will cost 5/- if not purchased before July 11th, so send your postal order at once to the Organisers, Billie Bristow, Ltd., 27, D'Arbly Street,, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

Matheson Lang has finished *The Secret Kingdom* and is nearly through *The Qualified Adventurer*, at Stoll's Studios.

Heartiest congratulations to Chrissie White and Henry Edwards upon the arrival of their baby son on Saturday, June 6th.

Eric Von Stroheim has left Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer, but there has been no quarrel of any kind. Eric has made the following statement:—"The severance of my connection with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios has been most amiable and friendly. For some months past I have had under consideration the production of motion pictures as an independent under my own banner. On the other hand, independent capital has

GROSSMITH'S
TSANG-IHANG
Sweet PERFUME of Thibet

E LUSIVE and mysterious—powerful yet unobtrusive. An undying fragrance from the "mystic land beyond the Himalayas."

**TSANG-IHANG
FACE POWDER AND
TOILET CREAM**
ensure a perfect complexion.

Perfume	2/9, 4/9, 9/6
Face Powder	9½d., 1/2
Toilet Cream	1/-, etc.

Of all Chemists & Perfumers.

GROSSMITH



LONDON

The "WAVERLEY" COMB GIRL



POST FREE 1/2

CURL COMB

as you

Ordinary combs quickly destroy hair-waves. The **VASILY IMPROVED** new patent "Waverley" Comb, with its curled teeth, trains and keeps permanent natural curl. Ideal for bobbed, shingled, or long hair. Also suitable for men and children. These combs are guaranteed **NON-INFLAMMABLE**.

SMALL SIZE in leatherette case for handbag or pocket. *Post free 1/2*

DRESSING TABLE SIZE, with handle as illustrated. *Post free 1/8*

Or the two for 2/9 sent **POST PAID**.

PACKET OF
HAIR - WAVING POWDER FREE

To obtain more speedy results, with each comb I present FREE a liberal supply of Hair-Waving Powder which quickly turns the straightest hair into fascinating curls. Afterwards the regular use of the "Waverley" Comb will retain and establish permanent wave.

Send NOW P.O. for a "Waverley" Comb and FREE Hair-Waving Powder to:—

WM. PENN (Dept. P.G.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19. (Trade enquiries invited).



Your feminine charm has no deadlier foe

though you may be unaware of it yourself

IT is a physiological fact that persons troubled by underarm perspiration odour are themselves often unaware of its presence. It is also true that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odour, at least on some occasions—when they dance or exercise, or under stress of sudden excitement or embarrassment.

To-day, fastidious women everywhere are protecting themselves against this dangerous form of unloveliness. They are using Odorono, the toilet water that corrects that over-activity of the sweat glands which physicians call hyperhidrosis.

Odorono is a clear, antiseptic, harmless liquid formulated by a physician. It not only corrects perspiration odour, but annoying moisture as well. Twice a week is all you need to use it, to have complete protection against stained clothing and against that offensive odour which destroys personal daintiness.

At all high-class chemists' and departmental stores, 1/6, 2/9, and 5/-, or sent post free.

Send for sample—only 3d.

ODO-RO-NO

Corrects perspiration moisture and odour



THE ODORONO COMPANY, Dept. P3.
c/o Fassett & Johnson, Ltd.,
86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

Enclosed is 3d. in stamps, for which please send me sample of Odorono and your booklet. "A Frank discussion of a subject every woman should understand."

Name.....

Address.....



A group of fourteen beauties appearing with Leatrice Joy in "The Dressmaker from Paris."

been offered for the production of pictures in which I am to act and which I will direct. Government propositions have been offered whereby I may produce motion pictures in Mexico City, Vienna and Rome. As yet I have not determined definitely which proposition I shall finally undertake. The cutting of my recent production *The Merry Widow*, will be concluded by M-G-M and it is very satisfying to me that the release from my contract has been so satisfactorily arranged."

Ramon Novarro, if *Ben Hur* is completed in time, is to play "Faust" in Germany, with Emil Jannings and Lillian Gish. Metro-Goldwyn having entered into a reciprocity arrangement with U.F.A. by which they will distribute the German-made feature in America.

Herbert Brenon has returned to America after a prolonged conference with Barrie anent the screening of *A Kiss for Cinderella*.

The Valentino medal went (very deservedly) to John Barrymore, in *Beau Brummel*, for the best screen performance of 1924. Norma Talmadge ran him very close for her work in *Secrets* and gained both second and third places. Seventy-five entries did the voting and Norma received nine for first place against Barrymore's 15, whilst for total, first, second and third, her 29 just beat his 27. Wallace Beery and Lillian Gish received two votes each for first place.

Natacha Rambova was so busy on her first screen production *What Price Beauty?* that she was actually late for Rudy's Birthday dinner. She has Nita Naldi for her star, and Virginia Pearson, Templar Saxe, Pierre Gendron and Dolores Johnson for support. The settings are said to have startled even the

United Studios' personnel (*The Thief of Bagdad* was made there) and Nita Naldi's black velvet dresses, innumerable rings and Chinese-length fingernails are responsible for many round-eyed stares. Rudy, who is now with Allied Artists is making *The Untamed*, a Poushkin story.

John Stuart writes to tell us he has signed on for two more films to be made abroad. "One is for Smelka," he says "called *Bachelors' Wives*," directed by Franz Seitz, with exteriors made in Vienna and Milan. I start at once, so expect to be well baked (Italy in mid-summer is more or less like a certain place not on the map and not mentioned in polite society.) However, the other, which is for W. and F. has locations in Africa and so if Italy doesn't finish me off, Africa surely will."

A thoroughly reliable hygienic deodorant is Ban-O-Dor. If you suffer from the effects of excessive perspiration when dancing or playing tennis, send for a free sample to Research Laboratories, Dept. B65, 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1. Ban-O-Dor is harmless, will not injure skin or fabrics and acts with the same antiseptic effect as oxygen.

The ideal dentifrice should remove the "film" from the teeth in a pleasant efficient and harmless manner. By so doing the natural beauty of the teeth is revealed and the mouth really feels clean and fresh. You cannot do better than to try Pepsodent to bring about this result. The makers claim that it is founded on new principles. It contains no soap to froth; no chalk; nothing hard to scratch the enamel. A tube that will last for 10 days can be obtained by sending a postcard to the Pepsodent Company, Dept. 256, 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1, or by using the coupon on page 55.



you cant brush these waves out!

No brush or comb can take out these deep, permanent waves

At last all you straight-haired girls can possess that lovely, wavy glistening hair you have always envied. *To-morrow night will bring this new hair beauty to you.* Just apply this new scientific discovery—Butywave—to your hair (it will take only a minute or so) and your mirror in the morning will show you a gleaming mass of beautiful wavy hair—deep waves shimmering with light and colour. Perfect waves that before you could only get by expensive “permanent waving.” For a week afterwards these wonderful waves will still be there—making you a beautiful girl, however plain your face, and a touch of Butywave *once a week only* will keep these fascinating waves in *permanently*. Butywave—this wonderful discovery by a well-known beauty chemist—is guaranteed perfectly harmless and non-injurious. It is *good* for the hair. It nourishes the hair, bringing out all its natural colour and beauty, whether it be bobbed, shingled, or long, and imparting a delicate, fascinating fragrance. May be used with or without wavers. Is neither sticky nor greasy.

Miss J. Bolt, Southwick Road, Sunderland, writes:—
“Butywave is wonderful. I would never have believed it! All my friends want to know how I can afford ‘permanent waving,’ but I keep my secret.”

Think how little these lovely waves will cost you, The 1s. 9d. size of Butywave will last five or six months. Luxurious wavy tresses *always* for less than a penny a week!

So now you've no excuse for that ugly straight hair any longer. Get your Butywave from the next chemist, or send 1s. 9d. with this coupon, which **GUARANTEES THAT IF YOUR HAIR IS NOT LUXURIANTLY WAVY WITHIN THREE DAYS YOUR MONEY IS SENT BACK AT ONCE!**



GLADYS WALTON,
 the popular Film Star, says:—
“I find ‘Butywave’ all you claim. It is really wonderful how the waves keep set . . . and what charming, natural waves they are!”

Post to **THE BUTYWAVE CO.,**
 10, Tachbrook Street, London, S.W.1.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose Postal Order for 1s. 9d. Please post my Butywave at once. I buy only on the understanding that if within three days my hair is not beautifully wavy, and I return the remainder of the Butywave to you, you will send my 1s. 9d. back to me at once without asking a question.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

P.g.



Keep that schoolgirl complexion

In early youth the skin does its own beautifying because nature has provided a skin oil intended to keep the complexion smooth and soft.

Gentle cleansing with a suitable facial soap leaves the beautifying oil of youth unharmed, yet frees the pores from clogging accumulations.

The only problem is the choice of soap, and this is easily solved. You want mild soap, soothing soap, soap that is lotion-like in its action. Such soap has reached its final perfection in famous Palmolive.

Palmolive is the perfect blend of palm and olive oils, the finest soap ingredients the world has ever known.

The profuse, creamy Palmolive lather is so gentle in its cleansing properties that it keeps your complexion satin-textured and smooth.

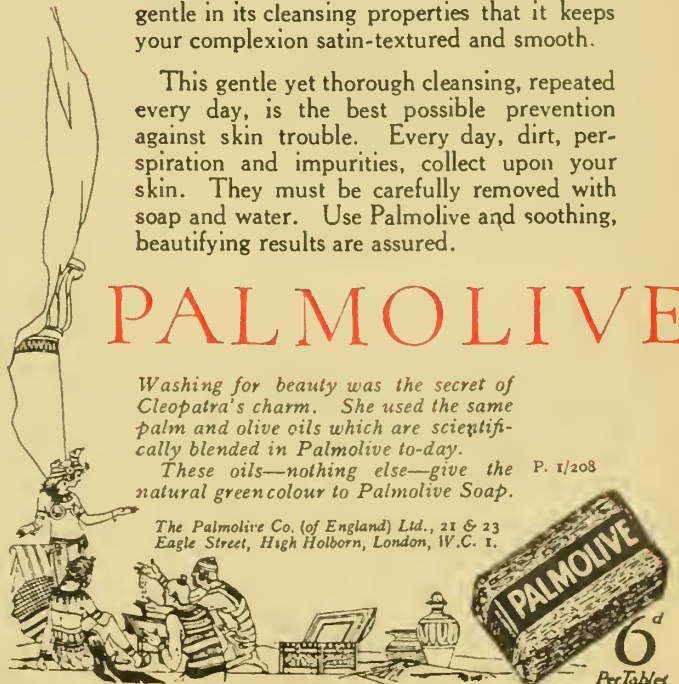
This gentle yet thorough cleansing, repeated every day, is the best possible prevention against skin trouble. Every day, dirt, perspiration and impurities, collect upon your skin. They must be carefully removed with soap and water. Use Palmolive and soothing, beautifying results are assured.

PALMOLIVE

Washing for beauty was the secret of Cleopatra's charm. She used the same palm and olive oils which are scientifically blended in Palmolive to-day.

These oils—nothing else—give the natural green colour to Palmolive Soap.

The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., 21 & 23 Eagle Street, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.



Heads You Win-----



Helena D'Algy.

Does your hair resemble that of Helena D'Algy, the beautiful film star whose portrait appears on the left? If so, it may bring you £10 to spend on your holidays. Read this article carefully, and then—why it's up to you.

all there is to the competition.

You have till July 20th to make up your mind whether you're going to get that £10 or not.

There's no harm in trying, anyhow, for consolation prizes will be given to the ten competitors whose hair comes next in order of resemblance to that of Helena D'Algy. This lady who hails from sunny Italy has dark brown, nearly black tresses, and very dark eyes. Eyes, however, don't matter, but blondes cannot enter this month. Light brown hair is eligible, or red-gold, but true pale golden tresses must wait another opportunity. As brunettes outnumber blondes by about six to one we anticipate a record number of entries this month.

Please tell all your friends about this competition and read the rules carefully before sending photographs and coupons along.

Last month's winner is Miss Peggy Simpson, to whom we send our hearty congratulations and £5, and to whom Messrs. Prichard and Constance have also sent £5, as she was a user of their famous Shampoo Powder. We are retaining her photograph, as well as all those sent in which we consider eligible for the final prize of £20 for the most beautiful head of hair in the whole competition. Read these rules carefully.

- 1—There is no Entrance Fee.
- 2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows:—"Beautiful Hair"

Competition No. 3, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

- 3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.
- 4—The closing date for this Competition is July 20th, 1925. The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.
- 5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.
- 6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PRIZES DOUBLED.

Messrs. PRICHARD & CONSTANCE announce that in the event of the Prize Winner being a user of Amami Shampoo Powder they will double the monthly prize—thus making it £10. All Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoo will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

IMPORTANT.—If you wish to qualify for these Extra Prizes, you must enclose with your photograph an empty Amami Shampoo Powder Sachet to show that you are a bona-fide user.



Peggy Simpson, of 261 Holburn Street, Aberdeen, who wins last month's £10.

If Shock-Headed Peter were still alive he'd feel quite at home amongst some of the bobbed-haired beauties of to-day. And the other famous kiddie of the nursery rhyme who "had a head of hair, his Ma's delight, his Dad's despair," might have won a prize for the thickest locks of any boy of his age. But as they're all long ago sleeping with their fathers they aren't eligible for our Competition, which is for Ladies Only.

Beautiful hair has always been an asset, but it has not, until now been a moneymaker also. Two girls' "crowning glories" have brought them crisp cheques of £10 each in the new Competition running in PICTUREGOER and ROMANCE. Besides this they are qualified for the final prize of £20 (£10 from the Editor and £10 from Amami, Ltd.), if they happen to be users of Amami Shampoo Powder.

Would you like £10 now, and the prospect of another £20 in 3 months' time?

Your reply isn't difficult to anticipate.

Therefore, read carefully the simple rules of this competition and go ahead. Remember, in this competition, features don't count, the plainest girl has as good a chance as the most beautiful. It's just hair, and colour, and texture of the hair that's the thing. Study the portrait at the head of this page, then take a mirror and have a good look at your hair. If you hesitate to take your own opinion, ask your friends to give you their advice. Then send the Editor a photograph or snap-shot (let it be a good sized one if it's a snap-shot, please!) and that's

FREE COUPON

To the Editor,

Picturegoer (Beautiful Hair Competition No. 3),
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I desire to enter my photograph in the PICTUREGOER "Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 3, in accordance with the printed rules and conditions.

Name

Address

.....

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 17.)

"Now come here and try it through the doorway." He led her around the set. "Now stand here and see can you put it into the wall just to the right of the window. Good!" Some little knife-thrower, I'll say. Now try it once with Jack coming through. Get set, Jack."

Jack made his way to the window through which he was to leap. He paused to look in with some concern. "Say, Mr. Burke, will you please make sure she understands? She isn't to let go of that thing until I'm in and crouched down ready to shoot—understand what I mean? I don't want to get nicked nor nothing."

"All right, all right! She understands."

Jack leaped through the window to a crouch, weapon in hand. The knife quivered above him as he shot.

"Fine and dandy. Some class, I'll say. All right, Jack. Get back. We'll gun this little scene right here and now. All ready, Jack, all ready, Miss Montague—camera!—one, two, three—come in, Jack." Again the knife quivered in the wall above his head even while he crouched to shoot at the treacherous Mexican.

"Good work, Flips. Thanks a whole lot. We'll do as much for you some time."

"You're entirely welcome, Mr. Burke. No trouble to oblige. How you coming?"

"Coming good. This thing's going to be a knockout. I bet it'll gross a million. Nearly done, too, except for some chase stuff up in the hills. I'll do that next week. What you doing?"

"Oh, everything's jake with me. I'm over on Number Four—*Toys of Destiny*—putting a little pep into the mob stuff. Laid out for two hours, waiting for—I don't know what."

Merton Gill passed on. He confessed now to a reluctant admiration for the Montague girl. She could surely throw a knife. He must practise that himself some time. He might have stayed to see more of this drama, but he was afraid the girl would break out into more of her nonsense. He was aware that she swept him with her eyes as he turned away, but he evaded her glance. She was not a person, he thought, that one ought to encourage.

He emerged from the great building and crossed an alley to another of like size. Down toward its middle was the usual wall of canvas with half a dozen men about the opening at one corner. A curious whirring noise came from within. He became an inconspicuous unit of the group and gazed in. The lights were on, revealing a long table elaborately set as for a banquet, but the guests who stood about gave him instant uneasiness. They were in the grossest caricatures of evening dress, both men and women, and they were not beautiful. The gowns of the women were grotesque and the men were lawless appearing, either as to hair or beards or both. He divined the dreadful thing he was stumbling upon even before he noted the sign in large letters on the back of a folding chair: "Jeff Baird's Buckeye Comedies."

(To be continued next month.)

10-day tube FREE

Mail the coupon.



Now!

Whiten Cloudy Teeth

Under that film on your teeth (run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it) are the clean, glistening teeth you envy. Combat it this way—see what pretty teeth you have.

EVERYWHERE are whiter teeth, teeth that gleam and sparkle.

This offers you free a ten-day test of the way that brings them. Simply mail the coupon.

What you find will surprise you. Your teeth are covered with a dingy film that ordinary methods do not combat successfully. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth that you envy.

The great enemy of teeth.

Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty, and,

according to the world's dental authorities, is regarded as the potential source of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

Mail the coupon. Or ask your chemist for Pepsodent. Don't expect the same results from old-time dentifrices. Start beautifying your teeth to-day.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to **Pepsodent** TRADE MARK 1712

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, *The New-Day Quality Dentifrice*
(Dept. 256), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S.E. 1,

Name

Address

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family.

Picturegoer, July '25.

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BEGINNERS' LUCK

(Continued from page 18.)

ing room familiarly known as "The Kitchen." You are almost sure to go to the Suicides' Table. This is one of the tables that Betty plays at in the film.

With "The Kitchen," there is a whole suite of public rooms in which Roulette and Trente-and-Quarante are played. You are not allowed to smoke in these rooms but if you have taken the precaution to pay an increased fee you can pass through felt-covered and screened doors leading into what are known as the Salons Privés or private rooms where play goes on just the same way. The minimum stakes are a little higher but one has the privilege of smoking.

No writer, painter or film producer can ever describe the monotonous cries of the croupiers, "*Messieurs, faite vos jeux*" as they spin the wheel and "*Rien ne va plus*" as the ivory ball drops on to the disc, but the film producer can convey most realistically on the screen the extraordinary atmosphere of impassivity which pervades every table.

To disturb this sphinx-like expression which belongs as much to the whole company of gamblers as it does to the individual is to excite emphatic, if silent disapproval. It isn't done. The regular gamblers you can tell by their books and pencils. They all have systems and they all lose. On the other hand you, as a casual visitor, are equipped with "beginners' luck." You try a little flutter and are surprised to find how easy it is to get 20 or 30 francs back for your 10.

Sooner or later you are almost sure to try to bring off a coup by putting your stake on a number to win at 35 to 1. There is a great satisfaction in seeing all the regular gamblers' money raked in by the croupier and yours standing solitary on a number waiting for the pile of chips to be pushed across,

There is quite a lot of legend about Monte Carlo and the Casino, some of it of the type that newspapers like to print concerning suicides and how they are smuggled away to some secret cemetery which nobody has ever succeeded in finding. More romantic is the legend of the Golden Stairs. The latter lead to the offices of the Administration of the Casino and it is said that people who are "broke" at the tables can ascend the stairs and are given their return fare home. An episode takes place on the Golden Stairs, in the film.

I told you that the moment you come into touch with Monte Carlo, you will be favoured with "beginners' luck." Thanks to Louis Mercanton, if you cannot go to Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo will be brought to you and certainly you are going to have "beginners' luck" in the enjoyment of the Riviera, the fascination of the Casino and the *entrée* into the most beautiful villas round Monte Carlo at a very moderate cost and without the fatigue of travel.

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Wanda Hawley

Wanda Hawley

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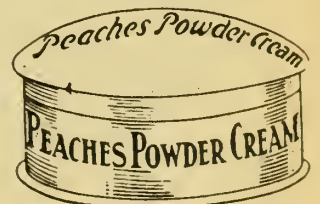
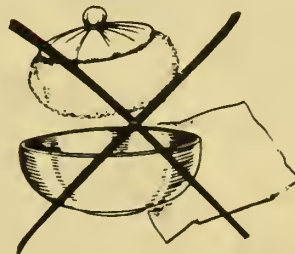
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Born Rich (*Ass. First Nat.*; July 6).

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor in a Society story about a wealthy young couple, who only discover true happiness when they lose their money. Cullen Landis, Doris Kenyon, Frank Morgan, J. Barney Sherry, Jackie Ott, William Burton, and Maude Turner Gordon support the stars. Director, Will Nigh. Capitably played and mounted comedy drama.

Broken Shackles (*Phillips*; July 2).

Thomas H. Swinton, Mildred Ryan, Edward Grace, Henry West, and Luella Carr, in a vivid story of love and regeneration, with some thrilling under-water scenes. Fair entertainment.

Curly Top (*Fox*; July 27).

A Thomas Burke story of Limehouse, well played by Shirley Mason, Wallace MacDonald, Warner Clark, Diana Miller, George Kuiva, Ernest Adams, Nora Hayden, and La Verne Lindsay. Director, Maurice Elvey. Fair entertainment.

The Coast of Opportunity (*Western Import*; July 27).

A conventional Mexican adventure story of a crooked copper deal and a plucky fight, starring J. Warren Kerrigan, supported by Hershel Mayall, Ruth Langston, Fritzi Brunette, Eddy Hearn, Florence Hollester, Carl Stockdale, and Wm. V. Mong.

A Dangerous Flirtation (*Stoll*; July 6).

Evelyn Brent, Edward Earle, Sheldon Lewis, Pierre Gendron, and Clarissa Selwyn, in the story of a flirt's hasty marriage and tardy repentance. Director, Tod Browning. Good dramatic fare.

Dangerous Money (*Paramount*; July 20).

The love story of a girl who inherited a million which rather turned her head. Interesting exteriors and good acting by Bebe Daniels, Tom Moore, William Powell, Dolores Cassinelli, Mary Foy, and Edward O'Connor. Director, Frank Tuttle. Good melodramatic fare.

Dangerous Pastimes (*Pathé*; July 20).

Poor mystery drama with elaborate Oriental settings and a good cast, comprising Lew Cody, Cleo Ridgley, Elinor Fair, Mrs. Irving Cummings, Arthur Hoyt, and Frank Elliott. Director, Jas. W. Horne.

A Daughter of Love (*Stoll*; July 20).

A screen novelette about the daughter of a servant girl who marries a peer's son. Featuring Violet Hopson and Jameson Thomas, supported by John Stuart, Minna Grey, Gladys Mason, Fred Raynham, Madge Tree, Ena Evans, and Arthur Walcott. Director, Walter West. Fair entertainment.

The Dixie Handicap (*Jury-Metro-Goldwyn*; July 6).

A racing romance of the Old South; very human and sympathetic, and well played by Frank Keenan, Claire Windsor, Lloyd Hughes, John Sainpolis, Otis Harlan, Joseph Morrison, Edward Martindel, Ruth King, and Wm. Orlamond. Director, Reginald Barker. Excellent entertainment.

A Divorce of Convenience (*W. and F.*; July 13).

Owen Moore in a farcical comedy of divorce and a lovesick swain. Katherine Perry, Nita Naldi, Wanderlee, Geo. A. Lessey. Dan J. Duffy and Chas. Craig support-Director.

Dynamite Dan (*W. and F.*; July 6).

A stunt story about a college boy who became a prize fighter. Kenneth McDonald stars, supported by Diana Allen, Boris Karloff, Frank Rice, Harry Woods, Jack Richardson, Eddie Hains, Carrie D'Aumere, and Emile Gerdes. Good of its kind.

Empty Hands (*Paramount*; July 6).

A weak story about a society girl and an out-of-doors man stranded in a Northern wilderness, played by Jack Holt, Norma Shearer, Charles Clarey, Ward Crane, Hazel Keener, and Hank Mann. Director, Victor Fleming.

The End of the Rope (*July 27*).

Big Boy Williams, Vivian Rich, Florence McKie, and Fern Ferguson, in Western thrill story. Good open-air stuff.

Fearbound (*Vitagraph*; July 27).

Good mining drama of the "Tol'able David" kind, starring Marjorie Daw and Will Nigh, supported by Niles Welch Louise Mackintosh, Ed. F. Roseman, James Bradbury, jun., Warner Richmond, D. MacReynolds, Jean Jarine, and Frank Conlon. Director, Will Nigh.

Feet of Clay (*Paramount*; July 13).

Elaborately staged and amusingly titled, this exotic romance will please everybody. Cast includes Vera Reynolds, Rod La Rocque, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff, and Victor Varconi. Director, Cecil B. De Mille. Excellent entertainment.

Idle Tongues (*Ass. First Nat.*; July 20).

An American small town story of an unjust imprisonment and the suffering it brought upon the hero—Percy Marmont, of course. In support appear Doris Kenyon, Claude Gellingwater, Lucille Rickson, Malcolm McGregor, David Torrence, Vivia Ogden, Marguerite Clayton, and Ruby Lafayette. Fair entertainment.

Leave it to Jerry (*Butchers*; July 21).

A bright romance about a girl who wanted to be a boy. Billie Rhodes stars, assisted by Willie Collier, jun., Claire McDowell, Kate Lester, Kathleen Kirkham, Jos. W. Girard, and Allan Cavan. Director, Ben Wilson.

The Legend of Hollywood (*F. B. O.*; July 6).

Said to be founded on fact, this story of movieland has an intensely dramatic climax, and is powerfully played by Percy Marmont, Zasu Pitts, Alec Davenport, Dorothy Dorr, and "Comeo." Director, Renard Hoffman. Read the story in this issue.

The Lighthouse By the Sea (*Gaumont*; July 6).

Good, quick action melodrama, starring Rin-Tin-Tin, the clever dog, also Louise Fazenda, Willie "Buster" Collier, jun., Matthew Betz, Douglas Gerrard, and Charles Hill Meirls. Director, Mal St. Clair.

A Lost Lady (*Gaumont*; July 20).

Irene Rich in an excellent character-study of an unsympathetic but fascinating *amorceuse*. Matt Moore, June Marlowe, John Roche, Victor Polel, George Fawcett, Eva Gordon, and Nanette Valone also appear. Director, Harry Beaumont. An interesting movie.

Love's Masquerade (*W. and F.*; July 20).

Conway Tearle, Winifred Westover, Florence Billings, Robert Ellis, Danny Hays, Arthur Houseman, and Robert Schable, in a society story of circumstantial evidence. Fair entertainment.

Manhattan (*Paramount*; July 27).

Richard Dix as a bored society youth who seeks thrills in the underworld—and finds them and a wife also. Jacqueline Logan, Gregory Kelly, George Seigman, Gunboat Smith, Oscar Figman, Edna May Oliver, and Alice Chopin support. Director, H. Burnside. Good entertainment.

The Man Maker (*Phillips*; July 20).

George Arliss as a magnate who disguises himself as a clerk to make a man out of his idle son. Edith Roberts, Taylor Holmes, Ivan Simpson, Ronald Colman, and Little Joseph Donohue also appear. Good entertainment.

The Man Who Played Square (*Fox*; July 2).

A good thrilling Westerner, with many original features and plenty of comic relief. Buck Jones, Ben Hendricks, David Kirby, Hank Mann, Wanda Hawley, and William Scott are the players. Director, Al Santell.

The Price of Pleasure (*European*; July 6).

Virginia Valli and Norman Kerry in a re-filming of *The Price of a Good Time*, Mildred Harris's first star movie. Kate Lister, George Fawcett, T. Roy Barros, Marie Astaire, and James O.

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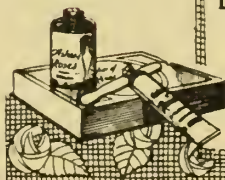
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Bathing girls, tennis girls, dancing girls, in fact every girl will find Veet Cream a quick, pleasant and satisfactory solution to the perplexing problem of superfluous hair. This wonderful, perfumed, velvety cream has been used by nearly two million women to get rid of those disfiguring growths of hair that destroy charm and daintiness. It contains no Barium Sulphide or other poisonous ingredient. Does not stimulate hair growth like a razor, and is far superior to ordinary evil-smelling depilatories. You simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case, or money back. Veet may be obtained for 3/- and 1/6 from all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price plus 6d. for postage, etc. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 370E), 68 Bolsover St., London, W. 1.

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Barrows support the star. Director, Edward Sloman. Good entertainment.

The Riding Kid from Powder River

(European; July 20).

Excellent ranch scenes, good horsemanship and sound acting, make this Westerner worth while, despite a thin story. Cast includes Hoot Gibson, Gladys Hulette, Tully Marshall, Walter Long, and Wm. A. Stehle. Director, Edward Sedgwick.

The Scuttlers (Fox; July 16).

William Farnum in a dual rôle in an adventure story of the sea. Jackie Saunders, Herschel Mayall, Raymond Ney, and Arthur Millet support the star. Director, J. Gordon Edwards. Good entertainment.

The Sixth Commandment (Unity; July 20).

Uncritical fans will enjoy this sob melodrama, which has a very religious flavour and a good cast, comprising William Faversham, Kathlyn Martyn, Charlotte Walker, John Bohn, J. Neil Hamilton, Sara Wood, Consuelo Fiowerton, Charles Emmett Mack, and Edmond Breese.

So Big (Ass. First Nat.; July 13).

A simple and sincere mother-love story, excellent on all points, especially the acting by Colleen Moore, John Bowers, Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling, Sam De Grane, Dot Farley, Rosemary Theby, Gladys Brockwell, Jean Hersholt, Phyllis Haver, Henry Hebert, Frankie Dano, Baby Dorothy Brock, and Charlotte Merriam. Director, Charles Brabin.

So This is Marriage (Jury-Goldwyn-Mayer; July 27).

A frank narrative of a fond, but rather assertive married couple and their bickerings, with an elaborate biblical inset. Cast includes Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman, Lew Cody, John Boles, Warner Oland, John Patrick, and Mabel Julienn Scott. Director, Hobart Henley. Good entertainment.

The Sunset Trail (European; July 17).

William Desmond in a whimsical tram; romance. Garth Hughes, Lucille Hutton, A. Steel, Albert J. Smith, and G. E. Jennings in support. Director, Ernst Laemmle. Fair entertainment.

Those Who Judge (Wardour, July 20)

A society melodrama of youth, some

what long-winded and not very original. A good cast includes Flora Le Breton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lou Tellegen, Mary Theseman, Walter Miller, Jack Henry, and Edmund Breese. Director, Burton King. Fair entertainment.

Troubles of a Bride (Fox; July 13).

Excellent crook burlesque, full of action, stunts, and thrills. All star cast includes Alan Hale, Robert Agnew, Mildred June, Bruce Covington, Dolores Rouse, Charles Conklin and Bud Jamieson. Director, Thos. Buckingham.

Unseen Hands (Unity; July 27).

Wallace Beery in a study of a very complete villain, somewhat gloomy, but out of the common. Joseph Dowby Fontaine La Rue, Jack Rollins, Cleo Madison, Jim Cooney, and Mamie Grey support the star. Director, Jacques Jacard. Good entertainment.

Up in the Far North (Gaumont; July 9).

Unpretentious, but thoroughly interesting, this travel picture of a cruise from Seattle to Alaska, Siberia and Wrangel is all too short. Excellent entertainment.

Waking Up the Town (Allied Artists; July 20).

An entertaining movie woven round a man's idea that the world will come to an end on a certain day. Jack Pickford stars, with Norma Shearer, Alec B. Francis, and Claire McDowell in support. Good comedy fare.

The Warrens of Virginia (Fox; July 20).

David Belasco's stage success filmed, with Wilfred Lytell, Martha Mansfield, George Backus, Frank Andrews, J. Barney Sherry, and Lieut. Wilbur Fox. Director, Elmer Clifton. Good costume melodrama.

The Wife of the Centaur (Jury-Goldwyn-Mayer; July 13).

Well directed and finely acted triangle society drama. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman star, with Aileen Pringle, Kate Lester, William Haines, Kate Price, and Jacqueline Gadsdon in support. Director, King Vidor. Excellent entertainment.

Worldly Goods (Paramount; July 23).

Fairly good husband and wife comedy, played by Agnes Ayres, Edythe Chapman, Bert Woodruff, Otto Lederer, Pat Malley, Victor Varconi, and Cecille Mans. Director, Paul Bern.

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MY TRIP ABROAD.

(Continued from page 27.)

as though the dark forest was drenched in blood, which might so easily have been his own.

Also, he was very ill for quite a long time. He had a high fever and it looked for a while as though the brigands had achieved their death purpose after all.

I also took a picture of the ravine.

After this we drove into the town itself and took a walk down "Main Street"—for there is a "Main Street," even in faraway, remote, unimportant little Castellaneta. And what is more, unlike the progressive Main Streets of America, it hadn't changed a bit. No "Rotary Clubs," no "Civic Improvement Societies" had had their renovating hands upon this Main Street. It brooded still, still and undisturbed. It was just exactly the same. So much the same that I found that I remembered every spot.

One particular spot here I escaped (I seemed to have been in a continual state of "escaping")—this time I was about five—and ran away from school and went for a donkey ride. Coming back from that particular expedition, I met my father, and my adventure ended in the usual ignominious way—one can easily imagine *what!*

Some of the "old folks" were there, too. Keeping their little shops, just as they had been keeping them when I was five.

Then I walked down the street where some friends of my family were still living. We went upstairs and after a perfect bombardment of ejaculations, questions, amazements, we were offered some refreshments after the fashion of the Southern Italians, said, hospitality usually taking the form of a demi-tasse and home-made cakes. We stayed a couple of hours and I wanted to stay longer, both there and in the town, looking up other old friends whose names and memories had so long stayed with me, but I felt that I had to make Naples that night, and so we left and started for this, our destination, getting as far as Salerno. It was a splendid drive. The mountain roads were, for a wonder, in marvellous condition.

One of the points of interest was a huge castle which dates back to 1000 or 1050 and was occupied by Theodor, the Byzantine Emperor.

We found we couldn't make Naples last night. It was eleven o'clock when we reached Salerno and being rather too tired to break any more records,

we decided to put up there. This morning we started for Naples.

At Pompeii we left the car and I took my Aunt through the excavations. I should liked to have lingered a long while there. A city that once lived so vitally, a city death-struck and entombed, in toto, in the bowels of destruction, a city slowly rebuilding like a phoenix rising unscathed from the cerements of ash. I have heard the fact that Pompeii is rebuilding slowly is rather unfortunate than the reverse, since a great many of the rebuilding attempts have been the work of vandals rather than of archæologists. Our inspection of the ruins, cursory as it was, took quite half a day and what with luncheon at two o'clock, it was three-thirty or four as we started—and on the worst piece of road I found in all my trip coming from or going back. This road passes from Salerno to a little beyond Naples.

I actually gave thanks, for the first time since Rome, that Natacha was not with me. It would have unfitted her for another inch of travel so long as she should live. Auntie commented on the same fact.

That last stretch of about eighteen miles I had to go absolutely in the dark. Couldn't see my hand in front of my face, nor Auntie's face beside me. Twice automobiles passed me, going in the opposite direction, and they nearly blinded me.

The end of the journey grows on apace. And as I faced the beginning of it with joy and anticipation so, haply, I face the end of it in somewhat the same spirit. For at the journey's end waits home and work and Natacha (NOT in the order of their importance).

(To be continued).



Rudy in
Rough
Rider's
rig-out.

Pleased
to meet
YOU—

If you attend the Kinematograph Garden Party on July 11, don't forget to pay a visit to the PICTUREGOER Postcard Parlour, where all the most famous film stars will be on hand to sell you autographed cards.

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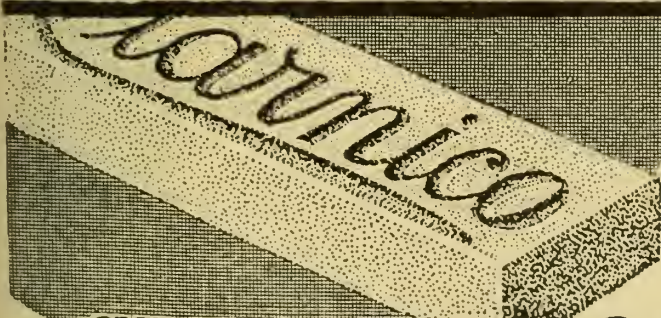
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RAMONSKI (Barnsley).—Although you tell me you're a woman, the fact that you haven't asked a single question makes me think you must be joking. On the other hand your idea that I'm a good-looking man seems to point to feminine intuition, so what am I to think? Anyway, I've forwarded your letter to Ramon.

TERESA (High Wycombe).—(1) Rex Ingram is Irish, his real name is Hitchcock, and he did at one time live in Dublin. (2) Rudolph Valentino's first wife was Jean Acker. You ask whether I am a "staid, sober soul of fifty or a 'gay young chinvar.'" Why not a gay young soul of fifty?

YVONNE (Woodford).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Tom Mix's address is c/o Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. (2) An art plate of Tom appeared in August 1924 PICTUREGOER. (3) Sorry I can't spare you any of my patience—I need it all myself!

DAVID (London).—(1) Dick Barthelme's next picture, *Soul Fire*, is a modern story, not a period play. (2) I believe Dick plays the piano but I don't know about the violin. (3) He has done stage work. Glad the art plate of Joan Morgan suited you.

ARTIST (Hull).—(1) Pauline Frederick's birthday is August 12th, and she was born in 1886. (2) I'll see about an art plate of her later on. Her latest film is *Smouldering Fires*.

MOTORIST (Cambridge).—(1) Betty Balfour learnt dancing at an early age. (2) She can drive a car but I really don't know whether she owns one. (3) So far as I know Isobel Elsom had not been married before her marriage to Maurice Elvay. (4) There will certainly be another Kinema Garden Party this year, don't forget to pay us a visit there. (5) Betty Balfour lives with her aunt. The release date of *Satan's Sister* is fixed for September next.

RAMONITE (Epsom).—You've evidently got it very badly. (1) *The Arab* has been generally released, and has had a special run at the Tivoli, London.

MU (Harwich).—I've forwarded your letters with my usual goodness of heart.

E. M. (Southend).—An interview with Gloria Swanson appeared in September 1924 PICTUREGOER.

O. M.—Letter forwarded.

GEORGINA (Glasgow).—Pleased to make your acquaintance, Georgina. (1) *Mon-*

sieur Beaucaire will probably have been shown in Glasgow by the time this is printed. It was generally released on March 31st. (2) I'm afraid I can't hold out any great hopes of your seeing Monte Blüe in your town, when he comes over in the summer. (3) Rod La Rocque's address is c/o Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California, until the new C. B. De Mille studios are ready.

A. R. M. (South Africa).—(1) Harry Carey is married to a non-professional. He was born Jan. 6th, 1880. (2) Victoria Forde, Tom Mix's wife, was an actress before her marriage. Tom is an American. (3) Matt and Tom Moore are brothers.

E. M. C. (Bournemouth).—(1) Lee Parry has made several films in Germany lately, but none of them have been shown over here yet.

PEGGY (Richmond).—(1) You can obtain a postcard of your favourite from "The Picturegoer Salon," 88, Long Acre, W.C.2. Write and ask them for their latest postcard list. The latest addition to these is a series of snapshots of Kinema Stars at home. These are a penny each, and a shilling for the series of twelve.

EMMY (Stratford-on-Avon).—Since you say so it must be so—I never contradict a lady.

MADGE (Birmingham).—(1) Don't know where you'll get a photo of Hutin Britton, Matheson Lang's wife, unless you write to her direct. (2) They have no children.

DINKY (Dulwich).—(1) Letter forwarded to Norma Talmadge. (2) Most stars answer their fan mail so I don't see why Norma should prove an exception. But I can't say how long you'll have to wait for the reply.

ANN (London).—(1) Pola Negri has finished work on *East of Suez* but it won't be shown over here for some time yet. (2) Pola has only been married once—to Count Dombksi. However, she has several times been reported engaged and last year she very nearly married Charlie Chaplin.

M. V. E. (London).—Letter forwarded.

RAMON'S ADORER (West Norwood).—(1) You can obtain a copy of Jan. 1924 PICTUREGOER from our Publishing Dept., Arne Street, W.C.2, price 1/3, post free. (2) Eduardo Novarro, who is thirteen years old, had a small part in *The Red Lily*.

(Many answers unavoidably held over.)

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Oyez!
Oyez!
Oyez!

A lot of other people think so, too, and the result is the Kinematograph Garden Party. This year, PICTUREGOER is running a Post Card Parlor wherein you can buy personally autographed post-cards from the stars themselves. Winsome Joan Morgan is in charge, assisted by thirty other stars, headed by Ivor Novello, who will relieve her for fifteen to twenty minute intervals during the afternoon, and evening. So roll up in your thousands AND DON'T LEAVE YOUR PURSES AT HOME! Any money you spend goes to a very deserving Charity.

"You've asked me so often 'What do you think?'" fulminates *The Watcher* (Clapton), "that I'm almost tempted to tell you. Three-

deckers have gone out, however, so I'll be merciful and brief. Firstly, having studied American film papers, I come back gratefully to THE PICTUREGOER. They employ creatures who give sentimental moral lectures on the "Answers" page. Thanks to "George" sanity is preserved even there; and with Pinpricks at the other end we are well-salted against slush—elegant word,

that. Seriously, I wish you would add the names of the directors to the invaluable Picturegoers' Guide. It would only be another half-line and it's an important consideration.

"Also, why not restore the Best of the Month feature. Supers always get plenty of notice, but there is often better acting and production in the modest five-

E. R. T.'s a Pessimist! reeler. Couldn't someone do for the best pictures of the month a criticism in the same style as E. R. Thompson's admirable articles on the stars. May I be allowed to thank him (or her) for these. The choice of subjects is perfect—It coincides with my own.

"Lastly, please tell me—the Thinker at the bottom of your page was once Rodin's; now it looks very like our own Victor McLaglen. Am I right? As a final shot, don't you think the 'Thinkers' *Why Not Do Both?* Page' is a misnomer? Unless it's singular and possessive, applying only to you. Most of your correspondents seem to let their feelings run away with them. I haven't yet decided whether it's better to think or to feel, so please call me The Watcher."

[I called you lots of nice things E. C., but E. R. T. shook his shaggy mane and moaned "There Aren't Any," when pressed for another "Honours List." Victor's shadow now adorns this page, and your other request has been granted.]

"I would like to inform your readers that I have organised a "Fan Club" of which Rudolph Valentino has very kindly consented to become Honorary President of—and *Everybody's Doing It!* for a Vice-President Miss Betty

Balfour is you'll agree an excellent choice. At present our Honorary members consist of Miss Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Ramon Novarro and Tom Mix, with a host of others to follow. We intend to have a Club magazine issued each month, which will contain items from the Great, the near Great, and those who wish they were Great. Any of your readers who are interested might kindly write me for further particulars, at 3, Manse Lane, Greenock, Scotland. — *William Mason* (Greenock).

I have received a letter from Rudolph Valentino expressing his thanks for the compliment conferred on him by PICTUREGOER readers.

Rudolph Returns Thanks. Rudolph writes: "I appreciate very much the honour which your readers have done me in voting me the most popular star. I would consider it a great favour if you would convey to them my gratitude."

"Can you tell me why we kinema-going public act like a flock of sheep?" asks *Irene* (Merton Park). "Will we ever learn to think for ourselves, and not rush to see films just because a publicity-man tells us that

such-and-such a movie is an 'Artistic Triumph' which will 'go down rose-crowned into the dark,' etc. This great (?) thought came whilst watching one of those Bigger and Better Pictures we hear so much about, you know 'em; reels of Mud and Misery, Weeps and all 'under the glorious banner of Truth and Art' (*vide* Publicity Man). Why are we fooled by this sort of thing? No one could ever be 'pepped-up' by these so-called "Artistic Triumphs." Yet because they are boosted, tricked out with extravagant phrases and generally lied about, the public rushes to see them. Is it Auto-suggestion? I dunno. What do you think?"

[I gave it up five years ago.]



THE THINKER.

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MISS JULANNE JOHNSTON

The thousands who enjoyed that great picture, the "Thief of Bagdad," will recall with pleasure the delicious contrast between the virile and robust manliness of Douglas Fairbanks and the sweet gentle womanliness of Miss Julanne Johnston, one of the most modest, charming, and beautiful of film stars. Miss Johnston is very young; it is hard to associate her fresh natural girlishness with world-wide fame. Her rapid rise to success has been wonderful, and the future which lies before her is probably more wonderful still. During a recent visit to England she told a Pond's representative in a special interview a few of the details of the method she has adopted to prevent the strain and arduous work of her profession from leaving their marks on the soft delicate youthfulness of her complexion.



The Skin is Changing Every Day.

"I use Pond's Cold Cream now regularly," said Miss Johnston, "but I have not always done so. Once upon a time I used to think that because my complexion was pleasing then, it would always be pleasing. But later I began to realise that the soft flawless skin that I saw in the mirror to-day would not necessarily be the same skin I would have to-morrow. I made the discovery that my skin is changing every day—that every day the surface skin is being replaced by the new skin forming underneath."

"So you thought that this cold cream would help you to keep your complexion always as perfect as it is now?"

The New Skin Beneath the Surface.

"Well, I felt I must find some means of caring for the tissue beneath the surface. I naturally wanted this skin to be as fresh and clear and flawless as the skin it was replacing. I had been using Pond's Vanishing Cream for some time so I tried Pond's Cold Cream."

"You are certain then that Pond's Cold Cream does cleanse beneath the surface?"

"Many Women could have Better Complexions, if only . . ."

"Yes, I have actual proof of it. I cleanse my face, neck and hands with it every night. I let it stay on

for a few moments. Then I wipe it off with a soft towel which reveals how much impurity this delicate cream has brought from the depths of the pores. I believe that a great many women who are despairing of their complexions could improve them by a thorough cleansing in this way."

"You are still using Pond's Vanishing Cream, I suppose?"

My Two Creams.

"Oh, yes, I am never without it. Pond's Cold Cream, of course, one can only use when retiring to rest,

but Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin a soft, even-toned finish, freshening and protecting it, just whenever it needs it during the day. By the way, there is just one point I would like to mention before you go—perhaps it may not seem of much importance as far as the properties of the cream are concerned, but I have a great deal of travelling to do, and I find it a great boon to have all I need for my ski in two jars, easily and compactly carried."

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Only a few moments each day are needed to follow Miss Johnston's method — every night before you retire to rest give the skin of your face, neck and hands a refreshing cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Its delicate pure oils will sink down into the tiny pores, softening them and bringing up to the surface all the impurities which choke them. During the day give your skin a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream whenever possible—it will keep the skin soft and lovely and allow you to enjoy holidays or outdoor pleasures without fear of the effect of sun, wind or dust on even the most delicate complexion.

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Dorothy Dore



Photo by Helen McGregor and Maurice Beck.

MADGE STUART

One of England's finest dramatic stars who is seen all too little on the screen these days. Her latest rôle is that of "Mimi" in "The Only Way" with Sir John Martin Harvey.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Lon Chaney.

About time Lon Chaney was spoken to by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Faces.

"Yes, Roy has been right through the game of life. He started at the bottom fifteen years ago,

addressing envelopes. To-day, he is a movie star." "And *who* was responsible for the mistake?"

Poor old Blobbs doesn't have much fun as a film magnate. He didn't have a military escort when he reached Southampton. No, but he had a police escort when he left New York.

The man who says we'll have movies on every railway in ten years is forgetting the Southern. Still, even there we'll have magic lanterns, no doubt.

We wouldn't mind dog actors on the screen if only they wouldn't let 'em write the subtitles.

Black outlook in the movie world. But it's only Walter Hiers as a nigger.

Suddenly. At Hollywood. On the 10th July. The moustache of Douglas Fairbanks. Flags and flowers, by request.



"Doug."

The news that they are to film "When We Were Twenty-One" gives me an opportunity to make a new Chaplin joke. A good title for his next would be "By the Time We are Ninety-Nine."

As a matter of fact, he calls it the *Gold Rush*, and it took him fourteen months to make. Horace, get out the dictionary. Look up "Rush" for me.

The reason most authors of movie scenarios are not sued for breach of copyright is that Noah has been dead some years and has lost interest in litigation.

Marjorie Daw tells me she has penetrated the point of every one of my jokes since I commenced to perpetrate this nuisance. 'Tis good to know I have one other reader besides Marjorie Daw. . . . the printer, who's got to do it, anyway. She saw, Marjorie Daw. . . .



Marjorie Daw.

A correspondent who complains of the carelessness in seaside programs has been misinformed. Great care is shown in arranging these programs. Out in Los Angeles at this moment, at least a dozen companies are producing pictures for the British Seaside Season of 1927.

"Should Wives Work?" Well, they should compromise by becoming ingénues in movies.

Mack Swain, the Sennett comedian, has invented a burglar alarm. Can't afford, of course, to have himself stolen. He's the only one he's got.



Mack Sennett.

The burglar who became a movie hero writes me that he did so because he had found that it was thus easier to earn it than to steal it.

"Who are those three very thin actors over there. I never see them doing any work." "They don't have to, yet. They're under study for the very fat actor who's starring in this comedy."

The worst of trusting to the movies as a fashion guide is that they're now wearing hobble-skirts in Heckmondwike.

American movie friend says the chief thing he just somehow don't like about old England, boy, is the Scotch climate here.

"If only you could leave out the climate, boy," he says. Now, Horace, just what does he mean by that?

Wallace McDonald has got rid of his, too! Now all that remains is to shave a few of the plots and we can get ahead.



"Wallace."

DYNAMO Doug.

In "Don Q, Son of Zorro," Doug. Fairbanks rides, shoots, fights and makes love in his usual breath-taking fashion.

Left: Douglas Fairbanks as "Don Cesar" (afterwards "Don Q"), "Son of Zorro." Mary Astor as "Dolores de Muro." Centre oval: "Don Q." Bottom right: "Don Cesar" feigns suicide to escape disgrace.



founded on a young man's natural impatience of restraint, his chafing at convention, his deeds of derring-do . . . dashing, debonair, dramatic . . . giddy, breathless, alarming. As the gay young caballero, he laughs in the bright face of danger, flirts with death, woos his lady in a shadowy garden where villains lurk, outwits his enemies with a new weapon—a long lash much like that used on the Western plains, or in Australia.

On the set, the crack of "Don Q's" whip resounds above the click of castanets, the haunting rhythm of the music, the chattering of the "extras." . . . With it he flicks the cigarette from unsuspecting lips, lassos stalwart braves by their feet, and brings them toppling to the ground.

But the big smashing thrill of the picture—the *piece de resistance*—is the rescue of the heroine and some of the mob characters from an enraged bull. Attracting the animal's attention with a red cloak at close range, "Don Q" curves his whip in such a fashion, as the bull charges that it forms a lasso by means of the hondo knot, and catches the bull's head in it. To get a successful "close-up" of this incident entailed a good deal of close range work with the infuriated beast, and you never in your life saw anybody so much in earnest in his orac-

In the midst of a lovely Spanish garden, an orchestra is playing the Gypsy Chorus from "Carmen" . . . A lithe, slender figure of a swarthy caballero suddenly breaks from the little group of shirt-sleeved directors and camera men, and, bounding into the dazzling white rays of a dozen Kleig lights, leaps a fifteen-foot wall, pauses a moment while a blushing senorita tosses a rose to him, and disappears. . .

Into this atmosphere of Sunny Spain, reconstructed in Hollywood, my steps have drifted in an effort to interview the elusive Douglas Fairbanks for the PICTUREGOER.

In the intervals of "shooting" he tells me how the idea of filming *Don Q*—as his new picture is called—first seized his imagination—a desire to interpret for an eager army of "fans" his idea of youth. . . the son of "Zorro" (now grown old), a rip-roaring young blade, a "chip of the old block," inheriting all the dare-devil attributes of his illustrious sire. As he talks, it is easy to see that of all the pictures in which Douglas Fairbanks has starred, *The Mark of Zorro* is the one that lies nearest his heart.

"Underlying the story," he adds, "is the theme that Truth crushed will rise again—if you have the yeast to make it rise!"

Don Q is a typical Fairbanks play,



tice at anything as "Douglas" with that whip!

To add to the realism the two bulls used in the picture were the wildest and most vicious that could be obtained on the American continent, the property of a Frenchman, who breeds bulls for fights in Mexico City. Brought from his ranch at Mexicali, the bulls were returned to their owner after the filming of the picture, as he had refused to sell them, saying they were "too valuable, because so wild."

Of the three horses used in *Don Q*, "Admiral"—ridden by Don Sebastian—is a five-gaited Kentucky-bred saddle horse, valued at £1,000. The other two are of rare Paleomeno breed, cream-coloured, with silver manes and tails. These have won many ribbons and cups at horse shows for their owner, Marco Hellman, the millionaire-banker and patron of the polo field, where many of the "location" scenes of *Don Q* were shot.

En passant, this polo field, opened last November, was put in under the direct supervision of Australia's famous boxer-horseman - athlete - actor, Snowy Baker.

Douglas rarely walks, and he has never been known to enter a room or to ascend or descend a staircase in the orthodox manner, invariably mounting three steps at a time, or sliding with schoolboy abandon down the banister. Athletics are part of his life. On the set he runs, jumps, leaps.

"I was born in a leap year," he confides to me, laughingly.

"When I was two years old I leapt from the roof of the coal shed while my nurse's back was turned, and have continued to leap ever since from one calling to another and from one country to the next with the agility of the proverbial goat, never straying far, however, from the footlights, nor from my native U.S.A.

"My father was a lawyer," he continues, "and also a great Shakespearean scholar, so it was quite natural that I should join the theatrical company of my father's friend, Frederick Warde. . ." Here a chuckle escapes him, and with that charming candour for which one cannot help loving the Americans, he goes on to tell of the press verdict that "Mr.



"Don Q" and his whip, which shares acting honours with him.



Above: One of "Doug's" many stunts in "Don Q."

Warde's supporting company was bad, but worst of all was Douglas Fairbanks as "Laertes."

"After this unfortunate setback I returned to my interrupted studies at Harvard, but the wanderlust seized me again, and with two pals and fifty dollars apiece, worked my passage to Europe

on a cattle boat. In three months I was back in New York, preparing for a headlong plunge into Wall Street, but my knowledge of stocks being nil, I did not go in very deep.

"Then for a while I turned mechanic, but soon returned to my first love, the stage. Now I've given up the stage entirely."

To his amazing speed of action, his winning smile, and, above all, his fine sportsmanship, "Douglas Fairbanks owes his initial success in pictures. His athletic skill—which he declares is as much a nervous as a muscular force—comes into full play, and is as fuel to the camera's fire. He feeds the popular demand for action, action and more action!

Incidentally, he has an interesting theory that this nervous force enables him to perform feats of strength in excess of his physical powers. . . a sort of athletic version of the Nietzschean philosophy of the will to do.

Don Q—his new film drama—promises to be as big as *The Three Musketeers*. It has been elaborately produced under the direction of Donald Crisp.

Mary Astor, who appeared with John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel* and who is only eighteen years of age, looks radiantly lovely as the Spanish señorita, for whose sake the dashing "Don Q" darts from one thrilling adventure to another, a will-o'-the-wisp, mercurial, elusive, tripping up his adversaries with his wonder-working whip, confounding his rivals, seizing time by the forelock and his lady love by the waist, and riding off with her, triumphant, out of the arched gateway of the hacienda—to Happiness.

KATHLEEN USSHER.



"Doug" in disguise.

The Pick of the Plays

Rival attractions in the Speakies.



Above: A bunch of the Beauty Chorus of "The Punch Bowl" revue. A delightful show which thoroughly deserved its record run.



Above: Leslie Henson and Heather Thatcher the bright particular stars of "Tell Me More" at the Winter Garden. No strangers to film fans these two, for both have appeared on the silver sheet. Left: A dramatic moment in "Cleopatra" at Daly's, when the Queen (Evelyn Laye), furious because "Victorian Sylvius," (Alec Fraser) prefers her maid "Char-mian" (Neta Underwood), to herself, calls for her guard, only to find herself apparently deserted.



Left: Leon Quartermaine as "Pierrot" and Fay Compton as "The Lady," in Ashley Duke's "The Man with a Load of Mischief" at the Haymarket, an exquisite little work of art that should not be missed.



Right: Cicely Courtneidge in the title rôle of "Clo-Clo" at the Shaftesbury, a bright musical comedy which belies its title, for the dresses are certainly not the high spots of the production.



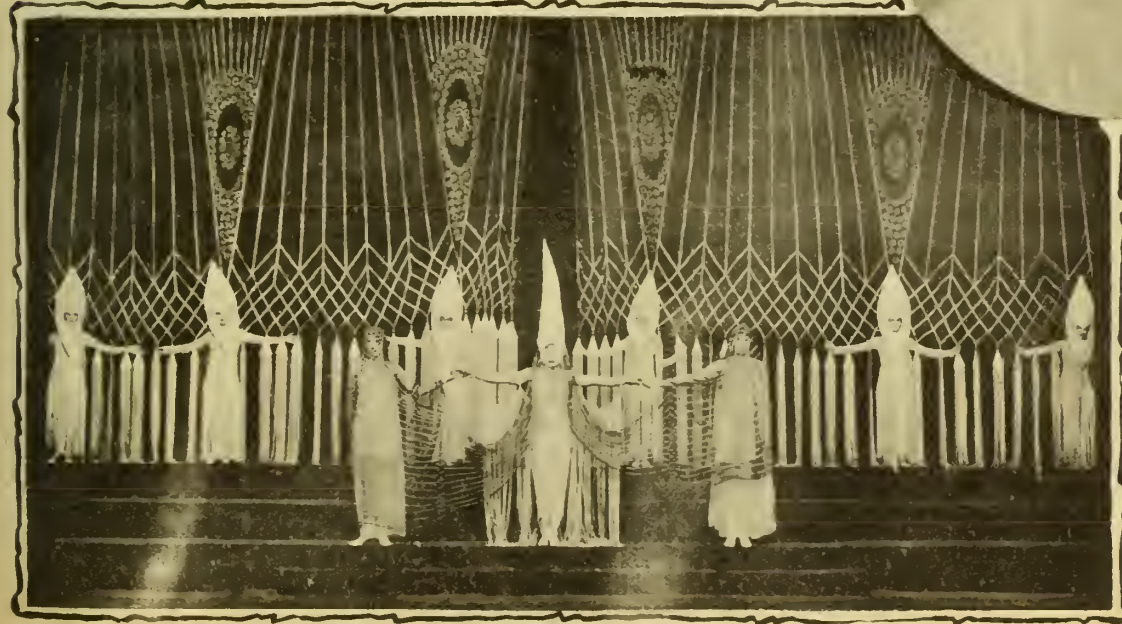
Above: The Ever-Welcome Co-Optimists have taken their August residence at His Majesty's Theatre. Right: The comedy trio in "Cleopatra," Ninon Zaria (Iras), John E. Coyle (Prince Beladonis), and Jay Laurier (Pamphylos).



Above: An unconventional study of Faith Celli, who played so "rapturously" in the farce "Mixed Doubles" at the Criterion.



Above: Jessie Winter as the heroine of "The River" at the Lyric. This is tropical melodrama, written by a man with a sense of humour, and is excellent entertainment.



Left: Lorna Pounds (centre) in "The Diamond Wedding" scena of "Sky High," the spectacular revue at The Palladium.

The Competents

The Competents know the art of the movies from A to Z. They are their producer's masters every time.

What can be done about it?
It's all right. Don't worry, folks. Just send for Lewis Stone.

I should think this argument, with slight variances, must take place a dozen times a year in every one of the big American studios. Certainly the results of it are apparent quite a dozen times a year in the pictures that come to us over the Atlantic. Pale, anæmic pictures with-

out talent or individuality, but alive, just alive, through the competence of one man.

If I named that one man as Lewis Stone, I used him, the prince of incompetents, as a figure-head. I shouldn't like to count the films that he has saved from an early and well-deserved death. There was—and there was—and—. And a great number more. You can fill in the blanks yourself out of recent memory.

But Lewis is only one, the leader, of a small band of talented workers who have held back the kinema from suicide times without number, infusing their own life into dead story material, their own spirit into flabby characterization, their own skill into the stupid blunderings of an uninspired director.

Here's to The Competents! Long life to them all!

They may not shine with the brightest stars in the firmament. They may never get the chance to figure in great pictures, in pictures that make history and bank balances, and are talked of in the newspapers of two continents.

They rarely come into contact with the great producers. It is not often, for instance, that an Irene Rich is directed by a Lubitsch. The Competents are so competent that the incompetent can't do without them, and they are booked from year's

Noah and Wallace Beery in "Wreckage."



Above: Norma Talmadge. Right circle: Tully Marshall. Below: Milton Sills



The director is frantic.
The author is a pretentious ass with no more knowledge of the movies than a flea.

The scenario is a wash-out.

The star has fused.

The minor parts are dead and the production chief is foaming at the mouth.



end to year's end in the service of mediocrity.

No tit-bit parts for them. None of the show parts in the year's schedule. No holiday between pictures. No halo of publicity. No fat stories saved for them, famous characters bought and docketed for their especial glory. But it really doesn't matter. The Competents can make a tit-bit for themselves out of broken scraps—and do, every day.

The producer who has a contract with one of the Competents may sleep soundly at nights. There is nothing much else for him to do. A stronger hand than his has taken hold of the drama and will guide it safely to the end. A truer experience than his will sketch in the character, a finer eye direct the subtleties.

Even the little technicalities of movement and photography the Competents know from A to Z. When they lift their little finger, they lift it rightly. They are their producer's masters every time.

A strangely assorted company, these Competents, old and young, men and women, villains, heroes, comedians. Here is Lewis Stone, that veteran of integrity, with his lined, expressive face and the bright thought behind his eyes. He cannot be uninteresting in the dullest play. His acting has such a keen edge to it, his personality such a dry smile.

From the wastrel in *Don't Neglect Your Wife* to the dashing soldier of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, from the roué of *Scara-*

mouche to the gentle aristocrat of *The Lost World*, he steps lightly and easily, this prince of competents, and counts it all in the day's work. Beside him are those reliable old troupers, James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall, two more men who can scarcely go wrong if they try, and the now-starred but still competent—a wondrous combination!—House Peters, walking through his *Raffles* as surely as he walked through *The Tornado* and *The Storm*, and long ago through *The Great Divide*.

Here, too, is the sombre Conway Tearle, safe to pilot any film to success, and Elliott Dexter, the quiet supporter of many a shaky drama. Here is our own Clive Brook, well on the path to competence that Milton Sills has trod before him, and Richard Dix, staunch among the newer men. Those skilled villains, the one of the cigarette and the other of the clay, Lew Cody and George Seigmann, are only a little less competent than the desperately competent Beery brothers



Above: Florence Vidor. Left: Lewis Stone. Bottom left: House Peters and Nina Romano (Mrs. Lou Tellegen) in a new Universal film.



Oval: Mary Philbin and George Seigmann in "Merry-Go Round."

in that they know limitations which Wallace and Noah have never yet acknowledged.

(Continued on page 55).



My Trip

passed by none that I know of, feels, too, that all things are heading in the right direction—at last. I am like a horse chafing at the bit. Restive. Keen for action. The action that I love.

We are to spend the week here in Nice, mostly resting, meeting a few people that we didn't meet before, or that I didn't meet before and then proceeding, leisurely, to Paris, thence to London—and home again. America again.

To-day Natacha and I have merely been basking in the sunshine. I told her all that I didn't write her of my home, of the old familiars I had met and talked with, of the new impressions that had come to me as I circled the troublous roads of Italy. The roses were all around us, and the blue of the waters was not bluer than the low, embracing sky.

It was Peace, and I felt warmly happy. One of those hours when the heavens bend very near; when fruit seems laden and golden; when the flowers are prodigal of their breaths, and the birds sing notes they have never sung before. Reunion hours. Reunion with someone you love very much and have been separated from with pain.

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Valentino
(Natacha Rambova).

Above: Rudy in "A Sainted Devil."

Nice, October 1st.

My trip is all but over. Somehow I never count the going back as part of the trip. A trip is, or should be, a state of departing, of pushing off from shore, so to speak. The home shore for the unknown shore. But I am going home. I am home, for I am again with Natacha, who looks rested and wonderful after her days in Nice with her family. We found so much to talk about that first evening that we threatened to turn night into day.

Pleasant communications awaited me, and both Natacha and I felt from the general tone of them that it only wanted my arrival in America to set the wheels in motion and begin work again. I know that I shall be bitterly and profoundly disappointed if this is not the case. But I feel "in my bones," as the good wives used to say, that it is. I am become an Optimist since I went home.

And Natacha, whose business acumen, coupled with her feminine instincts is equalled by none and sur-



Abroad

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Natacha and I . . . together again . . .

Late in the afternoon some people came in for tea and I was asked whether I had danced much during my travels. The question really amazed me, for I have danced not at all, with the exception of once or twice, quite privately and where we were unknown, with Natacha. I suppose that as a matter of fact I have done none of the things I would be supposed to do on a trip. I haven't danced. I haven't flirted. I haven't been either a social or a professional butterfly. My amazement at the question gauged how far removed even dancing had been from my mind. It had never occurred to me. "But I thought you so loved to dance," my fair interlocutor persisted, "don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "at times . . . in places . . . not publicly, nor when I am making points of distance on my travels. I like to tango and I love very much to waltz. I would, as a matter of fact, waltz, far more than I do excepting that so very few of the modern people do.

Right: Rudy's favourite picture of himself. Below: Natacha Rambova Valentino.



But, as a matter of fact, when I am waltzing, if I could select the type of woman I would waltz with she would be an older woman. Somehow, they have once captured and they still retain the spirit of the waltz. And also, older women, if they do dance at all, are as a rule marvellous dancers . . . better even than the younger generation."

"I suppose," our guest said to me, "that dancing is all a matter of technique, anyway, isn't it?"

"It isn't at all a matter of technique,"

I told her, "that is, not in my opinion. It is a matter of temperament. I have often asked a girl to dance and have been told by her, wistfully, 'Mr. Valentino, you won't want to dance very long with me. I am a very poor dancer,' and I have taken her on the floor and we have got along famously.

On the other hand, I have often danced with a professional dancer—and we have not got along at all. It is a matter of matching temperaments. When the temperaments clash—*so do the feet.*"

I have forgotten most of the rest of our lazy, sun-basking conversation, but I do recall, amusedly, that, woman-like, my verbal opponent led the talk from dancing to marriage. And I told her that marriage was much like dancing—the two must be in tune and the technique is of relatively small importance.

She asked me how I believed in treating a wife. I told her that was a sweeping question, and would require a sweeping answer, which I should be better able to answer some tangy day in October in hustling New York than here on the sunny, indolent Riviera.

However, I did tell her, as I stooped to pick up a bit of lace she honoured by the name of handkerchief, that I believed in giving a woman her way in small things, small courtesies, delicate attentions, trivialities, all that—but never in the fundamental issues. When I saw the light of battle kindling in her combative eye I hastened to add, for it was too beautiful a day to argue, and I could see Natacha smiling at us under her garden hat, I hastened to add that I believed women were happier so. (Contd. on page 60.)

Introducing Ivor

JOSIE P. LEDERER



Above: "The Rat" gnaws a man's hand in one of his scenes.

At 2 o'clock one blazing afternoon, the Commissionaire barred my path as I was making my unwilling way back to work.

"A lady 'phoned," said he, "and left word that, if you want to go and see the Parisian Underworld, a car will call at 93, Long Acre, in ten minutes."

Upstairs in my office, work, work, and again work, waited. Below, the Parisian Underworld called. It was a blazing-hot day. I hesitated a moment, waiting for the still small voice of Duty to rise and say its piece.

It didn't.

It had probably been drowned in orangeade lunch time.

What would you have done?

I let it R.I.P.

Half an hour later, I picked my way carefully across what looked like a section of the Southern Railway track, and over the yards and yards of electric wires, ropes, and other impedimenta studio carpenters delight in getting out whenever visitors are expected, en route for an excellent, albeit over-clean reproduction of an apache haunt for Ivor Novello's new W. & F. film.

You went in through a door shaped like a coffin, down three steps and into a cellar which had purple walls, over which the inmates and the lights cast weird green shadows.

As I entered, a handsome young Apache was leaning against the bar, looking unutterable things into the eyes of a slim girl with a great mop



Whilst he was filming "The Rat" at Islington.

of dark hair. She said something that seemed to annoy him, for he suddenly seized her by the throat and flung her across the room.

The frozen-faced-female behind the bar never moved a muscle, but along the section of the Southern Railway aforementioned slid into view a platform containing one camera, one director, and one cameraman.

"Hold it, Ivor," cried Graham Cutts, as the camera drew nearer. "For a 'close-up' of you snarling."

The young Apache obediently snarled his fiercest, and cursed *sotto voce* (to order, be it understood).

Then they did it all again twice, much to the disgust of Julie Suter, who must have been black and blue.

After which my lady guide remarked, "You must meet Ivor Novello," and proceeded to introduce us.

"I believe," said Ivor, with a roguish twinkle in his very black eyes. "We have met before?"

Left: Ivor Novello as "Pierre Boucheron" in "The Rat." Below, left to right: Graham Cutts and Hal Young on Cutts' patent movable platform; Bobby Schultz and Mae Marsh.



Considering that THE PICTUREGOER was the first Movie Paper to feature Ivor Novello, way back in 1921, and that I had interrupted his holiday and mine to interview him on that occasion, the remark, like the introduction, was a bit unnecessary.

However we shook hands with a good grace. The ancient dame behind the counter unfroze her face, revealing Marie Ault in a truly wonderful make-up and costume as "Madame Colline," Proprietress of "The White Coffin." Julie Suter counted up her bruises, and we all sat down for a chat.

"Playing in a film after one has appeared in the play from which the film has been adapted is an ideal method," commenced Ivor Novello. "I should like to always work that way, if I could."

"Yes," agreed Isobel Jeans, "this is my first movie part, though I did odd bits in Samuelson's studios some years ago."

Isobel Jeans in her red wig, looked exactly like a younger edition of Elsie Ferguson.

"Isobel is something we needed very badly," interrupted Ivor, "a British screen vamp."

He told me also, that he is at work on two new plays, besides several musical enterprises, of which I may not tell.

"One play is a sequel to 'The Rat,' he continued, "and is called—"

"Ivor Novello, wanted on the 'phone" came an insistent message, and off he went Graham Cutts, meantime. was filming a little scene between the villain, "Baron Stetz" (Bobby Schultz), and "Odile" (Mae Marsh).

Only a seemingly unimportant one,

Right oval: Marie Ault and Mae Marsh. Below: "Baron Stetz" and "Zelie" (Isobel Jeans").



Above: A love scene between "Pierre" (Ivor Novello) and "Odile" (Mae Marsh).



with the man leaning across a table trying to get over-friendly with the girl, but Cutts took as much pains over it as though it were the biggest scene of the whole film. Mounted on a platform, which was propelled near to or far away from, his players, he was quite oblivious of us, of everything I think, except the job in hand.

At length he was satisfied. Mae Marsh raised that oddly shrill little voice of hers in a cry for "Tomm-mee-ee-ee" (her dresser), and Cutts came over and shook hands.

"Hot work, to-day," he said, "but we're getting on. Where's Novello? You must meet him."

So a somewhat mystified Ivor Novello was presented to me for the second time, and we took up our conversation where we had left off.

"It's called 'The King of Shadows,' he said "and tells what happened to "Pierre" and "Odile" after they were married."

"Judging from that young fellow's behaviour in 'The Rat,' I interposed, "I should say 'Odile' will have a somewhat hectic time."

"She has a hell-of-a—I mean He had a heliotrope past, you know," said Ivor, looking as though butter would not have melted in his mouth, though it was fearfully hot on the set.

We both laughed. We couldn't help it. "The other play is a modern comedy," he concluded, and then went back to work again.

The studio was full of Apaches, all remarkably good types, the girls short-skirted, and the men long haired.

They shot a crowd scene next, just a normal "happy evening" in "The White Coffin," during the

(Continued on page 60.)



The Order of the Bath

The most popular pastime of the month.



Above: Someone said, "Phyllis, Haver mud bath," and she did. Left: Sigrid Holmquist prefers the Thames Tub. Below: Natalie Kingston proves that a Mack Sennett beauty fears not Turkish Baths.



Above: Clara Bow indulges in a milk bath for camera purposes. She says it's as good as water—once in a while.



Betty Compson's choice is the common or garden soap and water kind every time.

Jack Pickford takes his on his own lawn, with Marylynn Miller's kind assistance.



Magic in a Magic City

WALTER IRWIN MOSES



Melbourne Spurr.

Photographers play a large part in the lives of the movie stars. An artistic photograph is often responsible for the finding and making of a new film player.

tightly enough, and the photographer—always ready to oblige—got a needle and thread and sewed the black velvet bathing suit so that it was a skin-tight fit. Alberta Vaughan won the contest. No one but a master photographer could have produced such effective results, in such a simple manner.

In Hollywood photographers spring into fame overnight. They are, for a time, a fad—and only become recognised as established worth when they prove that their ideas are not limited.

ture trade is established, the photographer expands his business proportionately, and sets his prices. The more famous photographers have been known to charge as much as \$350.00 for twelve prints of a single portrait.

Witzel is perhaps the oldest and best-known photographer in Hollywood; oldest in that he was the first photographer to make portraits of the film people. He went into the business at the age of fifteen with his uncle. Within a short time, Albert Witzel, who was a natural-born artist and who—in his early years—made some of the most artistic photographs of the time, owned a studio of his own. Then he bought another. To-day he owns two of the most beautifully appointed studios in the country, both located in the Magic City, Los Angeles and Hollywood, and since he is no longer active in the business of actually taking the pictures, he has secured the services of Max Autrey, than whom there is not a better camera artist to be found.



This is Ruth Roland's pet picture of herself. Henry Waxman took it.

Credit where credit is due is the policy of the general far public in this day of fan intelligence. Motion picture fans are different—ten years ago they ate any kind of soup that was served before them—to-day they are more particular; they even do their share in helping to select the favourite photographers.

But, even the fans do not realise, at times, the big part that photographers play in the lives of the picture stars. An artistic photograph is often responsible for the finding and making of a new film player. Instance Alberta Vaughan, then unknown to pictures, who wanted to enter a contest conducted by a Los Angeles paper. Alberta straightway hied herself to the famous Witzel Studios in Hollywood where she posed for a number of portraits. The contest was searching for the most beautiful figure and the funniest face in the community. Our little heroine posed for a funny face—that was easy—but when it came to posing for her figure, none of the bathing suits fitted

All an ambitious camera artist needs to start him off on the road to fame and fortune is to display two or three portraits of big stars and if he has obtained something of beauty in photographing them, he is made. The fact, alone that a star admired his work enough to pose for him, is recommendation, and soon the other stars follow. When the pic-

"Mary Pickford," says Melbourne Spurr, "always comes back to me, so I guess she thinks I'm not a bad photographer."



The Witzel Studios are still under the managing supervision of Albert W. Witzel, who founded them. Witzel's brilliant and pleasing personality is largely responsible for drawing—and holding—the patronage of the big people, statesmen, globe trotters and—yes!—even royalty.

While at the Witzel Studios in Hollywood a day or so ago, Witzel showed me several hundred large portraits he took of the stars ten and twelve years ago; all of them charmingly autographed to him. "You know," he said, "I was the first photographer out here to 'shoot' the movie people."

"Why, would you believe it. I even had them signed up to a five-year contract, giving me the exclusive right to photograph them. When motion pictures broadened, and became one of the country's leading industries, of course I broke the contracts voluntarily." A funny little incident in the life of a successful man that will never be forgotten by him, and proof to the outside world of his business ability.

Max Autrey, who now does the camera work on all Witzel portraits, is a Southerner, hailing from Louisiana. He was placed in charge of the Hollywood studios after he had worked for Witzel but two months.

Sharing honours with Witzel we find Melbourne Spurr who has made some

Right: Bruno's portrait of "Young Doug."
Below: J. Anthony Bruno, with Martha Barclay, a new screen beauty.

of the most artistic portraits of the film stars ever seen in a fan publication. Spurr, it is generally conceded, has one of the most modernly equipped studios on the West Coast, and his experience with the film folk dates back to the old days when he posed Mary Pickford, one of his first star subjects, for portraits which caused such a



Above: Max Autrey, the "master photographer," who makes practically all the Witzel portraits now.

furor among other screen celebrities that the photographer was forced to date many appointments as far as two and three months ahead in order to handle them.

Like Witzel, Spurr is a born artist with the camera. he, too, started at the tender age of fifteen, his father being a photographer before him. When he had been in business but a short time, he originated the spotlight so widely used in the taking of portraits at this time.

"I have no set method for taking pictures," Mr. Spurr answered to the question I asked, "except that I pick a person's personality lines when I first meet them, and decide then and there how I am going to 'shoot' them. For lighting effects I try to blend natural light with artificial as much as possible, for it is my theory that strong artificial light dissolves the worthwhile lines into one solid light surface of blah!"

Melbourne Spurr is, I can truthfully say, one of the most intelligent men I have ever interviewed. It is easy to understand why he takes such beautiful pictures, and it is equally as easy to understand why his subjects pose for him as easily and as beautifully as they do. A man with the personality and winning ways of Melbourne Spurr rides atop the waves of fortune.

Since first planning this article, two weeks ago, I have been striving to find a pigeon-hole in which to place Henry Waxman. Waxman is—it is true—a photographer who came in as a fad; he photographed Evelyn Brent, after trying for some time to obtain her for a sitting, and startled the movie world with the beauty of his finished portraits.

But, Waxman is no longer considered a fad photographer—he is essentially an artist and he no longer strives to prove what he can do. The simple fact that throngs of stars beg for sittings is sufficient proof of his established worth. Two sittings a week is the extent of Waxman's artistic endeavours—but he handles every angle of his picture making personally.



Frankness is, without a doubt, the keynote of Waxman's success in Hollywood. He has his good and not-so-good moods, and works only under the former. Stars are not offended if an appointment is broken because "Mr. Waxman does not feel that he can give you the best in him to-day; can't you come to-morrow instead?" Music plays a big part in the serious drama of picture-making at the Waxman Studio, which is located directly opposite the Warner Brothers' West Coast Studios.

His studio is small—a little haven of rest and quiet for those who are favoured with the services of the genial artist who lives his life of beauty and contentment within its portals. The overhead natural light is used almost exclusively, artificial lights being used for effects only, and these instances are few and far between.

To those who understand and know Henry Waxman, his studio is one of the spots of real Magic in a Magic City. He believes that an artistic photograph—unlike the belief of nine hundred and ninety-nine photographers out of every thousand—is a camera study, nothing more and surely nothing less—in all its natural elements of beauty and magnetism.

"I do not strive for the etching or painting effects in my work," he smiles, "nor do I believe in extreme photographic flattery. Every subject has his or her own personality, and in every personality there is beauty. Bring out the beauty of the soul, is my theory, and you have a beautiful picture." And who is there to disagree with this genius?

Then, there is C. Heighton Monroe,

An interior view by Witzel (Hollywood).

one of the leading commercial photographers, who also does artistic portraits of the stars right in their own homes; a travelling photographer, as it were. Monroe goes to the stars—instead of them coming to him—and takes their pictures in their own homes. He has made some beautiful things of Alice Calhoun, Ruth Roland, Pat O'Malley and many, many others.

This photographer was, incidentally, born in a "Picture Gallery" as they were known in those days, operated by his mother who was a photographer before him. An interesting item in the discussion of Monroe is that his studio turns out upwards of two million fan portraits of the stars each year—a record that runs a close race with Hollywood's other leading Knights of the Camera.

Perhaps one of the least known among the camera geniuses is Galea, recently of Regent Street, London, who transplanted his artistic endeavours to the land of films. "It is hard—in a way—to get away from foreign methods," Galea asserts, "but I find that individuality (strange as it may seem at times) is

This picture, "The Slave Driver," is by Galea, and has appeared in hundreds of American publications



not entirely unwanted among the picture people.

"I do not have the extravagant settings so popular in most of the studios—I take all of my camera studies in a little studio in my home, but the picture people are hunting me out. Last week I photographed Bob Custer, the new F.B.O. star; George O'Hara, Jane Novak, Johnnie Walker, Madge Bellamy, Gloria Grey, Diana Morris and George Merritt, the New York stage star. Each setting was different, and I am really quite proud of the accomplishment."

Galea once had untold wealth at his command; a mansion in London with servants and servants! He had two or three of the finest studios in the exclusive sections of London, decorated by Guligi, Bouzart and Trebonti; he had scores of workers under him. But he gave it all up to move to Vancouver, where he operated a beautiful studio a short time before coming to Hollywood.

Then Galea bought real estate in Hollywood—a lure that catches many. He bought a big home, which he divided into three apartments, one of which he now occupies, and in which his small studio is situated.

It is said, however, that Bruno will eventually take his place with the other prominents. He has made some beautiful pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Charles de Roche and Marion Nixon, that have been used in print far and near. Many are they who consider him a comer, but he alone can decide his future in this. For Bruno, I will say this; he is a chap of sterling qualities who would rather fail at business than take the slightest advantage of the greatest.

He could make a picture worth one or two hundred dollars, but he would never charge that for it; he could easily get the stars to pose for him if he would promise to get their pictures in a magazine (and he could get them in—there is no doubt about that part of it) but he would not use bait of any kind, to get a star in his studio.

and again, what they can do with the camera.

Witzel receives the largest number of fan letters addressed care of the Witzel Studios (the fans, presumably, thinking that Witzel's is a place where movies are made), letters to stars whose addresses the fans do not know, letters to the studios asking for photos they have been unable to obtain from the stars themselves, sometimes enclosing money for them, and most times not.

Tourists, too, bother the leading photographers to the point of tears asking innumerable questions about their favourites: "Is Barbara La Marr as beautiful as her picture; would Mary Pickford have a sweet voice?" and a million more of the same silly nature. I sometimes wonder at the rate of endurance the good nature of these photographers must undergo, how they ever come out of it smiling.

A study of those who make the portraits which are sent to the fans, the men who make artistic photographs for our fan magazines and the artists who record—pictorially—our favourites at their best, is a study of interest to say nothing of the depth of the subject.

After all, this Magic in this Magic City plays a big part—a tremendously big part—in putting the stars across. Yet, how little we seem to realise the importance of such names as those I have mentioned.

Hollywood's artistic photographers? Their rôles are as great as the greatest!

And who can deny that they are the Magic in a Magic City?

C. Heighton Monroe,
Hollywood's leading
home portrait
artist.



Charles De Roche makes a fine picture always.

However, Galea has none of that front—or professional appearance that I sometimes think so necessary to one working at his trade. He is just plain Dan or "Lord Galea" to his friends, and to those who do not know him intimately he is a "real fellow; a photographer who lets me pose as I wish!"

But, with all of this, Galea is an artist—and his pictures are rapidly taking their places among the best in the fan magazines of this country and abroad. Few of them, as yet, have been printed with credit to him—i.e. bearing his name as photographer, but they will soon, for the magazines are now writing to him for photos.

J. Anthony Bruno, not a newcomer to the picture people, but new to the fan magazines, has confined his efforts almost entirely to photographing the extras—those who have very little money to spend at "exclusive" photographers.

There was a time, according to none other than the gentleman himself, when Bruno wondered where his next meal was coming from. Folks laughed at him and called him a fool for starving—when his ability with the camera amounted to nothing less than genius. But, no! he would not pose as a master; he could not! Bruno is not unlike Galea in this—and while he does not lack confidence in himself or the so necessary determination, still he has an eye always resting upon those who really need him.



One of Elinor Glyn's favourite portraits (taken by Melbourne Spurr). Elinor's newest novel, "Love's Blindness," commences in the August "Romance."

When Bruno does become one of the recognised masters among the Hollywood photographers, he will last. That is my prediction for him.

Edwin Bower Hesser Evans (who died a year or so ago, tho' his studio still lives), Walter Frederick Seeley and a few others whose names may always be found under portraits of the stars in film publications, are established because they have proven, time



Coincidental "Emma"

by ARLETTE MARCHAL

Arlette hasn't been in the Army but she is evidently well up in Army slang.

My lover (only for the purposes of *Venetian Lovers, mes amis*, so do not blush in unfulfilled anticipation!) I repeat, my lover, John Stuart, had something to say in last month's PICTUREGOER about his pet superstition. And as I do not see why he should have it all to himself, I would like to tell you about a series of very curious coincidences that have happened to me.

They concern that quaint person "emma" whom I met in your wonderful Army during the war. Sometimes they called her "Toc emma" and sometimes "Pip emma."

Later I learned that she was just a figure of speech; a method of avoiding confusion between her and any of the other ladies of the alphabet.

Comme ils sont drôles, les anglais!

And she has been a kind of friend of mine ever since, this "emma" *problement* because she is the first letter of my own name, but also because she so often turns up . . . for me, at any rate.

Directors and stars of 1 "Venetian Lovers" at work "on a big hotel set, which is stormed by the mob in the film"



Above: A realistic set depicting the poor quarter of Venice. Oval: Arlette Marchal.



May I tell it to you?

Merci mille fois.

I was born in March—and, of course, I had a mother. That starts me off with two "emmas," doesn't it? When I decided, against my family's wish, to become a screen actress, I obtained my first part, in *Murène*, which had already been running for a long time on the Paris stage, and in that film I played the rôle of "Maria del Carmen." That brings my bag up to four.

Then I went to Morocco for *Sarati le Terrible*, and was there six months. The day I left to go back to France was a Wednesday, and as that is Mercredi in my own tongue I peg *encore* two other "emmas," *n'est-ce pas?*

But, in spite of my little friend turning up twice again, once in *Moon of Israel* (which I hope you have seen and liked) and then in *Madame Sans Gêne*, I had not really seriously noticed her until I began to play the lead in *Venetian Lovers*.

Then she seemed to be everywhere, and I can hardly turn without finding some evidence of her presence. It ought to be a very lucky sign, both for the film and me. In fact, it has brought me luck already, for while I have been here in Munich I have received an offer to go to America for several years at a mouth-watering salary. *Mais comme ces américains sont riches!*

Anyhow, I am getting away from "emma"! First, I got the offer of the part of the Countess Paula Astuni early in March, and when I saw the further coincidence of the film being

(Continued on page 62.)



Filming

More snap-shots from Tom



Top left: Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) with her son Bobby and their dog. Above: A "June" morn (June always greets the day with a smile).



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Neilson-Terry (Mary Glynn) are enthusiastic gardeners. And their small daughter Hazel bids fair to follow in their footsteps.



Mabel Green who is a great favourite with London Playgoers, whether she appears in revue, musical comedy, variety, or "Co-Optimistic" entertainments, owns a very fine bathing pool, and makes very good use of it as the accompanying photograph shows.



Evelyn Laye (left) Nancie Lovat (right), spent a holiday together at Brighton. The gentleman (centre) belongs to Nancie Lovat's husband.

Stage Stars

Aitken's "Stage Stars Off Stage."



Above: Ivy Tresmand in her electric launch, which works overtime on "Father Thames" these sunny days. Bottom right: Gertrude Lawrence and her dogs performing the hat trick. Below: Odette Myrtil and her pets in her garden.



Above: Mabel Normand pays a friendly call on Tom Aitken in his London studio.



Above: Tom Aitken directing Carl Brisson and Phil Scott, the heavyweight champion, in a boxing scene for "Stage Stars off Stage."



Pity the Poor Producer!

His is no easy task—for the responsibility of the whole production of a film rests upon his shoulders.

swearing; but, outwardly, he must remain unmoved, quiet, sympathetic and courteous. Were he to storm at a player, he would defeat his own ends, utterly and irrevocably.

Many, forsooth, are the tales which reach one's ears—by way of the little birds who apparently spend their days hovering over screenland waiting for tit-bits of gossip!—of the temperamental outbursts to which some of the stars are subject. However much truth there is in these rumours it is difficult to say. The majority of screen directors themselves declare that it is very rare to encounter a star who is anything else but helpful to the producer.

At the same time, however, it being the case that the genius of the stars is

the evidence of their possession of that vague commodity known as the artistic temperament, there are bound to be times in the studios when the most patient of directors has to count ten before it is safe to give utterance to an order!

And how many of us can appreciate the patience and tact required to direct enormous mob scenes such as Rex Ingram handled in *The Four Horsemen* and *Scaramouche*, and as Fred Niblo is dealing with at present during the making of the great chariot race scenes for *Ben Hur*?

For the fight scenes in the latter film thousands of Italian extras worked in a mammoth circus that took many months to erect. So realistically did Niblo fire the enthusiasm of these descendants of the real "Ben Hur" Romans that they forgot they were engaged in a sham fight and hacked at each other so fiercely with their swords, the director had to call many intervals, during which the Red Cross workers attached to the company took the stage!

Fred Niblo declares that his condition of mind during the screening of these scenes was indescribable. He drew deep breaths of relief when the last of the scenes was safely taken without actual loss of life!

Several well-known directors discussing their work, recently, agreed that their actors and actresses did not show temperament while working on the set, but during "waits" and between scenes.

Below: Directing a thrill scene is no easy task. Ask Charles Hutchison.



Actors' aren't the only ones on the set who act. Look at Sam Wood urging his star to "get down to it."

His is a hard life! Even if he *does* rake in a good many ha'pence out of it—and, rumour has it that he *does*—he gets many of its kicks as well!

The entire responsibility of the whole production of the film rests upon the director's shoulders. It is he who makes the finished film a failure or a success. And the multitudinous things that may happen to hinder successful production make the trials of Hercules look like a kindergarten examination in the "three R's!"

First and foremost there are the players—the director's puppets who must be made to interpret the scenario in terms of the directorial imagination. Be they stars, featured players, small rôle actors or extras, they must be handled with tact and dominance. Their very slightest movements and changes of expression must be the reflection of the picture in the mind of the megaphone-man.

To accomplish all this a motion-picture director must be the personification of patience, outwardly, at any rate. In the privacy of his own mind he may use a flow of language that would prove him a capable lexicographer of the language known as

Oval: The camera doesn't take in the men waiting to catch the heroine if she slips. ("The Valley of Silent Men.")



"What is a poor director to do," asked one of them, "when he finds his two stars so absorbed over a cross-word puzzle that all attempts to rouse them to continue work fail?" Cross-word puzzles and wireless experimenting in the studios are a greater trial to producers, they announced, than any amount of so-called temperament! Stars are only human, after all!

The producer needs most pity, probably, when he has to hold up a production owing to the illness of a player. As a rule if a member of the cast is taken ill, or meets with an accident that prevents him from appearing before the camera for a period, the director can switch off on to scenes in which the particular player is not needed. Sometimes, even an understudy can be made-up to look exactly like the unfortunate indisposed one so that production need not be held up. But there are occasions on which all these resources fail and the producer has to content himself with waiting as patiently as possible while production costs are steadily running up!

Such an incident occurred during the filming of Rudolph Valentino's *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Lowell Sherman, who played the rôle of the debonair monarch of the French Court, turned up at the studio one morning with a huge cold-sore on his lip, and signs of smaller ones arriving. No ingenuity of make-up could hide this blemish, and the Court scenes which were then in process of filming were held up.

The sets for other scenes not being completed, there was nothing else to be done but put *Monsieur Beaucaire* on the shelf, temporarily. The unsightly cold-sore, which prevented Sherman looking regal enough to continue his rôle for just on two weeks, cost the company, it is calculated, two or three thou-

Right oval: Cool, but hardly comfortable. Below: This movie company was flooded out of their location.



Above: Snow scenes, to be effective, must be taken on the spot. Left: Likewise mountains and deserts.



sand pounds a week. The members of the cast working on a picture contract must be paid their salaries even if production is at a standstill. The feelings of the director can be imagined, therefore, as he watched the expenses mounting steadily into four figures while the doctors concentrated on curing the most unromantic sores on the face of the "king."



There is hardly a picture made in any studio without some victim of the Kleig lights. These glaring imitation suns produce an extremely painful affliction known as "Kleig eyes," which renders the sufferer useless for studio work for anything from two to seven or eight days.

The intense light of these brilliant carbon illuminants dries up the natural moisture in the eyes, so that when the victim blinks, the lid unlubricated, rasps over the sensitive eyeball like coarse sandpaper. The pain is almost unbearable; while the quickest cure is darkness.

When the victim is "only an extra" who forms one of a picturesque background, his place is easily filled from among the huge crowd of hungry "un-
(Continued on page 62).

**SALLY O'NEILL**

Who, without previous warning, one day suddenly found herself replacing Mary Pickford in Marshall Neilan's "Patsy." She is starring in "Dont," and her next will be "Lovey Mary" for King Vidor.



JOHN PATRICK

Danced his way into film fan's hearts in "Flaming Youth" and "The Age of Innocence." He has the lead in "Don't," opposite Sally O'Neill. John has dark hair and eyes and is only half-past twenty.

**CONSTANCE BENNETT**

Now playing in Zane Grey's "Code of the West," this charming little lady commenced as a film flapper in "Cytherea," afterwards graduating into a high comedy society baby-ramp in "My Wife and I."



[Photo: Vaughan & Freeman.

LANGHORNE BURTON

Has quite deserted filmland these days. He has been touring his own Company in "Just a King," a romantic comedy-drama. Did you see him at the Kinematograph Garden Party?



IVOR NOVELLO & GLADYS COOPER

Make an ideal pair of stage or screen lovers. This picture shows them as "Laurence Trenwith" and "Iris Bellamy" in the stage play "Iris." They appeared together in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and the "Bohemian Girl."

[Photo by Sasha.]

"Paris"— California

Some of the beautiful models you will see in "The Dressmaker" from Paris.



Dorothy Seastrom's street outfit is made of cocoa satin cleverly draped into a cape at the back. Kolinsky fur edges the cuffs.



Above: Pink tulle, white rainbow, silver lace, comprise this fluffy gown, which has pale pink roses scattered on shoulder, waist and skirt, and is worn by Sally Rand.



Olive Borden, the Wampas Baby star for 1923, in a street costume of black twill, satin, and white pique.



Left: Cecille Evans wears a dress entirely composed of white fringe, trimmed with long tassels and rhinestones at neck and waist.



Right: Thais Valdemar appears in a tight-fitting gown of flesh colour silk, embroidered with pearls, diamonds, and gold spangles, and edged with crystal fringe.

Little Annie Rooney

Wherein Little Mary Pickford reverts to short skirts and long curls amid loud cheers from fanland.



Above: Mary Pickford and William Haines. "Let George do it, Mary!" Below: "Annie" and her beau.



Top and left. Two studies of "Annie Rooney" herself. Below: The leaders of the rival gangs make peace.





Tongues of Flame

by JOHN FLEMING

Back in the days before war was across the world, everybody in Edgewater knew Henry Harrington. That's not a lot of people to know a man, perhaps, but in Edgewater in those days, it seemed a lot. They knew him and they trusted him, and by none was he trusted more than by the native Indians, whose vast reservation bordered on the boundaries of the little town. When war came, it was Harrington alone who could enlist the redskins. He recruited a company, and it was locally known as "Harrington's Own." Under him, the natives served in the Great War.

New times brought new ways. The war ended, demobilisation followed, and Harrington returned to Edgewater to find that there were old friends who had forgotten him, and newcomers who had never known him.

He was a solicitor; he re-opened his office in the little town, expecting to continue where he had left off; but where once he had reigned alone, now he found the kingdom divided. Some of his clients came back to him, but not all; he found he would have to begin the fight again, where he had begun it years before as a young man.

One thing touched him deeply, and he never forgot it: when the Indians had need to go to law, Harrington was the lawyer they chose. His gratitude for this token of their affection he was never able sufficiently to express.

Harrington had not been resettled back in his native town more than a week when the Indians had their first cause to resort to legal aid. They came in a deputation of six, whose spokesman, or rather spokeswoman, was little Lahleet Marceau, a French girl, who was the school-teacher on the Indian Reservation.

"And what," Harrington asked, "is your trouble, my friends?"

"Our trouble," replied Lahleet, "is John Boland."

"Aha!" said Harrington with a little smile. "John Boland, eh?"

John Boland was the "boss" of Edgewater. Nearly all of the village belonged to him. He was comparatively a newcomer to the place, being one of the many that had descended upon Edgewater during the war years, enriching himself upon the town's efforts while most of its native sons were across the ocean. He was neither respected nor disliked to any great extent. He kept himself to himself, making neither friends nor

"Just what," replied Lahleet, "is what we have come to you to find out."

"Go on."

"Well, during the war, when most of the Indian men were away at the war, Boland purchased—*purchased*, mind, Mr. Harrington—a considerable tract of the native reservation where it borders on the town."

"Purchased?" exclaimed Harrington.

"That land is the Indians' for evermore," said Lahleet with passion. "It is nobody's to sell and nobody's to buy. How comes it that Boland can possess it now? We are told that it is all legal, and none of us have the learning to say nay."

But every Indian in Edgewater has understood from his cradle that no white man could ever take his preserved land from him, and I am asked to ask you to-day, how it comes about that this wide tract is taken from the red men while they are away at the war, fighting Boland's fight for him. The Indians suspect crooked dealing."

"And you want me to—?"

"Prove us right or prove us wrong. The Indian trusts you, Mr. Harrington. By your decision he will abide."

Harrington pondered. And he was startled to find that he pondered drowsily. He looked out of the window at the slowness of Edgewater life strolling by. It was a sleepy little town; an unimportant little town, where next to nothing ever happened. He had been across the oceans of the world; had seen great cities—London, Paris—and was beginning to feel at last, that, after the stress and strain, the grim reality of Château Thierry and the Argonne, where for two long years he had been, he could never again take the discords of Edgewater seriously.

Indians cheated of their land? What

CHARACTERS.

Henry Harrington	Thomas Meighan.
Lahleet Marceau	- Bessie Love.
Billie Boland	- Eileen Percy.
John Boland	- Barton Churchill.
Scanlon	- John Milton.
Hornblower	- Leslie Stowe.
Adam John	- Nick Thompson.
Clayton	- Cyril Ring.

Narrated by permission from the Paramount film of the same name.

enemies among the population; and as he had a daughter, Billie by name, who was more than ordinarily beautiful, Edgewater was content to more than tolerate him. It need not look at him, and his daughter was a free sight. Edgewater was satisfied.

Or so it had seemed to Harrington. But now, here was the deputation, a living proof that Edgewater was not entirely satisfied. Harrington tossed aside his pen, swung round his chair and awaited particulars.

"And what," he asked, "has John Boland been up to?"



Billie Boland provided, to Harrington's mind, the one justification for Edgewater's existence.

did it matter, so long as they tilled it? In other hands it might be made more economical. Injustice? Justice, rather, in the long run. Who could say? And, besides. . . He yawned and got his thoughts in order.

And besides, he was one of the Edgewater men who rejoiced in the free show provided by the passing of Billie Boland. Billie Boland! No, he did not feel any keen desire to fight the father of such a pearl. Billie provided (to Harrington's mind) the one justification for Edgewater's existence. Billie Boland—Yes—One day, perhaps—Who knew? He would not mind—Really he would not mind Mrs. Henry Harrington—Miss Billie Boland. . . .

"You know," he said, breaking his train of thought and facing Lahleet, "I don't think I should take those suspicions quite so seriously, if I were you. I am persuaded that there is nothing in them. I know Boland. He is a straight man. If he says he has acquired the land rightly, then depend upon it—"

"Sir!"

It was the wrinkled old Indian who spoke. Hornblower was his name, and once upon a time he had been a native lawyer of sorts. He brought down his fist on Harrington's desk as if to say that once his mind was made up it was the truth.

"Boland, sir, swindled the red man out of more than a slice of his reservation. The land on which Edgewater stands is Indian land. The town is Indian property, if the red man had his rights. It is indeed, sir."

"My dear fellow," protested Harrington.

"I know what I say, sir. Once I was a lawyer myself, and in Edgewater, too! A lawyer, I was, before you were

in your cradle. I know what I say, and that it is right."

"You surprise me," commented Harrington. "I am convinced that you are mistaken, and that you will soon see your mistake. At the same time, you have come to me for legal advice. I will say nothing off-hand. I will make enquiries, and see what there is to be seen in this matter. Perhaps, if you will come to me again in—shall we say—a week from now?"

"That will do excellently, Mr. Harrington," affirmed Lahleet Marceau; and with this, the deputation departed, confident in Harrington's powers, and that he would fight for them scrupulously.

For the rest of that day Harrington did nothing, uncertain as he was which way to turn, and knowing well that his heart was in both camps at once. But before noon of the following day Fate seemed to take the decision out of his hands. A note arrived from Boland himself, brief but friendly, requesting Harrington's presence at dinner at the "boss's" house that evening.

Harrington went gladly, partly because of the opportunity thus afforded to state the case of the Indians; but mostly, it must be confessed, because he knew that Boland's beautiful daughter would be there. As he dressed for the dinner he confessed to himself what hitherto he had but skirted nervously; he was in love with Billie Boland.

Prompt on the appointed moment he ascended the steps of John Boland's fine house in Maple Avenue.

He found that he was to have little opportunity of airing the Indians' grievances; for Boland met him almost immediately with a case of his own, and thereafter—particularly as the two cases in a way seemed to overlap—there

was no occasion on which Harrington's case could reasonably be brought to light.

"You are the Indians' best friend in Edgewater," Boland began. "They believe you and they trust you and your advice they will take when they will not heed the word of any other white man.

"There is a deal I desire to put through with them, and there is none other than yourself I could approach with any hope that my case would be stated fairly to the redskins, and by them receive a fair hearing."

"I see," said Harrington, uneasily.

"I am willing," said Boland, "to buy out their entire reservation."

He waited to judge of the effect of this revelation on his hearer and then proceeded:

"The Indians are poor men, and I would do them a service. The land is worth little and they would never find another buyer. But I can afford to be philanthropic and I will offer them five hundred thousand dollars for the entire rights of their land. It is four times as much as they would obtain elsewhere and it would make them comparatively rich men. What do you think?"

Harrington, after consideration, was compelled to admit that it was a generous offer, and he said so.

"Now as to yourself," Boland went on. "I have been watching your career with interest, and my own opinion—which is unasked, I admit—is that you have not advanced as far as a man of your talents should. It is not, as you might think, that the town lacks opportunities to give you. For example bring off this deal for me and I will make you manager of my firm, as a token of my appreciation of your powers, and some slight reward."

Harrington felt himself glowing with pride and ambition.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Boland—" he began; when Boland interrupted him with a gesture.

"I'm not out for thanks. Don't trouble," said the magnate. "But you've not yet promised to do your best on my behalf."

"Why, of course I promise," agreed Harrington readily.

"Good!" said Boland. "Then let us now go in to dinner, and celebrate what I trust will be a long and profitable business alliance and private friendship."

It was one of the happiest evenings of Harrington's life. Afterwards, Billie accompanied him to the door to say good-night. And it was a very long time before good-night was said.

The deputation presented itself, at Harrington's request, long before the appointed week was up. He had news for them of a nature none of them had expected. Instead of a revelation of Boland's duplicity he had an offer to make on the magnate's behalf, and this he presented with all the skill at his command.

Before very long they began to see as with his eyes. The deputation departed, consulted with its fellows at the Reservation and within three days, thanks to Harrington's powers of persuasion and their regard for him, they had consented to the transfer. The deed was drawn up and awaited only the Commissioner's signature. Already Boland could see himself owner of the Indians' land.

Already the Indians could see themselves strutting the streets of Edgewater, a great deal richer than many of the whites themselves. And already Henry Harrington could see himself the husband of Billie Boland, and her father's partner. It was a proud day for everybody concerned; and scarcely a man there but was congratulating himself on the future that was about to open up.

And then suddenly came the bolt from the blue.

It was the day on which the Commissioner was due to sign the deed of transfer. Harrington was standing in his office, picking up his hat and cane in readiness to depart to the Commissioner's office, when suddenly the door was flung back and into the room dashed Lahleet Marceau, her eyes wide, her lips apart and her hair wildly streaming across her shoulders. Harrington, amazed, laid his hat aside and waited for her to speak. He had not long to wait.

"Mr. Harrington!" she cried. "I've come right down from the Reservation to tell you that Boland is sinking oil wells there!"

"What!"

"'Tis fine of him to pose as a benefactor, but to rob the poor Indians of an oil field for five hundred thousand dollars. . . ."

"You are sure of this?"

"As sure as a human being can be of anything."

"And he knew all the time!"

"He must have known! The mean swindler!"

Henry frowned, biting his lips in doubt. Then, this time forgetting his hat and cane, he darted forward and flung back the door.

"Come with me!"

Edgewater was startled to see one of its best-known and best-respected citizens, together with the little teacher from the Reservation, tearing as if for dear life itself down the main street of the town that afternoon.

Some had the curiosity to fall in behind, turning the affair into a chase; and though many guessed at the reason for the excitement, none were able to come within a thousand paces of the truth. That anything could be wrong with the great transfer deal, none in Edgewater at this, the eleventh hour could credit. There were vague rumours of a fire at some distant spot. . . .

Henry tore into the Commissioner's office, post haste, and burst in at the very moment when that grave and ponderous official was raising his pen to

dip it into the ink that was to sign away for ever the natives' rights to the land that had been theirs since the days before history. He paused at Harrington's unceremonious entry into the sanctity of his chambers.

"Why—this?" he demanded.

"I come to let you know in time that what Boland hopes to buy is not a prairie but an oil field!" announced Henry.

"What's this?" The Commissioner frowned and swung round in his chair. Boland was there. He did not turn a hair. Calm and collected he addressed the Commissioner.

"This means, I take it, that an Enquiry must be held into my rights?"

Gravely the Commissioner nodded.

"And certainly some time must elapse before I dare sign this deed of transfer."

"Very well," said Boland. "Then I have other business to transact to-day."

They all waited.

"Here," said Boland.

Henry felt some uneasiness from the man's manner and the way in which the latter's lip curled as he half glanced at Henry the while he continued to address the Commissioner.

"Two thousand dollars' worth of bonds were stolen from my office safe yesterday," Boland went on. "Only one man was in the room at the time the safe was left open. He and only he can have taken the bonds. That man is Henry Harrington."

"You lie!"

Harrington sprang forward, but the sheriff's officers held him back from his

accuser. Henry tore his fist free and shook it in Boland's face.

"It takes a swindler to accuse me of that!" he thundered. "Is your word to be credited? You, who so meanly have attempted to rob these poor natives of their own?"

"That," retorted Boland acidly, "has to be proved."

"And so has your charge against me," returned Henry swiftly.

"Exactly."

"I see your game," said Henry. "You cannot hope to hold me on this false charge. You know there is not a shred of truth in your accusation, and that no jury will believe you."

"But I must go to jail until my trial, and you hope I may be in jail when the Indians' appeal comes off. I, of all men would speak fairly for them, and you would gag me by putting me away at that most important time. I see through you!"

Boland turned to the sheriff.

"I make this charge in all seriousness. You know your duty, officer."

The officer knew his duty. Also, he knew how to recognise power when he saw it. If he were to stand out against Boland he would not remain in Edgewater a week. He tapped Harrington on the shoulder.

"You'll have to come with me, Mr. Harrington," he said.

Billie Boland was standing in the doorway of the Commissioner's office as they led Harrington out. She tossed her head and turned away.

But Lahleet Marceau forced her way through the crowds and took his hand.

Henry tore off to the Commissioner's office, post haste, and burst in at the very moment the official was about to sign.





Seated on a log in the woods they settled the whole business in ten minutes.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Harrington," she said simply.

"Thank you," said Harrington.

And so everybody in Edgewater knew Henry Harrington again, if only as a man in jail awaiting trial. The jailer who brought him meals to his cell three times a day knew him—had known him for years; had gone to school with him in the old days.

He might be a jailer, but he was a man first and did not forget that once he had been Henry Harrington's play-fellow. He dallied with the meal-bringing, bringing news as well.

"Boland's gettin' it spun out, Mr. Harrington," he said once. "Hopes to have your case held over until a week after his fight with the Indians. Reckons they don't stand an earthly with you put away."

"What," Henry asked, "do the townspeople say—about me?"

"Oh, for you, of course. 'Most ninety-nine per cent of 'em. Boland's men ain't allowed to say. But I know what they think. . . ."

He had exciting news a week later.

"Hornblower's standing for the Indians! Old Hornblower! Lord knows what'll come of it. Used to be a dang fine lawyer, once upon a time, but that's gettin' on for forty year ago. Well, we can hope for the best. . . ."

He did not sound very hopeful.

But a week later he dashed into Henry's cell in the highest glee and clapped his hands on his captive's shoulders.

"He's done it. He's pulled it off! Hornblower, the old skunk! They've got the verdict—and what you think? Not just the reservation, but all of Edgewater belongs to the red people. The town's goin' wild, and Boland just ain't been seen outside of his door this last hour. Talk about doin's. . . ."

Henry understood the feelings of a lion in its cage that afternoon and evening. From his cell windows he could see nothing, though he could hear much. Riotous sounds, good natured and ill-natured together reached him from the unseen Main Street, and he would have given a year of his life to have been out in Edgewater at this great moment of its history.

"If I could only see something!" he complained.

And then, as dusk fell, he saw.

It was a tiny red glow in the south at first; then it was a flush that spread all over the sky. The riotous sounds increased, and the good nature was gone completely out of them now.

"They're firing the town," the jailer announced, peeping through the grid. "They say it's their town, now, and they're goin' to do what they like with it. The cops is helpless."

"Look!" he cried a moment later. "That's the town hall. They've captured the fire station and won't let an engine out."

Harrington gripped the rails of the grid in frenzy.

"Can you let me out of here " he shouted. "I can save the town, and I'm the only man that can. They'll listen to me. . . ."

The jailer dashed off to see the governor. The governor came running back. There were shouted promises, scarce heard in the excitement, and then the doors of Henry's cell swung back. He fled down a stone passage and out of the county jail. In the square outside life was an inferno.

Buildings on every hand were blazing—children screaming—young men and old men cursing and fighting; and everywhere could be seen the

grinning faces of the redskins as they ran about with lighted torches in their hands, firing buildings that had escaped till then, chanting their weird war songs.

Harrington tore into the centre of the square and stood wildly waving his arms above his head. He gave a cry that penetrated the chaos of noises and here and there a redskin paused in his work of destruction.

It was the cry with which Harrington had rallied his Indian company in France. He gave it again, and his heart leapt within him as he saw, here and there, stragglers at first, but increasing in numbers every moment, his old men responding. Soon he had a hundred gathered round him.

"You trust me, boys?" he cried.

"Yes sir. Yes sir."

"You know that I'm for you every time?"

"Yes sir!"

"Then come with me! Get out the engines and save the town, and you've my word for it that no punishment shall come your way."

They did not hesitate. Onlookers said that he seemed almost like a god to them. He led, and wherever he led they followed without demur. In less than four minutes the engines were streaming out of the fire station one by one. In less than an hour the worst fire in the town was under control, and then it was seen that the damage would prove to be considerably less than at first had been feared. At last, close on midnight, out of the grime and smoke came Harrington from a conference with the natives.

"It is the Indians' wish," he told the people of Edgewater, "to give the town back to you. They want only their reservation as it was before the war. With that they are more than satisfied."

The leading citizen and the leading Indian chief shook hands on that, and it was law. Then Harrington began to move away.

"Where do you go?" someone asked.

"Back to jail," said he. "My job here is done."

But before he could move another step news was brought that Boland had withdrawn the charge against him and he was a free man. Billie Boland brought the news, and she said more than that.

"I am sorry for my conduct on the day you were taken up," she said. "I suppose we shall see you round at dinner to-night. A big man like you and my father ought to get together."

"Thanks," said Harrington briefly, "but I'm afraid I shall be busy looking for some one."

"For Lahleet Marceau," he added a moment later.

And indeed he started right away, and, seated on a log side by side, in the woods, they settled the whole business in ten minutes.

The Art of Bernhard Goetzke

Mysterious eyes, holding you, an immobile face, above a sculpturally immobile figure, striking you with an amazing sense of power restrained. The art of Bernhard Goetzke lies not in what he does, but in what he is powerful enough not to do.

“And who is Bernhard Goetzke?”

I can hear a dozen voices asking the question, and can guess at a dozen minds framing it in thought.

For that is the penalty of the film actor who happens to work and to be born outside of the United States—his name means nothing—it is just a name, no more. No publicity man has shouted it through trumpets of brass.

No electricians have flared it across the sky. It may be the name of genius, but it carries no spell. We listen when it comes our way at last, and nod, and ask politely whose it may be.

The name of Bernhard Goetzke is that of a dramatic giant, one of the finest actors upon the screens of the world, but it is less familiar to the bulk of picturegoers than the flowing syllables of Bull Montana's name, less familiar than that of Baby Peggy Montgomery, even than that of Rin-Tin-Tin.

So much for genius—and publicity! The connoisseur of acting, however, knows Goetzke well, has marked him down from his first appearance on an English screen, and closely followed his work through all of the half-dozen pictures which have brought across the Channel in the last three years this curious and powerful personality.

Our first sight of Goetzke was as the detective “De Witt” in *Dr Mabuse the Gambler*. A little later we came across him again as a mysterious Yogi in *Above All Law*. The beautiful, sober figure of Death in *Destiny* came to us later, yet, although it was a much younger Goetzke who made the film.

After a pause, and close upon each other's heels, pressed forward the minstrel of *The Nibelungs* and the Knight Crusader of *Decameron Nights*, and within the last few weeks we have seen the man again in *The Blackguard*, drinking and fiddling, fighting and reeling at the head of the revolutionaries, the one giant in that film of struggling pigmies.

It is characteristic of Bernhard Goetzke that he enters a film quietly, quite unobtrusively, with no flourish of trumpets and column of titles, but with his first entry he goes straight to the heart of the film, picks up the drama, holds it. Your eye finds him joyously, and follows him to the end. When Goetzke is on the screen it is quite impossible to look at any one else.

He is a dangerous man for a star to partner with, as dangerous when he is in the distance, shadowed, right back stage, as when he is filling the eye of the camera in a close-up. He does not mean to be dangerous.

A quieter, more modest actor does not live. But the power of drama that is in him is too strong for complete repression, and only the fine actor, the actor of genius, can stand safely by his side.

The art of Bernhard Goetzke is an art of power half-restrained.

He has in a vast degree the quality of understanding both thought and emotion, of getting first of all into the very soul of his parts, becoming one



Bernhard Goetzke in
“The Blackguard.”

with them, before he even attempts to suggest them to his audience.

Then he brings to bear upon them a finely-perfected technique of expression, and allows the expressed character to filter through, as it were, in a fine, half-checked stream. His work is soft, and sure, and rather terrible in its strength. There is no faltering. There is no extravagance. But behind, and above, and all around it is the sense of hidden power.

If you watch Bernhard Goetzke closely, you will notice that he has reduced immobility to a fine art. He knows, more than any other actor, how to do nothing beautifully.

He makes few gestures, with the result that every gesture, when it comes, is weighty and fraught with dramatic power. He will not stir a little finger without good reason, but that little finger, when it does move at last, can bring down mountains.

The gods have given him a strange, sombre and very magnetic face. It changes little; only the eyes reflect passing moods. Deep eyes, hypnotic in their level gaze. Mysterious eyes, holding you.

The immobility of that face, above the sculptural immobility of that figure, strikes you with an amazing sense of power restrained. It is a challenge, a promise half-revealed. And because it seems likely never to be revealed in full, it never palls.

The art of Bernhard Goetzke lies, not in what he does, but in what he is powerful enough not to do. E. R. T.



Merton of the Movies

by HARRY LEON WILSON

This enthralling serial of life behind the movie screen commenced in the February issue. Back numbers may be obtained from Publishing Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.

These were the buffoons who, with their coarse pantomime, their heavy horse-play, did so much to debase a great art. There, even at his side, was the offender, none other than Jeff Baird himself, the man whose regrettable sense of so-called humour led him to make these low appeals to the witless. And even as he looked the cross-eyed man entered the scene. Garbed in the weirdly misfitting clothes of a waiter, holding aloft a loaded tray of dishes, he entered on roller skates, to halt before Baird with his uplifted tray at a precarious balance.

"All right, that's better," said Baird. "And, Gertie, listen: don't throw the chair in front of him. That's out. Now we'll have the entrance again. You other boys on the rollers, there—" Three other basely comic waiters on roller skates came to attention.

Follow him in and pile up on him when he makes the grand spill—see what I mean? Get your trays loaded now and get off. Now you other people, take your seats. No, no, Annie, you're at the head, I told you. Tom, you're at the foot and start the rough house when you get the tray in the neck. Now, all set."

Merton Gill was about to leave this distressing scene, but was held in spite of himself by the voice of a new-comer.

"Hello, Jeff! Atta boy!" He knew without turning that the Montague girl was again at his elbow. He wondered if she could be following him.

"Hello, Flips! How's the kid?" The producer had turned cordially to her. "Just in time for the breakaway stuff. See how you like it."

"What's the big idea?"

"Swell reception at the Maison de Glue, with the waiters on roller skates in honour of rich Uncle Rollo Glue. The head-waiter starts the fight by doing a fall with his tray. Tom gets the tray in the neck and soaks the nearest man—banquet goes flooey. Then we go into the chase stuff."

"Which is Uncle Rollo?"

"That's him at the table, with the herbaceous border under his chin."

"Is he in the fight?"

"I think so. I was going to rehearse it once more to see if I could get a better idea. Near as I can see now, everybody takes a crack at him."

"Well, maybe." The Montague girl seemed to be considering. "Say, how about this, Jeff? He's awful hungry, see, and he's begun to eat the celery and everything he can reach, and when the mix-up starts he just eats on and pays no attention to it. Never even looks up, see what I mean? The fight spreads the whole length of the table; right around Rollo half a dozen murders are going on and he just eats and pays no attention. And he's still eating when they're all down and out, and don't know a thing till Charlie or some one crowns him with the punch-bowl. How about it? Ain't there a laugh in that?" Baird had listened respectfully and now patted the girl on a shoulder.

"Good work, Kid! That's a gag, all right. The little bean's sparking on all six, ain't it? Drop around again. We need folks like you. Now, listen Rollo—you there, Rollo, come here and get this. Now, listen—when the fight begins—"

Merton Gill turned decisively away. Such coarse foolery as this was too remote from Reulah Baxter who, somewhere on that lot, was doing something really, as her interview had put it, distinctive and worth while.

He lingered only to hear the last of Baird's instructions to Rollo and the absurd guests, finding some sinister fascination in the man's talk. Baird then turned to the girl, who had also started off.

"Hang around, Flips. Why the rush?"

"Got to beat it over to Number Four."

"Got anything good there?"

"Nothing that will get me any billing. Been waiting two hours now just to look frenzied in a mob."

"Well, say, come around and see me some time."

"All right, Jeff. Of course I'm pretty busy. When I ain't working I've got to think about my art."

"No, this is on the level. Listen, now, sister, I got another two reeler to pull off after this one, then I'm goin' to do something new, see? Got a big idea. Probably something for you in it. Drop in t' the office and talk it over. Come in some time next week. If I ain't there I'll be on the lot some place. Don't forget, now."

Merton Gill, some distance from the Buckeye set, waited to note what direction the Montague girl would take. She broke away presently, glanced brazenly in his direction, and tripped lightly out the nearest exit. He went swiftly to one at the far end of the building, and was again

in the exciting street. But the afternoon was drawing in and the street had lost much of its vivacity. It would surely be too late for any glimpse of his heroine. And his mind was already cluttered with impressions from his day's adventure.

He went out through the office, meaning to thank the casting director for the great favour she had shown him, but she was gone. He hoped the headache had not driven her home. If she were to suffer again he hoped it would be some morning. He would have the Eezo wafers in one pocket and a menthol pencil in the other. And she would again extend to him the freedom of that wonderful city.

In his room that night he tried to smooth out the jumble in his dazed mind. Those people seemed to say so many things they considered funny, but that were not really funny to anyone else. And moving-picture plays were always waiting for something, with the bored actors lounging about in idle apathy. Still in his ears sounded the drone of the saw-mill and the deep purr of the lights when they were put on. That was a funny thing. When they wanted the lights on they said "Kick it," and when they wanted the lights off they said "Save it!" And why did a boy come out after every scene and hold up a placard with numbers on it before the camera? That placard had never shown in any picture he had seen. And that queer Montague girl, always turning up when you thought you had got rid of her. Still, she had thrown that knife pretty well. You had to give her credit for that. But she couldn't be much of an actress, even if she had spoken of acting with Miss Baxter, of climbing down cables with her and falling off cliffs.

Probably she was boasting, because he had never seen anyone but Miss Baxter do these things in her pictures. Probably she had some very minor part. Anyway; it was certain she couldn't be much of an actress because she had almost promised to act in those terrible Buckeye comedies. And, of course, no one with any real ambition or capacity could consider such a thing—descending to rough horse-play for the amusement of the coarser element among screen patrons.

But there was one impression from the day's whirl that remained clear and radiant: He had looked at the veritable face of his heroine. He began his letter to Tessie Kearns. "At last I have seen Miss Baxter face to face. There was no doubt about its being her. You would have known her at once. And how beautiful she is! She was looking up and seemed inspired, probably thinking about her part. She reminded me of that beautiful picture of St. Cecilia playing on the piano. . ."

VI.

HE approached the office of the Holden studios the following morning with a new air of assurance. Formerly the mere approach had been an adventure; the look through the gate, the quick glimpse of the privileged ones who entered the mingling, later, with the hopeful and the near-hopeless ones who waited. But now his feeling was that he had, somehow, become a part of that higher life beyond the gate. He might linger outside at odd moments, but rightfully he belonged inside. His novitiate had passed. He was one of those who threw knives or battled at the sawmill with the persecutor of golden-haired innocence, or lured beautiful women from their homes. He might be taken, he thought, for an actor resting between pictures.

At the gate he suffered a momentary regret at an error of tactics committed the evening before. Instead of leaving the lot by the office he should have left by the gate. He should have strolled to this exit in a leisurely manner and stopped, just inside the barrier, for a chat with the watchman; a chat, beginning with the gift of a cigar, which should have impressed his appearance upon that person. He should have remarked casually that he had had a hard day on Stage Number Four, and must now be off to a good night's rest because of the equally hard day to-morrow. Thus he could now have approached the gate with confidence and passed freely in, with a few more pleasant words to the watchman who would have no difficulty in recalling him.

But it was in vain to wish this. For all the watchmen knew this young man had never been beyond the walls of the forbidden city, nor would he know any reason why the besieger should not for ever be kept outside. He would fix that next time.

HE approached the window of the casting office with mingled emotions. He did not hope to find his friend again stricken with headache, but if it chanced that she did suffer he hoped to be the first to learn of it. Was he not fortified with the potent Eezo wafers, and a new menthol pencil, even with an additional remedy of tablets that the druggist had strongly recommended? It was, therefore, not with any actual, crude disappointment that he learned of his friend's perfect well-being. She smiled pleasantly at him, the telephone receiver at one ear. "Nothing to-day, dear," she said and put down the instrument.

Yes, the headache was gone, vanquished by his remedies. She was fine, thank you. No, the headaches didn't come often. It might be weeks before she had another attack. No, of course she couldn't be certain of this. And indeed she would be sure to let him know at the very first sign of their recurrence.

He looked over his patient with real anxiety, a solicitude from the bottom of which he was somehow unable to expel the last trace of a lingering hope that would have dismayed the little woman—not hope, exactly, but something almost like it which he would only translate to himself as an earnest desire that he might be at hand when the dread indisposition did attack her. Just now there could be no doubt that she was free from pain.

He thanked her profusely for her courtesy of the day before. He had seen wonderful things. He had learned a lot.

And he wanted to ask her something, assuring himself that he was alone in the waiting-room. It was this: did she happen to know—was Miss Beulah Baxter married?

The little woman sighed in a tired manner. "Baxter married? Let me see." She tapped her teeth with the end of a pencil, frowning into her vast knowledge of the people beyond the gate. "Now, let me think." But this appeared to be without result. "Oh, I really don't know; I forget. I suppose so. Why not? She often is."

He would have asked more questions, but the telephone rang and she listened a long time, contributing a "yes, yes," of understanding at brief intervals. This talk ended, she briskly demanded a number and began to talk in her turn. Merton Gill saw that for the time he had passed from her life. She was calling an agency.

SHE wanted people for a diplomatic reception in Washington. She must have a Bulgarian general, a Serbian diplomat, two French colonels, and a Belgian captain, all in uniform and all good types. She didn't want just anybody, but types that would stand out. Holden studios on Stage Number Two. Before noon, if possible. All right, then. Another bell rang, almost before she had hung up. "Hello Grace. Nothing to-day, dear. They're out on location, down toward Venice, getting some desert stuff. Yes, I'll let you know."

Merton Gill had now to make way at the window for a youngish, weary-looking woman who had once been prettier, who led an elaborately dressed little girl of five. She lifted the child to the window. "Say good morning to the beautiful lady, Toots. Good morning, Countess. I'm sure you got something for Toots and me to-day, because it's our birthday—both born on the same day—what do you think of that? Any little thing will help us a lot—how about it?"

He went outside before the end of this colloquy, but presently saw the woman and her child emerge and walk on disconsolately toward the next studio. Thus began another period of waiting from which much of the glamour had gone. It was not so easy now to be excited by those glimpses of the street beyond the gate. A certain haze had

vanished, leaving all too apparent the circumstance that others were working beyond the gate while Merton Gill loitered outside, his talent, his training, ignored. His early air of careless confidence had changed to one not at all careless or confident. He was looking rather desperate and rather unbelieving. And it daily grew easier to count his savings. He made no mistakes now. His hoard no longer enjoyed the addition of fifteen dollars a week. Only subtractions were made.

THERE came a morning when but one bill remained. It was a ten-dollar bill, bearing at its centre a steel-engraved portrait of Andrew Jackson. He studied it in consternation, though still permitting himself to notice that Jackson would have made a good motion picture type—the long, narrow, severe face, the stiff uncomprising mane of grey hair; probably they would have cast him for a feuding mountaineer, deadly with his rifle, or perhaps as an inventor whose device was stolen on his death-bed by his wicked Wall Street partner, thus leaving his motherless daughter at the mercy of Society's wolves.

But this was not the part that Jackson played in the gripping drama of Merton Gill. His face merely stared from the last money brought from Simsbury, Illinois, and the stare was not reassuring. It seemed to say that there was no other money in all the world. Decidedly things must take a turn. Merton Gill had a quite definite feeling that he had already struggled and sacrificed enough to give the public something better and finer. It was time the public realised this.

Still he waited, not even again reaching the heart of things, for his friend beyond the window had suffered no relapse. He came to resent a certain inconsequence in the woman. She might have had those headaches oftener. He had been led to suppose that she would, and now she continued to be weary but entirely well.



These were the buffoons who, with their coarse pantomime, their heavy horse-play, did so much to debase the great and noble art of the movies.



"Thanks, Countess! Me for the jumping tintypes at the hour named. I'm glad enough to be doing even third business. Goo'bye." She stepped aside with "You're next, brother!" which Merton acknowledged with a haughty inclination of the head. He must not encourage this hoyden.

More waiting and the ten-dollar bill went for a five and some silver. He was illogically not sorry to be rid of Andrew Jackson, who had looked so tragically sceptical. The five-dollar bill was much more cheerful. It bore the portrait of Benjamin Harrison, a smooth, cheerful face adorned with whiskers that radiated success. They were little short of smug with success. He would almost rather have had Benjamin Harrison on five dollars than the grim-faced Jackson on ten. Still, facts were facts. You couldn't wait as long on five dollars as you could on ten.

Then on the afternoon of a day that promised to end as other days had ended, a wave of animation swept through the waiting-room and the casting office. "Swell cabaret stuff" was the phrase that brought the applicants to a lively swarm about the little window. Evening clothes, glad wraps, cigarette cases, vanity-boxes—the Victor people doing *The Blight of Broadway* with Muriel Mercer—Stage Number Four at 8.30 to-morrow morning.

There seemed no limit to the number of people desired. Merton Gill joined the throng about the window. Engagements were rapidly made, both through the window and over the telephone that was now ringing those people who had so long been told that there was nothing to-day. He did not push ahead of the women as some of the other men did. He even stood out of the line for the Montague girl, who suddenly appeared and who from the rear had been exclaiming, "Women and children first!"

"Thanks, old dear," she acknowledged the courtesy and beamed through the window. "Hello, Countess!"

The woman nodded briefly. "All right, Flips; I was just going to telephone you. Henshaw wants you for some baby-vamp stuff in the cabaret scene and in the gambling hell. Better wear that salmon-pink chiffon and the yellow curls. Eight thirty, Stage Four. Goo'-bye."

"Thanks, Countess! Me for the jumping tintypes at the hour named. I'm glad enough to be doing even third business. How about Ma?"

"Sure! Tell her grand-dame stuff, chaperone or something, the grey cigarette and all her pearls and the cigarette case."

"I'll tell her. She'll be glad there's something doing once more on the perpendicular stage. Goo'bye."

She stepped aside with "You're next, brother!" Merton Gill acknowledged this with a haughty inclination of the head. He must not encourage this hoyden. He glanced expectantly through the little window. His friend held a telephone receiver at her ear. She smiled wearily. "All right, son. You got evening clothes, haven't you? Of course, I remember now. Stage Four at 8.30. Goo'-bye."

"I want to thank you for this opportunity—" he began, but was pushed aside by an athletic young woman who spoke from under a broad hat.

"Hello, dearie! How about me and Ella?"

"Hello, Maizie. All right. Stage Four, at 8.30, in your swellest evening stuff."

At the door the Montague girl called to an approaching group who seemed to have heard by wireless or occult means the report of new activity in the casting office. "Hurry, you troupers. You can eat to-morrow night, maybe!" They hurried. She turned to Merton Gill. "Seems like old times," she observed.

"Does it?" he replied coldly. Would this chit never understand that he disapproved of her trifling ways?

He went on, rejoicing that he had not been compelled to part, even temporarily, with a first-class full-dress suit, hitherto worn only in the privacy of Lowell Hardy's studio. It would have been awkward, he thought, if the demand for it had been much longer delayed. He would surely have let that go before sacrificing his Buck Benson outfit. He had traversed the eucalyptus avenue in

this ecstasy, and was on a busier thoroughfare. Before a motion-picture theatre he paused to study the billing of Muriel Mercer in *Hearts Aflame*. The beautiful girl, in an alarming gown, was at the mercy of a fiend in evening dress whose hellish purpose was all too plainly read in his fevered eyes. The girl writhed in his grasp. Doubtless he was demanding her hand in marriage. It was a tense bit. And to-morrow he would act with this petted idol of the screen. And under the direction of that Mr. Henshaw who seemed to take screen art with proper seriousness. He wondered if by any chance Mr. Henshaw would call upon him to do a quadruple transition, hate, fear, love, despair. He practised a few transitions as he went on to press his evening clothes in the Patterson kitchen, and to dream, that night, that he rode his good pal, Pinto, into the gilded cabaret to carry off Muriel Mercer, Broadway's pampered society pet, to the clean life out there in the open spaces where men are men.

At eight the following morning he was made up in a large dressing-room by a grumbling extra who said that it was a dog's life plastering grease paint over the maps of dubs. He was presently on Stage Four in the prescribed evening regalia for gentlemen. He found the cabaret set, a gilded haunt of pleasure with small tables set about an oblong of dancing floor. Back of these on three sides were raised platforms with other tables, and above these discreet boxes, half masked by drapery, for the seclusion of more retiring merry-makers. The scene was deserted as yet, but presently he was joined by another early comer, a beautiful young woman of Spanish type with a thin face and eager, dark eyes. Her gown was glistening black set low about her polished shoulders, and she carried a red rose. So exotic did she appear he was surprised when she addressed him in the purest English.

"Say, listen here, oid timer! Let's pick a good table right on the edge before the mob scene starts. Lemme see—"

She glanced up and down the rows of tables. "The cam'ras'll be back there, so we can set a little closer, but not too close, or we'll be moved over. How 'bout this here? Let's try it." She sat, motioning him to the other chair. Even so early in his picture career did he detect that in facing this girl his back would be to the camera. He hitched his chair about.

"That's right," said the girl, "I wasn't meaning to hog it. Say, we was just in time, wasn't we?"

Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress were already entering. They looked inquiringly about and chose tables. Those next to the dancing space were quickly filled. Many of the ladies permitted costly wraps of fur or brocade to spill across the backs of their chairs. Many of the gentlemen lighted cigarettes from gleaming metal cases. There was a lively interchange of talk.

"We better light up, too," said the dark girl. Merton Gill had neglected cigarettes and confessed this with some embarrassment. The girl presented an open case of gold attached to a chain pendant from her girdle. They both smoked. On their tables were small plates, two wine-glasses half filled with a pale liquid, and small coffee-cups. Spirals of smoke ascended over a finished repast. Of course if the part called for cigarettes you must smoke.

(To be continued next month.)

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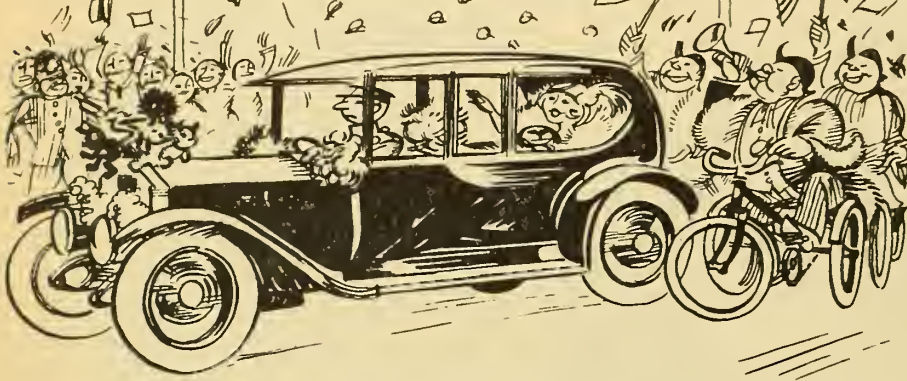


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Just Wunnerful! BY LOLA DE TWADDLE



Ever since I was a tiny child and lived with "Momma" and "Poppa" in the ancestral home, Virginia, I've just longed to visit your wunnerful England and see your historic buildings, thousands of years old, that line the streets of wunnerful London.

Always, up till now, I've been so busy working day and night and sacrificing time and pleasure to my dear public that a little holiday like this has been impossible, but I guess it was all the more wunnerful when it came.

The only thing that spoilt my visit for me was that dear "Mommer" was not able to come with me and view with me all the wunnerful, wunnerful sights. I had never travelled anywhere without her before—Mommer and I are such pals we can never bear to be apart for long—but just at the last minute she developed a severe chill and we dared not risk bringing her here into your wunnerful climate.

I guess I wept whole quarts as I waved good-bye to her on the boat, and I had only just begun to feel myself again when we put into Southampton. I just can't describe my feelings when I took my first look at that historic city—I had risen at 6 a.m. to do so—and gazing down into the harbour



at your wunnerful, wunnerful mud, realised that I had reached England at last.

I was so awed that—well, I guess I can only say it was awful!

As I set foot on English ground for the first time a regular thrill went through me as I saw the crowds of eager people waiting to catch sight of me, and I guess I was more than thrilled when my Press Agent, who seemed to know the names of all the important people there, pointed out to me who they all were.

There was the Mayor of Puddleton

standing in the front with some wunnerful looking robes and things on and grouped around him were the Mayor of Mudville-on-Slush, the whole of the town council for Winkleton-on-the-Ouze, and the Scavenger's Deputation from Slopton-on-Mud, all waving little flags and singing "Hoorah, Hoorah, Hoorah, Lola has come to stay" with actions, in a dignified and impressive manner.

I guess I was excited and when the



town band struck up a mixture of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save The King" for my benefit, I hardly knew what to do.

A special train had been chartered to take me to London, so that I should not have to rub shoulders with any of your wunnerful English people, and, with the special welcome committee still welcoming me heartily, I stepped into this from a platform specially built for me and went steaming off to London.

I guess I can't describe the scenes that met me at Waterloo Station, where the historic battle of Waterloo was fought. As I looked about me at the cheering mobs I found myself imagining vividly that scene of long ago, until I could almost hear the shrapnel bursting above my head.

My feelings, as I looked about me, were so deep that I can hardly talk about them, even to my dear public.

After we had had a lot of pictures taken I got into my waiting limousine and drove off to my hotel, escorted by a bodyguard of Town Councillors on tricycles, all blowing tin trumpets and waving little flags.

I was more and more impressed by the superb dignity and splendour of all I saw about me, and for the first time I realised the true and beautiful meaning of the British Constitution.

My first day was spent quietly, for I had come over here for a holiday and rest. In the morning I received a deputation from the Asylum of Incurable Film Fans, and presented them with a signed photo of myself for each of the inmates.

Next I met a select gathering of British Press men and women, and was more than impressed by the wunnerful, wunnerful intellects gathered about me. I should like to say right here and now that the British Press, with its cultured, brilliant and handsome men and women is, in my opinion, one of the greatest institutions in the world, and it is a pleasure to be interviewed by one of its members.

The afternoon was spent in quietly trying on frocks in one of your wunnerful London's most exclusive Paris firms, after which I went back to my hotel and undressed ready to make a personal appearance at the first showing of my new film *Sinful Sirens*.

The next few days passed far too quickly and I was able to see all the historic sights that appeal to me so.

I think the thing that impressed me most was the British Museum, with its little room where the two little princes were murdered thousands of years ago. I think it is just too pathetic for words, and as I stood on the very spot where the dreadful thing was done I thought how I should like to make a film about it, so that it should become really famous.

Another thing that impressed me very much was your Houses of Parliament, with dignified looking beekeepers guarding the entrance so that nobody should disturb the great men inside, working day and night to make wunnerful plans for the country. I guess it just thrilled me as I looked about me and thought how great these wunnerful men must be, to have such a



wunnerful place built specially for them to go and work in.

Well, I guess, after all, I just can't say what I liked best of all the historic things I saw, although I'd just like to mention your Wembley Amusement Park, which really was too thrilling for words. I can only say that I shall look back on this visit of mine, when I get back to America, as the greatest holiday I've ever spent—in fact, it's all been just wunnerful!

E. E. BARRETT.



*Clever
little Miss
Kasmir of the
"Punch Bowl"
is an enthusiastic
user of Amami.*

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The Greatness of Griffith--

Griffith is a Movie Universal Stores. That is the secret of his greatness.

A strange contradiction is D.W.G. A producer of world-famous spectacles—he, it is said, loses money on every one of his productions; an epic portrayer of history—an exponent of black-faced comedy; a glorifier of ancient Babylon—and of potatoes. A veritable Proteus amongst producers.

Griffith first made the film-world sit up and take notice with his production of *The Birth of a Nation*. Here were two "sure-fire" box office appeals; the epic sweep of History to please the "highbrow" and the pathetic war experiences of a Southern family to attract the others.

Next came *Intolerance*, switching backward and forward with callous disregard of chronological well-being from modern America to ancient Babylon and from early Judea to the France of Catherine de Medici. But behind all these mental gymnastics was a very fine idea, and all the episodes were excellently presented. The Babylonian sequence is still a criterion amongst lavish settings.

A war story *Hearts of the World* followed, with Dorothy Gish stealing

the acting honours. But Griffith painted on a large canvas for a' that.

Followed *Orphans of the Storm*, an epic of the French Revolution with mobs mobbing, Madame Guillotine working overtime, and aristocrats going nobly to their deaths. Yet throughout the frail and pathetic figures of the two orphans caught in the maelstrom shining out like two silver threads.

Last—or rather, I hope, latest—in his gallery of epics comes *Love and Sacrifice*, a tale of the War of Independence. Here again, although we see skirmishes and battles and are introduced to many historical notabilities, the love story is intended, and does claim the major portion of our attention.

Griffith so evidently wants to preach Humanity rather than depict History and to practice Simplicity in lieu of Subtlety, but, like the excellent showman he is, he recognises the value of an attractive setting for his simple stories, therefore he encloses his miniatures in the huge gilt frames of History.



Above:
David
Wark
Griffith.

Left: A
scene from

"Broken Blossoms."

The players are Donald
Crisp and Lillian Gish.



Sometimes, however, it is the story alone; as for instance in the film which in my opinion is his masterpiece—*Broken Blossoms*. Here were no empires tottering to ruin; here no titanic struggles of world powers; no mob revolting against their oppressors. Here was a brutal, beer-swilling pugilist, a frail child of the gutter, an idealistic yellow man and a story from *Limehouse Nights*. With this material, David Wark Griffith made a film, whose sordid surroundings and Zola-esque climax could not rob of a queer arresting beauty, a beauty which I shall not attempt to analyse because no one can dissect gossamer.

Here is the secret of Griffith's greatness. He is a Movie Universal Stores. Do you like historical spectacle? D.W.G. has it. Do you consider that "kind hearts" and "simple lives" are more than "coronets" and "Norman blood"? So does D.W.G. Do you roar with laughter at the spectacle of a negro's comical terror? D.W.G. shows it. Do you long to sit tight and gasp at the ride to the rescue? D.W.G. shows it in every picture. He has something for everybody. W. B. TURNER.

Miss Betty Balfour

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MY FAVOURITE.

Brown of hair and blue of eye—
The brightest star! For him I'd die!
In London Town he has his home—
Of course you'll guess he's Stewart
Rome.

I hope for years he'll grace the screen
And keep his many fans serene—
For you might travel very far
And never find a brighter star!
I.N.B. (Harlesden).

TWO STARS.

Some girls there were, and they gave
their hearts,
(Even as you and I)
To a sheik with wonderful sleek black
hair
And eyes to thrill the ladies fair
Who thought him handsome, fine and
rare,
(Even as you and I).

They named him "Greatest that ever
could be,"
(Even as you and I)
They sighed to the image of dark-
eyed "Rue,"
"We just adore the things you do,"
And vowed to him to be ever true
(Even as you and I).

Novarro came and they changed their
minds
(Even as you and I)
Their hearts and heads he sent into
whirls—
"Rudy's sleek hair," sighed the love-
sick girls,
"Is poor compared with Ramon's
curls,
And oh, what lovely eyes!"

They now name Ramon their only star

(Even as you and I)
The unconvinced I ask to
compare
Rudy's most wicked and
"Sheiky" glare
With Ramon's lashes
and "Baby stare."
They'll pick the best of
the Latin pair
(Even as you and I!)
M.L. (Upper Norwood).

DAREDEVIL DICK.

Though people may rave
over Rudy
(There's nothing to stop
them, I know!)
I'd much rather have
Richard Talmadge
For my own particular
beau.

Of stunt stars he is the
most fearless,
It seems there's no end
to his pluck—
Though dangers move
thickly around him
He trusts in the Goddess
of Luck!

I've quite lost my heart to young
Richard—
I saw him and fell for him quick.
To me he's the king of the movies—
My dashing young daredevil Dick!
ELENA (Lancs.)

"THE GROUSE."

I settle down in a tip-up seat
That I've rented with hard earned pelf,
I take off my hat and arrange my feet,
And prepare to enjoy myself.

The heroine kisses the hero bold,
Of the future they both little reck—
Then the fellow behind me, who's
cursed with a cold,
Kindly sneezes his germs down my
neck!

The villain appears and sneers a cruel
sneer—
Till he hides right behind a big hat,
Behind this barrage I peep and I peer,
—I could strangle this "over-dressed
cat"!

The heroine pleads for her life on her
knees
The tears roll in streams from her eye,
The hero, brave fellow—"Excuse us,
please"—
I stand up to let them push by!

The hero is knocking the poor villain
down
It's really a terrible bout!
Then someone behind me—the silly
young clown—
Starts reading the sub-titles out!

The film has come to a finish at last,
But I've seen scarcely more of the
show
Than the title, producer, certificate,
caste,
The "fade-out," the—but it's not
much good going on, is it?
W.B.T. (Brixton Hill).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Where Did She Get Them?

In *The Sins Ye Do* "Nadine" is seen playing in the garden, wearing a white frock. The hero sees her and picks her up, running with her to his waiting car. When they arrive at the house where the child's mother is dying, "Nadine" is wearing a hat and coat. Did the hero have them waiting for her in the car?
W. E. K. (New Malden).

An Imperturbable Pair.

Tom Mix and Lucy Fox jump into a pool of water in *Teeth*, to escape from a forest fire. When it is over they both emerge perfectly dry, while Lucy's hair is tidily arranged! M. M. (Ealing).

Something Wrong.

In *The Lover of Camille*, Monte Blue and Marie Prevost appear as lovers. Monte Blue has a son of nine or ten years old at the time, and also a fat friend, Willard Louis, who is a little older than himself. The picture drifts on to many years later, when Monte Blue is shown as a grey-haired man, worn and old, and his son has grown to be a young man. But Marie Prevost and Willard Louis still appear as young as ever!
C. G. (Leyton).

Father Time's "Come-back."

There is a scene in the film *Big Dan* featuring Buck Jones, in which an old sculptor is at work. On the table in the middle of the room is a small white model of "Father Time" and the old man tells his daughter that he is going out to sell this. He wraps it up and leaves the house, but while crossing a street he is knocked over and killed. When Buck comes to the studio to break the news to the sculptor's daughter he brings the shattered remains of the model with him—but "Father Time" is still seen on the table, untouched.
L. E. C. (Southampton).

Expert Conjuring.

Eleanor Boardman as "Penelope Stevens" lights a cigarette in *Sinners in Silk*, but in the very next scene the cigarette has disappeared. What happened to it?
I. C. (Putney).

The Beater Bit.

In *Monsieur Beaucaire*, the leader of the orchestra at the Assembly Rooms, Bath, directed with a baton. At that time the leader was generally the chief violinist or pianist, as the baton was not introduced into England until 1832, a later period than that filmed.
P. T. (London).



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Marjorie Daw	House Peters (2)
Reginald Denny	Mary Philbin
Richard Dix	Mary Pickford
Ivy Duke (2)	Laura La Plante
Josephine Earle	Eddie Polo
Douglas Fairbanks	Aileen Pringle
Dustin Farnum	Edna Purviance
Pauline Frederick	Jobyna Ralston
Pauline Garon	Herbert Rawlinson
Hoot Gibson	Irene Rich
John Gilbert	Charles de Roche
Dorothy Gish	Rod la Rocque
Lilian Gish	Ruth Roland
Huntley Gordon	Alma Rubens
Corinne Griffith	William Russell
Kenneth Harlan	Norma Shearer
Wanda Hawley	Milton Sills
Johnny Hynes	Anita Stewart
Violet Hopson	John Stuart
Lloyd Hughes	Gloria Swanson
Charles Hutchison	Constance Talmadge
Rex Ingram	Norma Talmadge (4)
Julanne Johnston	Richard Talmadge
Justine Johnstone	Estelle Taylor
Buck Jones	Lou Tellegen
Leatrice Joy (2)	Alice Terry (4)
Buster Keaton	Queenie Thomas
J. Warren Kerrigan	Rudolph Valentino (7)
Norman Kerry	Henry Victor
Theodore Kosloff	George Walsh
Alice Lake	Niles Welch
Cullen Landis	Pearl White
Matheson Lang (2)	Earle Williams
Elmo Lincoln	Lois Wilson
Harold Lloyd	Claire Windsor
Jaqueline Logan	
Ben Lyon	

LOVELY GIFTS FREE



John Barrymore will make two further productions for Warner Bros., but he is not thinking about filming 'Hamlet.'

A very Wild Western restaurant flourishes in Hollywood not far from Universal City. It belongs to Raymond McKee, the screen actor, who started it, more or less in fun. It is a rough kind of hut, with "no carpet on the floor, no knocker on the door," nor any other things but chairs, forms and wooden tables. There is also a complete absence of knives and forks. "It's a Western restaurant," says Ray, "and the guests must eat regular cowboy fashion—with their fingers." But it is only fair to add that the food is served so that this is not as uncouth as it sounds. Anyway, it is always full, especially after studio hours.

One of the coming directors is Millard Webb, who made *The Dark Swan* and many other Warner features. Millard has recently married Dorothy Wallace, of *Merry-Go-Round* fame. Dorothy was the wife of the hero, a lady who was killed off in a subtitle to allow for the happy ending.

Picturegoers who enjoyed the *Famous Masters of Music* series will be glad to know that a second series, containing amongst others, Chopin and Wagner, will be released shortly.

Buster Keaton has bought "Battling Butler" and will star in it. We had hoped to see Jack Buchanan do this, but doubtless Battling Buster will be tremendously popular.

We never knew Blanche Sweet had anything up against Scotland. But she writes us that her new film titled *The Lady from Hell* is about a certain "Lady Margaret," who came from the Scotch Highlands! Well, well.

We live and learn, don't we? Blanche has now joined Ass. First National on a long term contract.

Sir James Barrie is writing a special screen fantasy for Betty Bronson, which will be Paramount's Xmas offering for 1925.

Bill Hart's umpteenth return to the screen is now in full swing. His first picture is called *Tumbleweed*.

The over-bright sunlight and the prevalent fashion of wearing no hat at the seaside is responsible for many headaches these days. And nine out of every ten sufferers fly to Aspirin for relief. The great disadvantage of ordinary Aspirin is its insolubility, which is liable to make it upset the heart and stomach. But Litmopyrine, which is Soluble Aspirin is absolutely safe, rapid in action, and reliable in every way. To enable every one to test its effectiveness a sample tube of Litmopyrine tablets will be sent free. See page 61.

Have you ever noticed that the people who get to the top of the ladder of success, are those who are popular with everybody, both socially and in business? You call it luck, maybe, but there's more to it than that. Eight little books by Dr. Blackford give the great result of being able to hold people's interest and becoming a popular idol everywhere. Read their advert. on page 65 it is worth your while.

Will everybody please note that all the "Snaps with Stars" taken at PICTUREGOER POST CARD PARLOR are on view at "Photographia," Golders Green (Finchley Road, opposite Golders Green Tube Station), where copies can be obtained at a very low charge.



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Behind Evan Williams Tunisian-Henna is a wonderful organisation that by means of Lectures, Demonstrations and Film Displays has taught the best hair-dressers the correct method of tinting Hair by the Evan Williams Henna Cult. We shall be pleased to send you a recommended list for your town.

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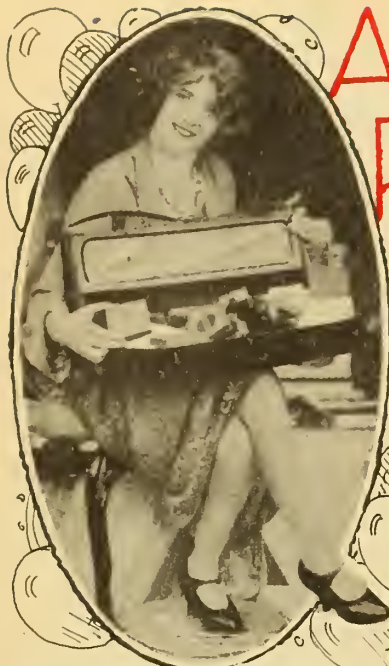


Photo by Tom Aitken.

Above: Sigrid Holmquist in a new rôle at the Garden Party.



Above: Jack Buchanan and a Jack Buchanan fan.



Photo: The Central News.

Above: The "Picturegoer Post Card Parlor" and five "daylight robbers" in charge of it.



Photo by Tom Aitken.

Above: Betty Balfour sold flowers à la "Squibs," and did a roaring trade, too.



Ivor was "snapped" twenty-five times in five minutes. We'll say he deserved that cup of tea.



Above: Two Joan Morgan fans "snapped" with their favourite. Left: The first customer. One of the dancers bought a photo of Mary Philbin before the Garden Party was officially "open." Right: Peter Dear was very much in request for "snaps."



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Amber-perfumed Cigarettes have always been regarded as the aristocrats of the Cigarette world. And their price has always been high. But just as a gentleman is always a gentleman—whatever his income—so do Lucky Dream Amber-Perfumed Cigarettes maintain the excellence of their class despite the democratic price at which they are sold to-day.

Treat yourself to a box of Lucky Dream Cigarettes and you will enjoy an aristocratic smoke. You will at once appreciate the quality of the tobacco from which they are made, while at the same time you will introduce yourself to a new and indescribable delight—real amber perfume—a luxury formerly obtainable only by the ultra rich, the wealthy Pashas and Rajahs of the bejewelled East.

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For Blonde Bobs Only



Daphne Mary Purdon, to whom the £10 prize goes for the July competitors.

Last month's competition was for brown-haired beauties. This month the blondes have their golden opportunity. Blanche Sweet, whose photo appears on the right, arranges her hair in a new and distinctive fashion. Can you do yours like that? If so, send a photograph of yourself with hair à la Sweet *toute suite* (which is French for immediately) and you may get a £10 cheque.

Please tell all your friends about this competition and read the rules carefully before sending photographs and coupons along.

Last month's winner was Miss Daphne Mary Purdon of 31, Cholmeley Park, Highgate, London, to whom we offer hearty congratulations and £5, and to whom Messrs. Prichard and Constance have also sent £5, as she was a user of their famous Shampoo Powder.

This page is for blonde girls only. Brunettes, read it at your own risk!

We are retaining her photograph, as well as all those sent in which we consider eligible for the final prize of £20 for the most beautiful head of hair in the whole Competition. Read these rules carefully.

- 1—There is no Entrance Fee.
- 2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows:—"Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 4, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
- 3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.
- 4—The closing date for this Competition is August 20th, 1925. The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.
- 5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.
- 6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PRIZES DOUBLED.

Messrs. PRICHARD & CONSTANCE announce that in the event of the Prize Winner being a user of Amami Shampoo Powder they will double the monthly prize—thus making it £10. All Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoo will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

IMPORTANT.—If you wish to qualify for these Extra Prizes, you must enclose with your photograph an empty Amami Shampoo Powder Sachet to show that you are a bona-fide user.



Blanche Sweet.

FREE COUPON

To the Editor,

Picturegoer (Beautiful Hair Competition No. 4),
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I desire to enter my photograph in the PICTUREGOER "Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 4, in accordance with the printed rules and conditions.

Name

Address

Elinor Glyn's

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Love's Blindness



"Love's Blindness" is the most compelling and absorbing novel that the world-famous authoress of "Three Weeks" has ever written. Dramatic and arresting—passionate and thrilling—this fascinating romance will hold your interest from the very first line.

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A SHILLING MAGAZINE FOR NINEPENCE

On Sale Everywhere - - 9d.

THE COMPETENTS.

(Continued from page 13.)

For if Lewis Stone is the prince of Competents, Wallace Beery is surely his chief minister. Never was there a man who could swerve so quickly and surely from villainy to heroism, from the humorous to the dignified, from the dignified to the merely brutal. The Wallace Beery of *Robin Hood* and the Wallace Beery of *The Lost World* are kingdoms apart, but their touch is equally sure. And they are only two out of the vast repertoire of the parts that he has played.

Here is our old friend Tully Marshall, as competent as the devil himself, and a little behind him Lon Chaney, that competent who would be so much more competent if he relied on his own powers instead of on the grease paint that covers them. No genius, but a sure workman, the Chaney of *The Miracle Man*, *Shadows* and *He Who Gets Slapped*—a very different Chaney from the mountebank of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, where competence was sacrificed to sensation.

Here, too, is Milton Sills, the strong, silent man of the screen; a player who has played a hundred parts, and never yet played a failure. Trust him with every emotion. He won't fail you. Put on him any make-up. Dress him in what clothes you will. He's still—confound him—Sills the Competent. In latter days they have put his name into electric, and made a star of him. But it doesn't matter. He is too wise to sacrifice drama to exploitation, too competent to let stardom spoil him—too competent, indeed, to be an honest-to-goodness star at all. Once a Competent always a Competent—and Milton Sills is safe for ever and a day.

The women among the Competent are fewer in number, and the fault lies not altogether with the producers who have taught them that beauty can make a star more readily than talent. Feminine competence is not, and never has been, at a premium in the kinema. Feminine beauty has held it at bay. Stars such as Norma Talmadge, whose competent work has carried her to the top of the milky way, are few and far between. Whereas pretty incompetents like ——. But again you can fill in the blanks for yourself!

My own vote for the princess of the Competents goes to Florence Vidor, whose work in *Main Street*, *The Marriage Circle* and many other pictures sticks in my memory for its subtlety and charm. But Irene Rich, I acknowledge is a close runner-up, and both Anna Q. Nilsson and little Viola Dana have places of honour in the race. Zazu Pitts is another Competent whom producers are apt to forget.

That's the trouble with real competence. It's so often forgotten. But some day, I prophesy, a Competent will shake off Incompetence and startle the world.

E. R. THOMPSON.

RAMON NOVARRO, Metro Star, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Novarro



FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube



BEBE DANIELS, Famous Players-Lasky Star, says:

Not so very long ago my director hesitatingly told me my teeth did not seem as white as they might be. Then Agnes Ayres told me about Pepsodent, which a famous dental surgeon in the East had advised her to use. In less than 10 days I had the glistening teeth people ask me about to-day.

Bebe Daniels

Those £20,000 a year smiles in the movies

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

SMILES in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid may cause decay.

You must remove it at least twice daily and constantly combat it. For it is ever forming, ever present.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

New methods remove it

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds and dulls your teeth.

Now in a new type tooth paste, called Pepsodent, this enemy to tooth health and beauty is successfully fought. And that is the famous tooth "make-up" method of the greatest stars of screen and stage—the dental urge of world's leading dentists. Its action is to curdle the film; then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit so dangerous to enamel.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty. You may have gloriously clear teeth without realizing it

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FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to THE PEPSODENT COMPANY (Dept. 256) 42, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S.E. 1

Send to: Name..... Address..... Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent 1741, B

Picturegoer—August 1925.



The neglect of one small thing may ruin all your loveliness

and you yourself may be quite unconscious of it

RECENTLY we received this letter: "Would it be possible for you to write to her, telling how to remove the odour of perspiration (stating that most people suffer from this annoyance)? Do not indicate in your letter that anyone wrote to you, as this would humiliate her."

How embarrassing for this girl if she knew! And yet not one of us can be safe as long as we neglect the special care of the underarm. For it is a physiological fact that persons troubled by the odour of perspiration are themselves often unaware of its presence.

Fastidious women everywhere are guarding against this danger by the use of Odorono. This toilet lotion was formulated by a physician to correct the over-activity of the sweat glands, which the medical profession calls hyperidrosis. It is a clear, anti-septic liquid, perfectly harmless.

One application of Odorono gives complete protection, for at least three days, from the staining of clothes with perspiration and from that unpardonable lapse from personal daintiness—underarm odour.

At all high-class chemists' and departmental stores, 1/6, 2/9 and 5/-, or sent post free.

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Send for sample—only 3d.



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Enclosed is 3d. in stamps, for which please send me sample of Odorono and your booklet, "A Frank Discussion of a subject every woman should understand."

Name

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The Arizona Romeo (Fox; August 10).

Buck Jones in a comedy drama about a wilful girl who asserts herself against her parents' tyranny and proves her right to choose her own husband. Lucy Fox, Mane Geary, Marcella Daly, Hank Mann, Haidee Kirkland and Thomas Mills support the star. Director, Edmund Mortimer. Breezy and bright Western stuff.

Argentine Love (Paramount; August 3).

Fairly good love-romance of Tangoland, well played by Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez, James Rennie, Mario Majeroni, Alice Chapin, Julia Hurley, Russ Whital, and Mark Gonzales. Director, Allen Dwan.

As Man Desires (Ass. Fir. Nat.; August 17).

A drama of East India and the South Seas, about an army surgeon charged with murder, who becomes a pearl fisher. Milton Sills and Viola Dana stars, with Ruth Clifford, Tom Kennedy, Hector Tarno, Edneh Altmus, and Frank Leigh in support. Director, Irving Cummings. Good entertainment.

After a Million (W. & F.; August 24).

Kenneth McDonald in a death defying stunt romance with some unusually luxurious settings. Ruth Dwyer, Joseph Girard, Stella Nova, Alphonse Martell, Ada Bell, Otto Metzetti, Victor Metzetti, Paul Gerson, and Stanley Bingham also appear. Good entertainment.

Bing, Bang, Boom (Pathé; August 17).

Doris Pawn and David Butler in a comedy drama of small town life. Ed Wallock, Carl Stockdale, William Walling, Bert Hadley, and Kate Toncray in support. Fair entertainment.

The Bridge of Sighs (Gaumont; August 10).

This sentimental romance opens better than it closes, but it is well directed and acted by Dorothy Mackaill, Creighton Hale, Alec B. Francis, Ralph Lewis, Richard Tucker, Clifford Saum, and Fanny Midgeley. Director, Phil Rosen. An average movie.

The Call of the Road (Granger August 11).

A re-issue of Victor McLaglen's first star movie. This delightful British costume romance shows little trace of age and is thoroughly worth revisiting. Phyllis Shannaw opposite Victor, also H. Nicholls Bates, Barry Furness, Eric Royce, Philip Williams, Geoffrey Benstead, A. E. Coleby, Fred Drummond, Adeline Hayden Coffin, Olive Bell, Warwick Ward, R. Jones, Agnes Nicholls, and Ida Sprague. Director, A. E. Coleby. Excellent entertainment.

Cheaper To Marry (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury August 31).

Sophisticated comedy-drama of Wall Street partners, one of whom marries, one of whom does not. Excellent direction and acting by Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Paulette Duval, Marguerite de la Motte, Louise Fazenda, Claude Gillengwater, and Richard Wayne. Director, Robert Z. Leonard.

Common Sense (W. & F.; August 17).

Ralph Lewis, Vola Vale, Helene Sullivan, William Austin, B. F. Blinn, and Milton Brown in the story of two lovers who quarrel and seek the wilderness, only to find—each other. Fair entertainment.

Daring Love (W. & F.; August 3).

The story of a woman who found two kinds of love. The cast comprises Elaine Hammerstein, Gertrude Astor, Morgan Wallace, Cissie Fitzgerald, Huntley Gordon, Johnny Arthur, and Walter Long. Good entertainment.

The Deadwood Coach (Fox; August 3).

Tom Mix and "Tony" in an excellent spectacular Western of the old stage-coach days. Ernest Butterworth, Marian Nixon, Charles K. French, J. Raymond Nye, William Steele, Josie Sedgwick, and Fred Humes complete the cast. Director, Lynn Reynolds.

The Dream Cheater (Western Import; August 24).

Warren Kerrigan in a modernised version of Balzac's "The Wild Ass's Skin." In support appear Sam Sothern, Wedgewood Nowell, Alice Wilson, Joseph J. Dowling, Thomas H. Guise,

The Vitagraph Film Star, SIGRID HOLMQUIST (famous in Film Land for her lovely wavy hair), wearing her Butywaver Night-Cap. She writes:—"My Butywaver is simply wonderful!"



Permanent waves! whilst you sleep!

New discovery brings revolution in hair waving.

At last you can throw away those irritating curling pins and tiresome wavers, for you'll never need them again! Just slip on your Butywaver Night-Cap before you go to sleep, or for an hour or so before going out to a dance. Adjust the waver bands to give you long or short waves where you want them (it will only take a minute). When you remove your Butywaver your hair will be a mass of deep-set glistening waves which no brush or comb can take out! The magnetic action of the specially-treated rubber waver-bands of the Butywaver Night-Cap is the newly-discovered scientific way of waving the hair. From now onwards all other permanent waving processes will be out-of-date and old-fashioned. With the Butywaver you can wave your hair in fashion's latest way, with those deep, billowy waves you have always envied. Day by day your hair will gain more life and lustre and health, with these waves permanently set. Special hints are given with each Butywaver on how to get the most fashionable waves with bobbed, shingled, or long hair.

The Butywaver is the dinkiest, daintiest boudoir cap you could ever hope to possess. Light as a feather, easy fitting (you never know you're wearing it), yet so strong it will last for years. In colours—Pink, Pale Blue, or Primrose.

Remember, You don't risk a penny in sending for your Butywaver Night-Cap, for, if your hair is not luxuriantly wavy within three days, and you return the Butywaver, your money is sent back to you at once without a question being asked. The Butywaver has NEVER ONCE FAILED TO PERMANENTLY WAVE THE STRAIGHTEST HAIR. Send for your Butywaver now—stating whether medium or large head.

With the Butywaver your hair cannot help being as permanently wavy and as beautiful as that of SIGRID HOLMQUIST.

Butywaver

Night Cap 6/9

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(Trade Inquiries Invited).



The Springtime of Life!

—How to keep that youthful bloom
throughout the years

All too often the alluring school-girl complexion is allowed to vanish with school-girl days. Yet simple treatment following school days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from palm and olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of oil and dirt which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches.

PALMOLIVE

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If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. Palmolive is only 6d. a tablet—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

Made in
Canada





Dolores and Helen Costello who are returning to the screen.

Fritzi Brunette, and Aggie Hering. Fair entertainment.

The Fatal Mistake (Wardour; August 31).

A "newspaper scoop" story with crook and jewel elements and plenty of humour played by Eva Novak, William Fairbanks, Wilfred Lucas, Dot Farlev, Bruce Gordon, Harry McCoy, Paul Weigel, and Frank Clark. Director, Scott Dunlop.

The Folly of Vanity (Fox; August 24).

Domestic triangle drama with a fantasy interlude, this story of a vain, wealth-worshipping wife is colorfully treated and appealing to the eye if not the intellect. Betty Blythe stars, with Billie Dove, Jack Mulhall, John Sainpolis, Rogert Klein, Lola Droonar, and "Consuelo," Edna Gregory, and Jean La Motte in support. Directors, Maurice Elvey and Henry Otto.

Frivolous Sal (Ass. Fir. Nat.; August 3).

Eugene O'Brien, Mae Busch, Ben Alexander, Tom Santschi, Mitchell Lewis, and Mildred Harris in a vivid and original Western melodrama about a stranded actor's regeneration. Director, Victor Schertzinger. Good entertainment.

The Garden of Weeds (Paramount; August 24).

Social drama, not too convincing, very slowly developed, but well acted by Betty Compson, Warner Baxter, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Charles Ogle, King Zaney, William Austin, Toyo Fuzito, Lilyan Tashman, and Al St. John. Director, James Cruze. Fair entertainment.

Her Love Story (Paramount; Aug. 10).

Ruritanian romance showing Gloria Swanson in a \$100,000 bridal outfit and a very conventional story. Support includes Ian Keith, George Fawcett, Echlin Gayer, Mario Majeroni, Sidney Herbert, Donald Hall, Baroness de Hedermann, Bert Wales, Jane Auburn and Director Allen Dwan. Fair entertainment.

He Who Gets Slapped (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; August 10).

A Victor Seastrom production based on Andreyev's tragedy of the man whom

ridicule destroyed. Excellent acting by Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Tully Marshall, Marc McDermott, Ford Sterling, Clyde Cook, Harvey Clark, Paulette Duval and Ruth King. Director, Victor Seastrom. This month's best, don't miss it.

The House of Youth (F.B.O.; August 3).

Jacqueline Logan, Vernon Steele, Malcolm McGregor, Richard Travers, Edwin Booth Tilton and Lucila Mendez in a flapper drama about a great love and a great injury. Director, Ralph Ince. Fair entertainment.

Let Women Alone (F.B.O.; August 17)

An amiable sentimental comedy of coincidences starring Wanda Hawley and Pat O'Malley, supported by Wallace Beery, Ethel Wales, J. Farrell McDonald, Harries Gordon, Betty Jane Snowden, Lew Willard and Marjorie Morton. Pleasant screen fare.

The Man Hunter (Fox; August 20).

William Farnum in a powerful and sensational tale of a duped man's vengeance. Louise Lovely, Leatrice Joy, Charles Clary, Marc Robbins and J. Edward Jobson also appear. This is a re-issue and quite good melodramatic fare. Director, Frank Lloyd.

The Man in Blue (European; Aug. 10).

Madge Bellamy and Herbert Rawlinson in a romantic Irish-American melodrama competently presented. Cast also includes Nick de Ruiz, André de Beranger, Cesare Gravina, Jackie Morgan, Dorothy Brock and D. J. Mitsoras. Director, Edward Laemmle. Fair entertainment.

Marriage in Transit (Fox; August 17).

A dual-role romantic drama about a secret service agent and some international crooks. Edmund Lowe stars, supported by Carole Lombard, Adolph Milar, Frank Beal, Harvey Clark, Fred Walton and Wade Boteler. Director, R. William Neill. Illogical, but entertaining.

A Man Must Live (Paramount; Aug. 31).

Richard Dix, Jacqueline Logan, Edna Murphy, Arthur Housman and George Nash in a diverting drama of newspaper life. Director, Paul Sloane.

The Mirage (F.B.O.; August 13).

All about a country girl who came to New York and conquered the "Great White Way." Starring our own Clive Brooke and Florence Vidor, supported by Alan Roscoe, Viola Vale, Myrtle Vane and Charlotte Stevens. Good entertainment.

The Mine With the Iron Door (Wardour; August 3).

Very strong melodrama taken in Arizona amid some beautiful scenery. All star cast includes Pat O'Malley, Robert Frazer, Charles Murray, Creighton Hale, Mitchell Lewis, Mary Carr and Dorothy Mackaill.

Money Isn't Everything (Stoll; Aug. 3).

A British domestic drama very well directed, capably played by Olive Sloane, Lewis Gilbert, Gladys Crebin, John Hamilton and Gladys Hamer. Director, Thomas Bentley. Good entertainment.

The Monster (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; August 24).

On the lines of *One Exciting Night* this excellent comedy-hair-raiser concerns some lunatics at large and a grocer's clerk who becomes a "detective" hero. Capitably produced and played by Lon Chaney, Gertrude Olmsted, Hallam Cooley, Johnny Arthur, Knute Ericson, George Austin, Eric McWade and Ethel Wales. Director, Roland West.

The Navigator (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; August 3).

Buster Keaton's best to date which is high praise. The under-water scenes are especially good. Directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp. We heartily recommend it.

On Thin Ice (Gaumont; August 17).

A familiar story but quite good drama of the San Franciscan underworld played by Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, William Russell, Theodore Von Eltz, Wilfred North, Gertrude Robinson and Jimmie Quinn. Director, Mal St. Clair. (Continued on page 60.)



A Garden Party "snap." Left to right: Madge Stuart, Rex Ingram, and Josie P. Lederer.

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PICTUREGOER'S GUIDE

(Continued from page 58.)

Pagan Love (*Western Import; August 10*).

An "East is East" drama set in Bowery Chinatown based on an Achmed Abdullah story. Mabel Ballin, Rockcliffe Fcllowes, Charlie Fang, and Togo Yamamoto and Nellie Fillmore act well. Director, Hugo Ballin. Sombre screen fare.

Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing (*Graham Wilcox; August 10*).

A re-issue of a charming British screen version of the popular play, with Mae Marsh, George K. Arthur, Eva Moore, Lillian Douglas, Haidee and Marie Wright. Director, Graham Cutts. Excellent entertainment.

The Presumption of Stanley Hay (*Stoll; August 10*).

David Hawthorne and Betty Faire, Eric Bransby-Williams, Fred Raynham, Catherine d'Estene and Dora de Winton in an Anglo-Ruritanian story about a bored M.P. and a princess in disguise. Director, Sinclair Hill. Good entertainment.

Ridin' Pretty (*European; August 17*).

Western melodrama about an eccentric will and a cowpuncher who has to live up to the terms of it. William Desmond stars. An enjoyable movie.

A Romance of Mayfair (*Stoll; Aug. 17*).

A society versus Socialism romance mainly for the unsophisticated. Betty Faire, Henry Victor, George Foley, Ninna Grey, Edward O'Neill, Gertrude Sterrol, Molly Johnson, Temple Bell, Fred Raynham, Reginald Bach, and Eva Belcham. Director, Thomas Bentley.

The Saddle Hawk (*European; Aug. 31*).

Hoot Gibson in a romance of the West with plenty of thrills and action. Marian Nixon opposite also Josie Sedgwick, J. Raymond Nye, Chas. K. French, Tote Ducrow, William Steele and Frank Campeau. Director, Edward Sedgwick.

School for Wives (*Vitagraph; Aug. 23*).

Conway Tearle, Sigrid Holmquist, Arthur Donaldson, Peggy Kerby, Allan Simpson, Emily Chichester and Alyce Mills in the drama of a poor artist who marries a rich girl. Director, Victor Hugo Halperin. Good entertainment.

A Thief in Paradise (*Ass. First Nat.; August 31*).

Elaborate society drama of the South Seas and San Francisco, delightfully played by Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, Claude Gillingwater, Doris Kenyon, Alec B. Francis and John Patrick. Excellent entertainment.

The Truth About Women (*Wardour; August 17*).

A marriage-knot drama featuring Hope Hampton, David Powell, Lowell Sherman, Mary Thurman. Director, Burton King. Fair entertainment.

Tongues of Flame (*Paramount; August 17*).

A really fine picture with Tom Meighan at his best. Read the story on page 35.

Up the Ladder (*European; August 24*).

Virginia Valli in the story of an inventive husband who neglects his wife who, nevertheless saves him from ruin. Good entertainment.

Why Get Married (*Unity; August 3*).

A rather slow moving tale of two suburban families sincerely acted by Andrée Lafayette ("Trilby"), Helen Ferguson, Jack Perrin, Bernard Randall, Edwin Booth Tilton and Wm. H. Turner. Director, Paul Cazencuve. Fair entertainment.

INTRODUCING IVOR.—Continued from page 17.

course of which, there was an apache dance, a fight with knives, and a most realistic argument, ending in blows between two lady friends of "The Rat."

Two gendarmes then stepped on to the set and arrested Ivor Novello. He struggled fiercely and then made a dart at the hand of one of them and bit it savagely. "Splendid!" said Graham Cutts.

Next to me sat a large fair gentleman, to whom everyone present referred as "the ham and eggs man." I don't know if he is an actor, or a mere journalist like myself, but I do know that I could cheerfully have slain him when he breathed into my ear — "Excellent actor, young Novello. You must meet him."

He charged across to Ivor, who was still peacefully biting his victim's hand, and brought him over in triumph. I am afraid I scowled at them both. I thought you were "The Rat," not "The Mosquito" I said, as we shook hands for the third time. "Anyway, it isn't true to life. No self-respecting mosquito would go for a horny-handed scion of law and order, when there are so many juicy-looking calves around."

"Don't you know the difference between a bite and a sting?" said Ivor, severely. "But you're right about the calves."

"I wonder," he continued, looking longingly at Julie Suter, who, be it known, doesn't wear stockings, "if we might refilm that scene. I'll go and enquire."

The ham and eggs man had also vanished, so I sat and talked to the extras, who were an unusually nice-looking crowd, and, if Florrie Fenton, who proved a perfect mine of information be a fair sample, an unusually intelligent crowd, too. She it was who explained the uses of the contrivance on wheels and a section of railway line used by Graham Cutts.

"It's to save time," she said. "Before, a medium shot and a close up had,

to be posed separately. But Graham Cutts hates the break in the action, so he invented this movable platform and runs a long shot into a close-up at will."

"Yes," said Hal Young, the cameraman, "it spares a whole heap of time and a lot of footage, too."

He told me also, that Mae Marsh had a perfect film face and so had Ivor Novello.

"It's a pleasure to photograph him, because he takes well from any angle. Have you met him? I think you ought to; I'll go and find him."

For a man of his size and weight, Hal Young is unusually swift in his movements. Before I had time to stop him, he had unearthed Ivor Novello from the depths of a big armchair and brought him up to me yet again.

"I say, is this a new kind of game or what? and if so, who's won," said Ivor, extending his hand, with a grin.

We solemnly shook hands again, and commenced to talk about the beauties of Bangor, which is in Wales. And Ivor taught me how to say "How do you do" in Welsh. It sounds like a person of Teutonic extraction with a very bad cold in the head saying "come-out-and-chew."

Try it yourself on the first Welshman you meet, and he'll probably be your friend for life.

Mae Marsh, whose scenes had been made first of all because she had to return to America, told me that Ivor Novello had written the part of "Odile" especially for her.

"That is why I came over here to play it," she said. "It was commenced when Ivor and I were in "The White Rose." Did you meet Ivor? Or would you like me to introduce you to him? Say, Ivor!" Ivor, who most decidedly has a perverted sense of humour, hurried up at once.

"So pleased to meet you," he announced, shaking hands over-joyously. "You've won I think. What were we playing for?"

But I fled without saying good-bye.

MY TRIP ABROAD.—Continued from page 15.

A man should be the master and the head of his house. In my country men are always the masters and women are happier for it.

At which juncture Natacha came to my rescue by ordering me to do some important thing, which I forthwith meekly *did*, and the tea-time talk ended in a hearty laugh.

I have been writing this down between tea and the dinner hour, while Natacha is dressing. The first gong sounds . . . more to-morrow . . . I shall make it my business to bring my diary to date before I sail.

Nice, October 2nd.

Yesterday in my diary I told only what I was doing, inserting scraps of conversation . . . dalliance . . . I like

to write so . . . I suppose if I were a writer I would be what they call an Impressionist . . . things are frequently most graphic when they are barely suggested . . . a word . . . a fragment . . . and a Whole is created. But probably a diaryist is not supposed to be a writer. . .

We are to spend a day or two more here, then drive to Paris to see about taking the boat.

Nice, October 3rd.

We have changed our plans somewhat. To-day comes a cable from J. D. Williams asking us to meet him at Cherbourg rather than in London, because he has something very important to say to us.

(Continued on page 63).



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- PART OF FATE
BY OWEN OLIVER.
- THE VIRAGO
BY DOUGLAS GORDON.
- DRIED PRUNES
BY KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT.
- AMBITION, A.B.,
BY CAPTAIN DINGLE.
- PLUS EIGHT
BY AUGUSTUS MUIR.
- THE MAN WHO FINISHED
BY EUGENE JONES.
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PITY THE POOR PRODUCER!

(Continued from page 27.)

employed" which is regularly lined up outside the office of the casting director. But when the star—whose salary runs into many digits—succumbs to the painful disease it is more than probable that the long-suffering director is compelled to hold up the production until the victim can once more face the Kleigs.

In his battle against Nature, the poor producer is often severely harassed. Though the invention of the powerful arc lights has minimised weather troubles in the studios, the patience of the director is still sorely tried while out on location.

Geographical features, on occasions, prove every bit as unmanageable as the weather. While George Melford was on location for scenes in *Flaming Barriers*, he was victorious in a battle with a raging mountain torrent.

He had taken his company to a spot on the banks of the famous Stanislaus river in the mountains of Northern California. When everything was ready for rehearsing the scenes the director found himself faced with an unusual difficulty. Ordinary words of command were completely lost in the thunders of the river as it plunged through its rocky bed on its way to the valley, thousands of feet below. Melford tried various methods of communicating with his cast, including pistol

shots fired according to a pre-arranged code, without success.

The Stanislaus continued to be the chief "big noise" in that part of the world. At last, Melford was inspired to make use of the reflectors which are used to throw sunlight under dark trees or into shadows of walls.

One flash in the eyes of the players meant "get ready." Two flashes told the cameramen to record the scene; and three flashes signified that action was to stop. This flashing code successfully defeated the Stanislaus and some most effective scenes were shot.

Some scenes necessitate the director accompanying his cameramen in an aeroplane or captive balloon, possibly to a height of several hundred feet. The late Alan Holubar directed the sea battle scenes in *Hurricane's Gal* from a hydroplane.

In such circumstances, of course, a mere megaphone is useless, and Holubar made history by using wireless telephony for the very first time in motion picture work.

By means of loud speakers on these vessels every command of the director was heard and obeyed as plainly as if he had managed to create seven editions of himself in order to take command in the seven vessels simultaneously.

DOROTHY OUSTON BOOTH.

COINCIDENTAL "EMMA."

(Continued from page 23.)

made in Munich, I accepted without hesitation, for I have great faith in little "emma," and there she was, twins.

Well, I arrived on the midnight train in the middle of March, and found some surprises awaiting me. For, one way and another, the picture was full of "emmas."

As the sweetheart of my afterwards repentant lover there was Maria Minszenti—two additions to my lucky bag in one swoop! Then I was told that the name of the actor who plays the villain who will pursue me when I'm trying to be good was Mylong-Münz. "Oh, la, la, la," I said happily to myself, this is going to be a lucky film for me. But there was more to come!

Next day I learned that the poor little street girl who, in the film gives her life for me because she loves my husband from a distance was to be played by Margarete Schlegel, one of the best-known actresses of the Reinhardt Theatre, Berlin—the theatre that trained Lübitsch, incidentally—and that her "character" name on the screen for this film was to be "Marquita."

This, I thought, is becoming weird. And, *je vous assure, mes chers lecteurs*, it still was not the end of the appearance of my dear little "emma." No!

When I had occasion to go to the

office a few days later I found that the company here was not called Emelka, as I had supposed. That was merely a kind of pet name. Its real name being Münchener Lichtspiel. So I added another "emma" to my now long list.

And then—you might not believe it if I had not the evidence, I found yet some more!

For the part of my much-tryed husband in *Venetian Lovers* turned out to be in the hands of Hugh Miller, my hotel was on the Marienplatz, and the number of my room was thirteen—little "emma's" number in the alphabet!

And, to put the what you call lid on it, the principal artistes of the company, together with the director and the cameraman, also numbered thirteen, so I claimed another score for my friend "emma." I was entitled to it, wasn't I?

But the most wonderful thing of all is that the directors here have just presented me—on account of the organisation—with a beautiful monogram brooch, made of thirteen diamonds in the design of an "M." They think I think it stands for "Marchal," and I think they think it stands for Münchener.

So we are all pleased, and little "emma" scores for the—*qu'est-ce qu'on dit en anglais?*—ah! yes, umpteenth time.

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MY TRIP ABROAD.—Continued from page 60.

We aren't keen about going to Cherbourg, but this seems to be a matter of grave and pressing import. At this stage in my career one cannot disregard the grave and the pressing. Things are hanging by the well-known hair. We have kept in touch with our attorneys, of course, and from communications received since my return to Nice it all seems to be a mere matter of awaiting my arrival before going into definite negotiations.

Such being the case, Mr. Williams might have something to impart that would colour my future activities, throw light on a situation, or something of the sort. Why he is so insistent upon Cherbourg, rather than London or Paris, I cannot imagine, nor can Natacha, or any of the family. But the ways of men are devious ways, and there may be a reason in it all.

In the cable Mr. Williams says that he wants us to meet him in Cherbourg and proceed to London with him. I wired him early this morning, when his cable came, that I would meet him in London, but have received a counter cable from him still insisting upon Cherbourg.

Why one cannot talk business better and certainly more comfortably in London, it is beyond my imagination to grasp. He has since kept on wiring, "If you want to please me, come to Cherbourg." It must be something of the most tremendous importance. I say to Natacha that Mr. Williams evidently doesn't know what Cherbourg IS—but I do! He won't find it so pleasing, I fear, when we meet there.

He is to come on the "Leviathan."

Well, we have decided to proceed *a la* Mr. Williams' urgent behest. One never knows . . . We decided that we will go by auto. Not having had enough of motoring as yet . . . Natacha, at least, is ready for a new lease on life . . . or on wheels, to be exact.

*Hotel de France, Cherbourg,
October 5th.*

Well, here we are . . . **HERE WE ARE!**

One never knows what twenty-four hours will bring forth.

This past twenty-four hours has brought us face to face, hand to hand, with DEATH . . . we have embraced and gone under the sea together, Death and I . . . Gods above, what an experience . . . and for nothing . . . for nothing . . .

Well, we started on our way from Nice, via auto. I was not driving that time. It was a mad rush and I had had enough of the wheel. Fortunately (the one fortunate episode in the whole grisly experience) fortunately, we had a racing driver from the Voisin people who knew the roads.

And he raced . . . no doubt at all about that . . .

We arrived just in time to miss the ferry that transported passengers to the steamer. That wild, hair-breadth ride for nothing then! If I had been an Irishman, I would have "got my Irish up," but as it was I suppose I got my Italian up, and determined that since we had come thus far and thus so we would reach the "Leviathan" by one means or another.


In the meantime, I must here insert, I had shipped our trunks from Paris, and they were supposed to be awaiting us here at the dock.

When we arrived, at the dead of night, by the way, we found no trunks, no sign of them at all and no one about who could give us any intelligence of them.

We finally had to awaken the man at the station, which feat we accomplished with almost as much difficulty as though he had been an Italian taking his midday siesta. We eventually made him comprehend that what we wanted was a cart to load the trunks on if we should locate them inside the locked station.

(To be continued next month).

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BURN, SWELL OR
PERSPIRE**



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Clive Brook, Alice Joyce, and their Director, King Baggot, snapped between scenes of "The Home Maker."



Let George Do it!

J.H.A. (Hinckley).—There's only one of me, so treat me gently. (1) Jacques Catelain was "Raoul Vignerte," and Georges Vaultier was "Grand Duke Frederick in *Koenigsmark*. (2) Huguette Duflos is about twenty-four. If she's married she hasn't told me. (3) Dick Talmadge's real name is Metzetti.

POLINSKI (India).—(1) Einar Hanson is a Swedish actor, but I haven't heard much about him since *The Judgment*. Try writing to him c/o Phillips Film Co., Ltd., Motograph House, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

PIP (London).—Yes, there was another Garden Party at the Royal Botanical

WANDERING SCOT (Scotland).—Glad to hear I'm some use in the world.

GLORIA'S ADMIRER (Westcliff-on-Sea).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Gloria Swanson was born 1899, and her address is c/o Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island, New York.

S.R. (Riga).—I wish half the Britishers I have letters from, wrote as good English as you foreigners! (1) Write to Colleen Moore, c/o Associated First National, 37-39 Oxford Street, W.1, and they'll forward the letter. I think she'll send you a signed photo if you ask nicely. (2) Gloria Swanson is 5 ft. 2 in. in height. (3) Colleen Moore is 5 ft. 5 in. tall. (4) I've seen some very good German films—and some very bad ones.

MOVIE MAD MAIDEN (Middlesbrough).—(1) Sorry you've had to wait, but if you saw my large post you wouldn't wonder why. (2) Henry Victor is in Hollywood where he has a five years' contract with First National. (3) British Studio Gossip will come into being again as soon as the British studios wake up. At present, there's very little doing in the British film world. (4) Henry Edwards is at present playing in a new Stoll film *The King of the Castle*. Henry is married to Chrissie White, and the couple have a little son just over two months old.

PEPPINA (Surrey).—You can get postcards of your favourites from "Picturegoer Salon," 88, Long Acre, W.C.2. Write for list of postcards in stock.

MARY (Reigate).—I don't see why you shouldn't love Ivor Novello to distraction if that's your idea of a quiet hobby—only make sure it is a quiet one. (2) No, he isn't married.

H.O. (France).—I've forwarded your letter and think you will get that photo. Brickbats have been sent to the right quarter, and I'll do my best about the article you want. Aren't I an obliging fellow?

G.L. (Victoria).—Letters forwarded. I'll see about those interviews later.

THANK YOU!

By "GEORGE."

Is Malvina Longfellow married?

Has Hoot Gibson got blue eyes or brown?

Percy Marmont—why does he look harried?

And what causes Conway Tearle's frown?

What does Reginald Denny's wife look like?

And what is Lew Cody's real name? When was Earle Williams born?

Why was Doug's moustache shorn?

Just how did Mae Busch achieve fame?

That's a typical peep at my post bag
Nine days out of every ten.

My vacation occurs in September—

That is, if I live until then.

So will you PLEASE study page fifty?

T'was put there by my special request.

For if you are willing to lay out a shilling,

Maybe I'll indulge in a rest.

Don't think I don't like correspondence.

I do. But my mail is unique

Nine hundred and ninety-nine missives

Comprising an average week.

My vacation occurs in September.

So if for "Who's Who" you will pay,

I can "fold up my teat like the Arab"

And thankfully vanish away.

Gardens on July 11th, and it was just as jolly as the last one.

H.B. (Lancashire).—Of course, I'll wish you good luck if you think it will do you any good. I've forwarded your letters to the right addresses.

TWO BRIGHT SPECKS (Scotland).—

Thanks for good wishes and all the affection. Glad you think me a 'dear.'

(1) I've forwarded your letters and hope you'll have some replies. (2) Lillian Rich, not Lillian Gish, played in the *Golden Bed*.

ELSIE (Brixton Hill).—(1) Tom Meighan's no more dead than I am. His latest picture, *Tongues of Flame* is just due for release.

CYNICUS (Liverpool).—(1) Yes, that was a slip of the pen. Ivor's right height is 5 ft. 11ins. (2) Sorry, but Vincent de Sola doesn't read characters privately. Glad you appreciate my sterling qualities!

ELISE (Paris).—(1) Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh made the exteriors of *The Rat in Paris*, and the rest was made in a London Studio. (2) Certainly send your fault in, so long as you have two witnesses. (3) If I'm not grey I ought to be after you fans have finished with me.

TRUE TO BETTY.—(1) Address Betty Balfour, c/o Welsh Pearson's, West End House, 3-6, Rupert Street, W.1. (2) Betty was born March 27th about 23 years ago. (3) Philip Stephens played opposite Betty in *Satan's Sister*. (4) I've forwarded your letters and think she will let you have a photo.

L.C.W. (Godalming).—(1) I'm quite real, thank you, but in imminent danger of melting away if the hot weather continues. (2) Rudolph Valentino's in America at present, and is hard at work on his new film, *The Slave*. (3) *The Sainted Devil* will be his next release.

JACQUELINE.—(1) Betty Balfour's address is given in another answer. (2) *Ben Hur* isn't finished yet and won't be released for some time.

PATRICIA (Seven Kings).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) I am rather a clever chap, aren't I?

DORSIE (Bearwood).—(1) Matheson Lang is married to Hutin Britten, but he has no children. (2) Ramon Novarro has appeared on the stage, but he's primarily a screen star.

MUTT (Gloucester).—(1) Miriam Sabbage was the winner of a beauty competition in *The Daily Mirror*, and I expect this is the girl you mean. She played in one film *The Bridal Chair* but has not done much picture work lately. I have an idea that she's married, but am not certain.

P.M.M.M. (Essex).—Letter forwarded.

JOAN (London).—Rod la Rocque left London some time ago. (2) Agnes Ayres was originally in *The Ten Commandments* but the whole of her part was afterwards cut out. (3) If I-print all those addresses I shall have your fellow fans after my blood (or yours), for filling up the space, but if you send any letters you want forwarded to me I'll see that they are re-addressed. Thanks for thanks!

A. B. (Openshaw).—(1) I've forwarded your carol to the right department. (2) Charles de Roche took the part of "Pharoah" in *The Ten Commandments*.

MYSELF (Sussex).—(1) Letters to Chaplin and Tom Mix forwarded. (2) Did you read the latter's "Impressions of London" in July PICTUREGOER.

A RUDY WORSHIPPER says "I shall die if I don't see *The Sainted Devil* before September." You'd better start saving up for the funeral expenses then, because the film won't be released until the autumn. (1) Mrs. Valentino has been art director of all his latest films. (2) I think he'll send you a photo of his wife if you ask nicely.

J.W. (Surbiton).—(1) Letter forwarded. Glad to hear you've been so lucky. (2) Rod La Rocque was born November 29th, 1898, in Chicago. (3) See reply to "Movie Mad Maiden" on this page.

MATILDA (Sussex).—I'm quite a mild, harmless individual, really—and spotted ties are not one of my vices! (1) Ramon Novarro isn't married yet. (2) Natacha's Rudy's second wife. (3) Rudy was born May 6th, 1895. (4) Ramon's real name is Ramon Samoniegos.

PICTURE'S MAD (Bristol).—(1) I've forwarded your letter to Ivor. (2) Enquire at your local Post Office re International Coupons.

A 'DUGGIE' FAN (Fulham).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks' new film is *Don Q, Son of Zorro*. (2) He was born May 23rd, 1883, at Denver, Colorado. (3) Mary Pickford is his second wife. (4) So far as I know he has no intention of visiting England just now. (5) I've forwarded your carol with the usual recommendation to mercy.

M.J. (Leeds).—Letter forwarded to J. Warren Kerrigan.

ADRIENNE (New Brighton).—(1) Glad you've heard from Tony Moreno. I've forwarded your letter to John Stuart (2) Ivor Novello is 5 ft. 11 in. in height. (3) Ramon is pronounced 'Raymon' by most people. (4) Harry Jonas played opposite Betty Balfour in *Love, Life and Laughter*. Don't apologise—curiosity killed the cat, but I've been inoculated.

F.T. (Sheffield).—Send letters to your favourites c/o PICTUREGOER, and I'll see that they're forwarded.

THELMA (Portsmouth).—(1) My dictionary is a mental one, but you'll find one to suit you in "The Picturegoer's Who's Who," price 1/- at "Picturegoer Salon," 88, Long Acre, W.C.2. (2) I'll see about the story of *Ben Hur* when the film comes over here. They haven't finished making it yet. (3) Of course I'll wish you luck. Thanks for admiration—I thrive on it!

INQUISITIVE (Manchester).—(1) Lucien Albertini and Maciste are not one and the same person. (2) Send your letters c/o PICTUREGOER. (3) Write again when you like—but remember I'm only human and be merciful!

NATALIAN (S. Africa).—You're right.—Patience is my middle name. (1) Forrest Stanley played opposite Marion Davies in *Enchantment* and *When Knighthood was in Flower*. (2) I can't tell when you will see any Barthelme films in your part of the world, but you could ask at your local cinema.

PEGGY (S. Wales).—Sorry to hear you "can't live unless you go on the films." I'm sending a wreath for the funeral! Seriously, there is very little chance in the cinema world just now, and I think you'd better try and forget it.

INQUISITIVE (Fulham).—There seem to be a lot of you about. (1) Warren Kerrigan was born July 25th, 1889, at Louisville. (2) Interviews with him appeared in April, 1924 and October, 1924 PICTUREGOERS. (3) He wore his own nose in *Captain Blood*.

TIMOTHY (Dover).—(1) John Barrymore born February 15th, 1882, his real name is Blythe. (2) He is Lionel and Ethel Barrymore's brother.

LORNA (Bexhill-on-Sea).—(1) Ramon Novarro isn't married yet. His current film is *Ben Hur*, but I don't know when it will be finished. (2) The Stoll Studios are at Temple Road, Cricklewood. (3) Charlie Chaplin was at one time engaged to Pola Negri, but the engagement was broken off. Now he's married to Lita Grey, and has a baby son born end of June. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

E.M.B. (Stamford Hill).—Sorry—that fault won't do. Comedies don't count.

DIDO (Somerset).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Mary Pickford born April 8th, 1893.

R.P. (Devon).—(1) Madge Bellamy's real name is Madge Philpotts. (2) Born in Texas, June 30th, 1903. (3) My holiday resort—see opposite page.

M.C.G. (Edinburgh).—(1) Letter forwarded to John Gilbert (2) An interview with John appeared in June, 1924 PICTUREGOER.

DUANE (Eastbourne).—Letter forwarded to Tom Mix. (1) Tom was born in Texas Jan. 6, 1881. (2) Buck Jones was born at Vincennes, Indiana, in 1889. (3) Dick Talmadge is an Italian, and his real name is Richard Metzetti. He's no relation to the Talmadge sisters.

PEGGY (Upper Norwood).—Letter forwarded. You have my blessing, my child!

FELI (Rangoon).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) I think Rod La Rocque would send you a photo if you ask nicely. (2) Rod isn't married and he lives with sister and mother. (3) Rudolph Valentino is married to Winifred Hudnut (Natacha Rambova). Best wishes.

SHEILA (Dorset).—(1) Kenneth Harlan was born July 26th, 1895. (2) He's 6 ft. in height with grey eyes and dark hair. (3) He's married to Marie Prevost. (4) I think he'd send you a signed photo of himself if you write to him, c/o this office.

PEARL (Devon).—(1) Have forwarded your letter. (2) So far as I know, Ramon Novarro isn't engaged.

RENE (Sydenham).—Letter forwarded to Adelqui Millar.

NIGELLA (Gillingham).—(1) I can't promise you that Lois Wilson will open that letter herself even if you have marked it "Private." (2) Richard Dix has brown hair and eyes.

MONTE BLUEITE (London).—I think your plan is a good one. Send the letters c/o PICTUREGOER, and I'll see that they're forwarded.

THE NINE MIXITES (Folkestone).—Thought I shouldn't lose you as easily as all that. Yes, I shook the great Tom's hand (or should that be the great Tom's great hand?), when he was over here. Did you read his "Impressions of London" in the June issue?

MARY'S ADMIRER (Camden Town).—(1) Mary Philbin, born July 16th, 1904. Fair hair and blue eyes. Her next film *Stella Maris* (made by Mary Pickford some years ago). (2) Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope.

PUZZLED (Southend).—Yours seems to be a common complaint. (1) Tom Moore is brother to Matt Moore, but neither of them are related to Colleen of that name. (2) Ronald Colman is an Englishman who found fame on the American screen. (3) There's no harm in your writing a scenario if you really cannot help it—but I don't guarantee that you'll sell it.

MRS. B. (Port Sunlight).—Letter forwarded—glad you had such good luck with your last.

NINON (Ceylon).—Your "eternal gratitude" duly earned. If one could live on gratitude I ought to be able to retire by now.

NANETTE (Richmond).—(1) A 1½d. stamp does for a letter to America. (2) The usual cost of a photo is 2/- or 2/6. (3) Monte Blue's address is c/o Warner Bros. Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, California. (4) Don't mention it!

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Develop Your Personality!



Have you ever taken the trouble to get to the bottom of the real reason why some people are so popular with everybody and get on so amazingly quickly, both socially and in business?

Have you ever taken the trouble to realise fully what this power to control success really means to you and yours? You see people scaling the ladder while you remain almost stationary. You call it luck probably; but have you ever realised that luck comes generally to those who have got out of the beaten track, and so come into luck's way?

Eight little books by Dr. Blackford give the great secrets of being able to hold people's interest and get on with anyone you may meet, and become a popular idol wherever you go. You need no longer envy others, but will be astounded at your success. Over 10,000 sets have been sold after being sent on approval to our clients. This is the greatest proof possible of their outstanding merit. They are sent to you free on receipt of a postcard. If after perusal you share the opinion of so many others of their value, send us 35/- only, in full payment, otherwise return the books within three days, and you owe nothing. Send for them and judge for yourself.

The Secretary,
Dr. Blackford's Judging
Character Course,
Dept. 50b, Paternoster House,
Paternoster Row, E.C.4.



PICTUREGOER & THEATREGOER
MONTHLY thinks that a hearty
"Thank you very much indeed" to
all the Kinema Stars who worked so
hard at PICTURE-
A Pleasant Thought. **GOER POST**
CARD PARLOUR

on July 11th must
be our opening "thought" this
month. More especially must Joan
Morgan, Rex Davis and Ivor Novello
be mentioned for these three per-
formed prodigies of labour, manag-
ing to do three things at once in
really marvellous fashion. Also, to
all you fans who came and patronised
us, we extend on behalf of the
Benevolent Fund our best thanks.
And we hope the girl who got Joan
Morgan's autograph and then refused
to give the 6d. for it feels proud of
herself!

"We wish to announce that we
have opened the Betty Balfour
Friendship Club, with over 120 mem-
bers, and to make our club a bigger
success we an-
The B.B.C. nounce a competi-
(Not 2 L.O.!) tion for the

members of our
club. There is no entrance fee and
the prizes are being freely given by
fellow members of our club. There
will be six prizes, three for
girls and three for men who
get the most members be-
tween the months of August and
December. Every member is cordi-
ally invited to enter for this competi-
tion and the manager's decision must
be accepted as final. The winners
will be announced later. The follow-
ing are star members of our club:
Alice Calhoun, George Robey
and Frank Stanmore.

"Get your entry forms from **James**
L. Dawson, 34, Crawford
Avenue, Tyldesley, Nr. Manchester,
or from **George Briggs, 15, Norwood**
Street, Bankfoot,
Bradford, Yorks,
And All About It. and when enrolling

new members
please ask them to mention your
name then we shall be able to
announce the winners sooner.
Should you get a star-member it will
count as two points, so join now and
see if you cannot win one of the
beautiful prizes that we are giving.
Entrance fee is only 2/6 per year,
5/- for star members. Star members
are Screen and Stage artists. Each
member on joining will receive a
lovely signed photo of Miss Balfour
our beautiful President and a list of
members to whom they may cor-
respond. The membership is already
well over 250."

[*Good luck to you. When you top
five hundred we'll see about giving
you a page in PICTUREGOER all
to yourselves.*]

"It is not the British public who
refuse to see British films, but
the foolish kinema managers, who
would rather show some drivelling
American film sim-
Agreed! ply because the 'star'
is supposed to be a
terrific box office
attraction in New York. He pays
for this one film as much as he would
give for three English films of a first
class nature. Then the newspapers
blame us. Whilst there is such a
dearth of British films a few re-
issues such as *The Tavern Knight,*
The Prodigal Son, A Royal Divorce,

*M'Lord of the White Road, The Gay
Corinthians* would not come amiss."
—*Dissatisfied (Balham).*

"There is a film star, who in my
opinion is far better than any
other, both in acting and looks. Why
is so little notice taken of this
Adonis? I don't
Someone Liked see how his nation-
"Siegfried." ality can blind one
to his undoubted
merits. He is tall and fair and very
good to look upon, and if not a subtle
certainly a striking actor. And the
answer to the sum? Why Paul
Richter! I would also like to express
my sincere appreciation of the
PICTUREGOER."—*I. C. (London).*

"I think it would be a good idea if
you enlarged the 'Film Fashion
Plate.' I should imagine that by far
the greater number of your readers
are of the fair sex,
It Can't be Done Yet. and naturally
would love to see
their favourites in

the wonderful creations. I am writ-
ing on behalf of quite a number of
'females' in this town who think as
I do. Being a mere man (like
George), it may not interest you, but
for a girl to be able to say 'I'm so
glad you like my dress, I copied it
from a Parisian model worn by
Gloria Swanson,' it's more than you
can realise—she feels one of the
leaders of fashion. Please do your
very best for us all."—*Nigella
(Gillingham).*

"I think the new proposed tax on
other countries' films says very
little for our British spirit," says
J. G. A. (Burton-on-Trent). "Surely

we wish to stand
Serves 'Em Right? supreme on our
own merits, and
how can we do this,

if we debar competitors' films enter-
ing the country, practically forcing
us to submit to British films, without
a chance of comparison. Our British
supers have really been good when

they have
'arrived' but
there are only
about two in a
year. We have
to suffer many
humiliating
failures be-
fore a 'special'
comes along.
Let British film-
producers real-
ise they have
fallen by their
own hand. 'Art
for Art's
Sake.'"



THE THINKER.



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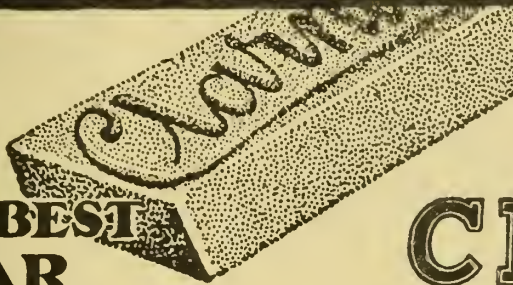


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OLD ENGLISH
Lavender Soap



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CLARNICO 2^D MARZIPAN THE ALMOND CONFECTION



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ANKLE BEAUTÉ

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THE WAVES**

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WORTHLESS
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WILWAVE
PERMANENTLY WAVES

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*Very truly yours,
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PICTURES AND
THE PICTUREGOER
 THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks

I remember the first moving picture that ever was screened. I saw it. Last Thursday. Yes, thanks, I'm having quite a pleasant holiday.

Universal appeal seems to mean that they appear as bad to an Australian as a Laplander.



Buster Keaton.

This is not a funny paragraph. Conway Tearle and Buster Keaton have never been known to smile. Why, therefore, should you?

The super who thought he was on the way to stardom after his first engagement reminds me of the brake-pedal that thought it soon would be a Ford.



Alma Taylor.

Curt replies to Correspondents. No. 2. Charles Ray and Lon Chaney are eleven feet five inches high. Wallace McDonald, Alma Taylor, Norma Talmadge and

Conrad Nagel are about a hundred and twenty-five years of age, so far as I can remember. Any more questions?

The correspondent who sees only the points of 50 per cent. of my Pinpricks seems to need not a pin but a spear.

Now, is there enough celluloid in the world to take a slow-motion picture of a movie flapper thinking?

C. Chaplin, junr., is very busy at the moment, acting for the stills.



C. Chaplin, Jr.

Curt replies to Correspondents. No. 1. Betty Compton, Carmel Myers have light, black and brown hair.

Some examples of the "universal language" leave me dumb.

I suppose the Man with the Iron Mask could be said to have had a screen face.

"I have the greatest difficulty in finding screen genius," says Director Anonymous. So've I.

Size is not everything, as admirers of Baby Peggy will agree.

As admirers of Walter Hiers will agree, size is a lot.

Result of my Film Face Competition. I didn't hold one. No result.

De fella wot spoke derogatory 'bout dese factory-made movies was not necessarily meanin' de Mille.

Walter Long once tossed a penny to decide whether he would or would not go on the movies. It came down heads and he went on the movies. Now, what I want to know is: did Walter win or lose?



Walter Long.

Myself, in the same dilemma, did not have a penny. And so here I am.

The present craze for historical pictures includes, of course, the up-to-date ones they show at Ashbycum-Slocum.

While Charles Chaplin is coming to England, another American star is demanding that England be taken to him. He needs a holiday abroad, but is busy.

It is said that both Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery "started with slapstick and drifted into screen villainy." This is what is known as ascendancy.

Theda Bara back. Bill Hart back. Dolores and Helen Costello back. Clara Kimball Young back. And the pianist not yet taking lessons. This is like old times.



Theda Bara.

The Americans have taken our stories and our stars. If only they'd take our climate they could produce real English pictures.

By the way, following the report that an English Los Angeles will be founded at Wembley, an enterprising Wembley shopkeeper has laid in a stock of one thousand monacles.

"If I gave you half a million to produce moving pictures, what would you do first?" "Stop producing moving pictures."

THE WASP.

The Pick of the Plays

Stage and Cabarets in September.



Above: Yanski and Roszicka Dolly, who have been dancing so successfully at the Tip Top Club.



Above: Our one and only Gertrude Lawrence. Left: "Fallen Babies" from "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales'.



Oval, left to right: Dorma Ward, Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, and Hazel Wynne.



Right: "Rose-Marie," at Drury Lane, is still a record breaking success. Left to right: Clarice Hardwick (Lady Jane), Derek Oldham (Jim Kenyon), and Billy Merson (Hard-boiled Herbert). Left: Nattova and Myrio, who have been appearing in "Playtime" at the Piccadilly, and are to be seen in a new revue shortly.



Below: One of the two biggest thrills in "The Gorilla" at the New Oxford, a clever mystery drama, which actually lives up to its boast of "out-batting 'The Bat,' and out-cattin' 'The Cat and the Canary.'" The players are Edward Sillward as "Shakespeare," and Mimi Crawford as "Alice Derby."



Below: Siddoe and Mills, a favourite pair of ballroom and exhibition dancers at the Piccadilly Hotel.



Above: Elissa Landi, who plays "April," the very youthful heroine of "Lavender Ladies" at the Comedy Theatre. This delightful play is notable for its character studies and contrasts.

The "Murray" Widow

Franz Lehar called his operetta "The Merry Widow," but now it's a film the above title seems more appropriate.

W as it my imagination or did the policeman in the Champs Elysées glance at me suspiciously as I warily entered the imposing precincts of Claridges Hotel. I turned my

head and saw him join the majestic hall porter, not unlike the one in *The Last Laugh* by the way, and together they stood and eyed me with strict severity.

They knew! I knew they knew. Even the page boy smiled as I climbed the vast ornamental stairway to the second floor. On the second floor I met a *femme de chambre*. She was rather pretty. I asked her for apartment No. 27. She immediately started blushing and flew down the corridor. I never saw her again.

At last I found No. 27. With a beautiful green and yellow spotted silk handkerchief I wiped my brow. With careful, precise gestures I drew black tinted glasses from my jacket pocket and put them on. Then I knocked.

Twenty-three seconds later I found myself in Mae Murray's exquisite apartment—a vast bower of red and white roses. From among the roses someone appeared, and said:

"Hello!"

I dared not look. The voice trilled "Hello" again, and so with a great effort of willpower I dared myself to



in "The Merry Widow." Right oval: She was a Spanish girl in "Fascination." Below: A scene from one of her first pictures, "At First Sight" (Paramount).



look. Yes, it was she, but she was actually-er-dressed. I had expected her to step out of her—yes—and just greet me. But no, she was not even in flimsy lingerie, and yet she looked lovelier than ever—better even than on the screen.

"I suppose you expected to meet the screen Mae," said charming Mae Murray, lighting a cigarette that wafted an amber perfume, "now admit it."

I confessed my disappointment.

Did I say she was looking wonderful? Well, she was. She had on a gorgeous mocha-coloured lace dress with visions of pink and blue ribbons beneath. Her wide picture hat was of an almost invisible straw that caught the rays of the sun. She is small, smaller than I imagined she would be, with big, blue eyes with a spark of devilment in them.

Her eyes speak a language that is not difficult to understand—hers are the most expressive eyes I have ever seen. Her mouth reminds me of rosebuds and crushed strawberries, and her hair, brushed lightly over her brow, is the colour of ripe corn.

"You will be interested to hear that I am going to make a long stay in Europe at the end of this year and I shall certainly make a picture half in England and half in France," said this gorgeous creature to me.

"I love France and I love England," she went on, "but my contracts compel me to return to the States to do at least two more films. After that, however, I shall come back to Europe and I shall probably stay a year or two.

"I can tell you that Vincent Blasco Ibanez, who is a great friend of mine, is writing another story for me which I will probably film as the last production I am making in the States before coming here, or the first in Europe, as the case may be. You may remember I have already played in his story, *Circe the Enchantress*, which I believe was a big success.

Mae Murray has only just finished playing Eric Stroheim's *The Merry Widow*, and this she considers to be her finest production to date. She told me that Eric Stroheim was a most brilliant director and that "he had the kinema technique at his finger tips."



Above: Mae can act if she is permitted. Witness this scene from "Circe, the Enchantress." Left: Mae in serious mood. Bottom left: The screen Mae Murray in a characteristic pose.



"Great excitement was caused in the studio," she told me, "when Stroheim, because of a slight difference of opinion, walked off the set. The supers, or extras as they are sometimes called, then went on strike because a new director had been appointed. So anyway we could not continue, and believe me, the "Merry Widow" was a very unhappy widow indeed. However, he did come back, and as I say I really take this to be my finest production."

So saying, the "Merry Widow" ceased tapping her perfectly encased ankle against the table leg, and answered the telephone bell, which had been ringing for the last five minutes. Not wishing to be rude I threw open the French windows and stepped into the wide.

Owen Daves

Be an actor as well as look a Matinée Idol.



A scene from "Young Lochinvar"
(Owen Nares and Gladys Jennings).

On the 11th of August, 1888, Owen Nares first opened his eyes upon this world of ours. It is probable—although it has never been recorded—that the first words his nurse said were "Isn't he lovely!"

At any rate, women of every class and kind, young and old, rich and poor, have systematically repeated it ever since, despite their male relatives' envious reference to "matinée idols" and "Marcel Waves."

For Owen has been blessed (or cursed) with far more good looks than should be the portion of any one mere male, so Fate naturally decrees that he must be a Flapper's Idol.

Now a "Flapper's Idol," in the ordinary course of events, has no need to do anything on the stage but stand around and look the conventional and beautiful hero, while his admirers enthusiastically applaud. But Owen Nares, apparently, is not satisfied with this sort of thing, and he has very decided views on the subject of himself and his work.

"The worst thing in the world to live down," he complained when I interviewed him in his dressing room at the Lyric Theatre after a performance of "The River," "Is the title of 'matinée idol.' People won't let you act or appear anything but just yourself on the stage or screen.

"I thoroughly enjoyed playing the part of the war-warped hero in Pinero's "The Enchanted Cottage,"

but I believe there were some people who objected to it on the grounds that I had made myself look crippled and ugly! The same thing happened when I played the rôle of the Indian prince 'Zahurudin' in the film version of *The Indian Love Lyric*. I grew a moustache and tried to really look the part, and I had letters from all over the place begging me to shave it off

because I didn't look myself! Could anything be more annoying."



Owen Nares
(photo by
J a n e t
Jevons).

that date—even though I did only play a 'walk on'!

"After that I was lucky enough to land a big part on tour—'Harry Leyton' in 'The Thief,' and in May, 1909, I was playing at St. James's in 'Old Heidelberg.' But I've had some of my best parts just lately," he went on reminiscently. "'Mark Sabre' in 'If Winter Comes,' was a fine rôle—my wife, Marie Polini, played with me in that. Then there was 'The Little Minister' and just before that 'The Enchanted Cottage.'"

"And your film work?" I enquired. "What made you take that up?"

"I played my first film rôle in *Just a Girl*, from the novel by Charles Garvice, more for the novelty of the experience. I don't think I had any serious ideas on picture work at the time, but I soon found that it was as much an art as stage acting and I so thoroughly enjoyed it that I took it up in real earnest.

"I really believe I prefer film work to stage work now. For one thing it's possible to do such a lot of work

Owen and Moyna McGill in "Miriam Rozella," in which he set a fashion for movie millionaires by lighting a cigarette with a £5 note.



I murmured something sympathetic and asked:

"When did you first decide on a stage career?"

"Almost before I learnt to speak, I think," he said, laughing. "I was always keen on theatrical work. After I left school I studied for six months with Rosina Filippi, and I made my stage début on Jan. 28th, 1908, at the Haymarket, in a play called 'Her Father.' I shall always remember

for the camera out of doors, which is something that appeals to me particularly."

I suggested that he must miss his audience sometimes when he comes straight from a stage success to a screenplay, but he shook his head.

"Personally, I find it better without one," he said. "An audience varies so—it is never in exactly the same mood from day to day—and the mood of my audience generally has a tremendous effect on my work."

He spoke of the various films in which he had acted: *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, The Man Who Won, The Edge O' Beyond, The Sorrows of Satan, The Faithful Heart* (the stage version of which

Right: A favourite stage rôle "Mark Sabre" in "If Winter Comes" Below: As "Young Lochinvar" in the film of that name



Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares (Marie Polini), off for a few days' holiday.

he also played in) and, amongst his later pictures, *Young Lochinvar* and *Miriam Rozella*.

"There was a time during the war," he told me, "when I nearly went to America for five years. D. W. Griffith offered me a contract to star in a succession of films, but I had to refuse for several reasons. For one thing I was doing war work during the daytime, and didn't feel I could give it up."

As I rose to go I asked him whether he had any film plans for the future.

"Nothing definite," he said. "I'm going to tour a stage play 'Cobra' for a few months and after that—well, I'm really not sure what I shall do."

I said good-bye and made for the door, but on the threshold he stopped me.

"Before you go promise me something," he pleaded.

"Anything!" I murmured fervently.

"Don't call me 'a matinée idol.'"

I said I wouldn't and I haven't—quite. I think I shall call him the matinée idol who dares to be an actor!

Paris, Pageantry

THE PICTUREGOER sent a representative to Paris to find out and she found—"Trilby"

More years ago than I care to remember I read and enjoyed a delightful romance of the *Quartier Latin*, Paris. Maybe, you, too, have dropped a furtive tear or two upon its pages, for Du Maurier's "Trilby" is world famous.

I put down the book with a sigh thinking "She is adorable, but she could never have existed. She is just a man's pipe-dream, that is all. What a pity!"

Circle: Malcolm Tod and Betty Blythe in "Jacob's Well."

I was wrong.

She *does* exist.

I met her in Paris last month and she will be in London very shortly. She wasn't born in France, but she lived there for two years—existed is the better word—half-starving herself whilst trying to gain a hearing on the operatic stage.

She was born in Los Angeles and they call her Betty Blythe, but she is "Trilby," or a reincarnation of "Trilby," nevertheless.

Like the Du Maurier heroine she has a perfect figure; she wears her hair in the same fashion (only 1925—not 1825 cut). Like "Trilby," Betty has an operatic voice, and the kindest heart in the world. And there are other resemblances, too.

Moreover, it doesn't need a Svengali to hypnotise Betty Blythe.

We lunched together in the Champs Elysées, and I happened to tell her a somewhat moving story. As I watched her instant response, watched the very flesh of her arms (and it was a blazing hot noon!) go "all goosey" and the tears gather in her pretty grey-blue eyes I knew I had met "Trilby" in the flesh.

Betty, you must know, has been in Paris these several months making

Top and bottom left: Two studies of Betty Blythe as "Agar." Below: A scene taken at Constantinople. The famous Bosphorus was in the background, but the callous Art Department have cut it off.



and Palestine

JOSIE P. LEDERER

all about Betty Blythe's new film, or a reincarnation of her.

interiors and a few exteriors for what promises to be a film sensation.

Titled *Jacob's Well*, and based upon the novel by Pierre Benoit (author of *Atlantide*), it is the story of "Agar" a child of the ghetto; an ambitious wench, who becomes a famous cabaret dancing girl in Haifa, Constantinople, and other places in the East.

"Agar" is what movie-land's vocabulary would describe as a Good-bad-girl. Later, she marries a crippled

Oval: Betty was "Kid" -napped at Smyrna. Below: the eternal triangle in "Jacob's Well," played by André Nox, Betty Blythe, and Malcolm Tod.



Above: A beautiful location in "Jacob's Well"; the principals are just going to work.



Jew to free herself from a distasteful profession, and later still, meets a man she truly loves.

That, I think, is all you need know of the story—yet.

When I went across to France, to see Betty Blythe work, I found that the busiest of all the busy people engaged on this £10,000 production was the star.

When she wasn't learning a new dance, she was seeing American pressmen. When she wasn't being photographed for newspapers she was designing a new gown, or what is more difficult, personally seeing to it that her design was carried out.

One of her few spare mornings was spent with me. This was on Sunday, for on week days she is in the studios from nine-thirty to six unless the director gives her leave of absence.

Work at Belleville Studio (Belleville is in the apache quarter of Paris and truly thrilling) goes on till any old hour if the scene is an important one, for they are all enthusiasts out there, and to them "the film's the thing," and the clock less than nothing.

The principal rôles are played by Betty Blythe ("Agar"), André Nox (*The Thinker*), Malcolm Tod, and Leon Mathot (*Monte Cristo*). Mathot, who plays the villain, I found an extremely pleasant albeit somewhat shy individual. His English is neither as bad nor as limited as he makes out: (neither is my French!) but he seemed pleased when I informed him that English fans knew and liked him, especially in *Monte Cristo*.



He is playing the lead in another big film being made at the same studio, with which I shall deal next month.

André Nox, too, had many questions to ask about Great Britain's views upon French films. He plays the hunchback husband of "Agar," and died, he told me, the first day he reported for work at Belleville!

As a matter of fact "Agar" visited his grave in the Jewish Cemetery at Jerusalem and wept over it, whilst he looked on with great interest from his vantage point behind the camera man.

The whole company toured Turkey

The scene below was taken at Constantinople



Above: Malcolm Tod with the four horses presented by the President of France to the Sultan of Egypt. Malcolm says that was one of the times he felt that there were compensations in being horn a King.



and the Holy Land for the exteriors of the film, and they one and all had many interesting anecdotes to tell of their journeyings.

The interior sets for *Jacob's Well* are unusually beautiful. They are the work of a well-known French artist, a personage who has never before designed anything for the kinema and



Above: Betty Blyne and André Nox in the Café scene (*"Jacob's Well"*). Left: A Jewish wedding (*"Jacob's Well"*).



I must say he is a decided acquisition to the ranks of kinema art directors.

I watched Betty Blythe work the whole of a terribly hot afternoon on the scene wherein she dances before a wealthy friend of her benefactress, who, satisfied with her talent, then decides to bear the expenses of her début.

Betty, lightly clad as she was in the little tunic affected by all barefoot dancers of the "classic" school, declared she felt hot, and as for the rest of us, we not only felt it but looked it.

The dance was a pleasing, but oft-repeated affair, for the director was extremely exacting.

Time and again it was rehearsed and rehearsed. Once the pianist was so interested in watching Betty that she forgot to play or pretend to play.

Another time the lights were not right. Another time the polished floor wanted re-mopping, and the studio-hands, who seemed more than usually dense, persistently and perseveringly ignored the centre bit, bang in the camera's eye! Then Betty discovered a speck of floor polish on one ankle and called a halt whilst she dabbed a little make-up upon it.

After which the director declared that the floor polish had blackened the soles of her feet and that this might show when she leapt in the air during her dance.

Then the burning question arose, should Betty wash her feet or not? She didn't.

Finally, after over two hours' weary work the scene was finished, and Betty and I retired to her dressing room. Her maid had taken a day off with "severe indigestion."

"Whenever it's a roasting day like this," said Betty, with a smile, "she has an attack of 'severe indigestion,' and I have to wait on myself. In America they have a relative die or something like that on very hot days. Every country has its own excuses!"

She has a delightful sense of humour and a very ready wit. She told me funny stories whilst she was getting into her ordinary clothes, and Below: "Agar" visits the grave of her husband.

I think Helen Mar must have blessed the day when Betty became a movie star. I saw most of the thousands of pounds' worth of Reville costumes she bought in London for *Jacob's Well*, and very, very wonderful they are.

I noticed that, like all the smart Parisiennes we saw in the Bois, Betty Blythe affects extremely simple, though rich, black attire for street wear. Also that her hats are all tiny, immensely *chic*, and adorned with cunning little veils that come just over the eyes.

"It's the part of my life—'Agar,'" confided Betty to me when she bade me au revoir. She will be at the



Above. A scene taken at the Jewish cemetery, Jerusalem.



The life of a café dancer at Haifa is hectic in 'Jacob's Well.'

London Coliseum this month and you will be able to see her in those wonderful gowns of hers, and hear her sing and tell stories.

And, when the conductor raises his baton, and the house is all hushed waiting for the first note, you'll agree with me, I think, that Du Maurier's "Trilby" is a living, human person after all.

The vision of "Agar," a clever bit of "double exposure work" by René Guissart (camera-man)



The Sports Girl

SIGRID HOLMQUIST

Sportsmanship is something every woman needs.

I suppose there is no woman in the world who does not, in her secret heart, long for beauty, or at least for a moderate share of good looks. And yet to long passively and do nothing seems to be the general rule, and the plain woman sits down resignedly under her lot and never seems to realise that the power to improve her appearance lies, to a great degree, with herself.

In these days of emancipation for women, when practically every sort of sport is thrown open to them, I often wonder to see so many stunted, badly developed and weakly looking girls.

Round shoulders, narrow chests, poor complexions, superfluous fat and undue thinness—all these are things that detract enormously from the appearance, although a healthy indulgence in sports would do much to counterbalance them.

Did you ever see a really unattractive girl amongst professional sports-

beauty giving qualities. Take lawn tennis for instance.

The girl who plays this game learns to be graceful in her movements and quick on her feet. Her whole body has to be continually moving in order to follow the course of the ball, and so the superfluous fat tissues roll away and good firm muscle forms in their place, her blood circulates freely and her complexion becomes fresh and



clear. And at the same time she is out in the air, breathing the right sort of atmosphere.

Golf, hockey, netball, any sort of game that means exercise and is not overdone, is health and beauty giving.

Best of all the sports, from the point of view of both health and fun, is swimming. At home in Sweden every child has to learn to swim, and to be at home in the water. It develops the lungs and chest and makes deep breathing essential, and strengthens the muscles in every part of the body. Then, too, the cold water tones up the skin and sets it to pleasantly tingling, so that the complexion benefits also.

Yes, it's good fun being a Sports girl—but it's more than that, it's good policy. For the sports girl is an attractive girl, and that is what all women want to be if they have anything feminine in them!



Top right: Sigria's complexion doesn't come out of a box, a little rain will not hurt it. Above: She likes a little music between dives. Left: A becoming sports outfit is half the battle. Below: She often picks up a car-load of kiddies on her way to work.



women? I never have. They may not have beautiful features, but there is always something about them—a vigorous health and general air of wholesomeness that makes them somehow pleasing to the eye.

It doesn't really matter what the sport is, for all have their health and

Saturday Night

Where do the stars go after they have drawn their Pay Checks? Evenings in Hollywood are a problem sometimes.

Even in Hollywood, Land of the Free—and Easy—there is nowhere to go but out. With money to lavish on gorgeous and costly amusements—opera boxes, night clubs, casinos of chance, bals masque and the races, the motion picture millionaires find themselves living in a tree-embowered country town, governed by retired Iowa farmers where, if they dance beyond one o'clock in the Biltmore ballroom, the Mayor sends around a couple of cops to put out the lights and tell them to go home to bed.

One of the most popular cafes in Hollywood has a huge sign grimly confronting all who enter, "Patrons Are Earnestly Requested Not to Embarrass the Management by Bringing Liquor." Evening dress is the exception instead of the rule at amusement places. Solomon and all the Mrs. Solomons never possessed greater glory of attire than the screen sheiks and shebas, but there is no place suitable to wear tall silk hats and diamond tiaras.

Still our little town has its simple and harmless pleasures. Though most of the acacia and palm-lined streets are dark at nine o'clock p.m. and the majority of screen folk spend their evenings discussing real estate or listening to what Br'er Fox said to ol' Mis' Peter Porcupine over the radio, still up on the Boulevard there is a brave display of wattage and even an electric sign or two.

At the doorway of the Far East Chop Suey Parlour, a chink in mandarin garb pounds a tom-tom, through the open casements of a restaurant comes the snarl of jazz and the lisp of dancing feet, the searchlight above Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theatre reveals a turbaned and brightly robed Arab figure pacing back and forth across the roof parapet.

All the cafes and restaurants in Hollywood make bids for movie patronage. The stars who sit about their tables are an unofficial but indispensable part of the entertainment, and one of the duties of the waiters is to point out Monte Blue, Clara Bow and other screen celebrities to tourists from the Middle West. If the waiters don't happen to know the stars by sight they point them out just the same.

The Club Petruska (Little Clown) was not named after Charlie Chaplin, though it owes its present prosperity to him. In spite of its walls covered with Russian peasant scenes in bright colour, its cabaret and orchestra, it was sparsely filled in the evening until the memorable occasion when an oil

millionaire dining with Mildred Harris made some slighting remark to Charlie sitting at the next table and the comedian proved he could wield something stronger than a custard pie by knocking him into the orchestra.

From that moment the Club Petruska was a success. It is a favourite resort of the present sheik of Hollywood night life, Jack Dempsey, who displays his handsome new Greek model nose there nightly at a table for two reserved especially for him, the other one of the two being usually Estelle Taylor. Apache dancers amuse the diners, but after the tourists have hungrily taken in every detail of Mae Murray's marvellous coiffure and Pola Negri's wondrous gown and paid their bills and departed at the dissipated hour of one a.m., the real entertainment begins. Ford Sterling sings a song in a mellow tenor; catching up her gorgeous shawl, Helen Ferguson does a Spanish dance, the



Above: Ramon Novarro enjoys the "festas" in the Montmartre. Left: So does little Flora Le Breton.



orchestra endeavours to inject a little sin into the syncopation, and the morning stars dance together.

The oldest of Hollywood cafes is the Montmartre, whose proprietor, Eddie Brandstetter, knows all the stars in the movie firmament by their first names. For years its entrance has been surrounded every noon by rapt pilgrims who watch their screen favourites descend from their cars with whispered but audible comments.

"There's Viola Dana—my dear, that dress she's got on couldn't have cost a cent over forty dollars! There's that new foreign chap—What's His Name! I don't see that he's such a much, do you? Looks like a barber. Who's that with Elliott Dexter? Do you suppose that's her own hair or a wig? Unholy colour, that's all I've got to say—"

On Wednesday night there is a fiesta at the Montmartre with confetti and favours and a dancing contest behind the layers of gold and purple gauze that unroll between the dancing floor and the diners. One of the orchestra boys is a composer and has written a song to Corinne Griffith—they play that whenever Corinne is present. Ramon



Above is the Coconut Grove, which was copied on the screen in "Three Women."

Novarro (pronounced, be it said once and for all, as though spelled Ra-moan), carried off the loving cup several times, by an impromptu solo dance. Here "Our Club" holds its anniversary dinners. Here all the gossip of the studios finds a clearing house.

A sign, "Guests in Make-Up Welcome," assures a movie clientèle at all times, but on Saturday noon a special movie luncheon, referred to as the Dress Strut, brings out all the new sport

clothes and samples of what the well-dressed man will wear. The room is so crowded with people there to stare and be stared at that Charlie Chaplin, arriving late one Saturday noon, found it impossible to make his way to his reserved table in a far corner, and so got down on his hands and knees and crawled under the tables until he reached his seat!

The Coconut Grove at the Ambassador is another resort of film folk, and no one leaps for the stuffed monkeys when they are unexpectedly let down from the foliage overhead with more enthusiasm than some star whose weekly wage runs into the thousands. This feature of Hollywood night life, by the way, was copied in the cafe scene from *Three Women*. The Schencks and Connie Talmadge are frequent guests—it comes the nearest to New York of any place that home-sick Connie can find!

Once a week, on Tuesday evenings, some woman star acts as Hostess, and tiny waxen figures of her, with startlingly life-like features, adorn the tables. Perhaps no other restaurant in the world can boast so many celebrities among its guests—visiting scientists, foreign authors, titled travellers, playwrights, directors and screen stars visit from table to table and call greetings across the tumult of the saxophone.

At this table Norma Talmadge in black and silver is entertaining the Ambassador from Jugo - Slovakia and Elinor Glyn, Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn rise to dance together. Nazimova, with a coiffure so tight and sleek it looks as though painted on her small head, waves at Pauline

Left oval: Lloyd Whitlock, the stage star, often pauses for a chat with Chaplin at the Montmartre. Below: Grauman's, where all the movie stars go to see the newest and best films.



Frederick two tables away. A flock of brilliant coloured balloons is wafted by a sudden breeze across the tables and glowing cigarettes burst them to the accompaniment of cries and laughter. Aha, thinks the seeker after a Hollywood Nights Tale! This is th' life!

Other cafes have sprung up on all sides with the charitable purpose of helping the movie stars get rid of their money. There is the Latin Quarter cafe in an old and abandoned studio, reached by a path lined with plaster casts of the Discus Thrower and Madame Milo. Inside crudely painted walls, balconies, and tiny stall-like private-rooms with intriguing names—"The Pirate's Den," "Sheba's Shelter," "The Heart's Desire"—greet the eye. Italian spaghetti lures many film favourites here to partake of the humble seventy-five cent dinner.

The enterprising proprietor, with a view to increasing his patronage, called upon Famous Players last week and suggested that the company sue him for fifty thousand dollars because a poster of a not over-dressed lady on his walls looked like Pola Negri!

On the theory that it is *so* Bohemian to go downstairs to eat, the Greenwich Village Cafe was started in the cellar of the Christie Hotel. Last week Clara Bow won a silver cup in a dancing contest there. Many of the stars who come to dine remain to perform—perhaps Virginia Valli sings a negro croon to her own accompaniment on the ukelele or Ben Turpin rises suddenly from his seat, turns a double flip-flop the length of the dancing floor, disappears into an anteroom to reappear with a tiger-skin about his waist and do a ludicrous burlesque of aesthetic dancing, while the tourists whisper to one another—"Is that Valentino? Or Von Stroheim?"

Every Friday night the Hollywood Legion Stadium is packed with ardent devotees of the manly art of boxing. Conway Tearle, Richard Dix, Harrison Ford, Creighton Hale, always have ringside seats when they are in town, and Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are heard but not seen—if they know in advance when the flashlight is going to be taken! After Chaplin's fistic encounter with Mr. Julien, the oil magnate, he was given a tremendous ovation when he entered the Stadium.

In the story of the night life of Hollywood, the Writers' Club plays an important part. It is the only place in town where people can dine out of doors under the purple Californian skies and among—or is it *amid?*—the renowned climate. White-jacketed Jap boys move among the tables on the huge veranda, with its spacious open-air fireplace, and costly conversation floats from the different groups—"He paid ten thousand for his last screen story" . . . "Unblushing Brides' may not be a good title, but it will get them."

In the billiard room several elderly, baldish continuity writers play endless games of billiards, even on Pre-View

Nights, when the literary colony of the *intelligentsia* of the movies tumbles out to look at a new picture written, directed or acted by one of the members and preceded by witty remarks by Rupert Hughes or Milton Sills or one of the other inveterate Hollywood toastmasters. Among the shifting scenes is flung suddenly a glimpse of a New York street, and suddenly all these exiles from Broadway break into tumultuous applause as *heimaveh* tugs at their heartstrings for the execrable climate, the dear ugliness and the squalid splendour, the quinine and companionship of the City of the Son.

Among the bronze and purple hills, the Hollywood Bowl lies under the stars. And yonder, where the traffic cross blazes on the hillside, is the air theatre where—in Hollywood—Wicked—the life of Christ is enacted every year by community actors.

Summer evenings the streets are blocked about each of these theatres with parked cars, and the limousines and roadsters of many film stars, who sit on the hard wooden benches in the darkness to listen to one of the finest symphonies.

Harrison Ford is a regular patron of the Hollywood Legion-Stadium



*written to her—
and they play it
whenever she visits the
Montmartre.*

orchestras in the world, or the beautiful words of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Los Angeles Country Club excludes all people connected with the motion pictures from membership, but there are a dozen others that welcome them heartily, not to say effusively. Among the most popular is the Beach Club, where the film hero, weary of heroing and the screen heroine, worn out by a hot day under the Kleigs, repair for a swim, a shower and a dinner to the accompaniment of the lilt of the waves instead of jazz.

The Ship, a cabaret in an old stranded hulk, used to be a favourite resort in the old un-Vol-steady days, when Fatty Arbuckle was king of good fellows in Hollywood night life, but it foundered and sank without a trace in lemonade and one-half of one per cent beer.

Culver City boasts the Green Mill, where Harold Lloyd used to dance with Mildred Davis in their courting days. Los Angeles beckons the amusement-seeking stars with the beautiful new Biltmore ballroom, the hope of seeing a raid on Madame Zucca's Italian

quarter and the Humming Bird,"

is Tia Juana, and fifty miles g's jaunt to a e twelve thou- asino with its irt streets and ghastly with anical pianos y up and make a Juana!

a first night s before the the stars do feet by the

oth balls; collete e gilt



Above: The Greenwich Village Café, patronised by all the highest stars in screenland. Centre oval: A view of the Stadium, which is always packed with screen stars on Friday nights. Viola Dana, Conway Tearle and Shirley Mason are amongst the audience.



and on the foothills the huge "Hollywoodland" sign seems to speak in glittering letters of sites for castles in the air.

Hollywood night life! The searchlight from the Athletic Club picks out hills, trees, roofs from the soft darkness an instant and loses them again. A huge studio truck rumbles through the streets on the way home from a location trip. From the tiny studio bungalow on the corner, Robert Frazer's powerful radio garners wisdom from the ether:

"And so Gran'pa Fuzzy Bear went home from Peter Rabbit's party——"

ROBERT MANN.

dows of the Montmartre, autos move in a glittering stream along the roads toward the City of the Angels,

Below: The Beach Club, Santa Monica, where the stars go out for a swim some summer Saturday nights.



Unconsidered Trifles

It's the Little Things that Count.

Waterloo, some ten or twelve months after her death.

After seeing films like the above I can quite believe the story of the film producer who, discussing a film he was at work on, said that he "thought of getting that German fellow Wagner to do some special music for it," and I am quite prepared to see a film in which Drake is shown playing bowls with Nelson and Blake looking on.

It would not even require a reference to some books to avoid errors.

One film showed a girl with



Emil Jannings in "The Last Laugh."



Above: Conrad Nagel and his daughter. Left: Estelle Taylor as "Miriam." Below: "Napoleon" and "Josephine," in "A Royal Divorce."

"Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle," said the great painter, but the modern picture maker's version seems to be "A trifle is a trifle and nothing else. Let us have a well-known star in the lead and a lot of spectacles and then let the details go."

Thus we find film after film a mass of errors. Queen Anne chairs are used by Elizabeth, the "Laughing Cavalier" adorns the walls of a house a century before its painter's birth and so on. Perhaps the average "fan" is more concerned with the exact colour of Conrad Nagel's eyes and the details of Matheson Lang's matrimonial ventures, but there are quite a lot of picturegoers whose entertainment is quite spoiled by these trivial anachronisms.

Most of these errors could be avoided by referring to the most common books. If the producer of *The Ten Commandments* had looked at the Book of Exodus for a moment he would not, I hope, have made Miriam a girl of twenty while her brother Moses, who was some years her junior, appeared as an old man of seventy or eighty.

A glance at a history of France would have improved *A Royal Divorce* by preventing Josephine from visiting Napoleon on the eve of



shingled hair in 1914, and in another, the action of which took place in London, one of the characters gave a page-boy a dollar bill. It seems a pity that men who are ignorant of the forms of currency in the chief countries of the world should be in a position to spend a million dollars on one production and to use members of the British Army as escorts.

In Harold Lloyd's *Girl Shy* the heroine was to be married on the 19th of the month, yet a letter received by Harold on the day of the ceremony is dated the 29th.

A recent German film *The Last Laugh* told the story of how a waiter at a very large hotel came into a fortune and proceeded to buy a large house with a huge staff. He was shown dining in an ill-fitting evening dress and eating with his fingers. It is true that the sight of people eating in a disgusting manner is sure of a hearty welcome from many present day audiences, but surely the producer need not have used for the purpose a man whose knowledge of the correct way of eating would be perfect.

Something will have to be done before long. Film fans grow more and more critical, and public opinion, which has already insisted on the replacing of the old five reel "drama" by films of the *Captain Blood* and *Scaramouche* class, will one day see to it that producers pay more attention to details.

ROBERT MCKOWN.

Let Them

They're only flesh and blood, these stars you
Let 'em be human; the most lovable people



Above:
Gloria
Swanson.

We seldom hear a comparative or a positive term used in reference to motion pictures or motion picture artists. It is invariably the superlative. Every film directed by the more famous of our producers is hailed as the greatest, the most stupendous, extravagant or tensely dramatic thing that every flickered across the silver sheet, every film artist is the most beautiful or handsome, sweet-natured or talented person in the world according to the salaries paid their publicity managers or the degree of their popularity.

Queer, when one reflects upon it—and rather foolish, isn't it?

Below: A star who refused to take even his genius seriously. Wally Reid was human—very—yet the fans, it seems, will never forget him.



Above: Lillian Gish, to whom the poem quoted above was dedicated. Left: Alla Nazimova, who is sworn enemy to heroine worshippers, even when the heroine is herself.

Glancing through the pages of a popular American monthly a few days ago, I came across a poem dedicated to Lillian Gish. "She has white magic at her finger tips" it ran, "Her hands are as the pale dove's startled wings. . . And she is primrose dawn before hot light dispels its charm. The star, the first star is her slave" There were several more verses in the same sort of strain, the last one asserting, if I remember rightly, that "Her soul looked out from her enchanting eyes in wistful wonder," while "Her body's grace was slim like little trees."

Very, very lovely certainly, but does it, I ask you, suggest a real flesh and blood woman?—imagine breakfasting or going out to dinner with a girl who had "White Magic" (whatever that may be) at her finger tips, who had for her slave the evening star, and whose soul regarded you perpetually with "wistful wonder"?

In the same paper a page and a half was devoted to the "Moods" and personality of another prominent screen star.



Be Human!

fans and newspaper write-up-mongers idolise so madly, in this world are those who are just "human."

"Regal, imperious and amazingly lovely, I found her at breakfast," the journalist wrote, "resplendent in a gown of some rich oriental material that showed up to perfection the wonder of hair black as the raven's wing. A string of pearls were clasped around her milk-white throat, matching the creamy pallor of her skin, enhancing the beauty of eyes soft as the southern night. Her slim white hands toyed idly with a grapefruit seeming to impart even to that simple action an air of royal splendour." That same girl served until a few years ago as a waitress in a second-rate eating house, while the "Moods" so happily alluded to as proof of an artistic temperament are the despair of those compelled to work with her.

English papers are usually more rational in their description of public favourites, though actors and actresses—specially the movie ones come in for a goodly share of hero (or heroine) worship even on this side of the herring pond, and most of us still regard Hollywood—that magic land of make believe, as a sort of Paradise on earth where famous people of amazing wealth live in luxury and happiness greater even than that enjoyed by the principals in the fairy stories which so delighted us as children.

Below: Valentino, who makes many pulses throb to the tune of his movie love making. Right: Barbara La Marr.

Occasionally somebody gets his licence suspended for being drunk in charge of a car, or a divorce suit comes along to convince us that the idols we have worshipped are in reality common clay, but the next time Rudolph Valentino makes our pulses throb madly to the tune of his lovemaking, or sweet Norma Talmadge tugs at our heartstrings as a pretty Victorian maiden or an old woman cherishing Love all the more dearly because of the greater understanding sorrow has im-

Pola Negri.

Norma Talmadge

parted, we hug our illusions tighter than ever, remembering gladly that opportunities for "Scandal" headlines are afforded comparatively rarely by the inhabitants of the Hollywood colony.

(Cont. on p. 60)



Juliette Compton

S C MALONE

This lovely American girl reversed the usual order of things, for she achieved her screen fame in England.



Photo: Janet Jevons.

Filming in the snows of Switzerland might be considered by some as an exhilarating experience, and one that affords a great deal of fun. It is one but not the other.

Murren, in Switzerland, is in the heart of the snow country. And it is reached after hours of arduous railway journeys.

I arrived in Murren a week after the company that was to produce *Excelsior* from the poem by Longfellow, the scenes of which are mostly laid in the snow clad peaks and mountain ranges where avalanches are not an unusual occurrence.

The sun was shining and everything was looking particularly bright for location work when it was discovered that the camera had not arrived. Bert Cann, that wonderful cameraman who has done so much beautiful work in British pictures, had to patiently await the arrival of his apparatus.

He and the rest of the company, which included Juliette Compton, the star, and several other actors whose names I do not know, and the producer H. B. Parkinson, spent the week in snow sports, and the storm they were awaiting for the big scene arrived before the camera, much to the regret of everybody.

At the end of the week the entrance to the hotel was snowed up and it was dangerous for anyone to leave. Another four or five days had to be spent inside the hotel when only two or three magazines helped to relieve the monotony of nothing but snow and ice.

However, things went better after that. In weather below zero scenes were being shot in the great Swiss mountains with the aid of expert



Top left and left: varying views of Juliette Compton. Below: Juliette Compton, Clive Brook, and Russell Thorndike in "Human Desires."



guides. Bert Cann who had to put on three pairs of woollen mittens before being able to crank, kept the company in good humour by exclaiming every few seconds "Gee, it's hot!"

After this happened for two or three days Juliette Compton with a well-aimed snowball kept him from repeating that same exclamation that made the characters in "White Cargo" go mad.

"We had a great deal of adventure on this trip," said Juliette Compton to me afterwards, "including a railway accident in which several of the company were laid up for a few days with bruises and shock. But after that things went all right."

"For our big snow scenes we loaned some aeroplane motors and their propellers revolving at a really terrifying speed sent the snow-dust in our eyes and almost blinded us. These scenes were ever so realistic, as well as the avalanche which we did afterwards."

This brilliant young American actress, she is only twenty-three, is an extraordinarily beautiful girl. She bears a curious resemblance to Gloria Swanson, so much so that a great many of her photographs have appeared in the American press titled Gloria Swanson.

As well known on the stage as on the screen, Juliette Compton achieved her greatest success in *Human Desires* which was directed by Burton George. In this production she played opposite Clive Brook and Marjorie Daw.

She has made one other picture in France, but this has not been released.

Right circle: A study from a film made in France, as yet untitled. Centre: She makes an ideal mannequin. Bottom left: With Leslie Faber in "Afraid of Love."



She is the original of the Harrison Fisher girl which caused such a tremendous sensation in America, and is considered one of the most beautiful women over there. She was one of the stars of the Ziegfeld Follies, and then she decided to come to England.

Here she took London by storm with her brilliant acting opposite Gerald du Maurier in "The Dancers" and later in Charlot's Revue.

"I am devoting my future to film work," she told me, "I really like it better than the stage although I receive many tempting offers to go on the boards. Only last week I received a splendid offer to return to America which I refused."

"I am going to make a film with Walter West directing. This is to be rather a novelty for me, as it will be one of the biggest racing films he has ever done. It will be an Astra-National production, and will be produced entirely in famous racing stables and courses all over England. The story has been written by Atty Perse, and he has put all his racing stables and horses at Walter West's disposal."

"I then leave for France where I shall make one picture, and I am due to make two in Germany, so you see I am pretty busy."

By that time Juliette Compton had tied on her snow boots. She took her place in the toboggan, and in two seconds was well away. Five minutes later when I had got to the bottom, it was to find the toboggan overturned. I shook with laughter.

"What did you say?" said Juliette Compton.

"I said you might have walked." Another snowball, then another, and another, and then nothing but snow balls!





WILLIAM HAINES

Who appears opposite Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney," is one of the most popular juvenile leads on the screen, running Ben Lyon and John Patrick very closely. He has dark hair and dark blue eyes.



PRISCILLA DEAN

Of whom one doesn't hear much these days. But she's working on her own productions, in which husband, Wheeler Oakman, also appears. Priscilla is as peppy and as fond of aviation as ever.

**TULLY MARSHALL**

This famous character actor has done few better things than his "Count Mancini" in "He Who Gets Slapped," under the direction of Victor Seastrom. He is seen above in character in that movie.

**MAY McAVOY**

Holds the world's record longest engagement on one film. May made her name as "Grizel" in "Sentimental Tommy," and is an honest-to-goodness dramatic star, as her "Esther" in "Ben Hur" will prove.



MADGE STUART & SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

As they appear in "The Only Way" as "Mimi" and "Sidney Carton" respectively. This farewell scene will be familiar to all melodrama lovers who have seen the famous play founded on "A Tale of Two Cities."

The Screen Fashion Plate

Modes of the moment displayed by million-dollar mannequins in the form of movie stars.



Blanche Sweet's evening gown, worn in "His Supreme Moment," is of pastel chiffon and orange coloured soft satin, and decorated with silver braid.



Eleanor Boardman shows a chic coat of white broadcloth striped with cloth of gold and trimmed with white fox.



Above: A smart walking outfit worn by Alice Delysia. It is composed of velvet and fur.

Above: Mae Busch displays a nifty negligée of pearl grey velvet trimmed with wide bands of grey marabout. Her slippers are furnished with ostrich feathers.



Left: Norma Shearer's dress is of chiffon velvet fringed with jet beads.



Right: Pauline Starke's street outfit of alpine blue and white figured crêpe de Chine, with close-fitting hat of black tagel.

The Miracle of the Wolves

The intentions of the writer of this article are better than his English, but his studio impressions are interesting

The time is the 15th Century. I am wandering in a labyrinth of lanes. I meet no one and yet I go forward startled somehow by a feeling of olden times, as if I were being thrust back among my forefathers. I butt into a scaffolding bearing a sunlight arc. Camp, sunlight and 15th Century! We are indeed in a studio. A noise is heard, the sunlight arc is lit, another one follows, two more, then three and all sending their rays on the oddest, but sweetest French garden imaginable.

If things have a soul, it is all the soul of an old-time garden. From the beds of beautiful tulips arise perfumes which give life to the pretty fountain. At the other side of the garden there is a grey cottage, and to make me feel I am really living a charming lady dressed in a long and flowing gown passing through the garden.

I am suddenly taken out of my dream by some queer sort of modern noises, and I now understand that it is over there, on the other side of the grey cottage, that somebody is at work. I go round and find myself in a restless place where a film is being made.

Raymond Bernard, the Director, flits here, there and everywhere. Forster, the operator, is examining the lights. Hemart is turning over the pages of the scenario whilst Romauld Joube, sumptuously gowned in ermine from head to foot, is talking to another artist.

And how dainty seems Yvonne Sergyl, just disappearing through the open windows! The company assemble upon a call from Raymond Bernard, who looks so young in his working costume that he seems a veritable youth out on an adventure for his own pleasure.

He is the most active figure there, though, playing all the parts, while the others listen attentively. The rehearsal begins. Raymond Bernard strains at the leash. We start



Left: "The Demoiselle." Below: Charles Dullin as "Louis XI. And bottom left: "The Miracle of the Wolves."

again. At last, we are ready, he gives the signal for the attack. Wrong start—Oh, mystery of a Director's heart!

Suddenly, for some unknown reason, Raymond Bernard goes straight to the man robed in ermine and rectifies what is wrong.

A whistle sounds, a purring noise follows, everyone is ready and the fountain commences playing its crystal stream.

Joube and the old-fashioned master, Maujain, walk silently up and down the room. Yvonne Sergyl is watching them. The master, who is the father, I was going to say the past—Joube the future. We have to make the past agree with the future and then with the Demoiselle.

At first, nothing happens and the pretty face appears worried. But Joube's eyes are hopeful, then joyful, and everyone feels better, all eyes glisten, the master smiles, and the dainty girl disappears. Raymond Bernard announces by a sharp whistle that the scene is ended, and one can see on his face that he feels satisfied.

I turn back and I see Prejean who, always smiling, accomplishes no end of seemingly impossible feats. After his perilous part in "Paris Asleep," Rene Clair's film, we now see him five centuries further back in the time of Louis XI. Under his wig, he looks quite jolly. I ask him: "Has the fire so much spoken of, happened?"

"Has it happened, by Jove! I nearly died in it."

He laughs and goes on.

"A fire burst out at the top of a tower in the Beauvais scene, where I had to fight. A stone was to fall and

(Continued on page 60.)





The Killigrews and the Tressilians hated with a hate that was almost classic. They had hated for generations, so that no Killigrew was safe in the sight of a Tressilian and no Tressilian cared to walk abroad when a Killigrew was near. It was a feud, and it was the most terrible feud that ever the West country of old England had known. When Sir John Killigrew and Sir Oliver Tressilian came to manhood, the enmity between the two houses was at its height.

And then, by one of those freaks with which Fate delights in displaying an unexpected sense of humour, Rosamund, a young girl as fair as any in her generation, and a Killigrew, came to fall in love with Sir Oliver Tressilian.

It might be thought that this poured oil on the troubled waters of the two houses; but such was not the case. Rather it brought about a tempest. Rosamund had a brother, by name Peter, and he swore openly that he would prevent the match.

"I will find this Sir Oliver Tressilian," he vowed, "and put an end to this presumptuous romance. For a Tressilian to love a Killigrew is to insult her. Very well, I will insult him."

Peter rode seventeen miles that day, but he found Sir Oliver in the end.

"You love my sister?" he said with heat.

"I do," said Sir Oliver, with heat of his own.

Peter spat in the dust at the latter's feet.

"By so doing," he said, "I no more insult the dust than do you by standing in it."

Sir Oliver's hand flew to his sword, but as swiftly fell away. Something like this Rosamund had foreseen, and she had made him promise that their love should bring no hurt to either of their houses. "Love should heal," the girl had said. "Let us see to it. Oliver, that our love shall in the end heal the wounds that all these years have caused between our houses."

And so, with no retort to the hot-headed Peter, Sir Oliver Tressilian turned away; not, however, before the quarrel had been witnessed by the gossips of the neighbourhood.

"Coward!" sneered Peter; and he put spur to his horse and dashed off, laughing.

Now Sir Oliver Tressilian had a half-brother, Lionel Tressilian, who already, on account of some girl in a pothouse, had a quarrel with Peter on top of the quarrel that there was of the warring houses. On his way back from his attempt to draw Sir Oliver, Peter met with Lionel, and they fought. It was not a long fight.

Peter was too heated by reason of his encounter with his sister's lover to fight clearly. It was all over in five minutes; and by the end of that time Lionel was fleeing from justice, and Peter was on the road-side, dead. It

was the winter time; snow was on the ground, and wherever Lionel went he left a tell-tale trail.

A coward and a weakling he went to Sir Oliver's house, seeking protection; and when the authorities followed the trail they, too, came to Sir Oliver's house. There were those who could tell of the quarrel, and this was sufficient. Sir Oliver Tressilian was arrested for the murder of Peter, Rosamund's brother.

The first heat of the adventure over, Lionel came from his hiding place to learn the news. And the news which was brought to him was not so reassuring as he had thought might be. He would have let his half-brother go to the block willingly to save his own skin; and it was with something more than a shock that he now learnt that there was very small probability of Sir Oliver Tressilian's ever going to the block for the murder of his sweet heart's brother.

"They say Sir Oliver will clear himself," a friend informed Lionel. "They tracked him here by the bloodstains in the snow. Bloodstains that came from the murderer's wounds, you see. And Sir Oliver bared himself before the guard, and he has no wounds. He will go free and the guard must look again."

Lionel thought swiftly now. Sir Oliver free was a menace to his own safety. He had not told yet

that it was he, Lionel, who had done this deed; but at any time, he might do so.

Sir Oliver must be got away to some place where he could not talk, or, talking, could not be heard. And the sooner this was done the safer could Lionel feel. With Oliver out of the way no one could ever suspect him of the murder.

One Jasper Leigh, a buccaneer, was furtively in town for two or three days at that time. Lionel knew Jasper, had done the rogue a good turn once or twice in days gone by, and now saw the opportunity to collect some of the debt that Jasper owed to him. He went by night to the tavern where Jasper Leigh lay low on his rare visits to the town, and within an hour had completed his conspiracy. Sir Oliver Tressilian was released by the guard that night, but within an hour he was in the hands of Jasper's men.

"What," he demanded, "is the meaning of this?"

"Mere playfulness," replied Jasper with a shrug. "I have been suffering from depression, and to brighten my spirits I intend to take you out to sea and sell you into the galleys."

"A slave!"

"How quick you are! Precisely a slave. You are young, big, and strong. You will bring me good money. I shall be able to ask a big price for you."

Jasper Leigh's ship set sail during the night, with Sir Oliver Tressilian aboard. They were seven days before they came in sight of a promising boat, and then, alas! for the cheerful Jasper's plans, it was a Spanish pirate who was not disposed to trade in any way with a man of Jasper's standing.

"You will take him?" Jasper suggested, displaying the points of his captive. And the Spaniard took him. But the Spaniard took Jasper as well, and all his crew, after which he burnt the buccaneer's boat and sailed away to greater conquests.

The sixteen months that followed were months of unutterable hardship. Side by side as galley slaves for all the hours that they could stay awake, worked Sir Oliver Tressilian and Jasper Leigh. They were never friends, but they were comrades in distress. The terror of their plight gave them something in common. Jasper nursed his bitterness and tried in an oblique way to cast the blame for his plight on the absent Lionel. One day he told all to Sir Oliver; and from that moment the latter looked forward to and waited for the day



His name and his ship became the terrors of the Spanish Main.

when he should wring the truth from his rascally half-brother's lips, and prove his own innocence before Rosamund.

In June of the second year, one day, the Spanish ship was attacked by a Moorish frigate commanded by Asad-ed-Din, a Basha of Algeria. Sir

snatched a cutlass from the deck of the Moorish ship, and fell in side by side with the Moors against the Spanish.

It lasted till evening, and in the strife and chaos Jasper Leigh disappeared for ever out of Sir Oliver's life. What became of him was never known, but one or two boats put off from the Spaniard when defeat was clearly in sight and it is possible that in their crew was Jasper Leigh, retaining his trade with as much facility as he was changing his nationality.

When the last timber of the Spaniard had gone adrift, Asad-ed-Din, the Basha, sent for Sir Oliver.

"I do not know who you are, beyond that you are English," he said with a gesture. "But you have served me faithfully and well. I will reward you. I will make you my lieutenant."

But the reward brought little joy to Sir Oliver. It brought him, in time, wealth, but happiness was as far off as ever. He made his home on the Barbary coast, knew almost local fame there as the Basha's right-hand man; but all the time his heart and his thoughts were in England, with Rosamund.

He sent communications home, and received replies. It was as he had feared; his kidnapping had been misconstrued by his enemies and the authorities as flight; and this in turn had been taken to denote guilt. If he returned to England it would be as a murderer. He remained in Barbary, famous, wealthy, but an outlaw from his native land.

Bitterness takes strange ways, and finds strange outlets. His life began to pall, and when he looked round for fresh adventures there was only one that offered. He equipped a small fleet of ships, became a pirate, began to scour the seas and the coasts. Before very long he was the most famous sea-fighter in the world. His name and his ship became the terrors of the Spanish Main. It was Sakr-el-Bahr, which means Sea Hawk.

Meantime, in England, those who once had been his friends wondered from day to day if ever he would be brought to book for the murder of Rosamund's brother. Even Rosamund herself believed him guilty now. Lionel had talked long and to good effect. If Sir Oliver had, indeed, come back she would have spurned him. In her detestation she turned with relief to Lionel himself. And at about the time when the fame of the Sea Hawk was reaching its height, she was betrothed to the famous pirate's

CAST:

Sir Oliver Tressilian - MILTON SILLS
Sakr-el-Bahr, the Sea Hawk - - - MILTON SILLS
Rosamund Godolphin, his fiancée - ENID BENNETT
Master Lionel Tressilian - LLOYD HUGHES
Master Peter Godolphin - WALLACE MACDONALD
Sir John Killigrew, Rosamund's guardian - MARC MACDERMOTT
Jasper Leigh, a free-booter - WALLACE BEERY
Asad-Ed-Din, basha of Algiers - FRANK CURRIER
Fenzileh, his wife - MME. MEDEA RADZINA
Marzak, her son - WILLIAM COLLIER, JR.
Narrated by permission from the Ass. Fir. Nat. film of the same name.

Oliver and Jasper Leigh were below in the hold with a score of other galley slaves, awaiting the command to go back to the oars.

"What is it?" Sir Oliver asked.

"A fight!" cried Jasper gleefully.

"If I could get free."

"See!" said Jasper; and he kicked a hidden file into sight.

Time was short. They worked like men whose last minutes were due if they failed. And soon they were free.

"I am for capturing the slave ship," said Jasper. But Sir Oliver shook his head.

And he dashed across the deck to the vast astonishment of the crew of the slaver, leapt through the air,

half-brother, and a date was set apart for the wedding.

One night, when the sky was black as ink, five ships put in off the Cornish shore by which Rosamund, the Killigrews and the Tressilians lived. It was very quietly done. Under cover of a raid on the village, Rosamund herself and Lionel were taken aboard the Sea Hawk's ship and carried before the famous pirate in his cabin.

"I heard," he said with a bow, "even in far-off Barbary about this marriage of yours. I come in time."

"An uninvited guest," sneered Lionel.

"Nay, no guest at all," retorted the Sea Hawk. "For now there shall be no wedding. You are coming back with me to Barbary. I have need of stout galley slaves in my fleet, and no man that I know of would make a better galley slave."

Lionel flushed.

"You—even you—cannot make a galley slave of a woman," he snarled.

"True, wise brother," said the Sea Hawk with a nod. "Nor do I intend to try. For Rosamund I have other plans."

"Evil plans!"

"Society has made me an evil man. The greatness has been thrust upon me!"

The men were withdrawn from the land, and before help could come from the British fleet the black ships of the Sea Hawk were far beyond the horizon.

Rosamund did not openly protest. She commented, and with biting sarcasm, upon his conduct; but she did not demand her freedom. Her attitude implied that to treat with a pirate was as futile as it was undignified. When she spoke of him or to him, it always was as the pirate, and never as Sir Oliver Tressilian, of Cornwall.

After some days of rough weather the small fleet reached the pirate's Moorish stronghold, and there the fate of Lionel was settled.

"I have little to say," said Sir Oliver to him, an hour after they touched port. "I do not plead or ask. Nay, I show no interest in a thing that you could say to me." He leant forward proudly. "I command, and you, dear brother, obey. I command you now to be a galley slave in my own ship. It is a hard but healthy life. For the first time in your life you may be able to boast a chest. Below with him, and if it is possible for one slave's work to be harder than that of the others, then set this noble youth to

that task, and see that he does not falter. We carry cargo on occasion, brother, but we never carry ballast. Keep your wits always clear enough to remember that. The sharks in these waters have an evil temper."

But Lionel disposed of, still Rosamund remained. Her appearance ashore created a sensation of the first degree. The Basha saw her and was at once dazzled by her charms. His own wife was swept from his thoughts by the beautiful newcomer. He wagged his fat head and leered, and looked at Sir Oliver and nodded.

"A stout fellow, Sea Hawk. A man of choice perception. Oh, always you do your work well, and I have nothing but praise for you. I like the fair lily you bring from Britain. For just such a one have I been looking long. I thank you. Oh, I thank you greatly for this prize."

"She is not a prize," said the Sea Hawk.

"What, not for me?"

"That, surely, is for the lady herself to say."

"She may say no."

"It is possible."

"Come, come!" said the Basha, soothingly, observing his lieutenant's heat. "We are too good fellows to quarrel. Whatever comes, we must stick together. We will play fair. She shall be sold as a slave, according to the tribal custom, and he who may buy her shall own her. That is fair."

The old market place seemed to date from before history. Blinding white walls caught the cruel sun's glare, and nowhere was there so much as a speck of green to relieve gentle English eyes. It was the most terrible ordeal of Rosamund's life; but she tried very hard to appear indifferent. She was

brought forth into the market place, and before the eyes of a thousand pirates she was sold. Bid followed bid, and at last the Basha knew that he had bid as far as he was able. Almost trembling with excitement, he turned to see if the Sea Hawk could better his bid. And the Sea Hawk could.

Contemptuously throwing a bag of coin on the stone before which the girl stood, Sir Oliver stepped forward and stood by her side.

The Basha laughed.

"But I forgot," he said cunningly. "In love and war all things are fair. You buy her, but I will take her. Men!"

A hundred pirates sprang to arms and were advancing. But like a flash Sir Oliver sprang forward and took Rosamund's hand.

"When I took to Moorish ways, I took to Moorish religion," he cried across the din. "Their ways and their laws and their customs are mine. I now take this woman to be my wife, and by the laws of this country she is my wife. Stand off!"

They pulled up and fell away. It was as he said, and every man there knew it. He turned to her in the hubbub and whispered softly.

"Do not fear that the pirate will take advantage of this situation. But it was all that could be done. Afterwards, you shall be freed. But for the present, keep by me."

The Basha's wife had witnessed this little scene. The Basha's wife hated the Sea Hawk. She saw not brains, but only favour; and she thought that her own son had been unjustly ousted from his rightful position of lieutenant by the coming of the "pretty Englishman," as she called him. Here, she thought, was an opportunity to rid the land of him for ever, and advance her own son to the position that he must quit, if she played her game with only moderate skill.

"He will beat you again," she said to the Basha. "That is the aim of his life—to beat you."

He would be leader of all this land. He waits and hopes for that.

Bah! I see it in his every action, and you are blind. Be warned by me. Did he not beat you at the auction? Did he not beat you even when you were going to take the girl from him? He is cunning, this Britisher, cunning must be met by cunning. If you would evade defeat, you must court victory in advance."

The Basha nodded slowly, as if he himself and not his wife's suspicions were convincing him.

"I will try the man," he said at last



"I now take this woman to be my wife," he cried, across the din. "Stand off!"

"There are ways. I will order an expedition, and he shall sail with me. I will see if treachery is his aim. Oh, I am not so blind. Strip your mind of such ideas, woman. I am as wise as any man I have helped to power. That which I make I can break."

Asad the Basha called the Sea Hawk to his side that evening.

"I propose a raid on the English coast," he announced.

"Yourself or myself?" asked Sir Oliver.

"Both of us," said the Basha.

"A stout raid, eh? Well, I am not unwilling. It is many days since we had a raid in earnest, and many months since we raided together. There must always be something the pupil can learn from his teacher. Yes, I am willing."

The Basha watched him narrowly, but the Englishman seemed sincere.

"To-night we shall start," he said.

"As you will lead you will give the orders," rejoined Sir Oliver. "Depend on me. I will pick my men."

"Do this." And thus curtly the Basha walked away to prepare for the raid.

Oliver waited until the chieftain was out of sight; then he hurried by back ways to the harbour and selected a dozen of his trustiest personal followers.

"Wait for me here," he commanded; and proceeded into the town, to the house where his "wife" resided.

"You will come aboard with me at once," he said. "The Basha plans a raid on the English shore, and as soon as I can do it I will put you on English land again. But no one must know you are aboard. I shall smuggle you on to the ship now, and you must remain hidden until I come for you to put you ashore. Do not make a slip, or all may be lost."

"Why do you take these pains?" she asked.

"I am sorry, humbly sorry, for ever having brought you here to this trouble and discomfort. The least I can do is take you back to the places to which you belong."

He had turned away and did not see the glance she gave him. Had he done so it would have repaid him for much of the bitterness that had been his during the past three years.

They sailed by night. The Basha was in command, with the Sea Hawk as of yore, his lieutenant. It was as the Basha said, like old times; but there was an evil glint in his eyes as he said it. The Sea Hawk seemed unconcerned.

The night paled away, and out of the dawn a great frigate appeared. One and all crowded to the rails to watch her creeping closer; and it was the Sea Hawk who first realised her nationality.

"She's British!"

"And she's more than that," said some one. "She's for war. This means a fight."

Sir Oliver went pale to the lips. For the first time he realised the seriousness of having Rosamund aboard; and he was almost like a caged animal under his anxiety to do something for her. It seemed hopeless; too much to ask that he could serve her in any useful way now; but it was a shout from one of the galley slaves that brought a gleam of hope to him.

"'Tis the frigate of Sir John Killigrew!"

Rosamund's own kinsman! Suddenly the Sea Hawk leapt down the steps to the galley pit.

"Lionel!"

His half-brother looked round. With swift movements the Sea Hawk struck his chains from him and dragged him on deck.

"Quick! Over the side and swim to

John Killigrew not known that his kinswoman was aboard the pirate. Sir John played for safety, and so unconventional were his tactics that surprise rather than prowess won the day for him. Lionel fought on his side and he was wounded. And when the two ships came to close quarters one of the first of the captives to be taken aboard the frigate was the Sea Hawk himself. Following came a captive who surprised the Basha more than anything had surprised him for many a long day—the girl Rosamund.

"Treachery!" roared the old chief.

"What," asked Sir Oliver, "can you expect from a pirate? But this is not treachery. If—"

"'Ifs' are not allowed a pirate," said a snarling voice at his elbow, and he turned to see Sir John Killigrew standing by his side.

He bowed.

"I don't know what ceremony is expected of me—" he was beginning; when a gesture of Sir John's cut him short.

"I will tell you what ceremony is expected of you," he thundered. "Make way there by the yard arm. Only one ceremony is expected of a captured pirate. You will die now to save us trouble later."

A scream was heard, and someone stepped forward to take Rosamund away; but almost simultaneously a groan was heard too.

"Stop!"

It was Lionel mortally wounded in the fray, and now breathing his last on the decks.

"Sir John—it is I—Lionel—I have something to say—for you to tell them in England . . . I—I—killed poor Rosamund's brother. . . Oliver may be a pirate—he is no—murderer. . ."

He fell back and Oliver hastened to support his drooping head.

"I tried to play straight at the end, Oliver," he whispered.

"You are a hero," said Oliver; and these were the last words his brother ever heard.

That night, in Sir John Killigrew's cabin, three people tried to look into each other's souls.

"When we get back to England," said Sir John, looking shamed of face, "and the truth is known, there will be something it will gladden your heart to know."

"There is only one thing that now can gladden my heart," returned Sir Oliver, his glance on the face of Rosamund. And he turned and took Rosamund's hand.

"And I think that my heart is glad," he added.



"There is only one thing that can gladden my heart," returned Sir Oliver, his glance on the face of Rosamund.

yonder ship. 'Tis the frigate of Sir John Killigrew, and we're for battle. Rosamund is aboard. He must be warned. Quick, now! Over!"

With a gleam like a fish Lionel disappeared, and the Sea Hawk fell back from the rails, mopping his brow and panting hard. He watched, watched every inch of Lionel's way, and at last heaved a sigh of relief when he saw his half-brother dragged aboard the frigate.

The fight was short and not so fierce as it might have been had Sir



It is the hardest thing in the world to write about the art of Mary Pickford. Somehow you do not think of her as an artist. You think of her, first and foremost, as just Mary. Then you think of her as a pioneer, a captain of the film industry, a glorious tradition, a kind of glittering figure-head of legend. And then you come back and think of her as just Mary again.

You remember her films, one after the other, in a long, happy series, *The Foundling*, *Little Pal*, *Poor Little Peppina*, *Daddy-Long-Legs*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Dorothy Vernon* and all the rest of them. You look right back into the years and see her pictures there still. But you do not remember her parts in them, you may not even remember the names of them, you certainly do not remember the acting in them; you remember—just Mary.

She is the thing that matters, the abiding thing; her art, if you think of it at all, is an afterthought.

Yet that art which has brought Mary Pickford through the years, through the childhood and struggling immaturity of the kinema, made a legend of her, kept her simple and unspoilt, is a very delicate and wonderful thing.

It is all the more delicate and wonderful because it is forgotten. To have a world know her and care for her as, not a great artist, not a great tragedienne but "just Mary" is a triumph of art. Only the true artist can hide his art so completely.

For years the name of Mary Pickford has been a household word in two continents. To men and women of every class, every occupation, every rank of life, she has stood for something real and beautiful. Before her coming the kinema was a cheapjack thing. She was one of the first to bring nobility into it; quite the first to send it out to revolutionise the world. This little girl from Canada was the screen's real prophet. And unlike most prophets she had honour, in her own and every other country.

Chaplin and Mary Pickford are the only stars there have ever been whose appeal is universal—to all ages, all classes, all nations. There were pictures of Mary in many a French dug-out during the war. There are pictures of Mary in many a typist's office. There are pictures of Mary in some of the best houses in England.

And the greatest dramatic actress the world has ever known, Eleanor Duse, on her last American tour, gave the tribute of the cosmopolitan stage to this star of the motion picture screen. "I will not go to California," she said, "unless you can promise me that I shall see little Mary Pickford."

What is the secret of this universal appeal?

Mary Pickford is no actress.

She cannot be considered in the same breath with Pauline Frederick, Pola Negri, and Nazimova. Even the dramatic powers of a Norma Talmadge or a modern Gloria Swanson dwarf hers into insignificance. The nearest she ever came to fine acting was as the dun, gentle "Dearest" in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. But she will be remembered with affection when all these others will have been forgotten. Why?

For a very simple reason.

Because, remembering her, every man Jack and woman Jill will be remembering, unconsciously, a little bit of himself.

The secret of the art of Mary Pickford lies in the response which she evokes from the people who watch her. By endless work and skilled technique she has freed herself from every scrap of artifice, of obvious effort, that might come between her thought and the receiving thought of the audience.

And then, having established a clear connection, as it were, she proceeds to play upon all the chords of memory and dream. Her appeal is individual, intimate. She has in her a little of every man's mother, a little of every woman's child. She stands for happy things past and happy things to come; for a hundred freaks of school-days, a hundred hopes of homes and firesides in the years ahead.

There is no one like Mary for making you smile and swallow down something foolish in your throat, glad of the darkness round. There is no one like Mary for rousing the chivalry in you. But it is your own memory that really makes you smile, the pathos of your own thought that touches you.

There are stars who perfect and use their art to put the characters of others before you on the screen. There are stars who perfect and use their art to put their own characters before you on the screen. Mary Pickford alone has perfected and used her art to put *you* before yourself on the screen. And that is why her appeal is world-wide.

E. R. THOMPSON.

Merton of the Movies

by HARRY LEON WILSON



This enthralling serial commenced in the February issue. Back numbers can be obtained from Publishing Department.

the way you were, and he's to give you that same look. Got that cigarette going? All ready. Lights! Camera!" Merton was achieving his first close-up. Under the hum of the lights he was thinking that he had been a fool not to learn dancing, no matter how the Reverend Otto Carmichael denounced it as a survival from the barbaric Congo.

Thinking that the Montague girl ought to be kept away from people who were trying to do really creative things, he was bitterly regretting that he had no silver cigarette case. The gloom of his young face was honest gloom. He was aware that his companion leaned vivaciously towards him with gay chatter and gestures. Very slowly he inhaled from a cigarette that was already distasteful—adding no little to the desired effect—and very slowly he exhaled as he raised to hers the bored eyes of a soul quite disillusioned. Here, indeed, was the blight of Broadway.

"All right, first rate!" called Henshaw. "Now get this bunch down here." The camera was pushed on.

"Gee, that was luck!" said the girl. "Of course it'll be cut to a flash, but I bet we stand out, at that." She was excited now, no longer needing to act.

From the table back of Merton came the voice of the Montague girl: "Yes, one must suffer for one's art. Here I got to be a baby-vamp when I'd rather be simple little Madelon, beloved by all in the village."

He restrained an impulse to look around at her. She was not serious and should not be encouraged. Farther down the set Henshaw was beseeching a table of six revellers to give him a little hollow gaiety. "You're simply forcing yourselves to have a good time," he was saying; "remember that. Your hearts aren't in it. You know this night life is a mockery. Still, you're playing the game.

Now, two of you raise your glasses to drink. You at the end stand up and hold your glass aloft. The girl next to you there, stand up by him and raise your face to his—turn sideways more. That's it. Put your hand up to his shoulder. You're slightly lit, you know, and you're inviting him to kiss you over his glass. You others, you're drinking gay enough, but see if you can get over that it's only half-hearted. You at the other end there—you're staring at your wine-glass, then you look slowly up at your partner but without any life. You're feeling the blight, see? A chap down the line here just did it perfectly. All ready, now! Lights! Camera! You blonde girl, stand up, face raised to him, hand up to his shoulder. You others, drinking, laughing. You at the end, look up slowly at the girl, look away—about there—bored, weary of it all—cut! All right. Not so bad. Now this next bunch, Paul."

The places back of the prized first row were now filling up with the late comers. One of these, a masterful-looking man of middle age—he would surely be a wealthy club-man accustomed to command tables—regarded the filled row around the dancing space with frank irritation, and paused significantly at Merton's side. He seemed about to voice a demand, but the young actor glanced slowly up at him, achieving a superb transition—surprise, annoyance, and, as the invader turned quickly away, pitying contempt.

"Atta boy!" said his companion, who was, with the aid of a tiny gold-backed mirror suspended with the cigarette case, heightening the crimson of her full lips.

Two cameras were now in view, and men were sighting through them. Merton saw Henshaw, plump but worried looking, scan the scene from the rear. He gave hurried direction to an assistant who came down the line of tables with a running glance at their occupants. He made changes. A couple here and a couple there would be moved from the first row and other couples would come to take their places. Under the eyes of this assistant the Spanish girl had become coquettish. With veiled glances, with flashing smiles from the red lips, with a small gloved hand upon Merton Gill's sleeve, she allured him. The assistant paused before them. The Spanish girl continued to allure. Merton Gill stared moodily at the half-empty wine-glass, then exhaled smoke as he glanced up at his companion in profound ennui. If it was *The Blight of Broadway*, probably they would want him to look bored.

"You two stay where you are," said the assistant, and passed on.

"Good work," said the girl. "I knew you was a type the minute I made you."

Red-coated musicians entered an orchestra loft far down the set. The voice of Henshaw came through a megaphone: "Everybody that's near the floor fox-trot." In a moment the space was thronged with dancers. Another voice called "Kick it!" and a glare of light came on.

"You an' me both!" said the Spanish girl, rising.

Merton Gill remained seated. "Can't," he said. "Sprained ankle." How was he to tell her that there had been no

chance to learn this dance back in Simsbury, Illinois, where such things were frowned upon by pulpit and press?

The girl resumed her seat, at first with annoyance, then brightened. "All right at that," I bet we get more footage this way." She again became coquettish, luring with her wiles one who remained sunk in ennui.

A whistle blew, a voice called "Save it!" and the lights jarred off. Henshaw came trippingly down the line. "You people didn't dance. What's the matter?"

Merton Gill glanced up, doing a double transition, from dignified surprise to smiling chagrin. "Sprained ankle," he said, and fell into the bored look that had served him with the assistant. He exhaled smoke and raised his tired eyes to the still luring Spanish girl. Weariness of the world and women was in his look. Henshaw scanned him closely.

"All right, stay there—keep just that way—it's what I want." He continued down the line, which had become hushed. "Now, people, I want some flashes along here, between dances—see what I mean? You're talking, but you're bored with it all. The hollowness of this night life is getting you; not all of you—most of you girls can keep on smiling—but the blight of Broadway shows on many. You're beginning to wonder if this is all life has to offer—see what I mean?" He continued down the line.

From the table back of Merton Gill came a voice in speech to the retreating back of Henshaw: "All right, old top, but it'll take a good lens to catch any blight on this bunch—most of 'em haven't worked a lick in six weeks, and they're tickled pink." He knew without turning that this was the Montague girl trying to be funny at the expense of Henshaw, who was safely beyond hearing. He thought she would be a disturbing element in the scene, but in this he was wrong, for he bent upon the wine-glass a look more than ever fraught with jauged world-weariness. The babble of Broadway was resumed as Henshaw went back to the cameras.

Presently a camera was pushed forward. Merton Gill hardly dared look up, but he knew it was halted at no great distance from him. "Now, here's rather a good little bit," Henshaw was saying. "You, there, the girl in black, go on—tease him

Merton Gill was beginning to loathe cigarettes. He wondered if Mr. Henshaw would mind if he didn't smoke so much, except, of course, in the close-ups. His throat was dry and rough, his voice husky. His companion had evidently played more smoking parts and seemed not to mind it.

Henshaw was now opposite them across the dancing floor, warning his people to be gay but not too gay. The glamour of this night life must be a little dulled.

"Now, Paul, get about three medium shots along here. There's a good table—get that bunch. And not quite so solemn, people; don't overdo it. You think you're having a good time, even if it does turn to ashes in your mouth—now, ready; lights! Camera!"

"I like Western stuff better," confided Merton to his companion. She considered this, though retaining her arch manner. "Well, I don't know. I done a Carmen-cita part in a dance-hall scene last month over to the Bigart, and right in the mi'st of the fight I get a glass of somethin' all over my gown that practically ruined it. I guess I rather do this refined cabaret stuff—at least you ain't so li'ble to ruin a gown. Still and all, after you been warmin' the extra bench for a month one can't be choosy. Say, there's the princ'pals comin' on the set."

He looked around. There, indeed, was the beautiful Muriel Mercer, radiant in an evening frock of silver. At the moment she was putting a few last touches to her perfect face from a make-up box held by a maid. Standing with her was another young woman, not nearly so beautiful, and three men. Henshaw was instructing these. Presently he called through his megaphone: "You people are excited by the entrance of the famous Vera Vanderpool and her friends. You stop drinking, break off your talk, stare at her—see what I mean?—she makes a sensation. Music, lights, camera!"

Down the set, escorted by a deferential head-waiter, came Muriel Mercer on the arm of a middle-aged man who was elaborately garnished but whose thin dyed moustaches, partially bald head, and heavy eyes, proclaimed him to Merton Gill as one who meant the girl no good. They were followed by the girl who was not so beautiful and the other two men. These were young chaps of pleasing exterior who made the progress laughingly. The five were seated at a table next the dancing space at the far end. They chatted gaily as the older man ordered importantly from the head-waiter.

Muriel Mercer tapped one of the younger men with her plumed fan and they danced. Three other selected couples danced at the same time, although taking care not to come between the star and the grinding camera. The older man leered at the star and nervously lighted a gold-tipped cigarette which he immediately discarded after one savage bite at it. It could be seen that Vera Vanderpool was the gayest of all that gay throng. Upon her as yet had come no blight of Broadway, though she shrank perceptibly when the partially bald one laid his hand on her slender wrist as she resumed her seat. Food and wine were brought. Vera Vanderpool drank, with a pretty flourish of her glass.

Now the two cameras were moved forward for close-ups. The older man was caught leering at Vera. It would

surely be seen that he was not one to trust. Vera was caught with the mad light of pleasure in her beautiful eyes. Henshaw was now speaking in low tones to the group, and presently Vera Vanderpool did a transition. The mad light of pleasure died from her eyes and the smile froze on her beautiful mouth. A look almost of terror came into her eyes, followed by a pathetic lift of the upper lip. She stared intently above the camera. She was beholding some evil thing far from that palace of revels.

"Now they'll cut back to the tenement-house stuff they shot last week," explained the Spanish girl.

"Tenement house?" queried Merton. "But I thought the story would be that she falls in love with a man from the great wind-swept spaces out West, and goes out there to have a clean open life with him—that's the way I thought it would be—out there where she could forget the blight of Broadway."

"No, Mercer never does Western stuff. I got a little girl friend workin' with her and she told me about this story. Mercer gets into this tenement house down on the east side, and she's a careless society butterfly; but all at once she sees what a lot of sorrow there is in this world when she sees these people in the tenement house starving to death, and sick kids and everything, and this little friend of mine does an Italian girl with a baby and this old man here, he's a rich swell and prominent in Wall Street, and belongs to all the clubs, but he's the father of this girl's child, only Mercer don't know that yet.

But she gets aroused in her better nature by the sight of all this trouble, and she almost falls in love with another gentleman who devotes all his time to relieving the poor in these tenements—it was him who took her there—but still she likes a good time as well as anybody, and she's stickin' around Broadway and around this old guy who's pretty good company in spite of his faults. Then she got a shock at remembering the horrible sights she has seen; she can't get it out of her mind. And pretty soon she'll see this other gentleman that she nearly fell in love with, the one who hangs around these tenements doing good—he'll be over at one of them tables and she'll leave her party and

go over to the table and say, 'Take me from this heartless Broadway to your tenements where I can relieve their sufferings,' so she goes out and gets in a taxi with him, leaving the old guy with not a thing to do but pay the check. Of course he's mad, and he follows her down to the tenements where she's relieving the poor—just in a plain black dress—and she finds out he's the real father of this little friend of mine's child, and tells him to go back to Broadway while she has chosen the better part and must live her life with these real people. But he sends her a note that's supposed to be from a poor woman dying of something, to come and bring her some medicine, and she goes off alone to this dive in another street, and it's the old guy himself who has sent the note, and he has her there in this cellar in his power. But the other gentleman has found the note and has flogged her, and breaks in the door and puts up a swell fight with the old guy and some toughs he has hired, and gets her off safe and sound, and so they're married and live the real life far away from the blight of Broadway. It's a swell story, all right, but Mercer can't act it. This little friend of mine can act all around her. She'd be a star if only she was better lookin'. You bet Mercer don't allow any lookers



There, indeed, was the beautiful Muriel Mercer, radiant in a silver gown.

The choice of foods when he reached the counter was limited.



on the same set with her. Do you make that one at the table with her now? Just got looks enough to show Mercer off. Mercer's swell lookin', I'll give her that, but for actin'—say, all they need in a piece for her is just some stuff to go in between her close-ups. Don't make much difference what it is. Oh, look! There comes the dancers. It's Luzon and Mario."

Merton Gill looked. These would be hired dancers to entertain the pleasure-mad throng, a young girl with vine leaves in her hair and a dark young man of barbaric appearance. The girl was clad in a mere wisp of a girdle and shining breastplates, while the man was arrayed chiefly in a coating of dark stain. They swirled over the dance floor to the broken rhythm of the orchestra, now clinging, now apart, working to a climax in which the man poised with his partner perched upon one shoulder. Through the megaphone came instructions to applaud the couple, and Broadway applauded—all but Merton Gill, who stared moodily into his coffee cup or lifted bored eyes to the scene of revelry. He was not bored, but his various emotions combined to produce this effect very plausibly. He was dismayed at this sudden revelation of art in the dance so near him.

Imogene had once done an art dance back in Simsbury, at the cantata of Esther in the vestry of the Methodist church, and had been not a little criticised for her daring; but Imogene had been abundantly clad, and her gestures much more restrained. He was trying now to picture how Gashwiler, would take a thing like this, or Mrs. Gashwiler for that matter! One glimpse of those practically unclad bodies skipping and bounding there would probably throw them into a panic. They couldn't have sat it through. And here he was, right up in front of them, and not turning a hair.

This reflection permitted something of the contemptuous to show in the random glances with which he swept the dancers. He could not look at them steadily, not when they were close, as they often were. Also, he loathed the cigarette he was smoking. The tolerant scorn for the Gashwilers and his feeling for the cigarette brought him again into favourable

notice. He heard Henshaw, but did not look up.

"Get another. flash here, Paul. He's rather a good bit." Henshaw now stood beside him. "Hold that," he said. "No, wait." He spoke to Merton's companion. "You change seats a minute with Miss Montague as if you'd got tired of him—see what I mean? Miss Montague—Miss Montague." The Spanish girl arose, seeming not wholly pleased at this bit of directing. The Montague girl came to the table. She was a blithesome sprite in a salmon-pink dancing frock. Her blonde curls fell low over one eye which she now cocked inquiringly at the director.

"You're trying to liven him up," explained Henshaw. "That's all—baby-vamp him. He'll do the rest. He's quite a good little bit."

The Montague girl flopped into the chair, leaned roguishly toward Merton Gill, placed a small hand upon the sleeve of his coat and peered archly at him through beaded lashes, one eye almost hidden by its thatch of curls. Merton Gill sunk low in his chair, cynically tapped the ash from his tenth cigarette into the coffee cup and raised bored eyes to hers.

"That's it—shoot it, Paul, just a flash."

The camera was being wheeled toward them. The Montague girl, with her hand still on his arm, continued her wheedling, though now she spoke.

"Why look who's here. Kid, I didn't know you in your stepping-out clothes. Say, listen, why do you always upstage me? I never done a thing to you, did I? Go on, now, give me the fishy eye again. How'd you ace yourself into this first row, anyway? Did you have to fight for it? Say, your friend'll be mad at me putting her out of here, won't she? Well, blame it on the gelatin master. I never suggested it. Say, you got Henshaw going. He likes that blighted look of yours."

He made no reply to this chatter. He must keep in the picture. He merely favoured her with a glance of fatigued indifference. The camera was focused.

"All ready, you people. Do like I said, now. Lights! Camera!"

Merton Gill drew upon his cigarette with the utmost disrelish, raised the cold

eyes of a disillusioned man to the face of the leering Montague girl, turned aside from her with every sign of apathy, and wearily exhaled the smoke. There seemed to be but this one pleasure left to him.

"Cut!" said Henshaw, and somewhere lights jarred off. "Just stick there a bit, Miss Montague. We'll have a couple more shots when the dancing begins."

Merton resented this change. He preferred the other girl. She lured him but not in so pronounced, so flagrant a manner. The blight of Broadway became more apparent than ever upon his face. The girl's hand still fluttered upon his sleeve as the music came and dancers shuffled by them.

"Say, you're the actin' kid, all right." She was tapping the floor with the heel of a satin slipper. He wished above all things that she wouldn't call him "Kid." He meditated putting a little of Broadway's blight upon her by saying in a dignified way that his real name was Clifford Armytage. Still, this might not blight her—you couldn't tell about the girl.

"You certainly are the actin'est kid on this set. I'll tell the lot that. Of course these close-ups won't mean much, just about one second, or half that maybe. Or some hick in the cuttin' room may kill 'em dead. Come on, give me the fish-eye again. That's it. Say, I'm glad I didn't have to smoke cigarettes in this scene. They wouldn't do for my type, standin' where the brook and river meet up. I hate a cigarette worse'n anything. You—I bet you'd give up food first."

"I hate 'em, too," he muttered grudgingly, glad to be able to say this, even though only to one whose attentions he meant to discourage. "If I have to smoke one more it'll finish me."

"Now, ain't that the limit? Too bad, Kid!"

"I didn't even have any of my own. That Spanish girl gave me these."

The Montague girl glanced over his shoulder at the young woman whose place she had usurped. "Spanish, eh? If she's Spanish I'm a Swede right out of Switzerland. Anyway, I never could like to smoke. I started to learn one summer when I was eight. Pa and Ma and I was out with a tent Tom-show, me doing Little Eva, and between acts I had to put on pants and come out and do a smoking song, all about a kid learning to smoke his first cigar and not doin' well with it, see? But they had to cut it out. Gosh, what us artists suffer at times! Pa had me try it a couple of years later when I was doin' Louise the blind girl in the *Two Orphans*, playin' thirty cents top. It was a good song, all right, with lots of funny gags. I'd 'a' been the laughing hit of the bill if I could 'a' learned not to swallow. We had to cut it out again after the second night. Talk about entering into your part. Me? I was too good."

If the distant camera glanced this way it caught merely the persistent efforts of a beautiful débutante who had not yet felt the blight of Broadway to melt the cynicism of one who suffered it more and more acutely each moment. Her hand fluttered on his sleeve and her left eye continuously beguiled him from under the overhanging curl. As often as he thought it desirable he put the bored glance upon her, though mostly he stared in dejection at the coffee cup or the empty wine-glass.

(To be continued next month.)



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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



The Apache

The real apache, a different being altogether from the apache of conventional drawn out fiction, is revealed in Adelqui Millar's latest screen characterisation.

"I'm in a bit of a dilemma," said Adelqui Millar, as we sipped our cocktails in the bar of the Carlton Hotel in Paris. "I'm not quite sure what the public expects but I hope they'll like what I have almost made up my mind to give them."

"It sounds a little complicated," I replied, "what about explaining from the beginning?"

Adelqui laughed in his infectious way.

"Well, I'm just going to produce a film called *The Apache*, and only one thing worries me, and that is. . ."

"Suppose you tell me what the story is about," I interrupted. Adelqui looked at me resignedly.

"It is a romantic story of Parisian life which shows this great and wonderful city in all her moods. The film will open with four stories, set in widely different spheres of life, and as the film progresses they run parallel until at the end they are interwoven.

"First there is Paris at Bay La Villette, the notorious apache quarter; second is Paris at Play—the fair and circus, the joy of the poor; third is Paris of Pleasure—Montmartre, the Mecca of the rich, and last of all is Paris of Work, the simplest and perhaps the happiest of all."

He paused here and reassumed his worried expression.

"But what an excellent subject!" I exclaimed, "you have untold colour and variety. What is worrying you?"

"Just this," he replied. "Think of the title—*The Apache*—think of the apaches you have seen on the screen and the stage. Do the public know that

Mona Mavis
as "Colum-
bine."



the costumes always worn, the characteristics so often depicted, and even the famous apache dance, "La Chaloupée," are children of the imagination and are never seen in the streets of La Villette or in places which the apaches frequent?"

"Why not give them the real thing?" I suggested.

"This is just what I want to do," he replied. "I'm playing the part myself, you know, and I've dreamed for years of putting the *real* apache on the screen; in fact, ever since I was a student here—I won't tell you exactly how long ago that was! There is some-



Above: Adelqui Millar as "The Apache." Centre: Millar and Doris Mansell.

"Go on," I said.

"The apache I have in mind," he continued, almost to himself, "is a man whose nursery has been the gutter and the cabarets his schoolroom; his means of livelihood as questionable as they are precarious; a man who has no definite idea of the difference between right and wrong but whose ruling passion is, after all, nothing worse than fighting.

"There is something about him to suggest that his shortcomings are due more to his environment than to his nature, and his impulses are often kindly—though he himself would be the last to recognise the fact; indeed, when acting under their influence he shows a certain clumsy reluctance as if he were ashamed of them. His only code is one of minding his own business. . . ."

Here Millar ended abruptly and turned to me with a smile, "I've got an idea," he exclaimed and then proceeded to explain to me excitedly. "Perhaps Paris in 1925 still holds adventure," I thought as I eagerly agreed to his project. "To-morrow evening at eleven," he said as we parted. "At eleven," I repeated.

About midnight, the following evening, two strange forms alighted from a taxi on the outskirts of La Villette. One was an apache in a rather unwashed and unshaven condition, in a broken-rimmed French cap, a tight and dirty jacket, rather short at the back, a pair of black and white checked trousers and

(Continued on page 60.)

thing in the character of the apache which appeals to me irresistibly."

"What are their real characteristics?" I asked.

By this time I was really interested and anxious to draw Millar out, knowing that to touch on any other subject would be quite useless. If there is a man who is capable of giving himself utterly to his art it is Millar.

Millar looked up for a moment and said, "I'll tell you, and then if you are game to-morrow you will see the real thing for yourself."

These "Picturegoer" Beautiful Hair Prize Winners had their Prize Money Doubled by—Amami



Daphne Mary Purton of London was the "Picturegoer" £5 Prize Winner in July and received an extra £5 from Amami.

Photo by Elwin Neame.

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BECAUSE Miss Daphne Purton and Miss Peggy Simpson had each attached an empty Amami Shampoo Sachet to the photographs they entered in the "Picturegoer" Competition, each received an extra £5 cheque from the makers of Amami Shampoos.

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The final £10 Prize Winner will receive another Amami £10 if she is one of the Amami Girls, and the Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoos will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.



Peggy Simpson of Aberdeen was the "Picturegoer" £5 Prize Winner in June and received an extra £5 from Amami.

The Sombreness of Seastrom



Seastrom is one of the greatest producers in the world. His genius is unquestionable, even though he has, to a certain extent, prostituted it to American dollars. But it is our firm belief that, when he has made enough money, he will return to Sweden and give us more masterpieces.

—generally the latter—conclusion. They were quite as dignified and just about as entertaining as the crypt of a Gothic cathedral. But undoubtedly they were artistic, even though they had no box-office

As they stood, all three were perfectly good *literary* stories; when Seastrom had finished with them they were not only good *literary* stories, but they were also good *film* stories, and that is undoubtedly an achievement of great artistic genius.

But not one of the three could be called exactly cheerful. *Name the Man*, was the story of a judge who passed sentence on a girl he himself had betrayed; but the whole was lightened by touches of irony, like lightning flashing through a thunder-cloud. The judge in his Rolls-Royce passes the girl in her prison van; the shot showing a girl saying good-night to a photograph of her lover is followed by one showing the original thereof flirting with another girl. The timing is perfect.

He Who Gets Slapped, a discourse on the cruelty of the human laugh, is the hackneyed theme of the broken-hearted clown which absolutely bristles with original subtlety, and the shot showing the deserted circus-ring in which "He" is standing is not only subtle but a wonderful piece of artistry.

The lights are switched off, one by one, till only the clown's white painted face stands out in impenetrable blackness—an epitome of Seastrom's genius—light touches standing out amid general gloom.

Confessions of a Queen is a Ruritanian theme with a long-suffering Queen—Alice Terry, and a dissolute King—Lewis Stone; and here the acting of the principals lifts Seastrom's production shoulder-high above the ordinary.

So although one can lead a horse to water, one cannot make him drink unless he wants to. Victor Seastrom has conformed in the main to the American standards of movie-making, he has mastered their superior technique and photography, but he has retained his originality. His films now have box-office appeal. This is proven by the praise bestowed on *He Who Gets Slapped* by a leading American reviewer—"Most of the glory of the picture goes to Seastrom, who directed the picture with so much feeling and intelligence that you wonder why all movies can't be as good—especially when the poor old public seems so deeply appreciative of the boon." Yes, they have box-office appeal, but they are still and sober, artistic and—sombre.

Not so very long ago there was a Man in Sweden who made a Film, the Name of which was *Mortal Clay*, and this film had the misfortune to find its way to America, where it suffered complete metamorphosis.

In Sweden, the heroine was a murderess—in America, she became an innocent young thing wrongfully accused, and the sun made a halo of her vindicated curls before the final "fade-out." Consequently, as this picture was distinguished by qualities that were altered beyond recognition in America, that country wanted the producer.

The producer was Victor Seastrom and the company that roped him in was the Goldwyn Company of America. He was to be shown the way he should go, and under American skies and for American eyes, his "Anna Christies" were to become "Pollyannas," and his graveyards were to flower into orchards.

But Victor Seastrom thought differently—he would be serious even if his thunderstorms were to become sunsets—and serious he was.

In Sweden he was given *carte blanche*. His actors were all "born to the trade" and his themes were simple stories, carried logically to a happy or unhappy

appeal—perhaps *because* they had no box-office appeal.

Even the titles of his Swedish films give hint as to their character, principally the beautifully impressive *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, a very Christmassy affair with ghosts and graveyards, that, though austere was not morbid, chiefly through the excellence of the director—Victor Seastrom—and the leading actor—Victor Seastrom.

Then Seastrom went to America, and had to please not only himself as he had done in Sweden, but the public, the box-office, the film magnates, the censors, the financial experts, etc., etc., etc.; but beneath his artistic simplicity, Seastrom hides an iron will and his choice of films shows it.

His three American releases are all based on European stories: *Name the Man*, from Hall Caine's "Master of Men"; *He Who Gets Slapped*, from Leonid Andreyev's "The Painted Laugh"; and *Confessions of a Queen*, from Alphonse Daudet's "Kings in Exile." You may notice that Seastrom has changed the titles—this, however, is not an example of vandalism; he changed the stories too, and, if I may say so, with all deference to the authors, has changed them for the better.

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"Is she clever?"



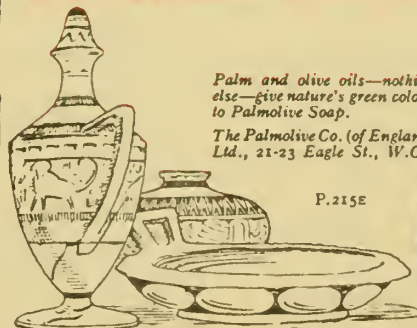
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P.215E

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SONNET TO RAMON'S EYES.

The stars were shining down upon the
earth,
Each one was sending forth a silvery
beam
To join the moonlight's bright and fairy
gleam
In making light to shine down on our
mirth.
To me that shining starlight is of worth
Too little to be thought of—but a
dream—
For I have just seen stars which to me
seem
To give my aching heart of joy new
birth.

The stars I saw were bright—were
Ramon's eyes,
Far brighter than the stars in summer
skies,
'Twas their twin lamps that made *The
Arab's* charm;
To me their fascination's done more
harm
Than I can tell—but yet I'd not have
missed
The sight of those bright eyes, by
Heaven kissed.
M. B. P. (Bolton).

TO ANNA.

Dear little Anna May Wong,
She's a dream—a picture—a song.
If I had my way I would watch her
all day,
My beautiful Anna May Wong.
M. S. (Southampton).

TO A. L. C.

I sing of a film star—I know not the
name
By which he is known to the screen,
He hasn't, it seems, won an undying
fame
Though he fully deserves it I ween.
I saw him one day in a picture obscure,

But his work was a thing quite
unique—
If I see him again I shall know him
I'm sure—
Though he hasn't the face of a Sheik!
C. O. D. (Sunbury).

LILLIAN GISH.

I love a star with all my heart.
She won my love right from the
start.
She is so charming, sweet and clever,
On top may she remain for ever.
B. G. (London, S.W.)

RIDDLE-ME-REEL.

My first is in Richard, also in Dix,
My second is in Thomas, not in Mix,
My third is in Pauline, but not in
Starke,
My fourth is in Marguerite only, not
in Clarke,
My fifth is in Pauline but not in
Frederick,
My sixth is in Richard and also in
Headrick;
My seventh's in Lois and also in
Wilson,
My eighth is in Frances but not in
Nelson,
My ninth's in Priscilla and also in
Dean,
My tenth is in Doris but not in Keane;
My eleventh's in Gloria but not in
Swanson,
My twelfth is in Betty and also in
Bronson;
My thirteenth's in Clara but not in
Bow,
My fourteenth's in Edmund but not in
Lowe,
My fifteenth's in Hank but not in
Mann,
My sixteenth's in Francis as well as
Bushman,
My whole is on the screen a star,
Who shines above the others far.
Answer: Douglas Fairbanks (Jnr.).
P. S. (Kent).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Americanising the British Air Force?

In *Sinners in Heaven* "Barbara Stockley" (Bebe Daniels) and "Alan Crofter" (Richard Dix) set forth from an English port to fly to Australia. But their plane is seen to have the following inscription:—Key West to Havana in 75 minutes. U.S. Mail Service.

R. B. H. (Tunbridge Wells).

A Railway Mystery.

Rockcliffe Fellows, in *The Signal Tower*, pulls up one of the lines to ditch a runaway car and save the express. He succeeds, but immediately afterwards the express goes on its way without stopping for the line to be repaired.

F. I. (Portsmouth).

How Did He See?

The "Hunchback" in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is supposed to be nearly blind, and yet he is able to recognise Esmeralda from the top of the Cathedral when she is kneeling on the Cathedral steps. How is this?

B. C. (Brixton Hill).

Forearmed!

In *Kidnapped* one of the "Pixi at the Wheel," Six Cylinder Series, Charles Cromwell (Walter Tennyson) having fallen from a punt into the river, sends a tramp to the local hotel for a dry suit, in spite of the obvious fact, that the one he is wearing is perfectly dry. Did he expect another ducking?

N. K. D. (Derby).

The Ship Bowed Down.

In the film *The Lighthouse by the Sea*, a naval ship is pursuing a smuggler's boat, when the naval captain tells the gunner to fire a shot across their bow. The shot is fired, but instead of going across their bow it goes across her stern. Had the ship two bows?

A. H. (Edinburgh).

A Dry Film.

In *Rupert of Hentzau*, Rudolph Rassendyl is swimming in some water by Zenda Castle, "Colonel Sapt" helps him out and together they go into the castle. As Rudolph walks, although he is just out of the water, there are no wet footmarks left behind him. As they are walking the king comes along, and Rudolph is hidden behind a door. The king speaks with Sapt and goes away again. Rudolph comes from his hiding place and there is no little pool of water or wet footmarks where he has been standing. He walks on with Sapt, still leaving no marks of his wet condition behind him.

M. McR. (Ealing).



Miss Betty Balfour, BRITAIN'S GREATEST FILM STAR, now playing in the Film "Monte Carlo," says:—

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Pauline Garon
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Huntley Gordon
Corinne Griffith (2)
Mahlon Hamilton
Hope Hampton
Kenneth Harlan
Sessue Hayakawa
Wanda Hawley
Johnny Hines
Jack Holt
Violet Hopson
Jack Hoxie
Lloyd Hughes
Marjorie Hume
Rex Ingran
Edith Johnson
Julanne Johnston
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy (2)
Alice Joyce
Buster Keaton
J. Warren Kerrigan
Norman Kerry
James Kirkwood
Theodore Kosloff
Alice Lake
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Matheson Lang (2)
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Edmund Lowe

Ben Lyon
Bert Lytell
May McAvoy (2)
Katherine Mac-Donald (2)
Malcolm McGregor
Dorothy MacKail
Victor McLaglen
Percy Marmont
Barbara La Marr (2)
Mae Marsh
Tully Marshall
Shirley Mason
Thomas Meighan
Adolphe Menjou
Patsy Ruth Miller
Tom Mix
Colleen Moore
Tom Moore
Antonio Moreno
Marguerite De La Motte
Jack Mulhall
Mae Murray
Carmel Myers
Conrad Nagel (2)
Nita Naldi
Owen Nares
Nazimova
Pola Negri (2)
Guy Newall
Anna Q. Nilsson
Jane and Eva Novak
Ramon Novarro (4)
Ivor Novello (4)
Eugene O'Brien
Pat O'Malley
Baby Peggy
Eileen Percy
House Peters (2)
Mary Philbin
Figures after names denote number of poses.

Mary Pickford
Laura La Plante
Eddie Polo
Marie Prevost
Aileen Pringle
Jobyna Ralston
Herbert Rawliuson
Irene Rich
Theodore Roberts
Charles de Roche
Rod la Rocque
Ruth Roland
Stewart Rome
Alma Rubens
William Russell
Joseph Schildkraut
Gregory Scott
Norma Shearer
Milton Sills
Anita Stewart
Gloria Swanson
Blanche Sweet
Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge (4)
Richard Talmadge
Estelle Taylor
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry (4)
Phyllis Neilson Terry
Ernest Torrence
Rudolph Valentino (8)
Henry Victor
Florence Vidor
George Walsh
Niles Welch
Pearl White
Earle Williams
Lois Wilson
Claire Windsor

PICTUREGOER SALON, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2



The newest recruit to Cecil B. De Mille's stock Co., is that of Jean Acher, who once signed her name Jean Acher Valentino.

Douglas MacLean is back at Paramount's again. He started there, you remember. His first movie for them will be *Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

In *On The Frontier*, Universal's big Western Spectacle drama, Dustin Farnum will take the part of "General Custer," one of the most romantic figures in American history.

Ben Turpin has retired. He has a comfortable fortune, and his wife is now a chronic invalid, so he certainly has good reasons. But we'll miss him.

Dick Talmadge has just finished a new thriller at F.B.O. studios. It is a six-reeler, and is called *The Wall Street Whiz*. Dick has Marceline Day opposite in this.

Theda Bara has actually finished her first movie in how-many-is-it? years. Title *The Unchastened Woman*, and if the stills are anything to go upon, it is the goods.

Leslie Henson is making another film, but the title was a State secret when we went to press, so we must not divulge it. When we saw him, he was interviewing a prospective member of his cast, a pretty dark-eyed girl, who staggered us considerably by giving her name as Patricia Grafyn Vratislav von Mitzovitz. But her screen name is just Patricia

Wratislav. She is a Czecho-Slovakian, and, like Aileen Pringle, adopted a screen career out of choice rather than necessity.

Clive Brook is now a fixed star in America. He has just finished *The Home Maker*, with Alice Joyce, and both stars have won much praise from the reviewers for their work in this movie.

Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, May Allison, Ian Keith, Nigel De Brulier, and Mencia Manon are heading the cast of First National's *Viennese Medley*, a screen version of Edith O'Shaughnessy's novel of the same name.

Another reffilming! Reginald Denny is the culprit this time. He takes the title rôle in *Skinner's Dress Suit*, which lifted Bryant Washburn into instant popularity as a juvenile lead. Before, he'd been a villain. It is a delightful story, and will suit Reginald beautifully.

Lillian Gish has a decided novelty in the way of rôles in her new film, *La Boheme*. But doubtless she will emphasize the pathos of Murger's frail heroine rather than the other aspects of her character. John Gilbert will be nothing like Murger's "Rodolfo," but he will be worth watching.

Beautiful Evelyn Brent has gone to the bad for good. No offence, but Evelyn has been and is still making one crook drama after the other, and winning new laurels in each. Her latest is called *Three Wise Crooks*.

It is good to see Henry B. Walthall's name in the cast of *Simon the Jester*, which George Melford is directing in Hollywood. Eugene O'Brien and Lillian Rich are featured; now all you W. J. Locke lovers can sit down and guess which rôle H.B.W. is taking.

Mae Marsh, filmland's champion globe trotter, is back in Hollywood again, having finished work on *The Rat* at the Islington Studios. But she will be back again in London by the Autumn, and her admirers will have the opportunity of seeing her on the speaking stage.

As a matter of fact, the legitimate stage seems to have fascinations for quite a number of filmland's favourites. Betty Blythe is under contract to appear at the Coliseum in September, and Pearl White will be in London by the time this appears in print, playing at the Lyceum in the new "London Revue."

Of course, Chaplin fans are all keenly interested in the new arrival in the Chaplin household, so for the benefit of the curious, here's a short description of the son and heir, from one who has been privileged to peep at it. A round, pink face, very much like any other baby to the casual observer, but "the image of Charlie" so Lita Grey tells us; blue eyes; brown hair. His father is very firm upon one point. He is not to be known to the world as Charlie, jun., but as Spencer.

Charlie, himself, is due over here this month, when his latest comedy, *The Gold Rush* will start a special run at the Tivoli.



Tom Mix with "Big Dan," the specially constructed motor-car used for filming the cowboy's riding stunts.

It is very easy for film stars to get behindhand in answering their mail, so all praise is due to Leatrice Joy who never forgets her friends. We have before us a very charming letter, apologising for the delay in writing, and giving interesting details of Leatrice's latest work. She has just finished a starring rôle in *Hell's Highway*, which she started immediately after completing *The Dressmaker from Paris*. Leatrice's letter has attached to it a delightful autographed photo of herself, and it is all arranged so that it can be made into an easel picture to stand on one's desk.

Jack Dempsey seems to be well established as a film star by now, and *Manhattan Madness*, a picture in which he stars with his wife, Estelle Taylor, is making a great hit in New York.

Jackie Coogan received an unexpected present the other day, when a parcel postmarked Athens, Greece, arrived at his Hollywood home. When the wrappings were removed, a beautiful oriental rug was revealed to the little boy's admiring eyes. It turned out to be a present from a little crippled girl at the Zappion Orphanage, to which he last year captained a cargo of milk and foodstuffs on his "Near East Relief" campaign. The sender of the gift had made it herself—taking nearly three years over the task—and although it was originally intended for her home when she married, she sent it to Jackie as a thank offering, because he had had an artificial limb made for her so that she could run about like other children.

We heard a good story from Tommy Meighan the other day, when he held a press reception at the Carlton Hotel. Somebody asked why *The Admirable Crichton* was shown in America under the title *Male and Female*. "Well," replied Tom, with a twinkle in his eye, "it was this way.

They advertised it over there as *The Admiral Crichton*, and the Exhibitors said as one man, 'We've had too many sea stories just lately. The public won't stand another.' So they changed the title!"

Admirers of Guy Newall are wondering when they are going to see him on the screen again. As Guy is at present on tour in the leading male rôle of *Just Married*, there's not much chance of his filming again for some months. Those of you who live in the provinces should look out for him in this play.

Another British screen favourite, Mary Odette, has escaped the general film slump over here and is appearing in European productions. She writes from Berlin to tell us that she has just finished her latest picture over there, *Gutter Morals*. She gave



Robert Agnew and the late Lucille Ricksen in "The Denial," released this month.

a delightful performance as the little slave girl in Samuelson's film version of *She*—a picture that was also made in Berlin.

Sigrid Holmquist, the pretty little star of the Vitagraph film, *A School for Wives*, sailed for America recently, after a long holiday spent over here. She spent a good part of the time on the Norfolk Broads, and was very loath to leave them.

No one would suspect Otis Harlan, the plump and amusing comedian who played the rôle of the tramp in Hutchinson's *The Clean Heart*, of possessing a slim and pretty daughter. However, Marion Harlan has been well known on the American stage for some time, and for three years was a featured dancer at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. When her father decided to throw in his lot with the motion picture industry Marion soon followed suit, and the Fox Company has just chosen her to play the leading rôle in a series of eight two-reel pictures made from the popular O. Henry stories.

Many who saw Mary Pickford in the dual rôle of the little orphan girl and the beautiful cripple in *Stella Maris* will refuse to admit that any other can equal her performance. But those who have watched Mary Philbin, who is just finishing work on a second version of the same story, say that she is doing the best work of her career in this picture. We think it's hardly fair to Mary to force her into following her famous namesake, but film producers will do it.

It does not take long for a new star to get well established in the motion picture ranks, and George O'Brien seems to have "got there" with a vengeance. His latest picture is the film version of the successful play *Huroc*.

As the mountain wouldn't go to Mahomet, Mahomet had to go to the mountain, but Rudolph Valentino is more fortunate. He couldn't live in Italy, so he purchased a portion of his native land to live in—and a real Italian villa stands, now, on Beverly Hills. Valentino has almost finished work on his latest film *Black Eagle*, and he has found a brand new star—a pretty blonde girl named Vilma Banky—to play opposite.

Conway Tearle is playing a screen crook for the first time in his life and thoroughly enjoying it. A gentleman crook, and a very well-dressed one at that, but undoubtedly a crook and Conway is wondering how his fans are going to like the idea of him swindling the unwary with faked spiritualistic seances and clairvoyance that isn't anything but trickery. Needless to add Tom

Browning is directing. Tod always gets any crook story to be filmed. Aileen Fringle is the leading lady.

Dolores and Helen Costello, fresh from an Eastern convent have decided to carry on the Costello screen tradition and have signed on with Warner Bros. They have settled in Hollywood with their mother.

One of the prettiest scenes ever filmed was the Cinderella ball in *Nothing to Wear*. It was a vision seen by the heroine Katherine (Norma Shearer) and was taken in natural colours. All the ladies-in-waiting wore pale blue, pink, orchid and green wigs to match their bouffant gowns of rich satin and a bevy of gorgeous cavaliers attended them. It looks like rivalling Cecil B. De Mille's famous Cinderella vision in *Forbidden Fruit*.

Jack Buchanan, delightful star of "Tony," "Boodle," and other musical comedies, seems to be taking seriously to film work since his great success in the recent Gaumont film, *The Happy Ending*. His latest is a sequel to *Bulldog Drummond*, which Astra-National Productions are making. After that, he's scheduled to go to America. Let's hope he doesn't follow the example of too many of his brother artistes, and succumb to the lure of Hollywood.

The list of Hollywood's newlyweds is growing apace, and the latest to embark on the perilous seas of matrimony together are Lefty Flynn and diminutive Viola Dana. Another bride of the season is Jacqueline Logan, whose recent wedding to Ralph James Gillespie, a wealthy Texas business man, caused quite a sensation in film circles. Apparently Jackie didn't tell anybody about the happy event until a brand new wedding ring proclaimed her secret.

After nearly two years spent wandering all over Europe, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife Tsuru Aoki have at last sailed for America. He is to play in an American version of a popular German play, *The House of Lust*, but this does not mean, he declares, that he has deserted the screen, and as soon as this finishes its run in New York, he will return to Hollywood and make plans for filming again.

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Picturegoer Sept.

Time and Thomas Meighan

Nine years ago Tom Meighan visited England as the hero of the American farce "The College Widow." That was when London was very British and a little shy of American baseball and slang.

Now he is back again, and in those nine years a different London has come into being—a London of jazz bands and American soda fountains, films, plays and slang, a London bewilderingly changed from the city that once needed a glossary attached to the programme of "The College Widow," so that it could interpret that strange and difficult American language into good plain English!

Right:
A snapshot of Thomas Meighan at Leg O'Mutton Pond, Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday Monday.
Below:
Tom and Joe Coyne exchange reminiscences.

(Photos by Atlantic & Pacific Co.)

But Tom himself—how has he fared in these nine years? If they have changed a city, surely they have not failed to change him too?

Those who know him only as the world-famed screen star he now is, will say yes. But although the old gentleman with the white beard has altered to a large degree the circumstances surrounding the famous actor, Tom himself he has altered not one whit.

When I went to see Thomas Meighan at his London hotel, where he was staying for a few days before going over to Ireland to take some exteriors for his new film *Irish Luck*, I expected to



meet an American film actor, I had a most pleasant surprise—I met a very human man!

Tall above the average—he measures over six feet—he is well-built and broad-shouldered without being over "husky." His hair is dark and very thick and curly, his brown eyes are full of good Irish humour. When he shakes hands he has a hearty, friendly grip and when he talks there is a ring of sincerity in his voice that is unmistakable.

I asked him if he had ever been to Ireland before and he told me that this would be his first visit.

"I was born in Pennsylvania," he explained, "but my people were Irish." (No need to tell us that, Tom, with that "open Irish countenance" as one good lady present at the interview termed it!)

"This film of mine is to be made partly in Dublin but mainly in Killarney," he went on. "The interiors, of course, will be made in America, but we expect to put in about three weeks work in Ireland, and fifty per cent. of the cast will be Irish and English. Cecil Humphreys and Robert English have been engaged to appear in big parts and Lois Wilson is my leading lady. She expects to arrive over there a few days after I do."

(Continued on page 65.)



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My Impressions of London

TOLD TO

ELIZABETH LONERGAN

Walter McGrail was less than three days back from his trip across the ocean, when he was engaged for a big part in a new picture with Bebe Daniels. The trip was taken to the desert to make *A Son of the Sahara* for First National, with Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor in the leads, and McGrail as a "gentleman villain." That is what he has specialised in—gentleman villains, and when it comes to good manners and good villainy, he is at his best.

And there he was playing the rôle of another villain, and worrying the life out of

Nº 5

WALTER MC GRAIL

firm intention of going over again, just as soon as I can arrange it."

Like the majority of Americans from New York, Mr. McGrail revelled in the theatres, and spent much time there. He started his career on the stage, and so the theatre is particularly close to his heart. He was two years in light opera before going into dramatic work, and was quite well known on the American stage. As a Brooklyn boy, he naturally drifted to the Vitagraph Studio and played there for five years, and the last couple of years has been in a number of other pictures.

Some of his best known rôles were in: *Within the Law*, *The Country Cousin*, *The Plaything of Destiny*, and *The Breaking Point*, with *A Son of the Sahara* soon to be released.

Three studies of Walter McGrail in "The Sultan's Slave."

Walter McGrail receives quite a batch of fan letters from abroad in spite of the fact that he is a gentleman villain! Perhaps that is another reason for his good feelings towards London!



poor Bebe Daniels that she wept real tears, even in the rehearsal before the scene was shot. As soon as it was over and Bebe had retired to wash off the traces of her crying spell, I asked him about his trip abroad, and whether he had gone to England.

"Indeed, I did," he said enthusiastically, "that was the bright spot of the trip. Africa was sandy and hot and dirty, quite in contrast to the delights of England. We reached there in good weather and had a marvellous time. Edwin Carewe, who directed the picture, volunteered to pilot me around as it was my first trip, and I think we missed very few of the good times that were going. I thoroughly enjoyed the people I met, and came back with the



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(REGD.)

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My Trip Abroad

Now Very Near
Its Close.

by RUDOLPH
VALENTINO

Cherbourg, October 5.

He got us the cart, we located the trunks and started off, trundling them ahead of us, to the place where I knew a transport was lying which would take us to the "Leviathan." As we trundled into view of the dock, I saw that the transport was gone! Somehow I couldn't arouse my slumbering sense of humour. It was too late at night!

We were then told by some itinerant official that the boat had not arrived. As a matter of fact, it *had* arrived and was waiting in the port.

We stood on the dock at midnight pondering what we could do. We decided, then, to hire a motor boat.

This involved waking up some more people, and in the meantime a drenching rain had begun to descend upon us from the unkindly heavens. We were cold, freezing . . . the very memory of the sun of the Riviera was chilled from our bones.

While the arrangements were being made for the motor boat, we scouted about and found a funny little café, where we had some hot coffee and tried to get warmed up.

Then, when the motor boat was ready, we took the truck containing our trunks and trundled off down to the dock again, I wheeling our luggage before me, Natacha following and the people we had managed to arouse trailing along with us, regarding us, I must say, with very definitely suspicious eyes. They thought we were either lunatics, or something . . . it turned out that they thought we were "something," which I will tell later on. This:

As we were loading the trunks on to the motor boat, a customs guard came up to us and said, very brusquely, "You can't leave!"

"Why not?" we said.

"You have got to have your luggage opened before you can leave."

"Opened nothing!" I said. "We are leaving France."

"That is nothing—I have my orders," said the guard.

Well, there seemed to be nothing to do but comply. I finally told him to go ahead and I will say that he was kind enough to come over to the motor boat and do his inspecting then and there.

And then we were informed, in the dark and mysterious night, that two famous Gobelin tapestries had been stolen from Versailles and orders had been given that all customs houses of France were to inspect every piece of luggage over a certain weight. Of course they were fearing that the thieves would try to get away with the tapestries and most likely would make their get-away to America.

And naturally . . . two strange, rain-drenched foreigners . . . hiring a motor boat in the middle of the night . . . grim and desperate in their endeavours to leave France . . . they thought . . . well, they thought, "HERE ARE THE CROOKS!" Doubtless they had never been so certain of anything in all their lives as that they had the thieves dead to rights then and there. We DID look odd, I must admit.



Right: Rudy enjoys an early morning view of the city from an old archway



Above: A donkey-carrier, snapped by Rudy, who has a bulky album full of photos taken on his travels.



I admit, of Natacha's jewel box just about to fall into the water. I made one lunge for it. Then I gave

The "Leviathan" had come into the port and was anchored there outside. It was tremendously rough.

The transports were all coming back, and only the mail transport was still hooked on to the boat. This, by the way, was twice the size of our little motor boat. However, that was the only way to get to the "Leviathan," through the transport. As we drew near the swells came up, looming, large and dangerous. There was no chance! It was, in veritable truth, a matter of life and death.

The man on the transport kept calling to the man on our boat: "Keep away! Keep away! You can't board!"

Well, the first time we nearly made it. We were soaked through. The

giant waves lashed at the boat, encroached, came roaring in over the sides. We were isolated, it seemed, in a black tunnel of a world with the driving rain above us and the angry sea beneath us. Our trunks catapulted all over the place, skidding about like live and angry things. I had a glimpse, a horrified one,

Below: As the studio camera man caught him the first day he came to work.

a sailor on the transport near at hand the jewel box to hold. There was a gigantic crash . . . something . . . something on our boat went to pieces . . .

The man on our boat shouted hoarsely, above the uproar, "I can't be responsible for this . . . for your lives . . . it's too rough . . . we cannot make it! . . ." and before I could shout back, even had I had any desire left to do so, he had pushed off and we were making as best we could for the shore again.

I left the jewels, all Natacha owns in the world, with the sailor on the transport. Jewels, I find, worldly goods in toto, mean singularly little when your lives, like the frailest of reeds, are palpitating beneath an ominous sky and a hungry sea.

Cherbourg, October 6th.

After this terrifying experience trying to board the "Leviathan" we finally made the dock again, with more pitching and tossing, more ravenous embraces of waves and more tumultuous pelting of rain than I would have believed it possible for three people in a frail craft to live through. Had I seen such a scene as this one on the screen or read about it in a book, I would have said that they were stretching credulity and reality to past the breaking points. Which only goes to prove that nothing, after all, can be stranger than reality.

Once safely (and wetly) on the dock again, we had to go back and unload all of the trunks. Nine of them. Big ones. The truck had gone. I had to scout around and get a pushcart, help load the pushcart and then trundle it off to the Customs House, the only place where the trunks would be watched and be safe.

Then I went back to the dock again to get the jewel box. It isn't quite fair to say that I went with misgivings, perhaps, but I did. . . . Anything might have happened on a night like that. But as I walked on to the dock I saw the transport working her way through the mad dervish of the sea and there was the sailor, as honest a fellow, surely, as could be found, with the jewel box intact in his hand. I was so glad!

I had left Natacha in the little café where, previously in the evening, we had had coffee and warmth. It was now about five in the morning. The thing now was a hotel . . . But what a thing to find! They told us in the café that the Casino was the best hotel in town, but the rooms, they also said, were all taken. General Pershing, it seemed, was on the "Leviathan" and the rooms had all been reserved ahead.

We went then, to the next best place, the Hotel de France. Imagine us appearing there at five-thirty in the morning, bedraggled, soaked to the skin not once but many times, weary almost unto the death we had so narrowly escaped.

(Another instalment next month.)



Florence Vidor.

Anybody's Money

Does your hair resemble that of beautiful Florence Vidor, whose picture appears above? If so, you stand a chance of winning £10 and more in one of the simplest contests ever devised.

In the PICTUREGOER Beautiful Hair Contest, features do not count. The prizes offered each month will be awarded to the readers whose hair bears most resemblance to that of the star whose portrait is given. For this month's contest, Florence Vidor is the star selected.

Study the picture above, and if you possess a photograph or snapshot of yourself that resembles it, send it to the Editor. Simple, isn't it?

Last month's winner is Miss Frances Tubbs, 3, Warrior Gardens, St. Leonards-on-Sea, to whom we send our hearty congratulations and £5, and to whom Messrs. Prichard & Constance have also sent £5, as she was a user of their famous Shampoo Powder. We are retaining her photograph, as well as all those sent in which we consider eligible for the final prize of £20 for the most beautiful head of hair in the whole Competition. Read these rules carefully.

- 1—There is no Entrance Fee.
- 2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows:—"Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 4, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
- 3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.
- 4—The closing date for this Competition is September 21st, 1925.

The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.

- 5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.
- 6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PRIZES DOUBLED.

Messrs. PRICHARD & CONSTANCE announce that in the event of the Prize Winner being a user of Amami Shampoo Powder they will double the monthly prize—thus making it £10. All Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoo will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

IMPORTANT.—If you wish to qualify for these Extra Prizes, you must enclose with your photograph an empty Amami Shamp. o Powder Sachet to show that you are a bona-fide user.



Miss Frances Tubbs of St. Leonards-on-Sea, winner of last month's £10.

THE APACHE.—(Continued from page 44.)

cloth-topped boots—not in their best days.

Half a cigarette reposed behind his ear and an old scarf was thrown over one shoulder. Millar was going to put his costume to the test, anyway, but he was not quite pleased with my oldest suit and a rather too new English cap.

We passed several weirdly assorted groups of men and women at various street corners, most of the men being dressed practically the same as Millar was, and when any curious glances came our way I am afraid they were directed solely upon me.

"We are coming to the most notorious Bal Musette in La Villette," said Adelqui, as we turned into a narrow, dimly-lit street in which, except for the music and raised voices in the tavern, which reached us through the open door, there seemed to be no sign of life.

Suddenly, with a crash, the glass of one of the window panes was shattered and a bottle hurtled into the street.

I looked at Millar enquiringly.

"Only a slight argument," he said, "Come on, we'll go in."

Few signs of the recent outburst were visible, so we entered and took seats at the end of a long table near the dancers. Our presence did not attract any attention, and after a short time I began to feel that the stories I had heard of nightly fights were slightly exaggerated.

Millar was evidently well pleased with the place and its inhabitants, and he began making a small plan of the tavern on the back of an envelope.

He called the proprietor to him. I just noticed a fifty franc note change hands, and, when Millar asked if it were possible to get the services of about seventy of the apaches, he promised to see what he could do.

"You will never do it," I said.

"I will let you know when we shoot the scene in the studio," said Millar.

THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES.—(Continued from page 34.)

I was to follow it. I had to jump into a pool situated at the foot of the tower; but during this violent struggle, the fire being wrongly started, all went to smash and I fell enveloped in the blaze.

I intended falling in the pool, but I was suffocated by the thick smoke, the extras getting in my way, and what is funnier still, is that to get rid of them, I had to fight with them, so as to free myself. However, I was saved, but it was a narrow escape."

"Is that all?"

"What do you mean? What did you want? Me to get burned up?"

"Not that, but it is unlucky the scene could not have been filmed; this would have shown the public that all is not tricks in the kinema."

"Now I am going to film the outside scenes of *The Miracle of the Wolves*," continues Prejean. "This time it is not with extras I am going to fight, but with wolves of flesh and bone

I do not quite remember yet how it all happened, but suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of a struggling, fighting mass of men and women. Bottles and chairs were flying all over the place and the musicians were seeking refuge under the tables. Millar grabbed me by the arm.

"Let us get out of this quickly," he yelled, "the police will be here in a minute."

Somehow we managed to fight our way to the door. We ran as fast as our legs could carry us until safely round the corner of the street when we assumed as careless an air as we could muster, as policemen were running from all directions. We did *not* wait to see the inevitable round-up! Millar laughed and asked "Satisfied now?"

A few weeks later I received a summons to the studio and on arrival I found myself wondering if Millar had managed to transplant La Villette.

There was the street of our adventure; the Bal Musette with its real inhabitants.

"How on earth did you get them to come?" I demanded of Millar.

"It was a bit difficult," he confessed, "but anyway they're here. I brought the proprietor as well just to make them feel at home!"

He was clasping a piece of raw steak to one of his eyes as he spoke. "I'm sorry it is quiet now. The fight is just over."

"What on earth is the matter with your eye?" I inquired.

"Oh," he replied "I asked them for realism—and they responded!"

The Apache, a British film, by the way, has just been completed, and if Millar has expended the same enthusiasm, combined with his undoubted knowledge and skill, into the remainder of the film which he put into the La Villette scenes, it certainly ought to be a film to see.

IAN CONYERS.

LET THEM BE HUMAN.

(Continued from page 25.)

parted, we hug our illusions tighter than ever, remembering gladly that opportunities for "Scandal" headlines are afforded comparatively rarely by the inhabitants of the Hollywood colony.

Why don't we make them human, these people we have placed upon the pinnacles of success?—think of them as they are, ordinary folk toiling each day before the camera registering love, hate, horror, grief, disgust, happiness, for the money they can earn thereby, or the fame it will bring them, instead of adoring them as we do, envying them, and assigning their efforts on behalf of our entertainment to a love of their art.

Deep in the heart of every man and woman there is a passionate yearning for Romance, for life as it was lived in the fairy stories of old, for life as we hoped we should live it before we grew up to realise its stern truths.

In the modern picture of to-day—and all things appertaining thereto we have found a fairyland—a modern fairyland infinitely more intriguing than the one exploited by Andersen or Grimm. They gave us word pictures of a ridiculous land which never existed. The magicians of the movies give us real pictures of a land which does exist—and who wants to spoil its charm by tearing off the rose coloured spectacles?

Recently a well-known "Personage" said that he thought it erroneous to permit "fan worship" by adoring audiences—if as much space was devoted to accounts of the misdemeanours of the stars as is devoted to accounts of their charity, clothes, hotel bills, etc., we should soon have a more rational feeling prevailing regarding them. Perhaps we should.

I wonder whether our learned friend had ever visited the poorer localities where the picture theatre prospers, had ever realised just how much Tom Meighan's smile, or the alluring dimple that is so peculiarly Constance Talmadge's, or Tom Mix's dashing care-free personality mean to the girl who must work for a living, to the husband and wife "Out" for the evening, or to the young couple just starting along the Primrose path.

But why don't we make them human?—because we don't want them to be human, I think. Because, whether we care to admit it or not, we like believing that on the screen at least the age of chivalry is not dead, that all the beauty and goodness, nobility and courage we see depicted really does exist, that no matter how dull and hopeless our life may seem the happy ending will come to us just as surely as it comes to our favourite star if we only wait long enough for it.

And if it is so, is it not after all a very pleasant (and harmless) outlet for romance?

I.N.C.



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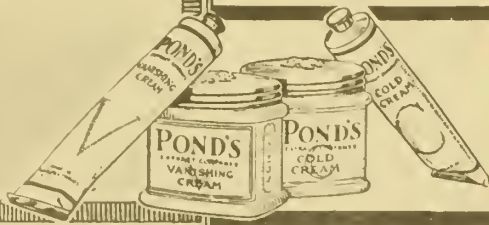
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The Barbarian (Phillips; Sept. 21).

Jane Novak and Monroe Salisbury in the romantic love story of a man who has never known civilization. Picturesque scenery and good acting by the stars, Allen Hale, Barney Sherry, Lilian Leighton, and George Berrell.

Capital Punishment (Pathé; Sept. 21).

A remarkable portrayal by George Hackathorne of an innocent man condemned to death is the high spot of this dramatic, if unconvincing, feature. Cast comprises Clara Bow, George Hackathorne, Elliott Dexter, Margaret Livingstone, Alec B. Francis, Mary Carr, Robert Ellis, Joseph Kilgour, and George Nichols. Director, James P. Hogan. Good entertainment.

Dick Turpin's Ride to York (Stoll; Sept. 28).

A reissue of the popular highwayman romance starring Matheson Lang and Isobel Elsom, supported by Norman Page, Lily Iris, Lewis Gilbert, Cecil Humphreys, James English, Mme. D'Esterre, Malcolm Tod, and Tony Frazer. Director, Maurice Elvey. Good entertainment.

The Denial (Metro-Goldwyn-Jury; Sept. 28).

Conflict between parents and children forms the theme of this drama which is well played and gives some interesting glimpses of the beginning of this century. Claire Windsor is featured, supported by Bert Roach, William Haines, Edward Connelly, the late Lucille Ricksen, Robert Agnew, Emily Fitzroy, Vivia Ogden, and William Eugene. Director, Hobart Henley. Good sentimental drama.

Enticement (Ass. Fir. Nat.; Sept. 28).

An interesting triangle story, with some



enlightening glimpses of English country life as Yankee producers imagine it. Cast includes Mary Astor, Clive Brook, Ian Keith, Louise Dresser, Edgar Morton, Vera Lewis, and Lillian Langdon. Director, George Archainbaud. Good entertainment.

Fighting Odds (Wardour; Sept. 7).

An ordinary Westerner full of hand to hand fights, and boasting some fine out-of-

doors settings. Bill Patton stars, with Doris Dare, Jack House, Jack Ganzhorn, Hugh Saxon, Alfred Henston, and Ed. Burns in support. Director, Bennett Cohn. **Forbidden Paradise (Paramount; Sept. 14).**

This month's best satirical romance. Pola Negri, Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Starke, Fred Malatesta, Nick de Ruiz, and Mme. D'Aumery, in

depends on yourself. It has some originality, excellent direction and acting, and much would-be symbolism. George K. Arthur and Georgia Hale are featured, supported by Bruce Guerin, Otto Makesen, Nelly Bly Baker, Olaf Hytten, and Stuart Holmes. Director, Josef von Sternberg. Grim and morbid fare.

A Sainted Devil (Paramount; Sept. 28).

Rudolph Valentino in a South American romance which will please his admirers, although the story is a bit thin. Helena D'Algy, Nita Naldi, Dogmar Godowsky, Jean del Val, Antoni D'Algy, George Seigman, E. Rogers Lytton, Claire West, Louise Lagrange, and Rafael Borigini also appear. Director, Joseph Henaberg.

The Sea Hawk (Ass. Fir. Nat.; Sept. 21).

An excellent picturisation of Rafael Sabatini's pirate romance, starring Milton Sills and Enid Bennett, supported by Lloyd Hughes, Wallace MacDonald, Mare MacDermott, Wallace Beery, Frank Currier, Wm. Collier, jun., Lionel Belmore, Hector V. Sarno, Kathleen Key, Kate Price, Al Jennings, Claire Du Brey, Nancy Zann, Bert Woodruff, Albert Priscool, and Medea Radzina. Director, Fred Niblo. Story on page 35. Don't miss it.

The Shadow of Egypt (Astra-National; Sept. 7).

Containing many fine scenes taken in Egypt, excellent art direction, and good technical finish, an unconvincing story, and not over well treated. Alma Taylor, Carlyle Blackwell, John Hamilton, Charles Levey, Arthur Waleott, Joan Morgan, Milton Rosmer. Director, Sidney Morgan.

The Star Dust Trail (Fox; Sept. 7).

A really good story of theatrical life, not overdone in any way, and with all the obvious situations mercifully missing. Shirley Mason stars, with Bryant Washburn, Thomas R. Mill, Richard Tucker, Merta Sterling, and Shannon Day in support. Director, Edmund Mortimer.

Stepping Lively (Unity; Sept. 7).

Diek Talmadge in a sprightly mystery drama well up to his usual standard of stunts and thrills. A good supporting

cast includes, Mildred Harris, Nowal McGregor, Fred Kelsey, Mario Carillo, William Clifford, John W. Dillon, and Victor Metzetti. Good stunt stuff

Two Little Vagabonds (Gaumont-Phocea; Sept. 7).

Sob-stuff melodrama, but worth while because of the excellent direction, and acting by Marjorie Hume, Carlyle Blackwell, Ed. Mathé, P. Guidé, Gabriel Signoret, A. de Coer, M. Andrew, L. Kerly, Gina Rilly, Jane Rollette, Yvette Guilbert, Jean Mercanton, A. Rolane, Lewis Shaw, and Jean Forest. Director, Louis Mercanton.

The Trail Rider (Fox; Sept. 28).

A typical Buck Jones offering; with heaps of gunplay, hard riding, and cattle driving to please Wild West fans. Good direction, scenery, and acting by the star, Nancy Deaver, Lucy Fox, Carl Stockdale, Jack MacDonald, George Berrel, and Will Walling. Director, W. S. Van Dyke.

Tides of Passion (Vitagraph; Sept. 14).

Very heavy triangle drama, containing thrilling sea coast scenes, much emotion, and excellent acting by Mae Marsh, Ben Hendricks, Lasha Winter, Earl Schenek, Ivor McFadden, and Thomas Mills. Director, J. Stuart Blackton. Good, if depressing entertainment

The Fast Set (Paramount; Sept. 28).

A lavish screen version of "Spring Cleaning," the popular play, featuring Betty Compton and Adolphe Menjou, supported by Elliott Dexter, Zasu Pitts, Dawn O'Day, and Claire Adams. Cynical matrimonial drama of the ultra sophisticated. Director, William De Mille.

Winning Trough (Ass. Fir. Nat.; Sept. 14).

An exceedingly good Dick Barthelme feature, based on the famous Yankee play "Classmates." A story of Cadet life at West Point, with good characterisation and direction, fine acting by the star, Claude Brooke, Reginald Sheffield, Charlotte Walker, Madge Evans, Beach Cooke, Jas. Bradbury, jun., Antrim Short, Major Henry B. Lewis (the Adjutant of West Point), Herbert Corthell, and Richard Hurlan. Director, John S. Robertson. Excellent romantic drama.

Everyman's Wife (Fox; Sept. 14).

Elaine Hammerstein, Herbert Rawlinson, Dorothy Phillips, and Robert Cain in a husband and wife story, showing the folly of petty quarrels. Good light drama.



Pauline Starke and Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise."

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THE PICTUREGOER'S "Who's Who of Kinema Stars" contains 100 Portraits and Biographies of Film Favourites, Price 1s. 2d. post free from the Picturegoer Salor 23, Endell Street, Long Acre London, W.C.2.



SHEILAH (Farnham).—Yes, I'm Patience without the monument. (1) *The Sainted Devil (not The Sainted Sinner, Sheilah)* will be released on September 28th.

MONTE BLUEITE (London).—(1) If you send postcard photos to the stars in question, I've no doubt they will autograph them. Send them c/o this office, and I'll see that they're forwarded.

DORA (Surrey).—Letters forwarded. Always glad to oblige a lady.

POLICHINDLE (Putney).—(1) Conway and Godfrey Tearle are half brothers. (2) Valentino was born May 6th, 1895. The next time I have to write that, something will happen to somebody! (3) *Ben-Hur* rclase date isn't fixed yet. (4) Ramon Novarro is heart whole and fancy free so far as I know. I'll give him your bouquet.

E.M.E. (Nr. Leeds).—Letter forwarded. (1) See answer to "Polichindle" for your Valentino query. He's married to Natacha Rambova.

ISOBEL (S. Africa).—After living through the weird and wonderful questions you fans fish up for me it would

take something more than "Rough on Rats" to shift me off this mortal coil. (1) I think Shirley Mason would send a photo if you ask nicely. (2) R—V— (I refuse to write it again) is at present in Hollywood hard at work. (3) I should be delighted to send you a photo of my humble self, but, alas, no camera will stand the strain!

H.M. (Salisbury).—Can't hold out much hope of your getting scenarios accepted as the profession is very much overcrowded. Your best plan is to send a very short synopsis of plot first of all, then, if it is liked, you can go into details. Payments vary.

NIX (Manchester).—I'll forgive your curiosity as you're only twelv—and youth must have its fling! (1) Betty Balfour lives in Kensington. (2) Betty's about twenty-two. (3) Baby Peggy is eight years old now. No art plate of her in PICTUREGOER, but there was a cover on the March, 1924 issue. (4) Rod La Rocque's latest are *Forbidden Paradise* and *The Cost of Folly*. (5) Cullen Landis's latest is *Pampered Youth*.

G.L. (Victoria).—Letters forwarded. Thanks for the questions you haven't asked.

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT (Eastbourne).—There's evidently nothing feline about your nature. (1) Dick Barthelmess born May 9th, 1895. (2) Ramon Novarro born Feb. 6th, 1899. (3) Milton Sills born Jan. 10th, 1882. (4) Mae Murray born May 10th, 1893. (5) Alice Terry born in 1901. (6) Flora le Breton is in her early twenties. (7) Lillian Gish born Oct. 14th, 1896. (8) Paul Riechter was "Siegfried" in *The Niebelungs*.

POLA FAN (Surrey).—Yes, call me "George"—they all do! (1) Anna Q. Nilsson is Mrs. Gunnerson in private life. (2) "Elodie" in *The Side Show of Life* was played by Louis Lagrange. (3) Gloria Swanson has recovered from her illness by now. (4) No art plate of Pola Negri yet, but I'll do my best for you.

A JACKIE COOGAN FAN (Horsham).—(1) I think Jackie Coogan would send you a signed photo if you ask nicely. (2) Jackie is now at work on *Old Clothes*, a sequel to *The Ragman*. (3) No art plate of Jackie, but a nice page of pictures appeared in October, 1922 PICTUREGOER, and some more in August, 1923 number. (4) Jackie's address is c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer Studios, Culver City, California. (5) Write to the Publishing Department, 93, Long Acre, with instruction re your copy of PICTUREGOER.

BRISBANEITE (Queensland)—(1) James Knight was "Philip Denham" in *What Price Loving Cup?* Other principal players were Violet Hopson, James Lindsay and Marjorie Benson. (2) Release dates of films given in "The Picturegoer's Guide" is, of course, the English one. (3) Make out money order to "The Picturegoer Salon" when sending for photos.

MIRIAM (London).—I've given your carol to the powers that be, with a strong recommendation to mercy.

POLINSKI (India).—(1) Arthur Carewe was "Paul Savelli" in *Daddy*. (2) Metro-Goldwyn-Meyr Studios, Culver City, California, should find him.

KAULA ULGE (Ruislip).—(1) Lloyd Hughes played opposite Bebe Daniels in *The Heritage of the Desert*. He is an American. (2) Rod La Rocque is pronounced exactly as it's spelt, except that the "que" is ignored. (3) Answers to your other questions appear in other replies. My once perfect brow was wrinkled and careworn long ago.

J.A.G. (Glasgow)—(1) Jobyna Ralston was Harold Lloyd's leading lady in *Girl*



"Keep fit on **Cocoa**"

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Shy (2) Send your letters to me in stamped envelopes, and I'll see that they're forwarded.

KATHLEEN (Chester). The Haymarket Theatre, Haymarket London, should find Fay Compton.

S.L.G. (London).—You've certainly got it badly. (1) An art plate of Norma Talmadge appeared in March, 1924 PICTUREGOER, and two pages of Norma at home appeared in November, 1923 issue. (2) Norma's latest films are *The Son of Montmartre* and *Graustark*. Her next will be *The Only Woman*, with Thomas Meighan.

COUSIN JANE (Cornwall).—Letter forwarded. Glad to meet a new relative.

L.C. (London).—(1) Glad you liked your prize. Have another shot later on.

MOLLIE (Birmingham).—Thanks for all the questions you haven't asked me. Here are the answers to those you have.

(1) I'll see what can be done about an art plate of Conrad Nagel. (2) A studio interview with Ivor Novello appeared in August number of PICTUREGOER. (3) Percy Marmont is married to a non-professional. (4) Gladys Cooper's eyes are grey. (5) Jack Buchanan is making a sequel to *Bull-dog Drummond* for Astra-National. (6) Ronald Colman's an Englishman.

DE ROCHE FAN (Chichester).—(1) Charles de Roche was born Count de Rochefort about thirty years ago in Port Vendres, Pyrenees, France. (2) He has dark hair and eyes. (3) Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago in 1899.

CAMELIA (S. Hackney).—(1) Have handed on your carol, in spite of the threat to love me for ever. (2) Thanks for portrait—I can truthfully say I've never seen anything like it!

C.H. (Andover).—(1) Try Allied Artists, 86-88 Wardour Street, W.1, for stills from *A Woman of Paris*. The usual price is 2/- or 2/6 each. (2) *Satan in Sables* and *The Love Toy* are Lowell Sherman's latest films.

M.F. (Camberwell).—(1) May Allison was born in Georgia in 1898. (2) I'll see whether I can soften the Editor's hard heart and get you that art plate.

HELEN FRAZER (Bristol).—(1) Art plate of Conway Tearle appeared in April, 1924, PICTUREGOER. I'll see about another later on. (2) Art plates of Norma Talmadge appeared in March, 1924, and September, 1922 PICTUREGOER. (3) No interview with Harrison Ford yet. (4) Conway Tearle's address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California. (5) *Little Old New York* was adapted from a play.

M.M. (London).—(1) We seem to have overlooked your favourite Cullen Landis, but I'll try and get you an interview later.

B.M. (Leicester).—Letter forwarded.

BRITISH (London).—(1) Sorry to hear how you are suffering, but I'm afraid I can't offer you much relief. Clive Brook and Henry Victor seem to have settled down in Hollywood for good now. (2) Henry Victor isn't married so far as I know. (3) Henry was born in London.

F.D. (South Africa).—Thanks for your questionless letter—if all my readers were like you, my job would be a light one. So you're another Valentino-ite!

OLIV FENNYCUTS (South Africa).—(1) An actor playing a dual rôle does not, of course, really shake hands with himself—it is an illusion of the camera. This is explained in an article in March, 1925 PICTUREGOER, called *Seeing Double*.

E.B. (London).—Letter forwarded. Glad to make your acquaintance. (1)

Glenn Hunter was born in a village near New York City about twenty-five years ago. He went to New York to go on the stage at the age of 17, and, after a hard struggle, managed to get a foothold in the profession. His first film rôle was with Dorothy Gish in *Oh, Jol!* Later, he played in *Smilin' Through*, *The Cradle Buster*, *Second Fiddle*, *Grit*, *Puritan Passions*, *Youthful Cheaters*, *West of the Water Tower*, and *The Silent Watcher*.

ANON.—You put no name and address, so I hope this will catch your eye. (1) Lillian Gish and Dick Barthelmess starred in *Way Down East*. (2) Betty Balfour isn't married yet. She's about twenty-two years old. (3) Lon Chaney could only act for short periods during the filming of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, because his make-up was so painful.

BYSTANDER (Leeds).—Bouquets handed to the right quarter.

KITTY (Bognor).—Gratitude duly earned. Glad PICTUREGOER proves such a household treasure.

A.S. (North Wales).—Sorry I can't get you a portrait of Margaret Leahy, but she has left the screen and is married to a Los Angeles business man.

PEGGY (S. Wales).—(1) I've forwarded your letters, and solemnly promise not to give away your deadly secret to the world at large. (2) Patsy Ruth Miller was "Esmeralda" in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. (3) Rudolf Klien-Rogge took the part of "Dr. Mabuse" in the film of that name.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

TIME AND THOMAS MEIGHAN.

(Continued from page 54.)

"Meanwhile," I suggested, "You're renewing your old acquaintance with London?"

He nodded.

"First thing when I arrived," he told me, "I looked up my old friend, Joe Coyne. The next day my wife and I went to Wembley, and in the evening we were at the Piccadilly Revels with the 'Dolly Sisters' and several other people. My wife, by the way, was one of the famous Ring sisters in America before the 'Dolly Sisters' were known on the stage.

"London's changed a lot since I came over with 'The College Widow,' he went on. "I shall never forget the way they received that. We brought it over from America, where the people had been screaming with laughter at it, and they had to fix a sort of glossary of the slang at the back of the programme so that the folk over here could understand it.

"The result was that while everyone was turning over leaves in the dark, trying to read what one particular bit of slang meant, they were losing whole chunks of the play. Most of them never caught up!" And his eyes twinkled infectiously.

That is the charm of Tom. He is no dealer in witty epigrams, no lover of smart speeches. But always there is that gleam of humour in his brown eyes, and a crinkle of laughter at the corner of his mouth, so irresistibly and deliciously human.



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Nice red tints



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Brown & Auburn Hair

Evan Williams'
'GRADUATED'
HENNA



Some gifts I bring—and the first thing, a big bouquet for Allene Ray; whom those who've seen her several films have thought one of the much-too-seldom-offered sort. We've found a star—hurray! hurrah!—Hailed as a peach by all and each. Both my bouquets I'll give to her indeed—since Marie Doró's charms no praises need!
E.J.F. (London).

“As the Livingstone film has proved so successful and warmly praised by audiences and press alike, I think that our Government would be quite safe in financially backing the following:—
With Raleigh to America; with Wolfe to Canada; with Clive to India; and with Cook to Australia. Such film records would be a heritage to future generations of English people, and worthy to be placed with *Zeebrugge*, *Armageddon*, and *The Great White Silence*.”

“This isn't a Thought, but I crave the courtesy of your Column for it” writes *Norma B. Steer* (A Scot). “To members of the *Norma Talmadge* Correspondence Club. Fellow members, I salute thee!

I have been asked by one of our honorary members, *Miss Beulah Livingstone*, who was recently in England, to extend her very best

wishes to you all. This I am able to do through ‘What the Fans Think.’ Thank you, PICTUREGOER.”

“Don't you think it would be rather interesting to see which American born film actors and actresses, readers of the PICTUREGOER consider might pass for English ladies and gentlemen? (There need be no prizes attached). I can only suggest six: *Pauline Frederick*, *Alice Terry*, *Lewis Stone*, *Jack Holt*, *Lew Cody* and *J. Warren Kerrigan*.”—*Marcus Brutus* (London).

“I wonder, if when I open the next PICTUREGOER, I shall see my opinion of some of the stars' written for all the world to read?” writes *The Film Aberdeen Fan* (Aberdeen). “My opinions are: *Mary Pickford*:

Always delightful, ever interesting, especially in her rags. *Gloria Swanson*: Attractive? Oh, yes! but isn't there a somewhat theatrical savour about her acting? She owns a ‘bag of tricks,’ which she ‘lets off’ on every occasion. The change is only in her gowns, she is the same, always. *Barbara Lu Marr*: Please *Barbara*, Don't act or walk about or stare at the camera. Just display your gorgeous gowns, and let us admire your wondrous figure. *Nita Naldi*: Certainly not beautiful on the screen; too much like a snake. Still she does act, and somehow, I always see her pictures.

“*Pola Negri*: Beautiful, a flaming and fascinating personality. The *Bernhardt* of the screen. But when are we to see her genius again? Always wonderful in the most artificial rôles—even she requires a chance.

Let her have a real character to portray, a good story, and an intelligent director, then *Pola* will rise to still greater glory. *Mae Murray*: A fluffy Persian kitten. She, too, could stand a decent story. So far, she has had no chance to act. *Lillian Gish*: A fine emotional artiste, with a sweet and beautiful personality. Will she manage to keep up her excellent stories, I wonder? *Mary Philbin*: Quaint, wistful; a great actress in the making. But, being a mere male, I'll leave the stars of our sex to the ‘tender?’ mercies of the ladies.”

“I am boiling, bursting, bubbling with rage,” yells *Hulmeian* (Manchester). “*Chu-Chin-Chow*—an alleged drama of foreign origin. It should have stayed there...do not waste your evening on this tiresome picture.”

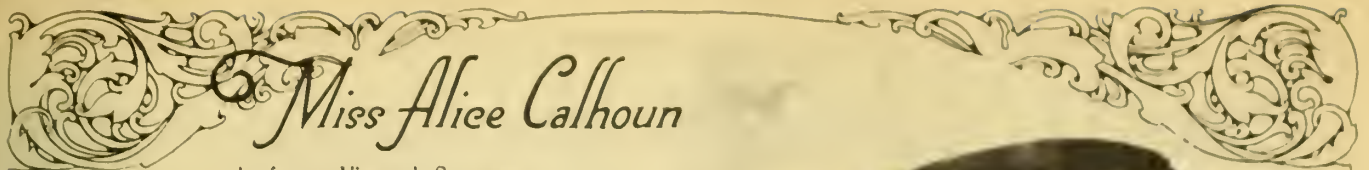
Such is a criticism of *Chu-Chin-Chow* in an *American Film Magazine*. The harshness of this criticism lies in the fact that the film in question is a British film. America is all against Britain having a firm position in the film industry, hence the fact that no British film can be shown in America unless an American film star has an important part in it

“I will admit that America is undoubtedly superior in the film world, also, I admit that most of the best films come from there (incidentally, most of the worst do, too), but give credit where it is due.

I Don't Entirely Agree. had fine pictorial settings, was quite as spectacular as some of these American super films, and was strengthened by some really clever acting. *Chu-Chin-Chow* never grew “tiresome.” What do you think?



THE THINKER.



Miss Alice Calhoun

the famous Vitagraph Star, says:
 "To describe Pond's Vanishing and Cold Creams as delightful and soothing is to mention only two of the many virtues of these invaluable toilet accessories."

Pond's Two Creams are not only delightful to use—they form a complete beauty treatment which will make your skin as charming as you desire. Use Pond's Cold Cream each night on retiring. It will rid the pores of impurities and feed the tissues. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream whenever occasion demands during the day to protect against rain, wind, dust, and other skin blemishes.
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Joyce Compton



**ROD LA ROCQUE**

Is going to be the Flapper's Idol of the future if he isn't careful. Already soulful fans pen enthusiastic epistles on the subject of his "lovely brown eyes" and "adorable smile."

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Conrad Nagel.

Conrad Nagel glued his ears back in Elinor Glyn's *Four Flaming Days*. It made him look so wicked. So that now no girl will be able to tell if a man is wicked or not until he has been well boiled.

"Yes, we have to pay \$1,000,000 a year premium to insure Miss Dithery Dumpling's smile." "Oh, well, I expect you save a good bit on her brains."

The fellow who made the award in the "Prettiest Girl in Los Angeles" competition wanted to move to New York anyway.

In *Unseeing Eyes*, Pansy Graham plays the part of Seena Owen's double. So that if Seena Owen, getting tired of playing Pansy Graham, doesn't turn up one morning, Pansy Graham can easily play the part of Seena Owen playing the part of Pansy Graham. On the other hand . . . Oh, get out of my way!



Helen Ferguson.

Helen Ferguson and William Russell are to be married "at an early date." Does this mean Jan. 1?

A two-seater that holds a hundred is the one the stars are so often photographed against.

A reader writes to say that we never see anything of Sheffield on the screen. Well, of course, it's a free country. We're not obliged to.

Charlie has got legal protection against his imitators. How are they going to imitate that?

By the way, what is meant by "the inimitable Chaplin"?

The Old Man Next Door tells me that he's never seen a movie show, but he's pretty fond of Johnnie Walker.

No, "Darling Daphne of Dublin," I can't say if it is true that Walter Hiers all those clothes he wears in them there movies.



Walter Hiers.

"Johnny B." writes to say that life has never been the same for him since the old Keystone Company went out of business. Now, if "Johnny B." would care to come and spend a week-end with me in my old home town. . .

"Where's that new picture of Bill Hart's got to?" "Oh, rumour has it!"

Says a contemporary, writing of the new talking-film invention: "Just think of it. Hearing grand opera at the price of the ordinary cinema." Yes but, in London Town at any rate, the ordinary cinema costs about as much as grand opera.

Theda Bara is to publish her "Confessions." She is going to "tell it all." But I thought it was some other American who knew it all?



Theda's debut will make Theda Bara about a round dozen of movie stars who are successful authors. And I know a round dozen of successful directors who would make successful plumbers.

"And what makes you think you'd make a successful scenario-writer?" "Well, I've seen the movies, and I've made a howling failure of seventeen jobs in the last year."

The 10,000 redskins to be used in a new American picture will play the parts of Indians in *The Vanishing American*, and not Somerset rustics in *East Lynne*. We were wrong.

Correspondent says she hasn't seen much of Slim Somerville these years. Who ever did?

Stereoscopic pictures, too, are here. So that even that celebrated star _____ will have an opportunity at last to stand out before her supporting cast.

Jack Holt has read through five thousand film plots this year. The Wanderer of the Wasteland!



Jack Holt.

The Stage on the Screen

The stage on the stage—
It has honourable ancestry. Shakespeare himself made use of the device, not once but many times. Hamlet knew all about it, enough at least to trap his uncle into a confession of murder by its means. The court enjoyed it in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Rosalind and Celia—but I am not going on with this list. I will be strong and say nothing either about Sheridan and *The Critic*. Or about *Pagliacci*. Or about *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In fact, I won't say anything about the stage on the stage at all.

The stage on the screen, now, is another matter, whose ancestry is not so ancient and honourable perhaps, but whose posterity should be finer. With its peculiar medium of long shots and close-ups, its power of shifting and focussing the dramatic emphasis with every turn of the camera, with its jugglery, too, in matter of space and time, so that truth appears like magic and falsehood like the truth, the kinema has a far more powerful instrument in the film within a film than has the conventional theatre in the play within a play.

Below: A stage rehearsal—
Evelyn Greeley
in "The Garden
of Folly."

Right: Norma
Talmadge in
"The Lady."



Monte Blue with chorus girls in "The Dark Swan."



The introduction of a film within a film, although there are quite a lot of productions that suggest it, is not altogether a haphazard affair. Of course there are certain producers who have used this as the simplest and most lucrative way out of a mess! Many a dull modern story has been livened up with an inner film taken in the costumes of long ago.

Here, argues the producer, is a chance for quick display, attached by the very slenderest of threads but just strong enough to hold, to the main plot; crowds, vast sets, processions, gorgeous costumes, and a blaze of light. Here, too, is a short road to emotion; a chunk of drama, rising very swiftly to an artificial climax, and expecting none of the dull preliminaries and explanations that set the ordinary film plot moving.

Here is a chance for a difficult star to display herself to the best advantage. Here, in short, is an opportunity to present all the attractions of the super-film without a fraction of the time, labour, or expense.

But the more conscientious producer, and in the end the more successful, introduces his film within a film for one of several very urgent reasons.

The first reason drove *Seastrom* to the making of *He Who Gets Slapped*, and is as old as the first clown who ever wagged a foot. It is the reason of the old *Pagliacci* theme the contrast between tragedy and paid comedy, the heartbreak and the laugh, the man and the mountebank.

It binds together two parallel stories in cynical brotherhood, the stories of a man's inner and outer life, and each lends emphasis to the other in the telling.

So we see Torrence the juggler in *The Sideshow of Life*, creeping back broken to the motley and the painted laugh, and Monte Blue the pantomimist in *The Lover of Camille*, playing his great performance while Camille





Chorus girls in "Sporting Life."

lies on her deathbed. And it is all from contrast that the pathos springs. Torrence and Monte Blue as men outwardly broken-hearted would be merely comic. It is the inner play of laughter that brings that choke into your throat.

The second reason for the use of films within films is emotional too, but the emotions called out are those of the characters in the film not of the audience. Here is a very subtle method of establishing the secret understanding between two people of different walks of life, who see each other and make their confession of love to one another in silence across the footlights.

Marjorie Dawe and chorus—stage setting in "Human Desires." Mary Philbin—dressing room scene in "Gaiety Girl"



The third reason for an inner play is the star's reason, to show her versatility to the full. Here she can exploit herself and her talents to her soul's content. And she does. At its best, this sort of thing finds an illustration in Nazimova's *The Brat*.

The fourth reason is the artist's reason. In the film within a film he can find room for all the beauty, the appeal to the eye, that the outer film may lack. Here is a chance for delicate fantastic settings, for massed light and shade.

For this fourth reason the early charade films of Marion Davies's were made, and a certain very beautiful film called *Heart's Desire*, which stars the Danish actor Benjamin Christensen, but will be too slow for popular taste. Fourth reasons don't pay, you see. Artist's reasons never do.

But on the whole the play within a film pays every time—with interest.



Leatrice Joy as Juliet—scene in "Triumph."

Doris
Kenyon

Bebe Daniels.

Shirley
Mason.Helene
ChadwickGeorgia
Hale.

TYPING ON

The ability to cry upon a directorial command is one of the tears besides the glycerine

When you pay your good money to see the fillum version of that heart-moving drama, *Fast Fathers*, or it may be the nerve-tingling mystery story, *Who Stole the Diamond Bathub*? do you ever wonder if the stars featured therein suffer as much as you do? Are those huge pearly drops that come plunk, plunk, plunking from the heroine's lashes down her rounded cheeks the real thing, or do they come by the bottle? If, by any chance, they are real, how do the players manage it? What do they think of when they want to cry? Perhaps you have thought, as we have, that "movie weeps" are really too beautiful to be true.

As far as we're concerned, we've never ceased to marvel at the spectacle of a screen star—Lillian Gish, for example—in the throes of an emotional climax and looking for all the world like a drooping flower with dewdrops glinting on its velvety surface.

When we weep, everybody around us raises their new Christmas umbrellas and the kid brother yelps menacingly, "Chuck the gloom, you look like—"

Well, we won't write it, but it's a four-letter word meaning "torment." But we don't look like a dew-kissed flower. If we may be compared to anything that grows in a garden, it's a red cabbage.

But movie stars! Did you ever see one weep without wanting to say, "There, there, little girl, we'll buy you the Rolls-Royce?" That's why they're movie stars. That little trick of weeping attractively on short notice is an invin-

cible salary-getter; nor is the art of weeping effectively confined to women. There are several men in the movies who have made good on their ability to shed real honest-to-goodness tears when tears seemed to be the crying need.

We sneaked into the studio one day, when Lois Wilson was working. As luck would have it, we caught Lois in her weepiest scene. The director called "Camera!" We looked to see the property man bring out the glycerine bottle but glycerine was as out of place there as a straw hat is in Iceland. The orchestra had struck up a Brahms symphony. And Lois began to cry. (Brahms wasn't there or he'd have wept, too). Yep, they were real tears.

"Yes," admitted Lois, "sad music always can bring tears. I think that most persons are deeply affected by music, but of course, they get the habit of repressing their tears while in pictures we encourage them. It becomes second nature."

Bebe Daniels, who can always bring the pearly drops to her lovely orbs, agreed with Miss Wilson.

"I don't think there's much of a trick in being able to bring tears easily," said Bebe. "Some poet has said that tears are always just below the surface in every woman's emotions. So it seems to me that all one has to do is to let one's natural impulse have its way."

In Barbara La Marr's latest picture, *Sandra*, there are reels of tears, and they're real tears.

"How can you make tears come just at the psychological moment?" we



Marie Prevost



Marguerite de la Motte



Ben Lyon.

the Tears

greatest assets any star can have, and there are other ways to bottle, as this article proves.

asked Miss La Marr. "Can you superinduce a sad mood at will?"

"Yes, I can," admitted Barbara. "All I have to do is to think of one of many sad hours I have lived through. Every woman has in her life more tears than laughter. Some are able to forget, but for those of us who are not, sadness is an ever-present emotion."

Miss La Marr's explanation is all right for the emotional woman, but how about the breezy type—Anna Q. Nilsson, for instance? We questioned Anna Q.

"How about this weeping stunt?" said we. "What causes real tears in your movie life?"

Miss Nilsson hesitated a moment. "It sounds too ridiculous," she said, "but there's one childhood memory that never fails to make me want to actually cry and sob. I always recall it when I am expected to register tears. I suppose a psycho-analyst would account for it with some technical word, but to me it was just plain, everyday heart - break. Someone poisoned my dearly loved collie dog. Never, never will I forget the agony of mind I suffered when I came unexpectedly upon his dead body.

"Of course I have gone through unhappy incidents of far greater import than that, but I don't think that anything ever does quite equal the anguish of childhood sorrow."

Doris Kenyon has a romantic sentimental appeal always. One isn't surprised to find that her sympathies are easily aroused for those who suffer.

"It requires an effort for me to keep back the tears when I think

of all the poor little children who are shut in, crippled and suffering," said Miss Kenyon, when we put the momentous question to her. "Several times I have visited a children's hospital and the memory of those pathetic little faces remains with me. And while I cannot say that this is the only thing that brings tears to my eyes, it is the most potent tear-producer."

Mae Busch's recipe for tears is to recall her first day in the movies.

"The way the director talked to me would have brought tears from a stone," said Mae. "By the time he had balled me out through three scenes, I thought I was just about the most good-for-nothing dumb-bell in existence. I never expected to get another try. That day gave me the crying habit, so now I have no trouble."

Pola Negri declares that she cries easiest in an emotional scene by merely concentrating on—crying.

"When tears are required," said Miss Negri, "I think of tears—not of an unhappy moment nor a sad incident—just tears. For I can cry at will as easily as most people can smile."

Ben Lyon needs music to make him weep. Not necessarily sad music. Any kind will do.

"I can even call forth tears from hearing jazz tunes, for in these more or less barbaric wails there is a strain of sentiment and sorrow. I can readily pick out this motif when I want to be sad, and it never has failed to bring about the desired effect—tears." R. C.



Irene Rich.



Marguerite Courtet

Plays & Players

Pearl White, the famous star of innumerable screen serials, is now featured in "The London Revue" at the Lyceum.

Tom Walls, Madge Saunders and Grace Edwin in "The Cuckoo in the Nest," the hilarious farce by Ben Travers.



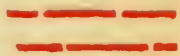
Leslie Henson and Heather Thatcher are going stronger than ever in "Tell Me More" at the Winter Garden.



A new photograph of beautiful Evelyn Laye.



of the Month =



Isabel Jeans who appears in "The Cobra" at the Garrick Theatre.



Betty Chester, after a long absence from the stage, has returned to the footlights in the Co - Optimists' show at His Majesty's.



Nicholas Hannen, Norah Swinburne, and Leon M. Lion in J. Jefferson Farjeon's "No. 17" at the New Theatre



*Children good, Children bad,
Children jolly, Children sad.
Children gentle, Children rough,
Thank the Lord we've had enough.*

That awful child is here again, complete with innocent blue eyes and an elaborate simplicity that goes, I believe, by the name of "cuteness." For some time I thought that we had lost it, or that it was, at any rate, gradually growing up and learning to laugh at its past silliness, but, alas, it flourishes still.

The screen child, apparently, is something that all the ridicule in the world cannot kill, and so long as movies remain movies and fond mothers look upon their children as potential film stars that angel kid will save souls and join the hands of erring parents in the good old movie way.

In practically any sort of story it finds a place. Frequently it is the one tender influence in the life of a rough and crime-stained man. Bequeathed to him by his dying sister, or

Burlesquing the screen child—Bobby Vernon in "Second Childhood."



Tough kids in "Boy of Mine."

friend, he swears to bring it up "good and true." Reels of domestic comedy follow, while "Slick-fingered Jim" or whatever his name happens to be, washes little Willie behind the ears, puts his clothes on hind part before, and renounces crime for all time.

Again, our curly-haired darling is the apple of some fond mother's eye. Mother, finding her millionaire husband immersed in the piling up of wealth, falls for the love-making of his handsome friend and plans to run away with him. She creeps into the nursery to say good-bye to her sleeping darling, and goes out tearfully into the night.

Mother's kid — Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field."

At this juncture one of two things happens. Either little Willie develops a high temperature and calls for mother in piteous accents, or the house catches fire and he is left by a frightened nursemaid in his white-draped cot.

In the first place maternal instinct recalls the runaway, and the crisis passes with a





Father's Blight — scene from "Lawful Larceny."

touching scene of mother and father reunited over the child's sick bed. In the second the child is rescued, at great personal risk, by his father, and the mother arrives on the scene in time to indulge in a little hero worship and some last minute repentance.

Sometimes the child is a little girl and then, not infrequently, she is abandoned in babyhood and brought up in an orphanage where the matron is painstakingly unkind to her and nobody loves her. Beautifully trained tears roll down her beautifully trained little face as easily as water pours from a watering can, inviting the already burdened sympathies of those who watch.

Then there is the exuberantly joyous child, who goes round disguised as a little ray of sunshine and softens the hearts of grumpy old men and maiden aunts.

And there is the saintly child, that annoying little brat who combines a persistently sunny temperament with a kind of religious mania.

The mischievous child, the artless darling, the little invalid who dies to slow music or else has a miraculous operation and recovers—all have their place on the screen.

An American film producer, making a picture, must be rather like an experienced cook making a stew. One can imagine him running over the list of ingredients on his finger tips.

"Let's see, now, we've got a hero and a heroine, and a suave, handsome man about town, villain and—good gosh! we've nearly forgotten the sob-

The "sick-a-bed" child—a scene from "Enemy of Men."

The "pally kid." Scene from W. S. Hart film, "Whistles."



stuff. "Bill!" to the assistant director, "Go and find me a kid with big blue eyes, and see that he's a good crier!"

For few films are judged complete unless a certain portion be saturated with the artificial tears of an artificial child.

Sometimes the child is a round, plump baby over whose helpless form a hundred per cent American beauty "registers" nearly all the emotions with which her press agent credits her. Sometimes it is the beauty herself kidding herself that short socks and round goo-goo eyes are the only thing needed to recapture the elusive spirit of childhood.

And the worst of it is, the movie child, apparently, never grows up, or if it does some other unfortunate infant is immediately pushed in to its place. It never grows up, perhaps, because it has never been really young!

Precocious kid in "Roaring Rails."



The Only Way

Sir John Martin Harvey in a fine film version of "The Only Way."

When the title of this article was chosen I had not seen the film version of *The Only Way*, so it was more or less a shot in the dark. Did something whisper, I wonder, of its appropriateness—can I claim to belong in the ranks of the lesser prophets? At all events, now that I have seen the picture I can say without hesitation that this title more than justifies itself.

Sir John Martin Harvey's interpretation of the part of Sidney Carton is a far better thing than the screen has known for many a long day—as restrained as it is impressive—and the film itself is a wonderfully well-produced adaptation of the almost world-famous play.

It was made at the studios at St. Margarets, near Twickenham, by

when Mr. Wilcox suggested several alterations necessary from the screen point of view.

It was a curious experience for the onlooker to see him, during the filming of the guillotine scene, going through the whole thing by number



Harvey as Sidney Carton.

only to discover myself in the midst of a revolution that appeared too real to be safe. Screaming women and ruffianly men, without a clean or whole garment between them, flung invectives and blood-thirsty denunciations at poor young Frederick Cooper, whose "Charles Darnay" proved him a screen actor of distinction, even if he wasn't as good a double for "Sidney Carton" as one could wish.

The time before that I had happened in upon a realistic set of the

Manette and his daughter Lucie.



"'Tis a far, far better thing—"



Betty Faire as Lucie Manette.

Herbert Wilcox and it says much for the discriminating powers of Sir John when it is recorded that, although he has played in the stage version for twenty-seven years, he made no demur

for the benefit of the cameraman. His first step towards the scaffold was made on the command "one," his second on "two," and so on.

Anybody visiting the studios during the weeks occupied in the making of of this film would have found a bewilderingly changeable place.

One day I paid a casual visit,



Old Bailey, with Frederick in the dock being tried for his life. But on my third visit I managed to get away from the strong arm of the law, and found myself in the comparatively peaceful atmosphere of old Vauxhall Gardens, some one hundred and thirty years ago.

Unfortunately, when the film was finally assembled it was found necessary to cut out the whole of this scene, much to the disgust of one young man who had had a special "bit" forced upon him during the making thereof. He was standing on the river's brink when the producer came up to him and asked whether he could swim.

"Not a stroke," he replied, whereupon the producer, with a cheerful, "You're just the man we want," gave him a push and called upon the cameraman to record his struggles in the water!

Sir John has often

Sidney Carton (Sir Martin Harvey) and Lucy Manette (Betty Faire).



Sidney Carton becomes Charles Darnay.

been asked why he has only just decided to film *The Only Way*, although he made a screen version of *The Breed of the Treshams* some time ago. His answer is that he has several times been approached with a view to having this adapted to the screen, but that he did not consider the time ripe for it then. For *The Only Way* is the play that has brought him fame, and, as he says:



Sidney Carton reflects.



Mimi (Midge Stuart) pleads with Sidney Carton.

"I consider that the filming of this is my only chance of immortality—even if, in saying so, I lay myself open to the rejoinder that there is not much chance of immortality in that!"

E. E. B.



The Cleverness of Cruze

An analysis of the work of James Cruze, producer of "The Covered Wagon," and other notable screen plays.

He makes good films considerably quicker than many producers make bad ones, makes them as unconcernedly as if he has only to put a penny in a slot and turn a handle.

James Cruze was responsible for *The Covered Wagon*, one of the most inspiring films ever made. Originally, it was intended to be merely a 'programme picture' but Cruze made too good a job of it for it ever to become that.

Nevertheless, the original script ended where the wagon train split in two, one part going to Oregon, the other branching off to the Californian gold fields. But the film seemed unconvincing as it stood and Cruze decided to finish it.

Unfortunately the wagons had been uncovered and the company scattered Ernest Torrence was with Fox, Warren Kerrigan with Universal and Lois Wilson and Tully Marshall were busy with other directors.

However, 'Jimmy' was not having his story spoiled; he and Jesse Lasky arranged with the various companies so that the stars of *The Covered Wagon* should be freed, James Cruze had already selected a location and in the incredibly short space of three days, he finished the picture.

Then came the delicious *Hollywood* that 'guyed' stars, directors, audiences and the screen struck. The heroine, a

pretty country girl, firmly believes she is Norma Talmadge, Alice Terry and Anna Q. Nilsson rolled into one, and, sublime in her self-confidence, she goes to Hollywood to be disillusioned.

The film was a lively tour of the studios that surpassed all its predecessors and contained a 'dream sequence' that while very amusing

Studio portrait of James Cruze.



A scene from "The Covered Wagon."

to everyone, was also an excellent piece of psycho-analysis.

Cruze then poked fun at the old Southern idea of honour in *The Fighting Coward* and did it so well that many thought he was absolutely serious. But they didn't notice his sly hits any more than they noticed the angle at which the scenes were shot.

Careful examination of the art of the period of the story had discovered that most pictures were shown from a low angle of vision, in other words, the eye of the beholder was on a slightly lower level than the object viewed. The legs of the camera, therefore, were straddled to their fullest extent and consequently the shots show a quaint intimacy that is in keeping with the period portrayed. A small point, maybe, but one which shows Cruze's attention to detail.

In *Ruggles of Red Gap*, three of those who had worked for him in *The Covered Wagon* give totally different performances. Ernest Torrence, the old scout, becomes the riotously funny 'Cousin Egbert,' Lois Wilson, the heroine, becomes an everyday American girl and Charles Ogle, the stern old Puritan leader of the caravan, becomes the vinous bosom-pal of 'Egbert.' *Ruggles of Red Gap* was comedy pure and simple, but how fresh and unhackneyed it all was!

A homespun portrait of ordinary folk follows in *To the Ladies*, and then film-people are 'guyed' once again à la *Hollywood* in *Merton of the Movies*.

W. B. T.

A scene from "Ruggles of Red Gap."



Fair Charmers —

"Looks alone do not make a girl attractive," says Faire.

by
NANETTE KUTNER

"Is Miss Binney at home?" I asked. Bet two to one she isn't, I thought, for I had always heard stars were never punctual.

"I am Miss Binney," a little girl answered. I almost fainted!

"You—you are Faire Binney!" I exclaimed. "Why, I expected to meet a haughty, young person, and you are just a—"

"Just a flapper," she finished

"Yes," I agreed, noting her Bramley dress, woollen hose, tam-o'-shanter and flat-heeled shoes.

"Flappers may be getting a bit *passé*," Miss Binney continued, "but I am one, just the same. I love the flapper vamp, I think she is lots of fun. I like playing flapper parts best of all—even if I am an old married woman," she added with a roguish smile.

Once more I gasped. I was certainly being handed one surprise after another.

"I've been married exactly a year and a half," the little lady informed me, "and I have a perfectly lovely husband."

"Do you think a homely girl can get a perfectly lovely husband?" I asked. Maybe there was still a chance for me!

"Any girl can get the man she wants, if she possesses charm!" answered Miss Binney—oh, pardon me, her name is now Mrs. Sloane.

"To my mind, charm is the most important asset a girl can have," she continued. "I know plenty of girls who are not pretty, but who have charm. They get much further than the girls who just have beauty and lack brains.

"A girl must have charm to be a success in the movies. On the stage one can be as ugly as a mud fence, but if one has charm, one can get over."

"If you had the choice, which would you prefer—beauty—or charm?" I asked.

"Charm, by all means," the dainty flapper answered. "I'd rather have charm than anything else in this whole wide world. It lasts longer, and gets one much farther. You'll always find that the popular girl is always charming."

"Some people are very fortunate," I said, "and are born with charm. What about the others, do you think they can acquire it—or are they just out of luck?"



"Any girl can acquire charm if she really wants to," answered Miss Binney. "To gain charm, one must be unselfish—one must be really interested in the other fellow. A girl should put herself heart and soul into everything she does. She should cultivate an attractive speaking voice—she should be cultured—well read. Above all, she should not be artificial."

"Looks have nothing to do with charm. To my mind, *homely vamps are far more dangerous than good-looking ones*. You know, a good line goes much further than a pretty face," she added as her brown eyes twinkled.

"The flapper has a charm all her own," Miss Binney went on to say. "Her charm consists of her pep and enthusiasm. Most people knock the flapper because they think all she does

is drink and smoke—but that isn't true. The average modern girl is very well behaved—she is to be admired!

"Clothes have a great deal to do with charm. If one is well dressed, one's morale is bound to be higher. My pet hobby is—hats," confessed Miss Binney. "Every time I feel blue I go out and buy a hat—and it never fails to cheer me up."

At this point, I was interrupted, for who should walk in but friend husband. I agree with Faire—he certainly is a lovely husband—he is one of the handsomest hubbies I have ever seen.

If you girls want a husband like him, well—take Faire's advice. Go about making yourself charming. Where there's a will there's a way. You have every chance in the world of getting the man you want—or, isn't it Leap Year?

New Jobs For—



Julanne Johnston, formerly a vaudeville dancer.

You never think of the lovely Helene Chadwick as knowing anything about such material things as inky typewriter ribbons, space bars, shift and tabular keys. But, really, Helene knows all about them. She was a stenographer once upon a time and, if it were necessary for her to earn a living in some other manner than the screen provides, Helene could be a stenographer again, and a very good one, no doubt.

She, like many another noted screen star, could take excellent care of herself in the business world if suddenly deprived of the opportunity to work before the motion picture camera.

The stars' accomplishments cover a wide range. Some would occupy modest niches in the industrial world, while others could step into high positions in financial or professional circles.

Lois Wilson used to be a school teacher in a little Southern town. Although there's little possibility of Lois returning to the teaching profession, she could do so if she chose. A few weeks with the good old textbooks, an examination or two, and she might again step back into the classroom.

Monte Blue was once a railroad fireman, and if you don't think that's quite as thrilling as being a movie star, it's because you don't know anything about it. Monte found it thrilling, all right. One winter night he was very much mixed up in a spectacular head-on collision which landed him in the hospital for a year. He gave up railroading then, but could return to it if he chose and earn a very good living—at least until the next collision came along.

If film actors ceased to be film stars, how would they seek to earn their living?



Above: Louise Fazenda wields a facile pen. Below: Musical compositions are Ernest Torrence's forte.



Jack Holt went forth from college as a mining engineer. He spent many years in Alaska in this work. It is almost impossible to get Holt to talk about himself (really I mean it), but one knows that he was an excellent engineer entrusted with many important commissions. There would be a high demand for his services should he quit the screen.

A college professorship awaits Milton Sills, B.A., Ph.D., if he ever cares to claim it. Sills, a graduate of the University of Chicago, is one of the most intellectual men in the country. There is no doubt that he would have become one of the country's leading educators, had he not chosen to enter the theatrical field.

Robert Frazer could easily enter the ranks of the professional



Journalistic circles would always welcome the return of Carmel Myers.

photographers. He has a studio fitted up in his home and has taken many artistic portraits which he develops and retouches himself, in his laboratory.

Or Frazer might become a physician. He left college just before receiving his degree, but in a short time could fit himself for this profession. He always carries a first-aid kit on location, and during the filming of a recent picture in Arizona, Frazer, through his knowledge of medicine, saved the life of an Indian child who had been severely burned.

Mary Pickford at one time contemplated giving up her career on the screen to engage in interior decorating. Mary has studied the harmonious blending of colours and

Old *by* HELEN CARLISLE

knows more about period furniture than many an antique collector. Jack told me once that whenever his mother is away Mary completely re-decorates and re-furnishes Mrs. Pickford's home. Pickfair, too, is frequently re-decorated by its mistress.

Barbara La Marr was a scenario writer and a successful one, before she ever became a screen actress. If she were inclined to return to writing she would find a ready market for her scripts. She frequently adds piquant twists and turns to the stories which serve her as screen vehicles and sometimes, as with *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, she is responsible for much of the story

Several other prominent film actresses could earn their living as writers. Doris Kenyon's poems are well known to the readers of magazines, and a volume of her poems has been published. Louise Fazenda also writes well, as does Carmel Myers, who has furnished a Los Angeles paper with several articles concerning her experiences in European film circles.

Willard Louis has a unique gift. He knows more about the culinary art than many a chef, and for years, when he was an actor on Broadway, he bore the honorary title of Royal Chef of the Lambs' Club. Louis frequently gives select little dinners at a French café in Pasadena, and on these occasions he goes into the kitchen and personally supervises the cooking of every dish. You may remember Adolphe Menjou doing

Rudolph Valentino might win a new fortune as a dancer.



this same thing, in a scene from *A Woman of Paris*. Louis is the only actor I know who does it in real life.

Pat O'Malley's talents are also quite individual. He could earn his living as a tight-rope performer (Pat once did this in a circus), or he could turn to cigar manufacturing. The latter is his hobby and he spends much time between pictures in a cigar factory, making cigars as a pastime! He has become expert at this.

The mysteries of the stock market are as an open book to Kenneth Harlan, who was once a stock broker. When you see Kenneth in a drama of *Big Business*, tearing his hair as the sub-title declares that Amalgamated Bevo has gone down four points, you may rest assured that he's giving a genuine portrayal of the Tired Business Man on Wall Street. He much prefers acting these dramas to living them, he says.

Mae Murray is exceptionally



Betty Compson could earn her living as a violinist.

talented as a designer of women's clothes. A Los Angeles modiste told me recently that fifteen minutes' talk with the actress invariably provided her with scores of new and striking ideas. Miss Murray designs everything she wears on the screen—visual proof that she might make a fortune creating frocks and wraps if she chose.

Pola Negri frequently translates European works into English for her own amusement and, as good translations of foreign novels are in great demand among publishers, Miss Negri might earn an excellent income from this work, if she were to take it up professionally.



Doubtless, Barbara La Marr, author of several screen stories, would turn to writing.

Many of the stars have made fortunes as real estate operators, and in this field a woman, Ruth Roland, leads. Miss Roland has practically abandoned the screen to give her entire attention to



Doris Kenyon has contributed poems to innumerable magazines. Her verse is well known, a volume of it having been published under the title of "Spring Flowers and Roses."



Ruth Roland might desert the arts for a business career.

her business enterprises. She is so busy opening up sub-divisions and erecting Own - Your - Own - Apartment buildings in and around Los Angeles that she has little time for the silent drama any more.

Agnes Ayres is another astute business woman who need not depend upon the screen for a livelihood. Norma Talmadge owns an apartment-hotel in the haughty Wiltshire district, which in itself provides her with a dizzying income.

Wallace and Noah Beery are well known in Southern California real estate circles and own much valuable business and residence property in Hollywood. The hillside sub-division, "Moreno Highlands," is the property of none other than Antonio Moreno, who need never starve for Art's sake.

Other stars, however, seem to belong only to the world of the theatre, either as actors, musicians or dancers.

Rod La Rocque tells me frankly that he hasn't the faintest idea what he could turn his hand to, if the screen and stage were closed to him. Inasmuch as Rod was a leading man on Broadway at the age of twenty-three, we fancy the stage would be jolly glad to welcome him back, if given the opportunity.

Betty Compson's means of livelihood would be through her violin, which she played in vaudeville before coming to the screen.

Ernest Torrence could easily become a concert pianist and add to his income through his musical compositions. Torrence became known

as a composer while still studying music in Berlin and London.

Rudolph Valentino could return to his dancing, as could Julianne Johnston, who toured the country in vaudeville before she became a screen leading woman.

The knowledge of their various accomplishments must give our screen heroes and heroines an added sense of security, though they may never turn them to practical account.



As a designer of clothes no one can compare with Mae Murray.

Not that these old professions would all be particularly pleasant to the stars who once practised them, or why should they have broken away and taken up picture work? We can hardly imagine Lois Wilson now—after living through the romantic stories of glorious adventure embodied in such films as *The Covered Wagon* and *North of 36*

—returning placidly to a crowded schoolroom and "twice one are two."

Robert Frazer could choose between a physician and a professional photographer.

Alice Joyce was, I believe, a telephone girl, but it has never been recorded that her capabilities in that direction were above the average. If she had to go back to the old "hello" business now it is highly probable that, with her lovely head full of the dreams of past glory, there would be a decided increase in wrong numbers on the lines under her control. It might even happen that rude words would pass between unsuspecting film fans and their former idol.

In fact, there are few stars who would of choice go back to the jobs with which they started out, long ago, when Fame was a dream and Fortune a mirage. But just occasionally, because it is rather fun to do something different for a change. Betty Blythe takes a stage engagement, for Betty studied in Paris for two years as an operatic singer, before she graduated to the screen. For the same reason Carmel Myers writes an occasional short story or article and another famous star takes a dancing engagement every now and then.

So you see, Nature has amply provided for your favourites, whether they stay in Screenland or not, and I think they will find it a fairly easy job to keep the wolf from the door of these tiny homesteads on Beverly Hills.



To Mary Pickford, interior decoration makes a strong appeal as a business.

Jackie Coogan's Hamlet

Most actors aspire to play "Hamlet" but Jackie has started unusually early. According to David Belasco, the Boy Wonder will be ripe for the part in a few years' time.

Some authorities maintain that a youth of 16 years of age, the age set by Belasco for Jackie's debut in the most difficult of all Shakespearean rôles is incapable of portraying the part, while others hold that Hamlet's age was 16 or less.

The dissenting voices regarding the age of the Prince of Denmark are those of Miss Mona Morgan, Chairman of the Shakespearean Federation, and Dr. Henry Meade Bland of the State College of San Jose.

These students of the Shakespearean drama bring to their side of

Jackie returns to "Kid" make-up in "Old Clothes."



Jackie at piano practice.



With his baby brother.

Jackie, in "Hamlet" make-up, with David Belasco, the great American playwright and producer.



the argument a short passage from the play. In Act V., Scene 1, where in the gravedigger in reply to Hamlet's query as to how long he had been a gravedigger, says:

"I came to 't that day our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras."

"How long is that?"

"It was the very day Hamlet was born."

Three or four speeches farther the clown says:

"I have been sexton here, man and boy, for thirty years."

Jackie, despite his tender youth already has command of many of the most difficult passages of Hamlet. Belasco was attracted by the boy's stage presence and his wonderful delivery.

Made to Measure

Some actors fit some parts and some parts fit some actors as closely as the proverbial glove.



Gwyn Evans as Napoleon to the life.

The poet's dream of "The right man in the right place" can very often become the casting director's reality; witness the well-deserved success that attended Fox's finest film—*If Winter comes*.

Percy Marmont, after years of uninspiring rôles, stepped out of himself into the character of "Mark Sabre," incidentally storing up for himself a long sequence of men who suffer, and suffer, AND suffer. But he was harried and harassed so wonderfully and he was so evidently put on this planet to play Hutchinson's idealistic martyr that nobody minded in the slightest.

Unfortunately, however, it is a peculiar trait in human nature to find it much easier to blame than to praise, consequently many players have had parts that suited them too well. This

George Arliss was a perfect Disraeli.



seeming paradox may require explanation. Did you, personally, notice how well these parts were filled?

The "Duc de Choiseul" in *Passion*; "Marat," "Robespierre," "Marie Antoinette," "Louis XVI," and "Lieutenant Buonaparte" in *Scaramouche*; or the Roman centurion in *I.N.R.I.*? Quite possibly you didn't

The actors and actresses were unnamed and their performances had little or no publicity. They played their parts too well. Had they struck a false note, they would have been noticed soon enough. With the stars matters are somewhat different.

No one could really ignore Norma Talmadge's acting, yet it is doubtful if everyone fully recognized how her parts in *Smilin' Through* or *Secrets* fitted her like the proverbial glove. They did though, only one other actress could have equalled her "Mary Carlton" in the latter film—Fay Compton—who played the rôle in the original stage version.

And to compensate Fay for not having the film character also, she has her wonderful part in *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Here she not only had the advantage of looking like a life-instilled portrait of that unhappy



Who but John Barrymore could have played the dual rôles of Jekyll and Hyde so convincingly?

lady, but also the opportunity of giving full play to her acting ability.

The fields of History and Literature offer rich scope to the casting director if he only takes it. Paramount owes its finest film to the genius who selected John Barrymore to play in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. There are many stars sufficiently handsome to play "Jekyll," and many clever enough to play "Hyde," but there is emphatically only one man who could play both—the man who played them.

Ramon Novarro might portray "Jekyll" but no amount of make-up could turn him into "Hyde"; Lon Chaney would earn many shudders as "Hyde," but he'd gain different shudders altogether as "Jekyll." Barrymore in portraying both gave the screen its finest individual performance. This same actor's second best rôle is another example of brilliant casting. His part as "Beau Brummel" fitted him as well as the clothes he wore to play it.

Emil Jannings as "Peter the Great," recaptured to a remarkable degree the



FAY COMPTON

Is as successful on the screen as she is on the stage, as all who saw "The Happy Ending" will agree. At present she's playing in "The Man with a Load of Mischief" at the Haymarket.

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**FLORENCE VIDOR**

Has probably played more "neglected wife" rôles than any other girl in the movies. But she's too beautiful to make that sort of thing look natural, however fascinating the "other woman" may be.

Golfing Girls



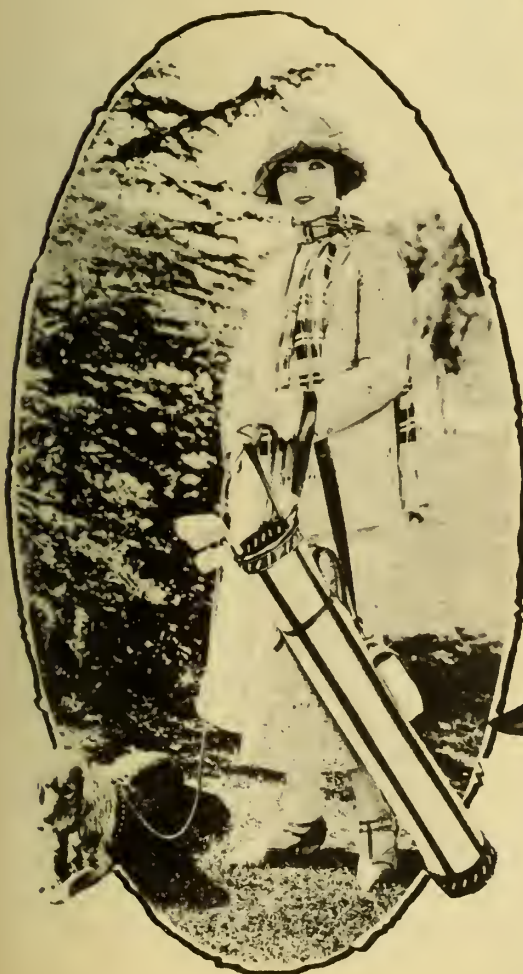
Above: With the true fervour of a convert, Mary Philbin takes her golfing lessons seriously.



Left: "Some Drive!" says Speck O'Donnell, Leatrice Joy's caddy.



Above: Betty Balfour takes her first golfing lesson on the famous Mont Agel course.



Above: A Universal favourite—in both senses—Patsy Ruth Miller, learns the mysteries of golf.
Left: Claire Windsor, in workmanlike garb, anticipates holing out in two—with the help of her dog.
Right: "Who will o'er the course with me?" invites Charlotte Merriam.



Zane Grey Goes Fishing

KATHLEEN USSHER

Zane Grey—prophet of the great outdoors and inspired spokesman for the Redman versus the white pioneers in "The Vanishing American" . . . a "best-seller" in England and all the outlying dominions no less than in his native America, and a veritable goldmine for the legion "quill-pushers" (alias scenario-writers) feverishly ransacking the "shilling shockers" for thrills unadulterated and big, smashing situations with which to put "punch" into productions featuring the wild and woolly West!—has steered his literary barque (otherwise, private yacht), into fresh waters (although said waters must, of course, be "literally" salt) and become a double-dyed deep-sea fisherman, smashing world-records in the Pacific.

And when a spinner of yarns like "The Thundering Herd" and "Light of the Western Stars" goes a-fishing in the liquid sapphire of the South Seas, something is bound to happen.

That is why Zane Grey "fans" may presently expect to see "tall stories" flicker across the silver sheet.

Zane Grey's party of ten included his brother and sixteen-year-old son, Romer, Romer's pal—a boy whom Mr. Grey has adopted—and tutor, Capt. L. D. Mitchell, an ex-officer in the English Army. For four months they have been cruising in the Panama Gulf and along the coast of Mexico to the lonely Galapagos Islands in his yacht, "The Fisherman" (formerly known as "Marshall Foch").

With the biggest sailfish ever caught with rod and line, the famous fisherman-novelist returned to his beautiful home at Altadena, the charming millionaire-residential district of Southern California, and quietly tells of his triumphs.

"Off Cocos Island—goal of all cruising novelists and scene of that historic encounter with the German cruiser "Emden" and her subsequent sinking by the Australian cruiser "Sydney," in November, 1914—our yacht was surrounded by acres and acres of fish, swimming on the surface, willing to take a hook, baited only with a feather or a bit of rag.

"Wonderful as are the Galapagos Islands, I do not think I will ever again head the "Fisherman" towards that deserted ash-heap of the Pacific.

"The Galapagos," the novelist explains, "are volcanic in origin, directly under the equator and five hundred



Above: Three hundred and eighteen pound Tuna fish caught by Zane Grey at Cape San Lucas, Pacific. Right: Zane Grey with iguana at Galapagos Islands.

miles off the coast of Ecuador. The group consists of large and small islands, green with cactus and red with lava. They are hard, forbidding, barren, desolate places—the very last, so to speak, on the globe.

"We fished off Indefatigable Island for a week, going ashore on occasion. The heat was intense. Strange forms of animal life afforded us interest and excitement, not least among them being the marine iguana—a lizard four feet long, harmless and easily captured but very frightful-looking.

"Tower Island, seventy miles from

Indefatigable, was the most terrible spot I ever visited—ininitely worse than Death Valley in California. It would take a volume to tell why." And, by the glint in his eye, I knew that the angler had once more become author. Pressed to recount more of their adventures, he said,

"On anchoring in Darwin Bay—discovered by the great naturalist in 1836, and which at one time formed the mouth of a great crater a mile wide—wild sea fowl of weird proportions soared and circled and screamed in countless numbers over our heads from daylight to dark.

Although the bay was full of fish, we could not catch them on account of schools of sharks—300 to 500 pounders—which abound in these waters. Whenever we hooked a fish, these hideous man-eaters would surround our craft.

"Cocos Island, famous for years as the buried-treasure island of the Indian Ocean—presents a remarkable and beautiful contrast to the Galapagos. Thirteen miles round, rising to a mountain, and covered with the most gorgeous tropical verdure and blossoms,

(Continued on page 59.)





The river was the friendliest thing in Carmelita's horizons. Carmelita was alone. She had not even a cruel stepmother or a wicked uncle to call her own. She had no anchorage in the world, and therefore she heeded not where she drifted.

She was very young and very friendless and the world seemed such an empty place. The sunshine of Italy no longer cheered her. The wide blue sky seemed depressing beyond measure. If there was nobody to want her and nobody she wanted, what was the use of the world to her, or her to the world?

Carmelita walked forward the tide of the stream lapping her little ankles. And then life seemed to go from her like a swift current. She did not care. There was ease and luxury in giving in like this. The caress of the water was the only caress she had known, and it seemed to her not death so much as love at last. The only pleasure she had found in life was the going from it.

"Hallo! Hi!"

Somebody was calling. But whether from behind or beyond she neither knew nor cared very much. She went on and she went under and the sweetness of it all seemed too much for her soul. In her happiness she began to cry.

Her eyes closed, and the strong arms that held her she thought must be the arms of the Angel of Death, that she had heard people talk about, back on the dreary earth. The swish of the waters ended, and she knew she was gone for ever from that loveless land of poverty and gloom. Then the angel spoke.

"I was just in time, my dear. A minute longer and I do believe you

would have been gone. But Luigi was just in time. It is not often that Luigi is in time, but now—yes!"

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He was not young. He was rather funny to look at, but he was very big and his great arms looked very restful. . . He wore a quaint dress, the like of which Carmelita had not seen before, and when he saw the wonder in her eyes he pointed to a

perhaps, but that made life all the more of an adventure.

Carmelita joined the show professionally; and would have been well content to spend the rest of her life travelling thus, under the wide blue skies of sunny Italy.

Guiseppe was assistant to Luigi. One day he spoke to Carmelita of her future.

"You will want something that you can do well. You will one day, perhaps, take out an act of your own. You are very beautiful, but what can you do? Very little. I will teach you dancing and that will be your art."

And so Guiseppe taught her dancing and Carmelita was happier than ever.

Early the next day she heard someone tapping on the flap of her tent, and when she looked out it was Luigi.

"Dress, and come out at once," he said, and his tones were grave. She obeyed him and when she was outside he took her hand and led her to a point beyond the last of the tents.

"Guiseppe's attentions were dishonourable," he said. "I knew Guiseppe and you did not. He would have dragged you down and down. I have seen other girls go the same way with Guiseppe. Yes, it is better that I did it."

"Did what?" said Carmelita. "But what have you done?"

"Only a little thing," said Luigi mournfully. "But the law it is a great nuisance. We must leave the town. Indeed I think we must leave all Italy. I killed Guiseppe. Now, thank me quickly and let us go. I have a friend has a trade boat and he will sail in less than half an hour

CHARACTERS:

Carmelita - -	GLORIA SWANSON
Marvin - -	BEN LYON
<i>(Courtesy First National Pictures.)</i>	
John Boule -	NORMAN TREVOR
Luigi - -	IVAN LINOW
Guiseppe - -	ARMAND CORTEZ
Mme La Cantinière	ADRIENNE D'AMRICOURT
Sergeant Le Gros -	PAUL PANZER
Le Bro'way - -	JOE MOORE

Narrated by permission from the Paramount film of the same name.

hill top where tents were and a hundred waving flags.

"There is the circus where Luigi lives. Luigi is the strong man at that circus. You will be safe with Luigi."

She began to tell him that she had nobody in the world and did not want to stay in the world, but he shook his head and laughed.

"You have Luigi," he said.

"But I do not know you?"

"Why, you know me now that I save your life. Come, I will take you to the circus and then you be happy."

And indeed at last it seemed that some measure of happiness was going to be hers. There was vivacity in the circus; there were bright lights and laughter and real friends. Poor,



"Dress, and come out at once," Luigi said, and his tones were grave.

for Algiers. Well," he shrugged his shoulders and lighted a cigar. "I always wanted to see Algiers."

They began to walk quickly, Carmelita never saying a word. She knew that he had done this for her. Her soul seemed to shudder but she could offer no protest. When they reached the boat of Luigi's friend she went aboard without protest, as she would have followed her father, if she had ever known one.

Two days later they landed in Algiers, and the gloom which had been oppressing her was dispelled to some extent by the panorama of strange life in this foreign land. Luigi had a little money; very little, but it sufficed to provide them with a day or two's holiday.

They had no plans. To go back to the old life would have been impossible if there had been circuses in this place, and there were none. Luigi decided to look about and find some fresh walk of life. While the money lasted they would keep their eyes open for some fresh opening, he said.

On the third day he pointed out to her some men in uniform; foreign-looking uniform, even foreign to this very foreign place.

"The French Foreign Legion," he whispered. "And this morning I slipped out while you slept and joined them. To-morrow I shall wear that uniform."

"And I?" asked Carmelita.

"Ah!" Luigi laughed and tapped his pocket. "I have still a small amount left over from the wreck; and I have found a small cafe here that was going for a song. I have bought that cafe and in it I shall instal you. 'Carmelita's Cafe.' I will bring all the custom you will need, once I am in the Foreign Legion."

"Oh, Luigi!" cried Carmelita. "How can I thank you?"

"The best way would be not to thank me," said Luigi.

That afternoon he took her round to see the cafe and meet the staff that was going to work under her. It was a beautiful little place, with green shutters and white walls and little orange trees in tubs in front of the door. "In a few days," said Luigi, "you will have all the custom."

And so Luigi joined the Foreign Legion and Carmelita opened the doors of the 'Carmelita's Cafe' to the public. Both moves proved an instantaneous success. Luigi was the biggest man in all the Legion; Carmelita was the greatest favourite that had ever run a cafe in Algiers.

One by one the men of the Legion came to 'Carmelita's Cafe'; then two by two, and soon in dozens. It was one of the sights of Algiers in the evening. Every table would be crowded; all the men singing, and the atmosphere thick with cigar smoke.

There was a little piano that was never permitted to remain silent for more than a few minutes at a time; and through it all Carmelita tripped, always laughing, superintending this and that, helping here, suggesting there, a smile for everyone, a kiss for none, a proprietress unique in the town's history.

"This will be bad news for Madame La Cantinière," said one of the soldiers of the Legion one night. He was a wealthy young American, who came nightly to Carmelita's with one of the veterans, old John Boule, who had constituted himself the young man's guardian. His name was Marvin.

"And what about that?" Luigi demanded. "Madame La Cantinière

is a rich widow. She only runs the cafe for the life it brings to her. She does not need it for her support, as Carmelita does. Why should she grumble?"

"Not at the loss of money, then," Marvin agreed. "But Carmelita is robbing her of more than money. She is taking all Madame's popularity. To-day no one goes to Madame's any more. We all come to Carmelita's."

"And glad to," said old John Boule. "And glad to," Marvin agreed. "But I only passed the remark. I for one am satisfied with Carmelita's for evermore."

She was passing at that moment. Marvin gave her a happy smile and she waved to him as she went by. One soon made friends, and good friends, at Carmelita's.

"Marvin's news seems to trouble you, my dear," said Luigi to Carmelita when she had a moment to spare.

"I have no wish to be a rival to Madame La Cantinière," replied Carmelita. "There is room not for two of us but a dozen of us in Algiers. I shall call and see Madame and explain. We need not be enemies."

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear," said Luigi. "I will go. She might listen to a man with more patience than to a woman. Ah, I have studied human nature, Carmelita, and I know these things. We shall see."

Luigi went to see Madame La Cantinière, but he did not bring very hopeful news back.

"She is very inclined to be spiteful and jealous. After all, that is only to be expected. I shall call again."

He called again on Madame, and while he was thus engaged Marvin called on Carmelita. An unofficial visit, true; just a visit for coffee and cigars, and old John Boule was with him. But while old John Boule sang and talked to his fellow soldiers of the Legion, Marvin talked only to Carmelita.

He had been coming frequently of late. Almost every minute that he was off duty he spent at Carmelita's; and others were beginning to nod their heads wisely, and talk of happy days to come in far off New York. Nothing had been said, true, so far as they knew, but.

And there was something else for them to talk about, too. Luigi, for all his interest in Carmelita and her cafe, was seen there less and less as the days went by, and it was an open secret that he spent most of his time in Madame's rival establishment. The men of the Legion shrugged their shoulders at this and some of them laughed.

"On with the new love, off with the old, for most men, but they say that Luigi intends to have both. Carmelita's good looks and Madame's good fortune. Only he will have to marry the fortune. . . It is a miracle that Carmelita never suspects."

Marvin, hearing this, flushed and rose to his feet.

"Perhaps," said some one, "there will be more marrying done than we think."

Marvin strode down the cafe to where Carmelita sat in her little chair of office.

"Carmelita," said Marvin.

"Yes, friend," said Carmelita.

"I want you to marry me," said Marvin, who never beat about the bush. "I have not been coming here all these nights for the coffee and the music, exhilarating as these undoubtedly are. You must have known. I love you. Soon my time in the Legion will be out, and I shall be free to go back to New York where are my home and my people and all my possessions. I want to take you back with me, for otherwise I could never be happy even there. Carmelita, I love you with all my heart. Say that you will come."

Carmelita smiled happily but wistfully too, and then a little tear sprang into her eye.

"Oh, I think I love you, dear friend," she said. "But I am not free. One must think of other things and other people. I have a duty. I am Luigi's you see. But for Luigi I should not now be here for you to love, and to love you. I owe my life to him, for he saved it. Oh, I am very, very sorry, dear friend. I am happiest when you are here, but what cannot be, cannot be. Perhaps. . . some day. . ."

Marvin was about to say something else, when a gigantic shadow shut out the sunshine behind him, and turning he beheld Luigi there.

"Carmelita!" said Luigi fiercely.

"Yes, Luigi."

"Follow me!"

Luigi led the way into the little office from which the private affairs of the cafe were transacted. He motioned Carmelita to a seat while he paced the room, frowning down at her.

"You are going off with this American?"

"Why, no, friend," said Carmelita.

"I shall be true to you, as you are true to me. Without you I could not have been. I am not a—traitor!"

"Very good," said Luigi. "See that that continues to be your frame of mind."

Marvin waited for half an hour in the cafe, but Carmelita did not reappear. It was growing dark and he would soon have to return to his barracks. He walked to the door and looked back, waited a moment or two longer, but still she did not appear.

He was so occupied that he did not see two lurking natives slip into the shadows down the road he would have to take to the barracks. Presently, deeply disappointed, he made his way out of the cafe and stepped briskly along the lane.

He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when suddenly two figures sprang out of the darkness and struck him on

the head. Surprised and unprepared he fell, but almost immediately was ready to defend himself. When he staggered to his feet, however, he discovered that there was no one against whom to defend himself.

The rowdies had gone. . . and so had his equipment. He was stripped of everything but the uniform he stood in. Puzzled, for the robbery seemed senseless to a degree, he continued on his way to the barracks. Here the guard stopped him.

"Where is your equipment?" the guard demanded.

"Gone, stolen from me," said Marvin.

"Wait in here," said the guard, opening the guard-room door.

And within ten minutes Marvin had been sentenced to fourteen days solitary confinement for walking the streets without his equipment.

"So that was Luigi's plan!" he said bitterly.

Old John Boule was the one Carmelita fled to in her trouble.

"Where is my good friend, Marvin?" she asked.

"Marvin," replied John gravely, "is confined for a fortnight for walking the streets without his equipment. But it was not his fault. He was set upon by rowdies and his equipment stolen."

Carmelita frowned and pursed her lips.

"H'm," she said. "And the guard?"

"Francois!"

"I know Francois, and I know his weaknesses. Well, we shall see what we shall see. I know something else, too. I know where is the finest bottle of wine in all Algiers!"

It was in Carmelita's cellar, and she wasted no time in taking it round to Francois as he stood guard at the barracks gates.

"My good friend Marvin is in your cells, Francois," said Carmelita.

"That is true," said Francois.

"Lack of exercise is not good for a man," said Carmelita. "Like lack of wine—good wine—the best in Algiers," she added, holding forth the bottle.

Francois melted.

"The risk is worth the reward," he said with a smile. "Here—hold the bottle while I find the right key. But take him home by the back way. I must say that he broke loose. Soon," with a grin at the bottle, "I shall myself break loose!"

When Luigi heard that Marvin was free once more he brought his fist down on one of Madame La Cantiniere's tables with such violence that he shattered the marble top to fragments.

"I will find him him out, and I will punish him myself," he roared. "I will go now and find him."

But he did not find him at Carmelita's as he had thought to. Marvin had already gone from Carmelita's, dismayed by a further rejection of his suit. No one knew where he was.

"Oh, well, all right," said Luigi. "There is plenty of time. But he has been here! When I do find him I will break his bones for him, that I do promise. The next time he comes here, it shall be on a stretcher, yes."

He was half drunk. He cast a defiant glance round the cafe and strode out. Old John Boule watched for a moment the way he took and then, uninvited but not unwelcomed, he made his way into Carmelita's private office.

"Come with me, my dear," he begged soberly.

"To where, good friend?" asked Carmelita



But while old John Boule sang and talked to his fellow soldiers, Marvin talked only to Carmelita.

"Nay, you shall see when we get there. There is something it is right for you to know—something that all of us but you has known for a very long time. Get your cloak, for it is better that you should not be known where I am taking you."

"This is very mysterious!"

"The mystery shall soon be cleared up, and that is a promise."

"Very well," said Carmelita meekly. And she got her cloak and accompanied him.

He took her across the city to a large and pompous-looking place that, for all that, looked furtive and unjoyous in some way.

"Where is it?" she asked; for though she knew it well by repute and often had spoken of it she had never been there before.

"Madame La Cantinière's," replied John Boule.

"But why do we come here?"

"Keep your cloak well over your face and you shall learn."

He led her to one of the end tables, beyond which was a heavy blue curtain. From behind the curtain could be heard voices—the voices of Luigi and a woman.

"Madame La Cantinière," John Boule whispered. "But listen."

Carmelita listened intently. Madame La Cantinière was speaking of marriage.

"But when the wedding is over," she was saying in soft tones, "then, when you have me for yourself—and my money; for I have no illusions about you, dear Luigi—what, then, will you do with the cherry-lipped Carmelita? You cannot very well expect me to adopt her, nor would she wish it."

"Ah—Carmelita," Luigi was heard to say. "Carmelita I liked her very well. But—well, she shall be left to shift for herself."

Carmelita's hand tightened over John Boule's but he bade her remain quiet.

"After all, a man must have gold," Luigi went on. "Gold or Carmelita? I have chosen. But there is just one old score I want to wipe out before we leave this accursed hole for ever—together. I want to find this rat Marvin. I want to embrace him and crush the life from him."

"And well may you do it, with your wonderful physique," Madame laughed. "I can

tell you where Marvin is. He is in the Square Tosca, or was, not ten minutes ago."

"That," said Luigi, "will do for me I will pick up his trail there—and then. . ."

John Boule hurried Carmelita from the cafe and down the street. He said nothing, and neither did she. Her face was very pale and her lips bitten savagely by her white teeth.

When they reached the Square Tosca they found Marvin disconsolately standing with one foot on the edge of an ornamental fountain, idly throwing crumbs to the goldfish.

"Luigi is coming!" Carmelita cried.

"Luigi?" said Marvin. "What care I for Luigi? Let him come."

"He comes to fight, and—" Carmelita's eyes grew suddenly bright—"he does not fight fairly."

"Let him fight."

"But—"

"Hark!" said John Boule.

A swaggering bellow arose across the square. Men in sleepy corners awoke and came forward. Soon there were a couple of score men of the Legion standing round the fountain, and behind Luigi came a score more. He swaggered over to where Marvin stood and sneered.

"I wish to kill you," he said. "But first I will play with you. I will amuse myself."

Marvin did not wait for the amusement to begin to Luigi's time-table. He sprang forward and dealt the mountainous Luigi a blow on the chin that made the great man laugh.

"Ha! But you tickle!" Luigi shouted, driving his fist in Marvin's face.

It sent the American half a dozen

yards, and he rose dazed. But he was still game. He came on, got a blow or two home, sank again before the terror of Luigi's great fists, and when he rose for the last time it was obvious to everybody there that the end was very near.

"I will now destroy you," Luigi bellowed, "and then for five minutes I will amuse myself by—"

He stopped. Those watching were inclined to laugh at the comical expression which flitted across his features; and then they were puzzled. It was a very odd expression. It seemed to suggest annoyance at first, as a man will be annoyed by some trivial thing like a fly. Then it changed to vexation, and then swiftly to fear.

Suddenly, before their eyes, Luigi crumpled up and fell at their feet. There was a great red stain in the middle of his back, and in Carmelita's hand was a red-stained dagger.

"So to all traitors!" she cried, flinging the dagger aside and running to Marvin's arms. "At last, dear friend, we are free to love. Take me away to some happy house."

John Boule picked up the dagger and carefully hid it.

"There were no other witnesses but us," he said, "and we are all Legion men. What shall we say when we are asked?"

"Why," said one, "we shall say something that will save our little friend Carmelita from blame. We will say it was an unknown street Arab, and then no one will be to punish. Nobody loved Luigi and we all love Carmelita."

"But one loves me most?" she said, looking at Marvin.

"Indeed yes," said Marvin, thoughtfully. "And the happy home that I shall take you to will be far from here. It will be across the sea. Away from trouble for ever."

"He would have killed you had I not done that. And I could not bear to lose you. I shall never lose you now. Take me away, dear friend, a way to where I can forget, and have happier things to remember."

He took her hand and guided her from the grim scene, away round a corner that was a symbol as well, for it was a corner in the lives of both of them, round which they never looked again.



Luigi stopped. Those watching were inclined to laugh at his expression . . . then they were puzzled.



Above:
Jack
Dempsey,
whose
nose has
been re-
modelled for
screen purposes.

Gilding the Lily

BY NORMA TALMADGE

"If you would be beautiful you must be prepared to suffer."

tarly to face an operation that may result in disfigurement for life. But practice made perfect and I read that one of the most recent victims of facial surgery is Jack Dempsey. When he took up film work the shape of his nose was a source of great anxiety to the technical staff of the studio, and he was very difficult to photograph. So he had a piece of his ear removed and grafted on to his nose. It is now absolutely straight and there is

no suggestion of the "pug" about it. The camera has forced Hollywood to become artificial in many ways, notably in the matter of hair. Innumerable artistes wear wigs whilst being filmed. Hair is extremely difficult to photograph. Many wonderful light auburn tints look black on the screen, yet hair only a shade lighter might look fair. The same head of hair often photographs in the studio and on location in different colours. It is to avoid this that artistes have resorted to wearing wigs. Hollywood is diet mad. I think it would be impossible to find a single artist who is not dieting. One says there is nothing like orange juice for slimness, another prescribes cold water and a third pineapple and lamb chops. The last named has had the biggest vogue. The lamb chop provides the lean meat, helps to maintain the strength, supplies sufficient protein and yet adds no fat, whilst the pineapple supplies sufficient sugar to keep the fires of strength burning. But I think dieting is a great mistake. It may result in irritability in manner and severe lines on the face. Nothing can reduce superfluous flesh like nature's own remedy—exercise. The proverb that "beauty is only skin deep" was never more true than it is to-day, for the once elusive gift of beauty is coming within the reach of us all.



Norma Talmadge.

Norma Talmadge in a scene from "The Lady."



There is probably no place in the world, not even excepting Paris, where beauty is the subject of so much talk and practice as in Hollywood, the Californian film city. Good looks were at one time considered to be the key to the door of film fame and enormous sums of money have been spent by many film artistes to obtain a perfect face.

This sounds very quaint, but facial surgery has obtained a much firmer hold in America than in Europe. Although originating in Paris—the home of beauty—it remained for the United States to appreciate its advantages to the full.

At first it was looked on askance. An operation was not sure of success and it demanded great courage volun-

Red White, and Blue

Is there a man or woman living, I wonder, who has never felt the lure of the Unknown? To some it comes only faintly, so that it is hardly understood, but to others it calls with an insistence that will not be denied.

Adventure in some far-off land. . . Romance . . . the longing for things strange and new—these have sent restless souls questing since the world began.

But to only a few is it given to

until 1917, when an accident forced her to leave active service, she served in France.

Then, with a girl friend, she wandered round the world, tumbling in and out of all sorts of scrapes on her way. But the feat that brought her really into the public notice was her penetration of the Sahara desert, disguised as a Bedouin woman, right



Rosita Forbes.



In the Court of Aariam at Lalibela where all feminine visitors are forbidden.

satisfy that craving and to find in far-off places the thrill and joy of life that the safety of cities cannot give.

Foremost in the ranks of that favoured few Mrs. Rosita Forbes takes her place. Surely there is no other Englishwoman who can own to quite such a colourful and gloriously adventurous life, right from the days of her early childhood when, as the daughter of a Lincolnshire landowner she rode to hounds and became famous as one of the best cross-country riders in that part of the country.

At nineteen she was shooting tigers in India and later she ventured alone through Southern Africa. The war found her amongst the first of the women to join the ambulance corp, and

into the stronghold of the dangerous Senussi tribe, a mysterious and greatly feared Mohammedan sect.

She followed this up with a visit to Raisuli, the picturesque and powerful Morrocan brigand, and now she has returned from her latest and most important journey into little-known Abyssinia.

With her, on this expedition, went Mr. Harold Jones, the well-known camera man, who was official photographer with the Prince of Wales on the *Renown*, and the two have brought back with them a film record of the strange country into which they made their way.

There are fans who object to travel pictures, perhaps because they fight shy of everything that savours of

The Governor of Ankobar receives Rosita Forbes.



setting out on its long journey into the interior. But, as Mrs. Forbes explained when I interviewed her shortly after her return to London:

"The great danger in Abyssinia is the number of brigands who live on the hillside and prey on the passing travellers.

"Agriculture in that country is the chief means of livelihood and this is in such a poor condition that brigandage

is looked upon by about one half of the population as a natural means of gaining their daily bread. And, of course, with these outlaws the word of Ras Tafari means nothing.

The film records the journey from Dera Dawa, on the outskirts of modern civilisation, to the mediæval town of Harar.

From there the party treks 270 weary miles over barren country to Ankobar, the capital, where they are received by Ras Tafari and the old Empress.

Then, on again, after a few days' rest, to Lebra Libanos, with its thirty-eight churches and a population consisting of monks, priests and deacons with their families and servants.

On, through every sort of difficulty and danger, towards their goal,



A frail woman with the heart of a lion.

forcible "education," but there is no one who could possibly find *From Red Sea to Blue Nile*, anything but entertaining. It is a film of absorbing interest and of wonderful pictorial value and only the witless and the brainless can fail to appreciate its value.

Abyssinia, strange to say, is an older Christian country than Europe, although it is wilder and less civilised according to our understanding of the word.

Its ruler is an ancient Empress who claims to be a descendant of the Queen of Sheba, but it was from Ras Tafari, Regent and Heir Apparent, that Rosita Forbes obtained her pass to enter the country, without which no stranger may set foot in Abyssinia.

Those who know nothing about the place may imagine that this was enough to safeguard the little party *Part of the roof of Medane Alem, the largest rock church in the underground city of Lalibela.*



The caravan passing the twin palaces at Gondar, built in the 17th Century by Crusaders.



the sacred city of Lalibela, where eleven wonderful churches are hewn out of blood red rock, with a maze of subterranean passages, courts and colonades.

Ten to eleven hours further on, are the twin palaces of Gondar, and still further is the city of Axum, where, in a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the Kings of Abyssinia are crowned.

But, strange to say, this is the only church into which a woman may not go and when the Empress was crowned the ceremony was performed in an outer court!

All this, and many more marvels too numerous to relate, Rosita Forbes has brought us back in celluloid from Abyssinia. Surely a record that merits the picturesque compliment paid her by one of her native guides who said to her in farewell:

"You are not a woman; not a man; you are a LION." E. E. B.

Merton of the Movies

by HARRY LEON WILSON.

This enthralling serial commenced in the February issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Department.



He was sorry that she had had that trouble with the cigar, but one who as little Eva or poor persecuted Louise, the blind girl, had to do a song and dance between the acts must surely come from a low plane of art. He was relieved when, at megaphoned directions, an elderly fop came to whirl her off in the dance. Her last speech was: "That poor Henshaw—the gelatin master'll have megaphone-lip by to-night."

He was left alone at his table. He wondered if they might want a close-up of him this way, unaccompanied, jaded, tired of it all, as if he would be saying: "There's always the river!" But nothing of this sort happened. There was more dancing, more close-ups of Muriel Mercer being stricken with her vision of tenement misery under the foul glare of a middle-aged roué inflamed with wine. And there was a shot of Muriel perceiving at last the blight of Broadway and going to a table at which sat a pale, noble-looking young man with a high forehead, who presently led her out into the night to the real life of the worthy poor. Later

the deserted admirer became again a roué inflamed with wine and submitted to a close-up that would depict his baffled rage. He clenched his hands in this and seemed to convey, with a snarling lift of his lip, that the girl would yet be his. Merton Gill had ceased to smoke. He had sounded on Broadway even the shallow pleasure of cigarettes. He was thoroughly blighted.

At last a megaphoned announcement from the assistant director dismissing the extras, keeping the star, the lead, and a few small-part people, to clean up medium shots, "dramatics," and other work requiring no crowd. "All you extra people here to-morrow morning, eight-thirty, same clothes and make-up." There was a quick breaking up of the revelry. The Broadway pleasure-seekers threw off the blight and stormed the assistant director for slips of paper which he was now issuing. Merton Gill received one, labelled "Talent check." There was fine print upon it which he took no pains to read, beyond gathering its general effect

that the Victor Film-art Company had the full right to use any photographs of him that its agents might that day have obtained. What engrossed him to the exclusion of this legal formality was the item that he would now be paid seven dollars and fifty cents for his day's work—and once he had been forced to toil half a week for this sum! Emerging from the stage into the sunlight he encountered the Montague girl who hailed him as he would have turned to avoid her.

"Say, trouper, I thought I'd tell you in case you didn't know—we don't take our slips to that dame in that outside cafeteria any more. She always pinches off a quarter or maybe four bits. They got it fixed now so the cash is always on tap in the office. I just thought I'd tell you."

"Thanks," he said, still with the jaded air of the disillusioned.

"Oh, don't mention it. I just thought I'd tell you." She glanced after him shrewdly.

Nearing the office he observed a long line of Broadway revellers waiting to cash their slips. Its head was lost inside the building and it trailed far outside. No longer was any blight to be perceived. The slips were ready in hand. Instead of joining the line Merton decided upon luncheon. It was two o'clock, and though waiters with trays had been abundant in the gilded cabaret, the best screen art had not seemed to demand a serving of actual food. Further, he would eat in the cafeteria in evening dress, his make-up still on, like a real actor. The other time he had felt conspicuous because nothing had identified him with the ordinary clientele of the place.

The room was not crowded now. Only a table here and there held late-comers, and the choice of foods when he reached the serving counter at the back was limited. He permitted himself to complain of this in a practised manner, but made a selection and bore his tray to the centre of the room. He had chosen a table and was about to sit, when he detected Henshaw farther down the room, and promptly took the one next him. It was probable that Henshaw would recall him and praise the work he had done. But the director merely rolled unseeing eyes over him as he seated himself, and continued his speech to the man Merton had before seen with him, the grizzled dark man with the stubby grey moustache whom he called Governor. Merton wondered if he could be the Governor of California, but decided not. Perhaps an ex-governor.

"She's working out well," he was saying. "I consider it one of the best continuities Belmore has done. Not a line of smut in it, but to make up for that we'll have over thirty changes of costume."

Merton Gill coughed violently, then stared moodily at his plate of baked beans.

He hoped that this, at least, would recall him to Henshaw who might fix an eye on him to say: "And, by the way, here is a young actor that was of great help to me this morning." But neither man even glanced up. Seemingly this young actor could choke to death without exciting their notice. He stared less moodily at the baked beans. Henshaw would notice him some time, and you couldn't do everything at once.

The men had finished their luncheon and were smoking. The animated Henshaw continued his talk. "And about that other thing we were discussing, Governor, I want to go into that with you. I tell you if we can do *Robinson Crusoe*, and do it right, a regular five-thousand-foot programme feature, the thing ought to gross a million. A good, clean, censor-proof picture—great kid show, run for ever. Shipwreck stuff, loading the raft, island stuff, hut stuff, goats, finding the footprint, cannibals, the man Friday—can't you see it?"

The Governor seemed to see it. "Fine—that's so!" He stared above the director's head for the space of two inhalations from his cigarette, imbuing Merton Gill with gratitude that he need not smoke again that day. "But say, look here, how about your love interest?"

Henshaw waved this aside with his own cigarette and began to make marks on the back of an envelope. "Easy enough—Belmore can fix that up. We talked over one or two ways. How about having Friday's sister brought over with him to this island? The cannibals are going to eat her, too. Then the cannibals run to their canoes when they hear the gun, just the same as in the book. And Crusoe rescues the two. And when he cuts the girl's bonds he finds she can't be Friday's real sister, because she's white—see what I mean? Well, we work it out later that she's the daughter of an English Earl that was wrecked near the cannibal island, and they rescued her, and Friday's mother brought her up as her own child. She's saved the papers that came ashore, and she has the Earl's coat-of-arms tattooed on her shoulder blade, and finally, after Crusoe has fallen in love with her, and she's remembered a good deal of her past, along comes the old Earl, her father, in a ship and rescues them all. How about that?" Henshaw, brightly expectant, awaited the verdict of his chief.

"Well—I don't know." The other considered. "Where's your conflict, after the girl is saved from the savages? And Crusoe in the book wears a long beard. How about that? He won't look like anything—sort of hairy, and that's all."

Henshaw from the envelope on which he drew squares and oblongs appeared to gain fresh inspiration. He looked up with new light in his eyes. "I got it—got the whole thing. Modernize it. This chap is a rich young New Yorker, cruising on his yacht, and he's wrecked on this island and gets a lot of stuff ashore and his valet is saved, too—say there's some good comedy, see what I mean?—valet is one of these stiff English lads, never been wrecked on an island before and complains all the time about the lack of conveniences. I can see a lot of good gags for him, having to milk the goats, and getting scared of the other animals, and no place to press his master's clothes—things like that, you know. Well, the young fellow explores the island and finds another party that's been wrecked on the other side, and it's the girl and the man

that got her father into his power and got all of his estate and is going to make beggars of them if the girl won't marry him, and she comes on the young fellow under some palms and they fall in love and fix it up to double-cross the villain—Belmore can work it out from there. How about that? And say, we can use a lot of trims from that South Sea piece we did last year, all that yacht and island stuff—see what I mean?"

The other considered profoundly. "Yes, you got a story there, but it won't be *Robinson Crusoe*, don't you see?"

Again Henshaw glanced up from his envelope with the light of inspiration. "Well, how about this? Call it *Robinson Crusoe, Junior*! There you are. We get the value of the name and do the story the way we want it, the young fellow being shaved every day by the valet, and he can invite the other party over to dine with him and receive them in evening dress and everything. Can't you see it? If that story wouldn't gross big then I don't know a story. And all easy stuff. We can use the trims for the long shots, and use that inlet toward the other end of Catalina for the hut and the beach; sure-fire stuff, Governor—and *Robinson Crusoe, Junior*, is a cinch title."

"Well, give Belmore as much dope as you've got, and see what he can work out."

They arose and stood by the counter to pay their checks.

"If you want to see the rushes of that stuff we shot this morning, be over to the projection room at five," said Henshaw as they went out. Neither had observed the rising young screen actor, Clifford Armytage, though he had coughed violently again as they left. He had coughed most plausibly, moreover, because of the cigarettes.

At the cashier's window, no longer obstructed, he received his money, another five-dollar bill adorned with the cheerfully prosperous face of Benjamin Harrison and half that amount in silver coin. Then, although loath to do this, he

went to the dressing-room and removed his make-up. That grease paint had given him a world of confidence.

At the casting office he stopped to tell his friend of the day's camera triumph, how the director had seemed to single him out from a hundred or so revellers to portray facially the deadly effect of Broadway's night life.

"Good work!" she applauded. "Before long you'll be having jobs oftener. And don't forget, you're called again tomorrow morning for the gambling-house scene."

She was a funny woman; always afraid he would forget something he could not possibly forget. Once more in the Patterson kitchen he pressed his suit and dreamt of new eminences in his chosen art.

The following morning he was again the first to reach the long dressing-room, the first to be made up by the grumbling extra, the first to reach the big stage. The cabaret of yesterday had overnight been transformed into a palatial gambling hell. Along the sides of the room and at its centre were tables equipped for strange games of chance which only his picture knowledge enabled him to recognize. He might tarry at these tables, he thought, but he must remember to look bored in the near presence of Henshaw. The Spanish girl of yesterday appeared and he greeted her warmly. "I got some cigarettes this time," he said, "so let me pay you back all those I smoked of yours yesterday." Together they filled the golden case that hung from her girdle.

"It's swell, all right," said the girl, gazing about the vast room now filling with richly clad gamblers.

"But I thought it was all over except the tenement-house scenes where Vera Vanderpool has gone to relieve the poor," he said.

The girl explained. "This scene comes before the one we did yesterday. It's where the rich old boy first sees Vera playing roulette, and she loses a lot of money and is going to leave her string of



At last a megaphoned announcement from the assistant director, dismissing the extras, keeping the star, the lead and a few small part people.



A sandwich, not too meaty at the centre, coffee tasting strangely of other things sold in a pharmacy . . . were the meagre items of his luncheon.

pearls, but he says it's a mere trifle and let him pay her gambling losses, so in a weak moment she does, and that's how he starts to get her into his power. You'll see how it works out. Say, they spent some money on this set, all right."

It was indeed a rich set, as the girl had said. It seemed to Merton Gill that it would be called on the screen "One of those Plague Spots that Eat like a Cancer at the Heart of New York." He lighted a cigarette and leaned nonchalantly against a pillar to smile a tired little smile at the pleasure-mad victims of this life who were now grouping around the roulette and faro tables. He must try for his jaded look.

"Some swell shack!" The speaker was back of him, but he knew her for the Montague girl, and was instantly enabled to increase the blighted look for which he had been trying. "One natty little hovel, I'll tell the world," the girl continued. "Say, this puts it all over the Grand Central station, don't it? Must be right smack at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Well, start the little ball rolling, so I can make a killing." He turned his head slightly and saw her dance off to one of the roulette tables, accompanied by the middle-aged fop who had been her companion yesterday.

Henshaw and his assistant now appeared and began grouping the players at the various tables. Merton Gill remained leaning wearily against his massive pillar, trying to appear blasé. The groups were arranged to the liking of Henshaw, though only after many trials. The roulette ball was twirled and the lively rattle of chips could be heard. Scanning his scene, he noted Merton and his companion.

"Oh, there you are, you two. Sister, you go and stand back of that crowd around the faro table. Keep craning to look over their shoulders, and give us your side view. I want to use this man alone. Here." He led Merton to a round table on which were a deck of cards and some neatly stacked chips. "Sit here, facing the camera. Keep one hand on

the cards, sort of toying with 'em, see what I mean?"

He scattered the piled chips loosely about the table, and called to a black waiter: "Here, George, put one of those wine-glasses on his left."

The wine-glass was placed. "Now kind of slump down in your chair, like you saw the hollowness of it all—see what I mean?"

Merton Gill thought he saw. He exhaled smoke, toyed contemptuously with the cards at his right hand, and, with a gesture of repulsion, pushed the wine-glass farther away. He saw the hollowness of it all. The spirit of wine sang in his glass but to deaf ears. Chance could no longer entice him. It might again have been suspected that cigarettes were ceasing to allure.

"Good work! Keep it up," said Henshaw and went back to his cameras.

The lights jarred on; desperate gaming was filmed. "More life at the roulette tables," megaphoned Henshaw. "Crowd closer around that left-hand faro table. You're playing for big stakes." The gaming became more feverish. The mad light of pleasure was in every eye, yet one felt that the blight of Broadway was real.

The camera was wheeled forward and Merton Gill joyously quit smoking while Henshaw secured flashes of various groups, chiefly of losers who were seeing the hollowness of it all. He did not, however, disdain a bit of comedy.

"Miss Montague."

"Yes, Mr. Henshaw." The Montague girl paused in the act of sprinkling chips over a roulette lay-out.

"Your escort has lost all his chips and you've lost all he bought for you—"

The girl and her escort passed to other players the chips before them, and waited.

"Your escort takes out his wallet, shows it to you empty, and shrugs his shoulders. You shrug, too, but turn your back on him, facing the camera, and take some bills out of your stocking—see what I mean? Give her some bills, some dense."

"Never mind, Mr. Henshaw; I already

got some there." The pantomime was done, the girl turned, stooped, withdrew flattened bills from one of the salmon-pink stockings and flourished them at her escort who achieved a transition from gloom to joy. Merton Gill, observing this shameless procedure, plumbed the nether depths of disgust for Broadway's night life.

The camera was now wheeled towards him and he wearily lighted another cigarette. "Get a flash of this chap," Henshaw was saying. The subject leaned forward in his chair, gazing with cynical eyes at the fevered throng. Wine, women, song, all had palled. Gambling had no charm—he looked with disrelish at the cigarette he had but just lighted.

"All right, Paul, that's good. Now get that bunch over at the crap table."

Merton Gill lost no time in relinquishing his cigarette. He dropped it into the wine-glass which became a symbol of Broadway's dead-sea fruit. Thereafter he smoked only when he was in the picture. He felt that he was becoming screen wise. And Henshaw had remembered him. The cast of *The Blight of Broadway* might not be jewelled with his name, but his work would stand out.

He watched the entrance of Muriel Mercer, maddest of all the mad throng, accompanied by the two young men and the girl who was not so beautiful. He watched her lose steadily, and saw her string of pearls saved by the elderly scoundrel who had long watched the beautiful girl as only the Wolf of Wall Street could watch one so fair. He saw her leave upon his arm, perhaps for further unwholesome adventure along Broadway. The lights were out, the revelry done.

Merton Gill beyond a doubt preferred Western stuff, some heart-gripping tale of the open spaces, or perhaps of the frozen north, where he could be the hard-riding, straight-shooting, two-fisted wonder-man, and not have to smoke so many cigarettes—only one now and then, which he would roll himself and toss away after a few puffs. Still, he had shown above the mob of extra people, he thought. Henshaw had noticed him. He was coming on.

At luncheon in the cafeteria he waited a long time in the hope of encountering Henshaw, who would perhaps command his further services in the cause of creative screen art. He meant to be animated at this meeting, to show the director that he could do something more than an actor who had probed the shams of Broadway. But he lingered in vain. He thought Henshaw would perhaps be doing without food in order to work on the scenario for *Robinson Crusoe, Junior*.

He again stopped to thank his friend, the casting director, for securing him his first chance. She accepted his thanks smilingly, and asked him to drop around often. "Mind, you don't forget our number," she said.

He was on the point of making her understand once for all that he would not forget the number, that he would never forget Gashwiler's address, that he had been coming to this studio too often to forget its location. But some one engaged her at the window, so he was obliged to go on without enlightening the woman. She seemed to be curiously dense.

(To be continued next month.)



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The Cream of Fascination



My Trip Abroad

BY RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Cherbourg, October 6th.

At the hotel here the owner said, "No room now, but if you wait half an hour, there are some travelling salesmen who will be leaving and we will then be able to give you some kind of accommodation."

In any lesser occasion, I would have quibbled about the aforesaid accommodation, but now . . . any hole in the wall would have seemed refuge to us . . . Life is all a matter of the comparative, anyway. . . .

So we finally had another cup of coffee and waited some more. Our faces were assuming the set expression of stoical patience against all odds. We were sinking into the last lethargy—that of complete and utter resignation. Resignation, I often think, should be the last resource of the suffering. It is a sort of pale and passionless Heaven, where the ills of body and soul are absorbed, soaked up. It is a form of Nirvana.

At last and eventually, after what seemed to be a lifetime and a long and strenuous one compressed into one dark and dreadful and thoroughly nightmarish night, we reached this room.

Cherbourg, October 7th.

One can't imagine Cherbourg on such a night . . . damp as can be . . . the hotel without a fire . . . damp . . . damp . . . dolorous and mouldy soaking into the room as it had, the night through, soaked into our bones . . . no hot water. A state of being where the most ordinary creature comforts were blandly disregarded.

I made Natacha wrap up in as many blankets as we could corral, and curl up in them, like a papoose. I did the same myself and prayed faintly that we might not meet another and more lingering death, having just escaped a swift one.

I had left word downstairs that we were to be awakened at eight-thirty, as the boat left at nine.

But when I did awake this morning, I knew instantly, by instinct, that nine, that eight-thirty, had long since come and gone and the boat had gone with the hours. They had simply forgotten to call us, if, indeed, they had ever intended to.

I got up and looked at my watch, which, like ourselves, was still, miraculously, alive and going and the watch said "eleven o'clock." I said

aloud to Natacha, who had awakened when I got up. "They have forgotten us and we have missed the boat again."

The resignation that had been ours a few hours before seemed to be still with us, for neither of us said a word, simply looked at one another with solemn and immovable countenances.

I rang and thought I would have a little hot water, shave, bathe, and try to get into form again for the next move. But no. Ringing was of no avail. The maids were having their breakfasts!

I had to shave and bathe as best I could in cold water. I refrain from even thinking how poor Natacha managed to make her toilette.

While these pallid ablutions were going on, somebody, a shoemaker or someone, was singing the damndest song in the damndest voice, and he just about

managed to break our resignation up into bits of rage and anger.

We are going to leave here in an hour. I have been writing this while Natacha has been contriving her bathing and dressing and in the meantime I have telephoned to the Casino Hotel for a room for the day. The "President Adams" arrives at the dock at eleven to-night and we shall take passage on that boat, God willing. . . .

Hotel Casino, Cherbourg, Oct. 7th

It is evening of the same day. . . later than evening . . . nine o'clock.

Now, while Natacha is still resting, I sit by the window writing this page in my diary until it is time to board the "President Adams."

The night is fair, a moon shining, as though to say to us that last night never happened, that it was some troubled mirage of troubled minds. . . thus does Nature heal the wounds she makes. . . .

London, October 11th.

Natacha said to me this morning, "Has the memory of that night in Cherbourg evaporated from your mind?" and I told her that it might have done so had it not been for the ironic bit of news we received when we arrived in London and saw Mr. Williams.

All through the danger and terror of that night, all through the chill and discomfort of the next day, I had been thinking, well, at least I did what I could for an important cause. I dared everything for the sake of something vital. One should do what one can when great matters are at stake. I now have nothing to reproach myself with.

That is what I thought. And had such been the case I would have patted myself on the back and told myself that such is the stuff of the eventual conqueror and let it go at that.

This is what actually happened:

The "President Adams" finally arrived at Cherbourg that night at eleven o'clock. We arrived in London the next day and found that Mr. Williams had been awaiting us all the preceding day. I said, almost breathlessly, "WHY did you want us to come aboard the 'Leviathan' at Cherbourg?"

I held my breath for his answer, thinking that in a sentence, my future, my plans, things near and important to us both were to have some revealing light shed upon them.

(Continued on page 62).



With Helena D'Algy in a love scene from
"A Sainted Devil."

These 'Picturegoer' Beautiful Hair Prize Winners had their Prize Money Doubled by--Amami



Daphne Mary Parton of London was the "Picturegoer" £5 Prize Winner in July and received an extra £5 from Amami.

Photo by Elwin Neame.

BECAUSE Miss Daphne Purton and Miss Frances Tubbs had each attached an empty Amami Shampoo Sachet to the photographs they entered in the "Picturegoer" Competition, each received an extra £5 cheque from the makers of Amami Shampoos.

If you are an Amami user, don't forget to attach an Amami Sachet when you send in your photograph. We would advise you to paste the Sachet to the back of your photo to prevent it getting detached.

The final £10 Prize Winner will receive another Amami £10 if she is one of the Amami Girls, and the Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoos will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

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Frances Tubbs of St. Leonards was the "Picturegoer" £5 Prize Winner in August and received an extra £5 from Amami.



TWADDLE.

The stars that I've admired, when seen,
Are very few and far between.
There's something dull about them all,
Fair or dark, or short or tall,
A boring sameness all the time—
Resembling, in that way, this rhyme!
Now just of late I've spied a star
Who beats them all; she's finer far
Than Helen, Pola, Jean or Mae,
Than Mary, Alice, June or Fay.
This poem on her is a model
Of her name—Lola de Twaddle!

A. E. (Kingston-on-Thames).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first's in Malvina but not in Long-fellow,
My second's in Ivor but not in Novello;
My third is in Marjorie but not in Daw,
My fourth is in Colleen but not in Moore;
My fifth's in Priscilla and also in Dean,
My sixth's is in Douglas but not in MacLean;
My seventh's in Alice but not in Terry,
My eighth is in Katherine but not in Perry;
Now I observe that there's one letter over,
Which is easily found in the name Nazimova.
And after you've solved this short riddle-me-ree
The world's greatest actress you'll certainly see.

Answer: VIOLA DANA.

C. E. S. (Henlow).

BARBARA LA MARR.

Eyes like a fathomless sea,
Haunting, mysterious, deep;
Shaded by drowsy lids,

Their myriad secrets to keep.
Eyes in whose darkest depths
The soul of a man may drown,
Eyes that shine in a smile,
Eyes that brood in a frown.

F. R. (Forest Hill).

THE STAR OF STARS.

Though Rudy's charms may captivate
And get him fans galore,
There's one whose charms have held me quite

And will for evermore.
His hair is dark, his eyes are too,
And many sing his fame,
He hails from Wales, this shining star—

And now you'll guess his name!
And I would give I don't know what
To meet this charming fellow,
For stars may come and stars may go,
But none can beat Novello.

D. I. M. (Newport).

TO MARY.

Mary come back to the hearts that
adore you,
Come with your curls and your cute
little socks.

'Tis months since we saw you, in vain
we encore you,

Oh Goddess of Childhood and little
short frocks!

B.B. (Kensington)

JOAN MORGAN.

Not only is she very sweet
And fair as fair can be,
But it's her acting that you'll like—
It's *natural* don't you see.

E.H.P.D. (London, W.)

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

A House of Mystery.

In *Wolves of the Night*, William Farnum is trapped in a mine, and although he is without a lamp it is quite light. Later, he comes home, finds the door locked and breaks the window, entering through it. He stands by the fireless grate and later goes out through the door, which he apparently does not stop to unlock. When he comes back that night a roaring fire is burning in the grate which was empty when he left it. No one has been near the house, so how did it get there? R. F. (Sheffield).

The Right Eye was Right.

In *Don't Doubt Your Husband*, Winifred Bryson, as the interior decorator, got a grain of dust in her right eye—and a close-up was given of her rubbing her left one! Later she showed the injured orb to Allan Forrest and it was the right eye again.

M. D. R. (London).

It must have been the Southern Railway.

In *Turn to the Right*, Jack Mulhall gives half his money to his two pals and tells them he is taking the first turning to the right and walking on until he reaches home. Next you see him arriving home. He goes indoors and at the same time his two pals drop off the train and also go in. Yet, if the hero walked and the other two rode, how did they manage to arrive at the same time?

W. P. (Portsmouth).

A Handy Bandage.

Richard Dix, in *Sinners in Heaven*, comes ashore immediately after the plane crashes, carrying Bebe Daniels in his arms. There is a bandage round his head—apparently put on as the machine crashed! I. S. (Maida Vale).

A Bad Hostess.

In *Christine of the Hungry Heart*, F. Vidor gives a dinner, and Warner Baxter (the husband) is said to be detained at the office. The guests then go in for dinner as W. Baxter will join them during the meal. Yet no place is laid for him. Surely he is not expected to sit on the guests' laps? Or perhaps his "thumb is to be his chair." R. A. (Hove).

Did She Swop With Someone.

In the film *Excuse Me*, when Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer get into the train, their luggage consists of two small suit cases. After the night on the train, Norma appears in a different hat to the one she wore when she first got into the train. As she was not carrying a hat in a box or bag when she got on the train where did this second hat come from?

G. R. (Nottingham).

The Vitagraph Film Star, SIGRID HOLMQUIST (famous in Film Land for her lovely wavy hair), wearing her Butywaver Night-Cap. She writes:—"My Butywaver is simply wonderful!"



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When she grows up—

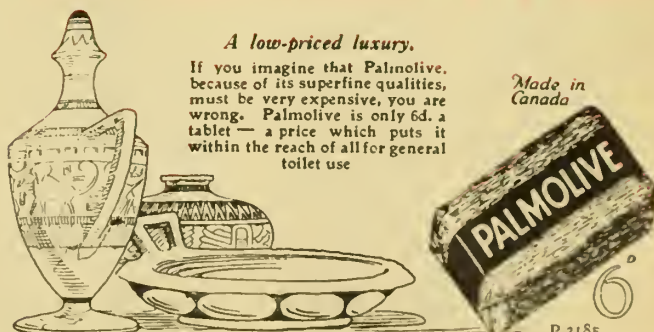
She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Mother's first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser.

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Viola Dana
Bebe Daniels (2)
Marion Davies
Marjorie Daw
Peter Dear
Reginald Denny
William Desmond
Ivy Duke (2)
William Duncan
Josephine Earle
Douglas Fairbanks

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Dustin Farnum
Elsie Ferguson
Pauline Frederick
Pauline Garon
Hoot Gibson
John Gilbert
Dorothy Gish
Lillian Gish
Gaston Glass (2)
Huntley Gordon
Corinne Griffith (2)
Mahlon Hamilton
Elaine Hammerstein
Hope Hampton
Kenneth Harlan
Sessue Hayakawa
Wanda Hawley
Johnny Hines
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Violet Hopson
Lloyd Hughes
Marjorie Hume
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Julanne Johnston
Justine Johnstone
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Theodore Kosloff
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Cullen Landis
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Katherine MacDonald (2)
Malcolm McGregor
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Victor McLaglen
Percy Marmont
Barbara La Marr (2)
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Tully Marshall
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Thomas Meighan
Adolphe Menjou
Patsy Ruth Miller
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Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge (4)
Richard Talmadge
Estelle Taylor
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry (4)
Phyllis Neilson Terry
Queenie Thomas
Rudolph Valentino (8)
Henry Victor
Bryant Washburn
Niles Welch
Pearl White
Earle Williams
Lois Wilson
Claire Windsor

Figures after names denote number of poses.

PICTUREGOER SALON, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Douglas Fairbanks is following up *Don Q, Son of Zorro*, that joyous and entertaining screen romance, with *The Black Pirate* which promises to be just as colourful.

British studios are showing welcome signs of returning life at last, and although some of the films made over here will be partly under American management it means more work for British players.

Stoll Studios' latest production is *Sahara Love*, a film with a Moroccan atmosphere in many of its settings. Sinclair Hill is directing, and he is at present in Spain where some of the scenes are being shot.

At last it really looks as though Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's wife and one time leading lady, is to start work on the title role of *Alice in Wonderland*. She's been thinking about it for a long time, and recent screen tests have proved her a good choice for the part.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. House Peters on the birth of a baby boy. The child has been given the most unusual name of Iron House Peters. He's the third addition to the Peters' family, for they already have a boy of ten and a little daughter of four years old.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce has finished her first picture *Skyrocket*, directed by Micky Neilan, and those who have seen it say that she films remarkably well. She's off to Sweden now, to visit her husband's people for a few months, but she is to make another picture on her return.

One of the latest adventurers on the matrimonial seas of Hollywood is Marion Nixon, who recently had a quiet wedding at the Mission Inn, Riverside. The man at the other end of the wedding ring was Joe Benjamin, the American prizefighter.

B. P. Schulberg has just signed on two notabilities from the Imperial Theatre, Moscow, and they will be seen in pictures for his organisation very shortly. They are Lety Floren, famous Russian playwright actor and director and Monna Gann his wife, well known as a dramatic actress.

The most uncertain person in the movies is surely Charlie Chaplin. He should have been over here by now for the premier of *The Gold Rush* at the Tivoli, but he appears to have made a sudden change of plans and the visit has been indefinitely postponed. His next film we hear, is to be made in New York, and although he hasn't decided on his story yet, he is seriously considering "The Suicide Club."



Other sirens may reform and quit screen vamping but Carmel Myers, we are glad to hear, is using her feminine wiles (in pictures) as wickedly as ever. In *The Temptress*, from Ibanez's story, she plays an alluring and heartless role, as the title suggests.

Historical American characters live again in Fox's big film *The Iron Horse*. The picture, which took three years to make and has a cast of over 5,000, deals with the building of the railway in America, and President Lincoln, "Buffalo Bill," Cody, "Wild Bill" Hickok and other famous people of the old Wild West are portrayed.

Mae Murray seems to be having a difficult time since she left off making films with Bob Leonard, her erstwhile husband. *The Merry Widow* very nearly didn't get finished owing to slight differences of opinion with Eric Von Stroheim, the producer, and now Joseph Von Sternberg, who was directing her latest picture, has left Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer without finishing it, and a new director had to take over operations. Mae is to make a picture in Germany with the Ufa Company later on.

Virginia Valli was in London for a few days last month. She had just come from Munich, where she made *The Pleasure Garden* with Miles Mander and John Stuart, and was on her way back to the States. Virginia may make a picture in England later, when Universal start their proposed scheme for producing films over here.

Miles Mander, by the way, also returned to England for a short visit, but he is leaving for Spain early this month. From there he will travel to Germany and then on to America, he tells us.

By the time this appears in print Dorothy Gish will be in London, playing the title role in *Nell Gwynne*—a role, which was considered for Betty Balfour some months ago. Details of the cast are not yet to hand, but it is probable that Hugh Miller will play "King Charles." Herbert Wilcox will direct.

Graham Cutts is directing Betty Balfour in a screen version of Hasting Turner's play *The Sea Urchin*, with George Hackathorne supporting. George has crossed the



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herring pond specially to play opposite Britain's great little comedienne and the picture bids fair to be one of Betty's biggest successes.

Cutts recently made *The Rat*, starring Ivor Novello, Mae Marsh and Isabel Jeans, and the film was given a splendid reception when it was specially Trade shown last month. The result is that he will now make two more with Ivor in the leading male role, so Novello fans will be able to see more of him on the screen in the near future.

Charles Ray is to resume his bashful, awkward country boy character in Robert Z. Leonard's latest production *A Little Bit of Broadway*. Pauline Starke plays opposite.

Priscilla Dean is hard at work on an exotic romance of the Far East: *A Cafe in Cairo* in which, contrary to the usual traditions of desert dramas, the sheik is the villain instead of the hero. Robert Ellis, Carl Stockdale, Evelyn Selbie, Harry Woods and Ruth King play with her.

Filming operations have begun, at Universal City, on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and it is said to be planned on a scale that will rival *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. There's an all-star cast—which may mean much or little.

Before long lovers of Joseph Conrad's work will be able to see "Lord Jim" translated into screen terms. Percy Marmont takes the leading role and Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton and Shirley Mason are also members of the cast.

The British Film Society, which has been formed with a view to showing "finer and better" films to those who want them, is starting a series of special showings on Sunday evenings at the Tivoli. Films such as *Doctor Caligari*, *Warning Shadows*, and all pictures that lay any serious claim to "art" will be shown. Tickets will be sold in the set, for a whole series of these presentations, so picturegoers who take an interest in "better pictures" should write for particulars.

There is considerable romance in the career of D'Arcy Corrigan, an Irish actor appearing in Cecil de Mille's new production *The Road to Yesterday*. Corrigan, who has played in Henry Irving's company, gave up a career on the Irish stage to become staff officer to Michael Collins, and had to flee to America. He makes his cinema debut in this film of De Mille's, which features Joseph Schildkraut of *Orphans of the Storm* fame, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd, Trixie Friganza, Julia Faye and Casson Ferguson.

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Jackie Coogan in a scene from "The Ragman."

Ace of the Law (*Hardour*; Oct. 26)

A typical Western with the traditional strong, rugged hero, who holds up dozens of men, played by Bill Patton. Poor entertainment.

American Manners (*Unity Films*; Oct. 12).

Richard Talmadge proves, in this entertaining picture, that he can act as well as play the acrobat. He is ably supported by a cast including Helen Lynch, Mark Fenton, William Turner, Arthur Melette, Lee Shumway, Pat Harmon and George Wade. James W. Horne directs.

Baree, Son of Kazan (*Vitagraph*; Oct. 12).

A somewhat heavy drama set in remarkably good snow locations, and convincingly acted by the stars, Anita Stewart, Joe Rickson, Jack Curtis, Donald Keith and Wolf, the famous war-dog, who won the Croix de Guerre. Good entertainment of a full-blooded type.

Beauty and the Bad Man (*F. B. O.*; Oct. 5).

A conventional and rather stagey melodrama, set in a rough mining camp, with a typical wide-eyed heroine, played quite well by Mabel Ballin. The usual triumph of innocence over the heart of a good-bad man (Forrest Stanley). Well directed by Frank E. Wood. Supporting cast includes Russell Simpson, Andre de Beranger, Edna Mae Cooper and James Gordon.

Contraband (*Paramount*; Oct. 22).

Director Alan Crosland has managed to get good entertainment out of a somewhat illogical story, and the characters are particularly well drawn. Lois Wilson as a girl who runs a country newspaper, against every difficulty, humorous and otherwise, is good. Cast includes Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Raymond McKee, Charles Ogle, Luke Cosgrave, Edward Davis, Johnny Fox, Victor Potel, Alphonz Elhier, Cesare Gravina and Lillian Leighton,

The Courageous Coward (*Western Import*; Oct. 19).

The story of the cowardly son of a millionaire, who eventually makes good and wins the girl of his heart. Interesting scenes of a big dam in the course of construction. Director, Paul Hurst, Jack Mower and Mary Maclaren starring, supported by Jackie Saunders, Earl Metcalf, Bruce Gordon, James Gordon and Murdoch Macquarrie. Quite good entertainment.

The Dancers (*Fox*; Oct. 5).

Very well adapted screen version of Gerald du Maurier and Viola Tree's play, directed with imagination and restraint by Emmett Flynn. Eugene O'Brien plays Tony with polish and sincerity, while Madge Bellamy and Alma Rubens are excellent as Una and Maxine. Other members of the cast are Templar Saxe, Joan Standing, Alice Hollister, Freeman Woodheavy, Walter McGrail and Noble Johnson. Good entertainment.

The Dangerous Coward (*Pathé*; Oct. 12).

Fred Thompson has never appeared in a more entertaining, quick-action Western. He shows himself not only as a good cowboy and boxer, but a capable actor as well. Director, H. J. Brown. Hazel Keaner, Frank Hagrey, Davis Kirby and "Silver King," the horse, support.

Daughters Who Pay (*Hardour*; Oct. 12).

Marguerite de la Motte, John Bowers, J. Barney Sherry, Bela Lugosi and Alyce Mills in a "mystery" film in which situation is piled on situation. Directed by George Terwilliger. Capital entertainment.

The Devil of the High Seas (*European*; Oct. 19).

A French costume film of melodramatic adventures on the high seas. Jean Angelo, Bourdel and Marie Dalbaicin share the acting honours, and they are supported by a competent,

though rather artificial cast that includes Pierre Hot, Keppens, Mendaille, Monfils, Etienne Artaud, Jacqueline Blanc, Johanna Sutter and Marthe Blanchard. Quite good entertainment. **The Devil's Cargo** (*Paramount*; Oct. 19).

Director Victor Fleming is to be congratulated on his vivid treatment of one of the best melodramas seen for months. It is packed with action and excellently played by Pauline Starke, William Collier, jun., Wallace Beery, Claire Adams, Raymond Hatton, George Cooper and Dale Fuller. Stirring entertainment.

The Eagle's Claw (*Ducal Films*; Oct. 19).

Big Boy Williams, Bill Gunn, May Vale, Jack Hill and "Slim" Dawson in a conventional Western. Fair entertainment for the unsophisticated. **A Fool and His Money** (*Pathé*; Oct. 26).

Amiable comedy with a story that need not be taken seriously. William Haines, Madge Bellamy, Enid Bennett, Lon Poff, Stuart Holmes, Charles Conklin and Carrie Clark Ward are all good. Pleasing entertainment.

Forty Winks (*Paramount*; Oct. 5).

A capital screen farce, adapted from the stage comedy "Lord Chumley." Raymond Griffith is excellent as the English hero, while Viola Dana as the heroine and Anna May Wong as an Oriental "vamp" share acting honours. Other members of the cast are Theodore Roberts, Cyril Chadwick and William Boyd. Frank Urson and Paul Iribe direct.

A Girl of the Limberlost (*F. B. O.*; Oct. 5).

The Limberlost background of Gene Stratton Porter's well-known novel has been pleasingly reproduced, but the film on the whole is too heavily sentimental. Emily Fitz Roy is very good as the stern mother and Gloria Grey makes a winsome Elnora. Raymond McKee Cullen Landis, Gertrude Olmsted, Alfred Allen and Virginia Boardman support. James Leo Meehan directs. Fair entertainment.

The Great Divide (*Jury-Metro Goldwyn*; Oct. 12).

Not a particularly novel theme, but effectively directed by Reginald Barker, with some strong dramatic situations.



Florence Vidor and Edmund Lowe in "The Love of a Patriot."

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in "Satan's
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Alice Terry is a beautiful and sympathetic heroine, and Conway Tearle makes an efficient strong, rough wooer. Supporting cast includes Wallace Beery, Huntley Gordon, Alan Forrest, Zasu Pitts and Ford Sterling. Good entertainment.

Greed (Jury-Metro-Goldwyn; Oct. 19).

Eric von Stroheim's love of the sordid and grimly beastly is amply illustrated in this picture of human squalor and gradual degradation. Brilliantly directed and acted, it grips the imagination like an unhealthy nightmare. Gibson Gowland, Zasu Pitts, Dale Fuller, Jean Hersholt, Chester Conklin, Sylvia Ashton, Austin Jewel, and Hughie Mack form an excellent cast.

The Happy Ending (Gaumont; Oct. 5).

A British production of note, excellently directed by George Cooper, and adapted from the play by Ian Hay. The sentiment is sincere and the acting natural and restrained. Fay Compton and Jack Buchanan star, and the supporting cast includes Gladys Jennings, Jack Hobbs, Joan Barry, Donald Searle, and Eric Lewis. Scenario by P. L. Man- nock. Excellent entertainment.

The Happy Warrior (Vitagraph; Oct. 19).

J. Stuart Blackton has taken this story by A. S. M. Hutchinson, of the worst kind of English snobbishness and made it typically American. Some really stirring fight scenes form its chief attractions. Cast includes Mary Alden, Anders Randolph, Alice Calhoun, Otto Mathesen, Wilfred North, Olive Borden, Gardner James and Malcolm McGregor. Those who like a Stuart Blackton and A. S. M. Hutchinson combination will enjoy it.

Her Husband's Secret (First Nat.; Oct. 12).

An interesting and well-constructed adaptation of May Edginton's novel that is sentimental without being cloying. Frank Lloyd is the director and the cast includes David Torrence, Antonio Moreno, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ruth Clifford, Walter McGrail, Phyllis Haver, Frankie Darrow, Harry Lonsdale and Pauline Neff. Good entertainment.

Honeymoon Island (Western Import; Oct. 5).

Story of a wife's infatuation for a "poet" and her husband's unique method of curing her. Directed by A. W. Sandberg, who has kept the production well up to the high standard of

most Danish films. Karin Bell, G. Tolness, Peter Malberg and Philip Bech are very good in their respective roles. Good entertainment.

Human Destinies (Western Import; Oct. 12).

Ivan Hedquist, Anna Olin, Mary Johnson, Einar Hansson, and John Ekman in a particularly gripping and well told story. The film is of Swedish origin and will appeal to every audience of discrimination.

If I Marry Again (First Nat.; Oct. 19).

A somewhat heavy and long drawn-out film, adapted from the novel by Gilbert Frankau and directed by Frank Dillon. Hobart Bosworth as a stern, relentless father with Anna Q. Nilsson, Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Frank Mayo, Myrtle Stedman and Dorothy Brock in the cast. Fair entertainment of a solid type.

The Kiss Barrier (Fox; Oct. 29).

Edmund Lowe, Claire Adams, Diana Miller and Marian Harlan in a good quick action film dealing with a stolen kiss and the results thereof. An excellent blend of strong drama, humour and "thrills." Good entertainment.

Lady of the Night (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Oct. 5).

Norma Shearer plays the dual role of a society girl and a graduate of a reformatory, with marked success. The story is slight, but interestingly directed by Monta Bell. Cast includes Malcolm McGregor, George K. Arthur, Fred Esmelton, Dale Fuller, Lew Harvey and Betty Morrissey. Quite good entertainment.

The Last Laugh (Wardour, U. F. A.; Oct. 12).

Emil Jannings in a brilliant character study of a hall porter who is deprived of his uniform, finely supported by George John, Emilie Kurz and Maby Delschaft. Directed by F. W. Murmau. Those who like the German technique will enjoy this.

Learning to Love (First Nat.; Oct. 5).

Not a particularly new story, but excellently cast and well directed by Sidney Franklin. Constance Talmadge in the starring part is good, as usual, and Antonio Moreno plays opposite. Edythe Chapman, Emily Fitzroy, Johnny Harron, Ray Hallor and Byron Munson all add to the success of the picture. Good comedy entertainment.

Let 'Er Buck (European; Oct. 5).

Hoot Gibson in a Western story that is much better than most. Some good rodeo shots and fine riding by the star. Cast includes Marian Nixon, Josie Sedgwick, G. Raymond Nye, Charles K. French, Fred Humes and William Steele. Directed by Charles Sedgwick. Very good entertainment.

Love of a Patriot (F. B. O.; Oct. 25).

From Whittier's poem "Barbara Friet- chie." A sincere and well-produced picture of the American Civil War, that ends on a note of tragedy. Florence Vidor, Edmund Lowe, Emmet King, Joe Bennett, Charles Delaney, Louis Fitzroy, Mattie Peters, Slim Hamilton, George Billings, Jim Blackwell and Gertrude Short form a capable cast. Directed by Thomas Ince.

The Meddler (European; Oct. 12).

Rather thin story of a business man who turns bandit and becomes a sort of modern Robin Hood, competently directed by Arthur Rosson. William Desmond, Dolores Rousay, Claire Anderson, Albert J. Smith, Jack Daugherty, C. L. Sherwood, Kate

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ZANE GREY GOES FISHING

(Continued from page 34).

we smelled the fragrance of Cocos long before we reached it. Lacy white waterfalls stream off the cliffs, and the bird life is manifold and brilliant.

"Here, too, thousands of sharks—bronze and yellow, very fast and savage, with pointed heads, round bodies and huge notched tails—cruised about. They did not show until we hooked a fish, when they would suddenly appear as thick as fence posts, and prevent our landing our catch. But for these hateful creatures, Cocos Island might be the greatest fishing place in the world.

"Cape San Lucas bids fair to be the Mecca for ambitious and adventurous fishermen who have time to make the long trip. Fish! Fish!! And again Fish!!! They are there in infinite varieties and endless quantities. Best of all, sharks are scarce. Although we had some tussles with giant leopard sharks, and a hammerhead or two, sharks were in the main conspicuously absent.

"As to tuna fishing, we caught seventy-nine in all, which, I am glad to say, were gratefully accepted by the market fishermen. They were mostly large, the average being about one hundred and fifty pounds, some well over two hundred, and I caught one fellow that weighed three hundred and eighteen pounds. Kites and baits of any kind were superfluous. A white rag or feather jig was enough.

These tuna struck behind the boat, in plain sight, with terrific violence and speed. Big ones—that is, those of four hundred pounds and more—got away, as we could not hold them even with the fast launches.

"Lastly, we had a half-day battle with a rhineodon typus, or whale shark—perhaps, the rarest and strangest fish in the sea. Only four have ever been caught, and these were all small compared with the one we tackled. Twice as long as my twenty-five foot launch, it was also considerably wider. It whipped both our boats and crews in a fair fight, and finally got away.

"After that, we saw several, and we heard of one having been netted by a Japanese fishing boat. It was fifty-four feet long. Being unaware of its great scientific value the Japs let this priceless rhineodon go free.

"Now I am off to New Zealand and Australia, to get material for new stories and pictures about the fishing in those waters," and this big broad-shouldered giant smiled happily at the prospect of indulging in his favourite hobby so soon again.

Having written the epic of the West in fiction, and for the films, Zane Grey, master-craftsman of the pen, will weave a magic tale round those adventurous spirits who battled with the Maoris in the early days, and "moved the outposts further out" in the new lands South of the Line!



ANITA STEWART

Her teeth are like pearls on the screen, because they are glistening white, without film. "I find proper cleansing of the teeth is most important," Miss Stewart says, "if one is to have an attractive smile. Since I first learned of Pepsodent I have never used anything else. I highly recommend it."

Here is the way to glistening teeth that dentists now advise

It removes that dingy film from your teeth. It clears cloudy teeth. Start beautifying your teeth today—why wait?

MODERN science now tells us now to clean and brighten dingy teeth.

A new way widely urged by leading dentists of the world. Different in formula, action and effect, it does what no other method has yet attained—removes and combats, without harsh grit, the dangerous film that covers teeth and which old type dentifrices do not fight successfully.

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel that film. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth you envy in others. If you combat that film, your teeth will quickly glisten in a way that will delight you. Ask your chemist for a tube of Pepsodent. Results will amaze you.

The great enemy of teeth.

Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty. And, according to world's dental authorities, is regarded as the potential source of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices, and stays. It holds food in contact with teeth, inviting the acid that may cause decay.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

Mail the coupon now. Don't expect the same results from old type dentifrices. Begin beautifying your teeth to-day,

FREE Mail this for
10-Day Tube

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, *The New-Day Quality Dentifrice*
(Dept. 256), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S.E. 1,

Send to

Name

Address

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family.

Picturegoer, Oct. 1925.

MAN WHO THRILLED THE WORLD.

Divulges Methods by which Anyone
can Dominate and Triumph:
Proves by Scientific Fact
that there is no longer an
Excuse for Failure
or Ill-Health.

Great numbers of people to-day struggling for a livelihood, have a great inherent power to attain supremacy—others struggling along in spite of ill-health can attain fitness and content. These are but two of the truths brought home, in the most thorough and definite manner, by a book recently issued, entitled "The Marvels of Couéism." We have here a doctrine expounded by one who has attained all that he claims, and the world-wide renown of Emile Coué—accredited with being the modern magician of the human mind—is proof, in itself, that this new Science of Couéism is destined to have a remarkable, far-reaching effect.



EMILE COUÉ.

"The Marvels of Couéism" is undoubtedly the key for which the world has been searching: the perusal of it gives the impression of a new aid, a wondrous power, an inherent force, that may be wielded by rich and poor alike. As you read, there arises an ever-growing conception of the many applications to which the Science may be put, making each day more progressive and more productive—giving bigger rewards. The man or woman, young or old, who permits a day to go by without obtaining "The Marvels of Couéism" will be guilty of neglect to his or her own interests: so great an aid does it give, that those who are not conversant with its contents will surely be at a great disadvantage in this age of competition—whether the word be applied to society, industry, or the professions.

So that there shall be no obstacle to those who would profit the most from "The Marvels of Couéism," the publishers have arranged to distribute no less than 10,000 copies, entirely free of charge. A certain number have been reserved for our readers, but early application is imperative, or you may be disappointed. Simply send your name and address to: The Coué-Orton Institute, Ltd., Dept. 51, Holborn Viaduct House, London, E.C.1, enclosing, if you wish, 3d. in stamps to cover postage, and you will have made a definite sure step towards the achievement of your desires. Then you will be able to prove for yourself that the power which made, at least one man world-famous, can be enjoyed, to its full, in your own case.



Vera
Steadman.

The Ten-Pound Look

Read this article if you would like to win a substantial money prize in one of the simplest contests ever devised.

The combination of a roguish fringe, and hair parted simply in the middle gives to Vera Steadman a piquant prettiness. Is it only the arrangement of one's tresses that gives this charm? If so, you may, if your coiffure resembles that of Miss Steadman's, claim to have the £10 look. Send in your photograph and we will decide.

And don't forget your friends. They, too, may be pleased to enter this competition; who knows, a little friendly rivalry as to the merits of two heads of equally pretty hair may be settled amicably through the columns of the PICTUREGOER.

Think, too, what you could do with £5. There are no end to the pretty things for which every girl craves in her heart, and this sum would undoubtedly buy quite a few. Of course, if you use Amami Shampoo, all the better, for in addition, you win another £5.

Last month's winner was Miss W. Nutting, of 52, Endlesham Road, Balham, S.W.12, to whom we offer hearty congratulations and £5. and to whom Messrs. Prichard and Constance have also sent £5, as she was a user of their famous shampoo powder. We are retaining her photograph, as well as all those sent in which we consider eligible for the final prize of £20 for the most beautiful head of hair in the whole competition. Read the following rules carefully.

- 1—There is no Entrance Fee.
- 2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows:—"Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 5, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

- 3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.
- 4—The closing date for this Competition is October 19th, 1925. The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.
- 5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.
- 6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PRIZES DOUBLED.

MESSRS. PRICHARD & CONSTANCE announce that in the event of the Prize Winner being a user of Amami Shampoo Powder they will double the monthly prize—thus making it £10. All Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoo will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

IMPORTANT.—If you wish to qualify for these Extra Prizes, you must enclose with your photograph an empty Amami Shampoo Powder Sachet to show that you are a bona-fide user.



Miss W. Nutting, winner of last month's £10.

LenaLastik Underwear

(1880)

Doctors tell us that the clothing now worn by ladies is the most healthy they have ever worn. The air-cell ventilation—which is a feature of LenaLastik—is to be highly commended. The texture is soft, warm, durable and unshrinkable. The price is very moderate.

Miss Alice Calhoun, the celebrated Vitagraph Star, says:—

"I find LenaLastik Underwear delightfully soft and comfy to the skin and most excellent in every way. I take great pleasure in recommending it most heartily."

Look for this Tab on the garment.



At the Stores and all leading Drapers.

If any difficulty write for name of draper with stock.
VASLEDGE WORKS, SOUTH WIGSTON.

LenaLastik holds the Certificate of Merit of the Institute of Hygiene.

Free

The greatest talisman of all time—the mystic ANKH or Key of Life—is offered free to Lucky Dream smokers. The story of the Ankh together with full details as to how you may obtain one for yourself will be found in each packet.

L UCKY DREAM

CIGARETTES have revealed new and unexpected joys in smoking to thousands who have already tried them. In them the age-old wisdom of the East is combined with the scientific skill of the Virginian Tobacco planter. Their delicate aroma is, perhaps, new to many of us in the West, although known for countless

Tipped with finely beaten gold.

Twenty for 1/-



generations in the Orient as a luxury of rare price. Not only are LUCKY DREAM Cigarettes the most enjoyable of smokes, but they have the additional advantages, in that they neither taint the breath nor stain the fingers.

Lucky Dream
Perfumed with Amber
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Sold everywhere by good Tobacconists, or a Sample box will be sent post free for 1/2 from

MIRANDA LTD., Church Place, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

10 FOR 6^d

MY TRIP ABROAD.—(Continued from page 46.)

"Oh," he said, "oh yes, why, we had a nice party arranged for you. We wanted you to have a good time. *We had a band all ready.*"

"*We had a band all ready.*"

I don't know why, but that kindly enough, casual little remark, seemed to undo me. It brought back vividly, too vividly, that scene by the transport, with the sea raging and the sky down-pouring and the trunks growling about like living things, and death to right and left of us, while, above, a band and a party waited. A band that might so logically have played Chopin's Funeral March!

But I had to laugh. And so did Natacha. There we had been taking parts in a melodrama of the elements the like of which I never expect to equal in a rôle, just for a nice supper and to hear a band play!

What Thomas Hardy would doubtless describe as one of "Life's Little Ironies."

There was nothing of any importance to discuss. Nothing that we didn't already know. I told Mr. Williams what had happened and he was, of course, sincerely sorry.

But what one hasn't actually lived through is a difficult thing to grasp and I don't suppose anyone but Natacha and I and the man in our boat will ever really and fully grasp how close we said farewell to life that night.

We have two more days in London, then America-bound.

We have seen one or two plays. Had a few business talks. We've seen several of our friends and have been entertained at dinner.

And we have thoroughly enjoyed the hotel and the feeling of comfort and safety. The next time I write we will

be on our way home—on the ocean homeward bound.

*S.S. Belgenland, Homeward Bound,
October 15th.*

I suppose I have used the word "home" in various ways in this diary. There is something, after all, in the old adage that where a man hangs his hat is home.

That is, I think, particularly true of men. Women must make a home before it is home to them. I have noted that women will fix up hotel rooms with little odd touches, or even in the most brief of rented abodes will somehow manage to transform them before they can be what they call "at home."

But a man can literally hang up his hat and feel as though he is at home. That comes especially, to men who have travelled or whose work has called them frequently from one part of the country to the other.

This boat is home to me now. It is taking me home. And it is, I hope, taking me back to my work. That, most of all, is *home*. A studio . . . the glaring and blaring of the lights . . . the hammering of the carpenters . . . the raw skeletons of unfinished sets . . . the striking of the lights . . . the shifting, painted people, moving about here and there . . . the coatless director coralling his forces . . . the noise of it all . . . the smell of it all . . . that is really home. . . .

I feel, in a sense, that I have had no vacation whatsoever. Time doesn't constitute a vacation, nor does moving about from place to place, seeing sights and meeting people. Vacation is play-time and play should be the be-all and end-all of a vacation.

With me this trip has been just a rush trip to see a lot of relatives. We



Welcome home again.

really hadn't any vacation enjoyment out of it as things go.

We weren't, after all, doing anything constructive. The creative faculties were at low ebb, if nothing else, and that, in itself, is a great change for a person in my line of work. Still I feel happy on this boat.

Mr. Steuer has been working for me and has got things whipped into such shape that I am very anxious to get back. Sometimes, now that I am really on my way, I feel like getting out and pushing the boat along. It seems to take its great way so leisurely through the waters. As though nothing mattered but the sea and the sky, calm, I am glad to say, thus far.

To-morrow we shall sight the Statue of Liberty. Even as I sighted it for the first time so many years ago. The same Statue of Liberty, but not quite the same "Me."

*Hotel Ritz-Carlton, New York,
October 21st.*

Home again.

In New York again.

Soon to be at work again!

I feel like a schoolboy, like throwing my cap (if I wore one) into the air and shouting "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The day after I last wrote in my diary we steamed into harbour, sighting the Statue of Liberty.

THE END.

THE GRAMOPHONE SEASON.

Music lovers who wish to be absolutely certain of including in their gramophone repertoire all the latest and best, should not fail to obtain some of the newest Brunswick records. Here is a selection to delight the most fastidious critic: A 10in. double-sided pianoforte solo, beautifully rendered by Josef Hofmann, comprising "Polonaise Militaire (A major)," and Rubenstein's "Melody in F." Among other musical treats which should not be missed are "Hosanna," and "Open The Gates of The Temple," sung by Marie Chamlee. "I Don't Want to Get Married," (Carl Fenton's Orchestra), "Red Hot Henry Brown" (Ray Miller and his Orchestra), "Sing a Song," and "With You, Dear, in Bombay" (Abe Lyman's California Orchestra).



Rudolph Valentino in his dressing room.

Indigestion and the remedy

If it's only indigestion that's troubling you, then your troubles can soon be ended, for, no matter how chronic your indigestion may be, 'Bisurated' Magnesia will stop it instantly. This world-famed remedy for disturbed stomach conditions never fails to give relief in all cases; in fact, it's difficult to see how it can fail, when you come to consider that 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises the harmful acids and prevents fermentation the moment it enters the stomach. Any doctor will tell you that there is no better remedy known for indigestion or similar stomach ills than 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and for this reason many of the biggest hospitals use it. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in both powder and tablet form at 1s. 3d., and you can be assured that in the contents of the well-known blue package you have got the one real aid to a good digestion.



Hours and
hours of
enjoyment

—in this 1/- Packet of

Mackintosh's CHOCOLATE Toffee de Luxe

which is, by common consent, the very finest "hard centre" Chocolate on the market. Moreover, it is the most *economical* Chocolate you can buy.

It is a superb sweetmeat of *lasting* goodness.

10^D. per 1/4lb.

or in (full weight) 1/- packets of all Confectioners.

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TOFFEE TOWN — HALIFAX.

Ⓢ105

Where do YOU Want to Reduce?

Amazing new discovery takes off flesh just where you want to lose it. No dieting—no pills—no discomforts. Requires only a few minutes a day. Five days' Trial. Results guaranteed. New easy way to quickly reduce any fleshy part and have a youthfully slender figure.

At last a local treatment to take off superfluous flesh just where you want to lose it. At last science comes forward with a simple, harmless appliance, that by removing the cause quickly and easily removes the effect—the fat—at the spot, and there only.

Thousands of women are stout only in certain parts, but normal in other parts. Thousands are too heavy about the waist, but perfectly well-formed—even slender—from the hips down. Others have very large hips and lower limbs, while comparatively thin in the upper body. With the Vaco Reducing Cup, excess flesh is treated directly, and by this new, wonderful method it is quickly brought down to normal.

HOW EASY IT IS!

Vaco Reducing Cup, through a gentle suction, creates renewed natural circulation in the fatty part. Congestion is loosened and fat vanishes like magic. The Cup is based on the scientific principle of suction-massage. It goes directly to the part affected—removes only the fat you want to lose. The suction of the Cup holds the flesh in a firm grasp and the vacuum created circulates a flow of fresh, active blood to the fatty spot. Then, with a gentle rotating motion, the spot is massaged for only three minutes and the blood is urged through the congested fat, which is thus quickly dissolved and naturally and harmlessly carried away.



FIVE DAY MONEY-BACK TRIAL



Thousands of Vaco Reducing Cups have been sold at 20 shillings and upwards, but a special introductory offer brings you for five days' trial the entire treatment for £1. Just follow directions, and you can't help becoming slender and graceful again. You take no risk. This is our **FREE PROOF OFFER!** Just post the coupon and postal order for 20 shillings and if the Vaco Cup fails to do as we say it will, return it within five days and we will gladly refund every penny you paid. But post the Special Coupon now before this offer is withdrawn. Modern Research Society, Ltd., Dept. 957, 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

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Send me the Vaco Reducing Cup, postage prepaid, in a plain container, on this Free Proof Offer. I am enclosing 20 shillings with this coupon with the understanding that I have the guaranteed privilege of returning the Cup within five days, and having my money instantly refunded if I am not fully delighted with the results.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN



J. S. (Cheshire).—Letter forwarded. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

MOVIE MAD (Melton Mowbray).—I sympathise with you. Some films are enough to unhinge anybody's mind. (1) Jobyna Ralston has brown hair and hazel eyes. She isn't married. (2) Richard Dix isn't married. He has one sister, Josephine. (3) Ronald Colman isn't married now.

RIVIERA ROSE (York).—(1) The only films the Prince of Wales has ever acted in are the news pictures, (2) Release date for *Ben Hur* isn't fixed. It hasn't even been shown in America yet. (3) I'll ask the Editor about that article.

Virginia Valli and Miles Mander His plans for the future aren't settled yet. (2) Write to the Picturegoer Salon for a copy of THE PICTUREGOER'S "WHO'S WHO."

F. L. (Paddington Green).—Sorry I can't answer your questions, but I haven't managed to decipher the letter yet. Is it a new kind of puzzle? If so, I give it up.

J. S. (Oxford).—You certainly have been asleep, if you've only just found PICTUREGOER. (1) Norma Shearer isn't married. (2) Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. (3) Address your letters to me—not to the Editor. (4) Gladys Cooper doesn't give her age.

A. S. (Clerkenwell).—(1) Letter forwarded to Milton Sills. (2) An art plate of Milton appeared in July 1924 PICTUREGOER, but I'll see about another later on.

CONSTANT READER (Aberdeen).—(1) *The Misleading Lady* and *Damaged Goods* are two in which Ronald Colman starred before 1920. He also made some films for Hepworth and Broadwest before he went to America. Glad you enjoy PICTUREGOER.

MARY (Portsmouth). Apologies returned unused. (1) John Stuart has returned from Munich, where he has been at work on *The Pleasure Garden* with

(5) Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore before she married Douglas Fairbanks.

AGITATO (Bournemouth).—Carol forwarded to the right department with a recommendation to mercy. Your questionless letter is a refreshing change—you may write again on the same lines.

F. J. G. (The Mount).—Letter forwarded to Rudolph Valentino. Glad your various epistles have been so successful.

IRENE (Willesden).—I've passed your carol on to the right quarter with a recommendation to mercy. I'll take your word for it that you're not a "young kid." (1) Sorry to keep you in such a ferment of uncertainty, but the release date of *Ben Hur* hasn't been fixed yet. (2) Ramon Novarro has black hair, but I don't think he's unusually dark skinned.

J. R. (Suffolk).—You seem to have got it badly, my poor child. (1) Rod La Rocque isn't married yet—he lives at home with his mother and sister. (2) Write to him c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (3) Always glad to oblige a lady, but I don't want to qualify for wings just yet. (4) "Darling" Ivor Novello's latest film is *The Rat*. (5) Send letters to me and I'll forward them.

MOLLIE P. (Grantham).—You certainly have an elastic heart! I've forwarded your letters and hope the result is satisfactory.

E. B. (Southport).—You seem to be suffering, so I'll deal gently with you. (1) I've passed your carol on to the right quarter with the usual recommendation. (2) You'll find news of William Farnum in PICTUREGOER whenever he is working.



"Keep fit on **COCOA**"
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 WRITE "CADBURY, BOURNVILLE" ABOUT
 GIFT SCHEME

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STUDENTS & COLLECTORS.

ART

We have an exclusive range of Art Postcards, Photographs, Pictures, Paris Salons, Albums, etc.; and an indispensable line in Photo-Prints, Portfolio Enlargements, Illustrated Works, etc., for the exclusive use of Artists and Students.

Write: F. HAYNES, BROS. (Fine Art Publishers),
 6, Norton Street, Liverpool.

M. B. (Tonbridge).—Letter forwarded. (1) Most film stars send signed photos to their admirers, so I don't see why Jobyna Ralston should prove an exception. Send your letter to Betty Blythe e/o this paper.

POT-POURRI (Norwood).—(1) So far as I know John Barrymore has no children. (2) Norma Talmadge has only been married once. Joe Sehenek is her husband. (2) Fay Compton is married to Leon Quartermaine. Thanks for gratitude, duly earned.

TWO TWIN BOUNCERS (Salisbury).—Your tale of sleepless nights is very touching, so I hasten to relieve your anxiety. (1) *Bonnie Prince Charlie* was made in Scotland. It's an English film, so of course it wasn't made in Hollywood. (2) Flora le Breton is about twenty-three. (3) She's not married yet. Hope this will prove an adequate sleeping draught.

CONNIE (Forest Hill).—Wants to know if any of her fellow readers have copies of January and February 1922, PICTUREGOER for sale, as they are out of print and she would like to complete her set for binding. Any offers? (1) I've forwarded your letter, Connie.

M. A. (Harrogate).—(1) If I'm not bald I ought to be by the time you fans have finished with me; anyway, I'm glad you don't think me an Adonis. (2) I think Ivor Novello would accept that sketch if you sent it to him. (3) Elizabeth Ridsen was the heroine in *The Manxman* which was produced in 1916.

ERNESTINE (Cornwall).—Letter forwarded to Valentino. (1) Sorry, my memory doesn't go back as far as that. (2) Gloria Swanson's maiden name is Gloria Swanson, but she is the Marquise de Falaise in private life. (3) You mustn't ask me for my opinions. I'm a tactful man and fond of peace, so my attitude must be strictly neutral.

R. B. (Leicester).—Glad you appreciate my sparkling wit! (1) I think you've made a mistake about *A Fool and His Money*. Lon Poff played the black servant—not Chester Conklin. (2) Write to the Publishing Dept., for hack numbers and particulars of prices. (3)

"Kinema Carols" prizes include bound volumes of "Pictures" Cheerio!

ST. ELMO (Surrey).—(1) *The Shulamite* and *Why Change Your Wife* were released some time ago, and *Wages of Virtue* is released this month. (2) *Bluff* and *The Four Flushers* are one and the same film. (3) Agnes Ayres did play in *The Ten Commandments* but when the film was cut her part had to come right out.

KIMBERLEYITE READER (S. Africa).—Don't apologise—your question list is very modest compared with some. (1) Sorry I can't tell you anything about Hazel Keener. (2) Zena Keefe appears to have retired from the screen. She hasn't done any film work for some time. (3) George Hackathorne is in England, playing with Betty Balfour in *The Sea Urchin*, under the direction of Graham Cutts. (4) I'm neutral.

DIMPLES (Glasgow).—Glad to make your acquaintance, Dimples. (1) There is a rumour that the Valentinos are seeking a divorce, but it hasn't been officially confirmed. (2) I've forwarded your e-mail to the right department.

AGATE (Hull).—Wants to know how to approach the English cinema companies with a view to taking up film work. The answer is—Don't! The profession's hopelessly overcrowded as it is. Sorry to damp your ardour, but I must be cruel to be kind.

M. S. (Norwich).—Of course, call me "George." (1) I think Viola Dana would autograph a photo for you. Write to her e/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Most film stars answer their fan mail. If you send your letters to me I'll see that they go to the right addresses.

DORIS (London).—(1) There's no secret Doris—I'm one of the poor that you have always with you! (2) What would I do without you? Go away to some desert island and live the rest of my life in peace. (2) Eille Norwood was last seen touring with *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* and I believe he is still on the road with it. (3) Sorry, Marion Nixon doesn't give her birthday. (4) Letters forwarded.



for you

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The autograph apron which Frankie Bailey is here displaying to Weber and Fields the noted comedy stars, contains over a thousand signatures of celebrities.



Now that the hot weather's over there's no more excuse for a lack of bright thoughts from you, my gentle readers, so get the grey matter working *All Thoughts Invited.* and roll-up with some great ideas before next month. Otherwise I shall have to do a little work, and it's so much easier to let you do it for me. Here are some opinions that have reached me recently.

"It seems lately that historical and costume films are rapidly coming to the fore and this, in my opinion, is where we as a nation will score. All the best British pictures I have seen to date have been costume films; e.g., *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, *The Wandering Jew*, *Claude Duval*, *Mary Queen of Scots*, and *The Moon of Israel*. Of course, there is no doubt that America has the greatest number of good actors so far, but when we see men like Adelqui Millar, John Stuart and many others, we feel that British films ought to get somewhere, and they should certainly be able to get a better atmosphere for English historical dramas than the Americans can."—*E. S. F. (Brixton Hill)*.

"I think it rather a mistake for film stars who have gradually faded out of the public notice and retired, to stage 'come-backs,' for the results, as a rule, are painful to them and disappointing to the public. Take the case of W. S.

Hart. He retired and then came back with *Wild Bill Hickock* and *Singer Jim McKee*, both very mediocre films. Mix and Co., have forged ahead, and have got him fairly beaten now. Will J. Warren Kerrigan regain his ascendancy over all other male favourites now that he has returned, I think not—there are too many young, gifted and handsome rivals on the screen to-day. The same thing applies to Theda Bara. I don't think she will be able to hold her own amongst the more polished screen vampires of to-day, when she returns in her new film. Surely it is far better for these stars to rest on their laurels and not mar their splendid reputations by mediocre pictures in a world that has grown up around them."—*James H (London)*.

"I begrudge the continued devotion of so much of the PICTUREGOER space to the egotistical outpourings of the egregious Valentino. This star's biography is more than sufficiently dealt with by 'George' in his inimitable and patient replies to hysterical flappers. Photographs of him are common enough in every magazine and there should be no necessity for us to see his self-satisfied countenance smirking out of snapshots on page after page of the PICTUREGOER. I should like to see the 'Honour's List' again. The 'Guide' notices are too brief to be of full value—they should be extended. I should

also like to say that Mary Astor has the most delightful nose in filmdom."—*Iconoclast (Cheltenham)*.

"I may be termed a 'Red' but when I keep reading gush about Lillian Gish—her 'pale loveliness like the moon,' etc.—I get mad. Frankly, I think she is insipid. Her continual angelic smile when her tormentors are nearly killing her infuriates me. Why won't she vamp and show her temper occasionally, 'cos she must possess a little devilment in her make-up somewhere. Pola Negri could act once, but her American films have all been washouts. She tries to ape Gloria Swanson and look lovely, but it won't do. She's miles above Gloria as an actress, though she's not strictly beautiful, and if she stops posing and being a fashion plate she can do great things."—*The Bolshie*.

"W. B. T.'s article on 'miscast' was very interesting" writes C. L. (Balham), "but I disagree with him (or her) over Milton Sills and Warren Kerrigan. *A Disagreement.* No actor or actress, however clever, can portray a book hero or heroine faultlessly, because an author can often express something on paper that cannot always be translated to screen terms. Sills as the 'Sea Hawk' was very unconvincing. He was just a Westerner, dressed up in fancy costume and striking attitudes à la Vincent Crummies. Kerrigan did lose the American touch and become a 17th century gentleman pirate, ready of hand and wit, never taken unawares, which is what Mr. Sabatini wanted."

A Great Thought.

And now, having given you space to air your views, I shall give you my great thought for the month—that the first potential film magazine to enter the business must have remembered the old adage "Silence is Golden."



THE THINKER.



In the Herb Garden of the Monks-

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Corinne Griffith

**LILLIAN GISH**

Beautiful Lillian Gish, for all her screen triumphs, scores her greatest artistic success as "Romola," thereby confounding those critics who once averred that she could only give her best work under the direction of D. W. Griffith.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. No. 59. NOVEMBER, 1925.

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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



Betty Compson.

Betty Compson thinks that film work keeps one young. You should see Snitz Edwards nipping into his cradle every night after the day's doings.

Better pictures. When the film fans raise a bigger breeze.

"The movies," says Oscar Britz, "are the greatest invention of the twentieth century." Even when the stories are the greatest invention of the tenth?

Slow emotion pictures. That last kiss.

The statement that the career of the average star endureth for no longer than five years puts me wise to why so many starestes seem to stick at the age of twenty-three for so many years.

The screen-struck's road to Los needs a few white lines at the bends.

Continuity. The stream of rejects from Los back to old England.



Mack Sennett.

Mack Sennett is coming to England now. That poor Mayor of Southampton never had a fair chance to get on with the mayor game.

I suppose they call them super-

films because they are mostly written, produced, acted and titled by supers?

Ford Sterling is through with custard pie. Henceforth, serious work for Ford. Waiting, I suppose, until another generation of custard pies grows up.

It is not decided, by the way, whether the leading role will be taken by Florence Vidor Esther Ralston the occasion of Ford's serious debut.

"Yes, he's playin' the accidental music at the Picturedrome..."

It's all very well having these elaborate prologues for the fillums. But doesn't it make the fillum seem rather in the nature of an epilogue?



Musical score Bebe Daniels. for average film. O.

Joke. Bebe Daniels leading lede.

Ambition. The desire of the gardener to be a film star. The desire of the film star to be a gardener.

I imagine that by now Lon Chaney will have forgotten what he looks like.

Most supers are inferers.

Registering mirth. Making sure the MS of your tragedy reaches the famous actor in Hollywood.

Madge Bellamy writes me to the effect that joyousness is the world's greatest asset to-day. Now is this publicity--or flattery?



"Goo-Goo of Streat-ham" wants to Madge Bellamy. know what becomes of the old films when they are scrapped. Come down to my old suburb, Goo-Goo, and I'll prove to you they never are.

These skyscraper comedies give one the idea that they must have understudies for the understudy's understudy.

A friend just back from Hollywood tells me that Harold Lloyd, off the screen, doesn't look a bit like Harold Lloyd. But then, perhaps he doesn't want to.

From the Movie Menu: "Noises off" are off.

In *The Phantom of the Opera*, Lon Chaney acts a thousand-foot scene entirely with his hands. I know actors who've acted whole films without even using their brains, either.

So Baby Peggy is to do Little Red Riding Hood? What an admirable wolf Rudolph would make. In, of course, sheep's clothing.



Baby Peggy.

HOW THEY DO IT. N^o. 1.

Selecting



Left: Elinor Glyn and Conrad Nagel discuss "The Only Thing."

This is the first of a series covering the selection of the story to

broken just once in every nine hundred thousand instances. (Yes, that's right! Once in every 900,000 instances!) Old-timers at the Scenario Department of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, from which most of the data for this article was obtained, say that they cannot remember when the last amateur's effort was accepted and paid for.

Why do these conditions exist? Considering the hundreds of lawyers, doctors, housewives and street-car conductors who "write for the movies," isn't there a chance of at



Above: An interesting quartette—Jesse Lasky, Avery Hopwood, Edward Knoblock, and Robert Loraine.

Right: Gardiner Sullivan and his dog.



When the Great American Public submits a story to the scenario department of any of the bigger motion picture companies, the following is what generally happens:

The office-boy receives the MSS in the mail. He carefully clips the enclosed stamped envelope to the story and hands the whole thing to the first reader. The first reader goes through the story and then passes it on to a young lady who enters the title of the story, together with the submittor's name and address, on a card which is filed away. The opus is then given back to the office-boy with a nicely worded rejection slip to mail out again.

The monotony of this routine is

least one of them "landing" occasionally? Broadly speaking—no! And principally because the policy of the scenario departments, not only at Famous Players, but everywhere, is that if there are two stories of equal merit submitted, the one by the better-known author will be accepted. Figure the chances of "getting in" against competition of this kind.

To the anxious outsider these tactics undoubtedly seem unfair, but when it is considered that if an exhibitor can advertise the name of a prominent writer as the author of the picture he is showing it will mean just so much more money at his box-office, the policy of the producers in this respect is more readily understood.

The question then arises naturally: What can or should be done by the

BY CHARLES GARTNER

The Plays

every phase of the movie industry, from the final scrapping of the film.

serious-minded amateur in order to get his story beyond the sacred portals of Jesse L. Lasky's office with the notation, "Recommended for acceptance."

It is here that the advice to aspiring writers that a famous novelist once gave is especially applicable: "The only way to learn how to write is to write!" The scenario department at Famous Players-Lasky Corporation backs up the noted author on this statement, but adds emphatically that before trying any brain-children on the scenario department to first tackle the fiction magazine market

Strange as it may seem, a story, if first printed in a magazine, will come to the attention of the powers that be much quicker than if mailed directly to them. This is because the various readers in the scenario department go through every fiction magazine published, synopsising and sending the most likely-looking stories into "head-quarters" for special attention.

The stories not suited for immediate use are filed and preserved for future reference. As many of these stories are purchased five or six years after publication they are not, by any means, considered as being sent to the "morgue" when they are synopsised and filed in this fashion.

To further heighten the sorrows, and to completely drown all hopes of the amateur, announcement is also made that every book published, and

Cecil B. de Mille separates the wheat from the chaff.



every play produced, is also recorded as possible photoplay material. This fully explains the one in nine hundred thousand chances the outsider has of having his story bought.

On the other hand, Cecil B. De Mille recently stepped forward with the encouraging information that the idea for his greatest production to date, *The Ten Commandments* was obtained as a result of a contest open to everyone. There were some thirty thousand suggestions sent in. And among these suggestions were those of many prominent writers.

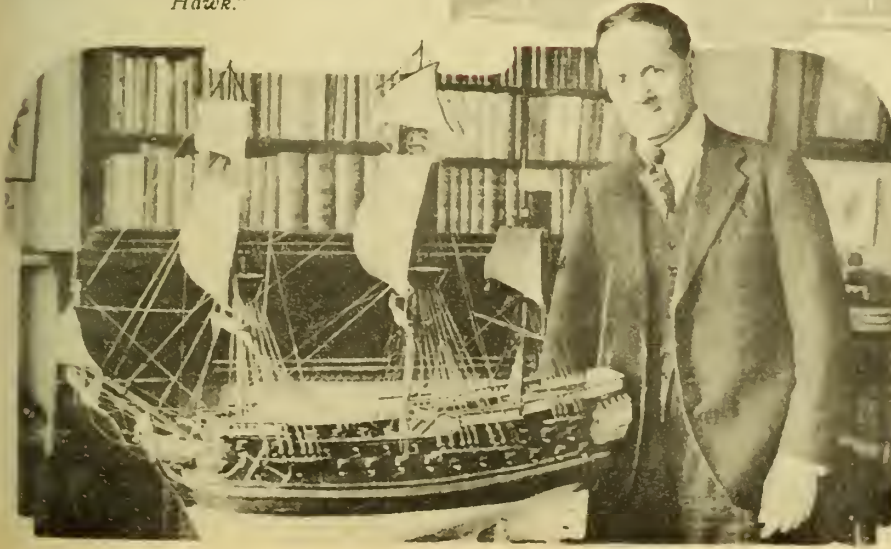
Five people each received the full first award for the best idea, that of filming *The Ten Commandments*. One of the winners was a retired contractor, three others were housewives while the fifth was a man who, also, had never before written anything with the idea of selling it.

One of the many reasons why the amateur will always have trouble in getting his story across is his ignorance of the boundaries to which the average motion picture must be restricted. One of these limitations is dialogue. A motion picture composed mostly of sub-titles will never "take." The background necessary to the filming of other stories is another restriction. Still another is censorship.

The amateur may bring himself several steps nearer the goal if he will but study as many pictures as possible, making notes on the most successful ones, and the reasons why they are successful. Then by following similar lines, he may be able to interest a producer in one of his stories.

Next month: "The Scenario Writer."

Right: Carey Wilson, an accomplished scenario writer. Below: Sabatini with a model of the galleon used in "The Sea Hawk."



The Invisible

Left: This Charlie Chaplin has never been seen on the screen.

The essence of acting is the elimination of self; we see the shadows but not the men who cast them.

they were wrapped in cloaks of fairy-tale darkness. That is their greatness and the secret of their charm.

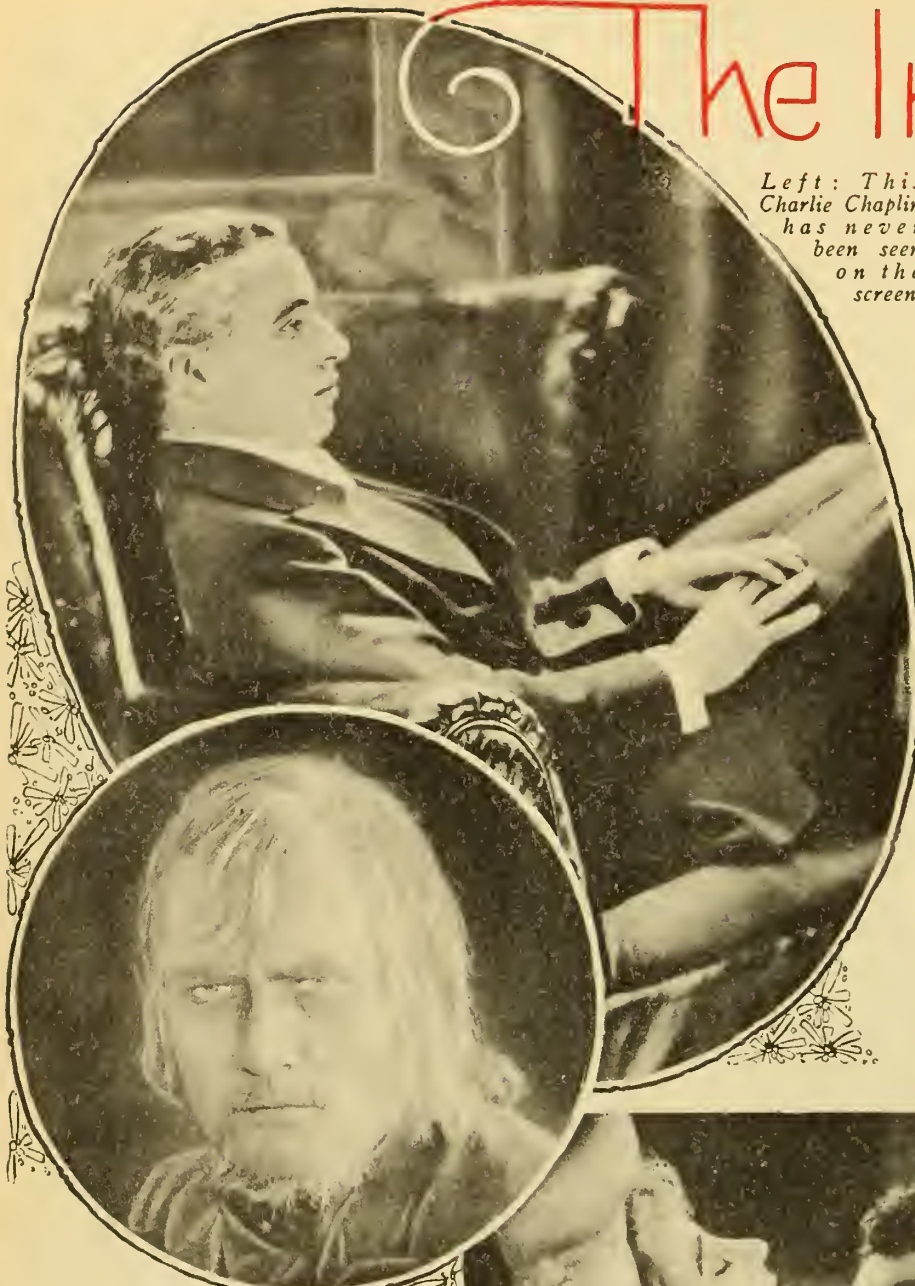
The essence of acting is the elimination of self. The essence of stardom is the exploitation—using the word in its best sense—of self. The actor belongs to his art alone, the star to the world that has made him.

The actor changes, always. Voice, manner, movement, even size, vary with his varying parts. But the star may not, dare not, change. His voice, manner, movement, even size, belong to the populace and must be constant, always on the spot for the populace to enjoy.

The theatre cannot get on without the stars and the actors, both. They exist side by side on the London stage, the New York stage, and the stages of every city in Europe where the theatre is a thing of power. For long they have existed side by side, but whereas in the beginning the actor was the greater of the two, it seems likely that the star is going to rule the future.

The kinema, in general, is star country. The richest men in the in-

Emil Jannings in "Othello."



Above: Bernard Goetzke—another man whom we never see as he is.

Some day, when the full story of motion pictures comes to be written, when we can look back on the film successes and the famous film folk of these days and see them in perspective, we shall realise that the finest work has been done, the greatest personal triumphs achieved, by actors whose faces we have never really seen.

A hundred times we think we have seen them. In a hundred pictures we fancy we have watched them. But the real masters of the kinema, however often they have faced the camera, have been, are, and always will be, invisible.

No one has ever seen Charlie Chaplin. No one has ever seen Emil Jannings. No one has ever seen Bernard Goetzke, and no one ever will. They are as closely invisible as though



Stays 1927 E.R. THOMPSON

dustry have made their millions by the skilful exploitation of a few personalities. The most popular stars in the industry are not allowed to be actors; the public are too firmly devoted to them as themselves. In each film they make their faces, and gestures, and tricks of manner, must be familiar and friendly. No mask must obscure them. No uncharacteristic emotion disturb them. They must greet their friends on the other side of the screen with a cheery here-we-are-again kind of glance.

Perhaps the most perfect example of stardom ever seen on the screen was the case of Wallace Reid. Millions of people, all the world over, felt that they knew intimately this pleasant young American. Every line of his face, every fleeting expression, was as familiar to them as the features of their daily companions. Wallace Reid was the dearly-loved star because he was the dearly-loved man. His own frank, sunny personality made him great.

Of the same type is Reginald Denny to-day, and with him—different, widely different in character, but alike in their direct contact of personality with their audience — Raymond Griffith, Constance Talmadge, Viola Dana, Tom Mix. None of these has ever yet hidden their true faces with a dramatic mask.

The late Wallace Reid one of the most perfect specimens of stardom.



It is all a matter of individuality. The star without individuality, is nothing. The actor without individuality, is most fully himself.

That is why the finest actors, the most complete actors, of the stage and screen, have never *themselves* been seen, and never will be.

Who, out of all the world which has watched Charlie the Tramp, Charlie the Pilgrim, Charlie the Floorwalker, Charlie at the Rink, Charlie the father of The Kid, has ever caught the face of the real Charlie, the face of Charles Chaplin of Los Angeles?

The world's greatest comedian has hidden himself away from the world behind a face that is not his, but is the world's own.

Another comedian of his country, too, Harold Lloyd, and another, Buster Keaton, has made himself invisible, to his greater glory. We do not see the real Harold when we watch *College Days* and *Hot Water*, *Why Worry* and *Safety Last*, any more than we see, in *Seven Chances* and *The Navigator*, the Buster Keaton of every day.



Above: Reginald Denny. Left: Harold Lloyd as he really is.

Perhaps the two most impressive actors on the serious screen, Emil Jannings and Bernard Goetzke, have never yet been seen by mortal eye. Such men should never make "personal appearances," for in their impersonality lies all their power.

We have seen Peter the Great, Pharaoh, Danton, Henry the Eighth, and the Porter of *The Last Laugh*. But we have never yet seen Jannings himself.

We have watched the figure of Death in *Destiny*, the minstrel of *The Nibelungs*, the captive soldier in *Decameron Nights*, the fiery fiddler of *The Blackguard*, the detective in *Dr. Mabuse* and the Yogi of *Above All Law*. But Bernard Goetzke the man we have never watched, and, so long as he lends his mighty genius to the silent drama, never shall.

Trifling With The Text

by
ROBERT MC KOWN.



Bert
Lytell
in "Rupert
of Hentzau."

A certain American producer, while admitting that *The Only Way* is a great film, thinks that it would be improved if it closed with a happy ending. "Why not," he suggests, "bring in a close-up at the end—the girl and her lover, and perhaps a little kiddie running around?"

No doubt he is quite right from his own point of view: an American audience would certainly prefer such an ending to the one that Dickens wrote and Sir John Martin-Harvey immortalised. But if this producer thinks that to alter the film as he suggests would make it more acceptable to a British public, there is only one excuse we can put forward for him—he cannot have read Dickens.

Fortunately, Herbert Wilcox has not taken his American colleague's advice and we may rest assured that the picture will be a credit to the British film industry; but it is surprising how many films that might have been great ones have been spoiled by the producer's idea of dramatic effect.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame was a notable example. Here the desire to have a happy ending caused the producer to break away completely from the author's narrative. It was not made plain why Esmeralda was not hanged as soon as she left sanctuary, nor during the first part of the film did Captain de Chateaupers show any great desire to marry her, for we were told in a sub-title that, "For Phoebus it was but another woman to hold in his arms." However, the pair were united and the producer was satisfied.



Left: Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Maclaren in "The Three Musketeers."



Above:
Alice
Terry
and Ignatz.

Frollo was no common criminal; Jehan became an ordinary screen villain, something like Joe Standish in *The Signal Tower*, only less convincing.

Rupert of Hentzau was another victim of the craze for happy endings, and Flavia (who had married a man she did not love because she thought that her duty to her subjects demanded it), abdicated as soon as she became a widow in order that she might marry Rassendyll.

It was not only a very unlikely finish but also a very bad one from the dramatic point of view. In spite of the sub-titles, the scene by the river when Rudolph was leaving for the frontier gave us the impression that the couple were parting for ever. As a close to a great story it fell far short of the Sir Anthony Hope's ending with Rassendyll's body lying in state among the dead kings of Ruritania.

That Douglas Fairbanks altered *The Three Musketeers* out of all recognition was not of great importance. Fairbanks and the rest of the cast (with the exception of Adolphe Menjou and Nigel de Brulier) were so unlike Dumas' characters that, even if the story had been closely adhered to, the picture could never have been a good one.

All producers do not spoil stories when they film them. But the desire to "improve" the author's plot, above all the passion for happy endings, has caused countless directors to make bad films out of some of the greatest stories in literature.



Lon
Chaney as
Quasimodo.

An even worse mistake was to turn Claude Frollo from a villainous priest to a particularly saintly one while his crimes were placed on the shoulders of his brother Jehan. It was a senseless alteration which an Atheist friend of mine attributes to Roman Catholic influence.

Whatever the reason, it did a lot to spoil the film for readers of Hugo.

Directors I Have Met

JOHN FRANCIS DILLON



The public demanded "More" and next came *The Perfect Flapper* with the charming Colleen in another delightful part. Everything runs in threes they say, and so it is to be expected that a third flapper comedy will come along with the same star,

director and producing company.

The new picture, work on which will be started soon, is *We Moderns*, a filmisation of Zangwill's stage play which was the sensation of two continents. Needless to say the part of Mary Sundale will be one of the best of Colleen's roles.

Left: Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon in "Flaming Youth."



Mr. Dillon is a firm advocate of good stories. He contends, and rightly, too, that there is no need of coarseness or suggestiveness to get a theme over; in fact, plays of this kind do much harm to the picture business.

Mr. Dillon hopes shortly to visit England to take some scenes in *We Moderns* and it is more than possible that he may make a picture over here. Europe is an unexplored country and so he looks forward with much pleasure to the trip. Our talk was a pleasant one though he assured me he was a poor interviewer.

Later I met a friend of his, "Did he tell you about his new Rolls-Royce?" he asked, and when I replied in the negative, said that Jack was the only person in the world who would overlook such a very important item in an interview. Seems so to me, too, but since simplicity, the copy books tell us, is a sign of success—it may explain a lot of things!

Doris Kenyon and Frank Mayo in "If I Marry Again."



Above: John Francis Dillon.

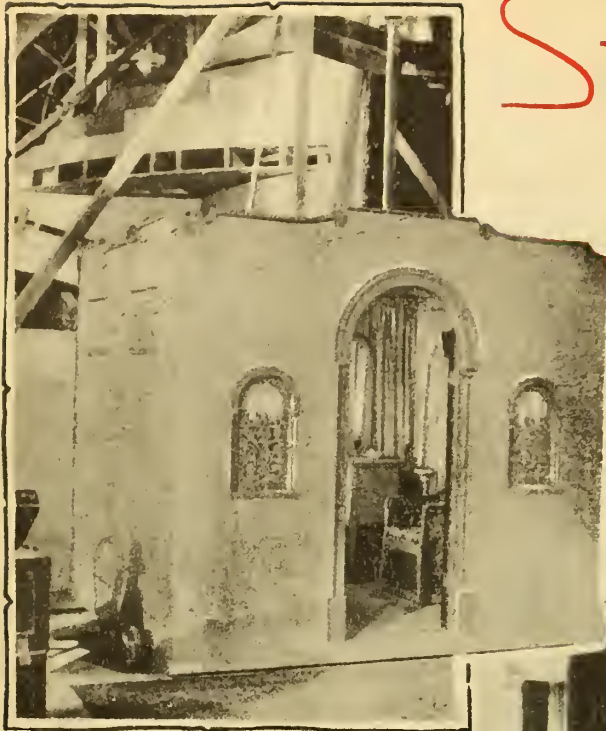
John Francis Dillon, familiarly known as "Jack" is a contradiction! Born and educated in New York City, he is so enthusiastic over California that only the initiated know that he is not a "Native Son." Mr. Dillon has been identified with Hollywood for some time, making his visits East shorter and shorter and so the inference is a natural one.

An old timer in experience, though not in years, he has been in the business for more than ten years and before that was a legitimate actor with a reputation as an excellent player. Through a fellow actor, Carlyle Blackwell, then the leading Kalem star, Mr. Dillon was sent for to act in Kalem pictures. A shortage in directors led him to be tried out almost immediately and he has been director instead of actor ever since.

An up-to-date director, constantly studying new methods and trying in every way to advance himself, Dillon has gained a name for making pictures just a little different from the usual run.

There was *Flaming Youth* which set the stage for a series of flapper comedies and served, by the way, to firmly establish Colleen Moore as one of our leading stars.

Stars and Their



To be ready for any emergency at any time is the motto of the stars; hence the growth of the home-from-home - dressing - room - bungalow.

Left: Constance Talmadge's portable boudoir.
Below: Pola Negri "makes-up."

Stars must pay the penalty of their popularity.

So many of their waking hours are spent at the studio that it has become customary to build on the 'lot' boudoirs - on - wheels and dressing-rooms de luxe!

And as these stellar dressing-rooms become more and more an indispensable part of the studio equipment, their proportions grow correspondingly.

One of the prettiest of the Hollywood bungalow-dressing-rooms is that of "the World's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford.

Guarded at its very entrance by a "movie" camera of vast dimensions (lest a wave of emotion pass unrecorded over the piquant face of this diminutive fairy), "Our Mary's" reception room is a sanctum of solid comfort ... a big divan, easy chairs, cushions "regardless," a carpet of thick pile.

Decorated tastefully in restful tones of grey and rose colour, no evidence is here of that bizarre atmosphere Rumour (always a jealous jade!) habitually associates with the movie metropolis.

John Barrymore—that courageous American actor who essayed the part of "Hamlet" in Shakespeare's own country, and won the exuberant plaudits of London audiences—is back again in Hollywood, and his dressing-room at Warner Bros., has a pleasantly untidy air suggestive of the friendly, unaffected character of its owner, who has discarded the more elegant rôles of Danish Prince and Beau Brummel to appear as the hardy commander of an old-time whaler in a screen version of "Moby Dick," entitled *The Sea Beast*.



A wardrobe closet occupies one end of the room, and on the shelves is a large and cosmopolitan array of hats. "By these presents ye shall know him!" For here is the hat of Dr. Jekyll, a favourite in society ... there the sinister headpiece of Hyde ... here the exquisite cream velour of a "Beau Brummel," ... and yonder the low-crowned, cut-throat seaman's affair which he wears as "The Sea Beast."

His battered tray of make-up articles has seen service on many screen campaigns. It is a representative set of the tools and materials he uses on the "set" and "on location." This tray is his portable dressing-room. The only additional articles would be a camel hair brush, a small hand mirror with folding prop and a handkerchief. The powder puff is obviously quite ancient!

Marjorie Hume's mascots are a by-word among the fortunate few who have visited the dressing-room of this beloved English stage and screen star. Golliwogs smile or frown at one from perilous perches on the walls, or from the brilliantly illuminated dressing-table of this gifted granddaughter of a British general.

Norma and Constance Talmadge share a dressing-room at their studio in Hollywood, though the term "dressing-room," in their case, is apt to be misleading. For it is, in fact, a Californian bungalow of six rooms, set in its own little grass plot and surrounded

Below: Norma and Constance Talmadge's bungalow dressing-room.



Dressing Rooms

KATHLEEN USSHER

by a privet hedge. Towering all round it are the great stages of the studio.

Of English design, their bungalow has a high sloping roof, and leaded windows. Inside, three of the rooms are devoted to dressing-rooms. One, larger than the others, is a wardrobe where the stars keep many of their lovely gowns. The two rooms which open off this centre room are each fitted with a large dressing-table with triple mirrors. Surrounding each of the mirrors is a battery of incandescent electric lights, and set at the extreme edge of the table on each side is a "Kleig," or arc light, similar to those used by portrait photographers.

These lights throw a greenish hue, and are exactly similar to the lights used in the motion picture studios. They are used by the stars to regulate their motion picture "make-up."

Supplementing this dressing-room de luxe, Norma and Constance have each a small portable dressing-room, or "boudoir-on-wheels," which is used on the stage where they are at work, or taken on "location" when they leave the studio.

This is a tiny room about ten feet square, wall-boarded as to exterior, and furnished inside with a dressing-table and one or two wicker chairs upholstered with cretonne. The walls of these rooms are draped with soft folds of chiffon of pastel shades, and the dressing-tables—which have a battery of lights similar to those in the bungalow-dressing-rooms—are finished in ivory.

Rudolph Valentino—as his reputation as the "Sheik of the Screen" demands—has "done himself proud" in the matter of his bungalow-dressing-room, which—in common with most of the new Hollywood structures—follows the English model.

(Continued on page 55.)

From top: Mary Pickford in her bungalow dressing-room. John Barrymore's dressing-room and set of make-up materials for use on location. "Rudy" surveys his bungalow-estate. Marjorie Hume gives an at-home to her woolly friends.



Trade Marks by LEONARD HILLMAN

It may be just a raising of the eyebrows, but it goes to make personality.

through the stubby black beard with which his face is decorated. So realistic is this last trick that one can almost hear the rasp.

Other villains, other manners. Wallace Beery is the best of these, he is a regular 'bag o' tricks.' His eyes will suddenly light up, and his

Below: Leatrice Joy portrays Oriental immobility to the life.

face will relapse into a particularly oily grin. His walk is individual, he has the knack of tilting his hat at a comical angle either at the back of his head or right over his eyes, but his best assets are the way he taps his cheek with his forefinger when he is contemplating a dirtier 'bit of business' than usual and his schoolboy trick of thrusting his tongue into his cheek when he is found out at that particular 'dirty business.'

Even when he is at the back of a crowd he will stand out, and he will take 'stage centre' even when the limelight should by rights be focussed on someone else, witness *The Sea Hawk*, where he cleverly—and callously—steals a scene from Bert Woodruff by his comical solicitude for his rain-bedraggled feathered cap.

Leatrice Joy is in a class by herself. She rivals

Below: Ernest Torrence and Zasu Pitts in characteristic attitudes.



John Barrymore and Carmel Myers in "Beau Brummel."

By these signs shall ye know them—the oblique optics of Turpin, the rotundity of Hiers, the opulence of de Mille. Many of the great ones of the films have some arresting idiosyncrasy, some little mannerism that appears in nearly all their characterisations.

Norma Talmadge used to have a trick that appeared in many of her earlier films—she seems to have discarded it lately. She would extend her arms, clasp her hands together and then turn them palms outward. It was not so much a considered gesture as an unconscious movement for she would do it when she was seated or in walking across the set.

W. S. Hart can show his individuality in striking a match; he uses neither a box, nor—a favourite method with Western stars—the seat of his trousers. He holds the match in the fingers of his right hand and lights it by drawing his thumb-nail sharply over the head. The method never seems to fail, though with me it has always resulted either in a broken nail or in burnt fingers. W. S. H. seems to hold the copyright for it.

Ernest Torrence, too, when he plays Westerners, has his little mannerisms; one is to stand with feet apart, hands on hips and head slightly thrust forward; another is to accompany a villainous leer by scraping his finger-nail



Lon Chaney though her 'faces' are a matter of expression rather than of make up.

Her range is that of a chameleon; from the Oriental immobility of *Java Head* to the youthful spontaneity of *The Ten Commandments*, via the dignified inanity of the de Mille opera, Leatrice moves skilfully and easily, suiting her face to her rôle; her art is predominantly 'cuticular'.

Percy Marmont, too, is a byword for suffering, ever since *If Winter Comes* his screen life has been a bed of thorns. Unlike Conway Tearle, Percy often laughs, but even in his most boisterous moments there is an indefinitely pathetic air about his laugh, something like that of a child who does not know whether to cry or not whilst all the time he 'wants to be happy'.

If Percy Marmont's laugh reminds one of a lachrymose child, Bertram Grassby's eyes always bring to the mind an electric sign. Grassby has somewhat heavy eyelids and very piercing eyes, usually these are half closed, but sometimes he raises his lids and his eye seems to flash out.

This trick of his is greatly to the fore in *Captain Blood* where as "Don Diego" he is intimidating "Governor Steed." His eye-play here is like a flash-light advertisement and every whit as effective.

Hand play is shown by Zasu Pitts. Zasu has exceedingly expressive hands and consciously or unconsciously she always thrusts them upon one's notice.

Alma Taylor keeps her mouth tightly shut as if over-conscious of her 'silent art', whereas Mae Murray purses hers as if she longs to kiss the camera.

The Barrymores also have their trade marks. John, besides showing a reluctance to kiss his leading lady, generally manages to insert into his films a courtly old-fashioned bow. He advances one foot, bows slightly,

keeps his head upright and raises his eyebrows. He always does this in his costume plays, but he did it also in *Moriarty*.

Lionel, on the other hand, is more pugnacious, he must and will fight. In *Unseeing Eyes* he had two brutal bouts with that terrific 'tough' Louis Wolheim; while in *Enemies of Women* not content with a 'rough and tumble' with a fellow twice his size, he indulged in a sabre duel with Paul Panzer and a revolver encounter with William Collier, jun.

But after all, mannerisms go to make personality, and it is personality that makes a star. Movie trade marks have their uses.



Alma Taylor and her temerity in talking, Ben Turpin with his oblique optics and pet turkey, Wallace Beery with his oily smile, Mae Murray registering her desire to kiss the camera, and Norma Talmadge exhibiting all the trade marks of pious hope.

Me and Pat Sullivan

FELIX THE CAT

I guess I was just tickled to death when PICTUREGOER asked me to write this article.

Pat and me have been friends for a long time now. I owe him everything and I may say that he is my best pal and severest critic.

At the same time, some of the adventures that man hustles me into are enough to turn any ornery black cat grey with worry. But then I ain't no ornery cat—I'm Felix, "the four-footed darling of ten thousand screens," as my publicity man calls me, and by Gosh, folks, he's not far wrong.

Pat takes an awful lot of trouble over making me walk, I can tell you. He's got a special great studio over in New York City where they make my films, and believe me, I'm the only star on the lot. To make just one picture he used to have 3,500 drawings of me and in these new pictures of mine that he's doing for Ideal Film Company he needs 5,000 drawings. Of course he has assistants to help him, nine of them altogether, and lots of laboratory hands to film me when he's finished drawing me and start me walking.

When I was quite young Pat and Me used to work for Pathe's, but I tell you I had a grouch against these folk. They used to show my photoplays all cut up on the same lines as those goldarned serials, till no self-respecting cat could stand it.

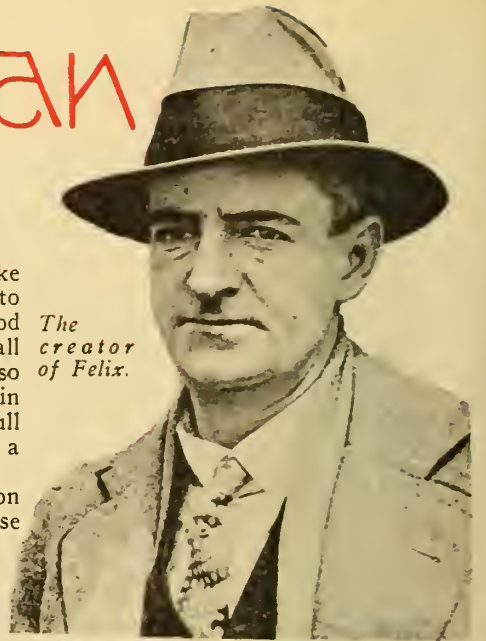
I said to Pat at last, "It is no good,

Right: Pat Sullivan creates a lucky Felix for Louise Fazenda. Below: A new Felix drawn specially for THE PICTUREGOER.

boss," I said, "you'll have to make other arrangements for me if I'm to stay in the industry." Pat's a good sport, so he said to me, "That's all right, Felix me lad, I'll fix things so that you'll be more comfortable in future." So here I am with full length films that'll really give me a chance to show my talents at last.

Pat and me came over to London specially to introduce these new plays of mine, but just before we left New

The creator of Felix.



BROKEN FOOT
OR NO BROKEN
FOOT - ILL KEEP
ON WALKING
- ANYHOW.



PAT - SULLIVAN

York poor old Pat got both his legs run over by a lorry. Nearly scared me out of all my nine lives at once, he did, but he's going along all right I'm glad to say, and ought to be out of his wheel chair before long. That's why he drew me for this page with my foot all bandaged up—he must have his little joke, must Pat.

There's only one thing

that really worries me about this motion picture business, now. I been reading in a magazine how all film stars have something they call "artistic temperament," and strike me pink, folks. I've been looking all over the place for mine and I'm scared stiff I haven't got one. Course, I know I can't be a proper picture star without one, so I'm going to ask Pat, the first opportunity I get, to draw me one.

I believe I hear him coming now . . . I guess I'd better walk! See you all at the movies.
FELIX.

Flirting With Death

by

HELEN CARLISLE



Above: Caught in a blizzard on the Nisqually glacier, Lilian Rich and her companions narrowly escaped death. Right: Whilst working together in Germany, Pola Negri gave Ernst Lubitsch a nasty shock by nearly drowning herself.



Above: Rod La Rocque, a few years ago, was thrown from his horse while wearing armour and landed on a glassy pond of ice. He was picked up a mass of wounds. Below: Douglas Fairbanks had a few words with a window when making "The Nut."

You may believe it or not, but accidents really do happen to the film stars occasionally. For years the public was surfeited with hair-raising tales of the hazards endured by motion picture celebrities on location. It is small wonder that many of the film fans, grown cynical, discount these tales entirely to-day. You may be numbered among these cynical ones.

If so, read no farther. What I am about to write would seem the merest twaddle to you. But if you are of those who realise that the screen stars must run risks sometimes, in giving the screen its thrilling moments, you may be interested in the stories a few stars have told me of exciting moments



they have experienced during the filming of their pictures.

Pola Negri tells me that her most exciting experience on location occurred in 1917, when she and Ernst Lubitsch were making their first picture *The Eyes of the Mummy*. The company was working near Berlin, and the action required that Pola, on horseback, ford the river.

"I could ride," said Pola, "but I could not swim. For that I depended on the horse. What happen? We get in the river and he throw me off his back. I go down once and come up screaming for help. Down I go again, and then lose consciousness. I wake up in the hospital. A spectator had saved my life. Poor Lubitsch! He

A Kinema Chameleon

DANE LA DUE

The Versatile Ramon Novarro
has full claim to this title.



Rex Ingram discovered him and proclaimed him a genius. Pola Negri considers him the greatest actor of the screen. Eugene V. Brewster, editor and critic, has designated him the Booth of pictures.

In the popularity contest conducted by THE PICTUREGOER he won second place among actors.

Such is the record of Ramon Novarro achieved in three years, a record unmatched in the annals of pictures.

In that short space of time he has created characters of seven different nationalities, ranging in period from "Ben Hur" of the year one, to an American midshipman of 1925.

Above: as Motauro in "Where the Pavement Ends."

May McAvoy and Ramon in "Ben Hur."



Because of his exceeding versatility as well as his ideal appearance, he was chosen for the role of "Ben Hur." This versatility has encompassed such widely diversified characters as the Austrian "Rupert" of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, a gay and diabolical rascal; the poetic and gentle "Motauro," the god-like pagan of the South Seas in *Where the Pavement Ends*; the brilliantly audacious "Scaramouche"; the gutter rat Apache of *The Red Lily*; the Spanish soldier of *Thy Name is Woman*; the handsome and sardonic Arab dragoman of *The Arab*.

Few young players have been put to such a test. Few older actors have withstood it. Rex Ingram has been proved right in his contention that Novarro is an artist of such fluent gift that he can translate characters from any nation and epoch with authenticity.

Novarro has been termed a "Latin." As a matter of fact he was born in Durango, Mexico, of a family that goes back to the first Spanish settlers of America, and his ancestral blood bears the tinge of Aztec, as did that of the Empress Eugenie and many ducal



As the Frenchman in "Trifling Women."

families. For it is to be recalled that Montezuma's children were sent to the Spanish court for education, later marrying into noble families.

Novarro's education was that of a youth in a well-to-do Mexican family. He had tutors in music, art and the languages. He spoke English long before he went to the United States, also French and Italian. While an ardent enthusiast of sports, his interest centered mainly in music and the theatre. At an early age he had a marionette theatre installed in the spacious old Mexican home, with its three patios and spreading *huerta*—or garden—where he lived until he was seventeen.

Durango is a little town of aged culture in Mexico, instinct with art and music. One of his most vivid recollections is that of Tetrizzini, who was received with such an ovation that years later in London she told a reporter of it.

It was in reply to a question as to which place in all the world had received her with the greatest appreciation that "A little corner of the world

in Mexico," said the great diva, "by the name of Durango."

It has also been said that Novarro was a dancer. Actually he knew nothing of dancing when engaged for a pantomime, *Attila and the Huns*. It was his splendid physique, combined with rare pantomimic gift, that earned him a role. While he has a profound regard for the ballet, his ambition led him towards drama and music.

There is significance in the fact that Novarro's popularity has spread even more rapidly abroad than at home. England particularly recognised his unusual histrionic gifts from the first, and one of the letters which he cherishes most highly is from an English theatrical producer and his wife who declared him the screen actor most likely to succeed to the mantle of Edwin Booth. This was prior to a similar statement from an American critic.

Novarro's pictures have taken him half way round the world. He has visited Cuba, France, Tunis, the heart of the Sahara and Italy. He has been received by princes and artists and signally honoured for his work.

Yet he remains reticent, withheld, shunning the ovations and public gaze into which a star so easily falls. The reason is not solely that of keeping the public illusions intact but it is a precaution which he takes for himself.

"Fame has always been the curse of the artist," he says. "Instead of regarding the applause as an impersonal tribute to his work he is liable to arrogate it to his own personality. That is fatal."

Popular young stars in the past have eschewed characterisation in order to reveal their own personal charms, believing in this way to create and retain



Ramon Novarro as "Scaramouche" in the Rex Ingram film of the same title.



Above: A scene from "The Midshipman." Left: Ramon as a Parisian Apache in "The Red Lily."



a personal popularity. Novarro, in contrast, wants to submerge himself, to be utterly different in each production.

"Know yourself," is his precept, but also "Never let anyone else know you —quite."

His contract, wisely drawn, provides for two months' travel every year. He contends that an artist must have time to absorb; otherwise the reservoir of his ideas are quickly exhausted.

He wants to visit England next year, a long cherished desire, but he is ambitious to be known simply as an actor, and for that reason he will keep his personality aloof. He believes that familiarity destroys illusion, and limits him in the public mind.

"You'll never see me," he says with a smile, "for I am coming to see England and the English, not to be seen by them. Seriously, I want to

study, and it is impossible to study people when they are studying you. Besides I dislike public attention.

"I don't believe anyone can really enjoy being stared at by crowds. They say it is part of the business. I do not believe so. People of genuine appreciation are content with seeing our work, of valuing it impersonally."

Mrs. Fisk it was who predicted first that Novarro would do great things. He recalls this with gratitude, for at the time he was playing a small part in a stock company.

In reply to any tribute paid his work, such as the title of the Booth of the screen, Novarro invariably says, "Not yet."

"We win success too swiftly in pictures," he observes. "Men in other work spend a lifetime achieving a position which we win in five or ten years. With this bounty accorded us there also goes a burden.

"People see us as we want to be rather than as we already are. They anticipate our ideal. This serves as a goad to ambition, but there is also great danger for us in mistaking the aspiration for the achievement.

"Humility is a necessary virtue for the player. And I find it easy to attain when I compare my achievements with those to which I aspire."

The Laws An Ass

BY E. ELIZABETH BARRETT



obvious to everybody in the audience that Horace the Hero is no more capable of committing the foul deed than an unborn babe, and it is equally obvious that Dirty Dick, the villain, is the real culprit.

Left: Carol Dempster in "Sally of the Sawdust"



Above: Glen Tryon in "The White Sheep."



The movies are a law unto themselves, and there is very little lore in Movie Law.

In fact it is all as plain as daylight to everyone but the people whose business it is to unravel the crime. They remain annoyingly obtuse until the end of the picture, when, the hero having endured imprisonment and general discomfort for the crime he has never committed—or having spent the time running from the strong arm of the law—the heroine gets hold of evidence against the real criminal and all ends happily.

Sometimes it is the heroine herself who endures the persecution of the law, and then she is always seen emerging from prison after serving her time, in a shabby navy costume and tam o'shanter, with her curls clustering round her face and a brooding bitterness in her beautiful eyes.

Usually her prison record follows her through after life, causing misunderstandings and misery galore, until the final re-establishment of her innocence—witness Norma Shearer in *Broadway After Dark*.

Edith Roberts is a film star who always appears to be falling out with the law (only on the screen, of course). In *Thin Ice* she plays with Tom Moore, who has the role of a crook with his heart in the right place. Arrested on a charge of robbing a bank, on evidence so thin that only a police official can see it, she serves her sentence and then

Ever since the illustrious Bumble uttered those only too true words he has been backed up by public opinion all over the world. There seems to be a general understanding amongst all authors and playwrights and exponents of the dramatic art on stage and screen, that the extreme imbecility of the law should be exploited whenever possible.

Have you ever read a detective yarn in which the police proper were not as thick-skulled a lot of dolts as you could meet, while the only man with brains was the amateur detective who came in at the nick of time and saved Scotland Yard from hopeless failure and ignominy? Of course you haven't—and neither have we. The law's an ass!

Film heroines, perhaps more than any other class of the community, should realise the law's stupidity, for surely nobody suffers so much as the average heroine from its utter inability to see a few inches in front of its own nose.

For the Law, as represented on the screen, has the power to clap you into jail for little or no reason. If a crime has been committed—and there are few films in which a crime of some sort is not either the basic motive or an incidental feature of the plot—the Law steps in and with ponderous gravity arrests the wrong man. It is perfectly



Fred Paul in "The Last Witness."



Mary Carr in "Drusilla with a Million."

comes out, only to be mistaken for a noted female crook by Tom and his accomplice.

Adventures many and lurid take place before the two eventually find themselves on the right side of the law after all.

In the Paramount picture *Big Brother*, Edith and Tom again play together, only this time it is Tom who falls a victim to the obtuseness of the law, and Edith who puts things right.

There is no end to the trouble movie law will take to arrest the wrong man or perpetrate some other particularly obvious blunder. In the recently finished film *The Rat*, Ivor Novello is flung out of the court day after day when Mae Marsh is being tried for her life. Two policemen even take the trouble to see him home—instead of bringing him into court as a witness!

Then, too, official representatives of the law are such extraordinarily tactless individuals. Their chief method of extracting information from anyone under arrest is to hector and bully, ask silly questions calculated to put anyone on their guard, and generally behave like overgrown schoolboys. A particularly good specimen of this type of man is shown in the European film *The Goos Woman*.

Right: Tom Moore in "Officer 666."



Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney."

Poor Carol Dempster, in *Sally of the Sawdust*, gets hauled about from one place to another by over-zealous policemen, spends a night in jail, and is bullied by a steely-eyed magistrate for misdeeds that she has never committed. But then, was there ever a Griffith heroine who didn't find herself wrongfully accused of something?

Apparently the only upholders of law and order who are not positively ridiculous—either intentionally or unintentionally—are those hard-bitten men of the North, the North-West Mounted, and an occasional Irish policeman of the Tom Moore type. But these, no doubt, are just the exceptions that prove the rule—that the Law's an ass and movie Law in particular is even sillier than that!



Mae Busch and Conrad Nagel in "Name The Man."

"Might is Right" seems to be the slogan of movie police officials, and the way in which those brought up for judgment are handled would provide a first-class scandal for any enterprising weekly paper if they were in real life instead of reel life.

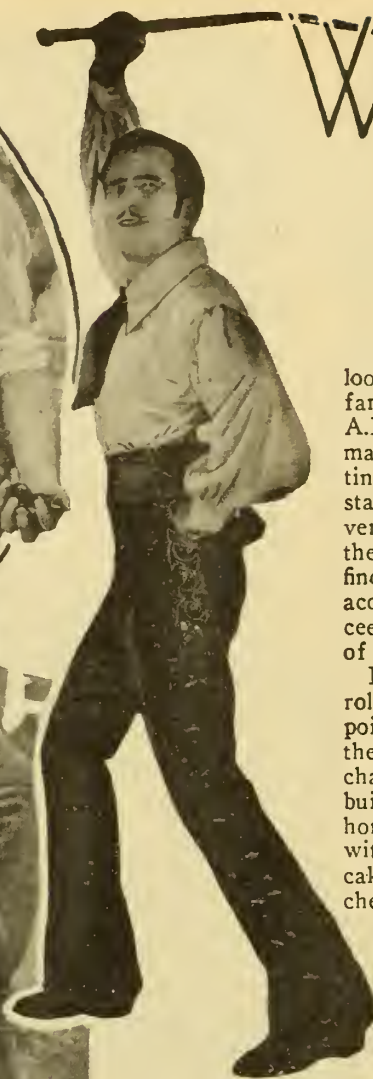


Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh in "The Rat."

What the

BY

Even when the film great deal to learn. eye, for in this age of thing



Circle: Rod la Rocque in "The Golden Bed." Above: Douglas Fairbanks with his twenty foot cattle whip. Below: Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand."

looker" and a "bit of an actor," are far from understanding even the A.B.C. of screen work. As a matter of fact, in the course of a distinctly varied career, a movie picture star is called upon to perform many very strange and difficult tasks. Even the most histrionically perfect artist finds he has some or other new skill to acquire in order to interpret each succeeding rôle with the required amount of realism.

In one film, for instance, he must roll a cigarette with one hand while he points a revolver at the villain with the other. Again, to meet the ever changing mood of his rôles, he must build a house of playing cards; ride a horse backwards; display dexterity with a bow and arrows; or toss a pancake with the adroitness of an expert chef.

In making his recently-released picture, *Manhattan*, Richard Dix had to make himself proficient in two arts which, hitherto, had been to him as little known as the language of the South Sea Islanders.

His rôle of a rich young New Yorker in search of adventures and thrills required him to appear in some scenes as a ventriloquial entertainer. Being a thorough-going stickler for realism, Dix determined to conquer the art of ventriloquism from A to Z so that his screen performance should be absolutely the real thing.

Alice Calhoun studies land surveying.

It is the business of press agents and publicity managers to enlarge somewhat upon the onerous nature of the labours of their stars. And picturegoers have become so inured to these dissertations they are inclined to take them with the proverbial pinch of salt.

However, just as it is true that "there is a lot of good in the worst of us," it is also a fact that there is always at least a grain of truth in the most hyperbolic press agent yarn. And the fact that motion picture stars in addition to putting their lives in constant, and very real, peril, lead a strenuous existence, is proved beyond denial.

Those picturegoers who fondly believe that there is nothing to a film star's life beyond being a "good



Stars have to Learn

DOROTHY OWSTON BOOTH

stars have learned to act, they still have a lot to learn. There is more in film acting than meets the eye, the expert, the public expects to see the real thing every time.

In the research department of the studio he first sought aid. Here, however, he only found an explanation of the word, ventriloquism, in the dictionary, and had to send to the nearest bookseller for all the literature on the subject that could be mustered.

The messenger returned armed with fifteen huge volumes through which Dix waded in his spare time for the ensuing three or four weeks. Having mastered the theory of the art, he next turned his attention to the practical side and called in the aid of a well-known professional ventriloquist who put him through his paces with the dummy, "Jerry."

After a few days of intensive practice Dix had his voice-throwing tricks as perfect as an experienced performer; and when the scenes were shot, he carried on his pantomimic conversation with "Jerry" with great eclat. One thought only troubled him when that part of the film was completed—that he might never again have the opportunity of displaying his newly acquired art of the screen!

In addition, Richard Dix also had to appear in the film as an expert prize fighter. He prepared himself for this part of his rôle by boxing several rounds each morning with that veteran of the ring—"Gunboat" Smith. Dix declares that with all this extra studying and practising he worked at least sixteen hours a day while engaged in making that film.

Ernest Torrence, whose theory on screen acting is that an actor must actually be the character he is playing and not merely an actor acting the part, spent many weeks making himself an adept in the art of clowning for his rôle in *The Side Show of Life*.

Many picturegoers who saw this picture doubtless believed that the juggling scenes were faked. They were greatly mistaken, however, for

(Continued on page 62)



Above: Milton Sills in "The Making of O'Malley." Left: Agnes Ayres does some running repairs.



Above: Ernest Torrence in "The Side Show of Life." Left: Richard Dix and "Jerry."

**GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD**

Is one of the very few beauty contest winners who have afterwards made a name for themselves on the screen. She was given her first chance in the movies by Carl Laemmle when she was only seventeen, and she is now one of the most promising of America's younger stars.



LEWIS STONE

Is one of the most fascinating elderly charmers in the movies and a polished actor to boot. Almost as much hero worship is lavished on his grey hairs as on the brilliantined crowns of his younger rivals.

**PAULINE STARKE**

Always wanted to wear a blonde wig, so she tried it in "Forbidden Paradise." But we like her much better as her dark vivacious self, and are glad to see her wearing her hair au naturel once more.

**ADOLPH MENJOU**

Proves himself a versatile actor in the Paramount film "Are Parents People?" He gives a delightful performance as Betty Bronson's father, instead of playing the usual dilettante deceiver rôle that his fans have begun to consider his particular forte.

**MARY PICKFORD**

Seems to have drunk deep of the elixir of eternal youth. After an ineffectual attempt to grow up, she has returned to the socks and long curls of childhood, and her fans are happy once more.

Extravagance in Ermine



Above: White fox fur forms the collar of Margaret Quimby's wrap. Ermine tails trim the wide sleeves.



Above: Corinne Griffith in a gorgeous wrap of white ermine trimmed with red fox. Below: Pola Negri looks regal in her evening cloak of ermine.



Above: Gertrude Olmstead in a chic creation of ermine and fox. Left: Lovely Norma Shearer in a luxuriant evening cloak of ermine with collar and cuffs of white fox. Right: A wrap of ermine cleverly trimmed with Russian sable. Worn by Jetta Goudel.



The Sophistry of Stroheim

The man who made "Foolish Wives" and "Greed."

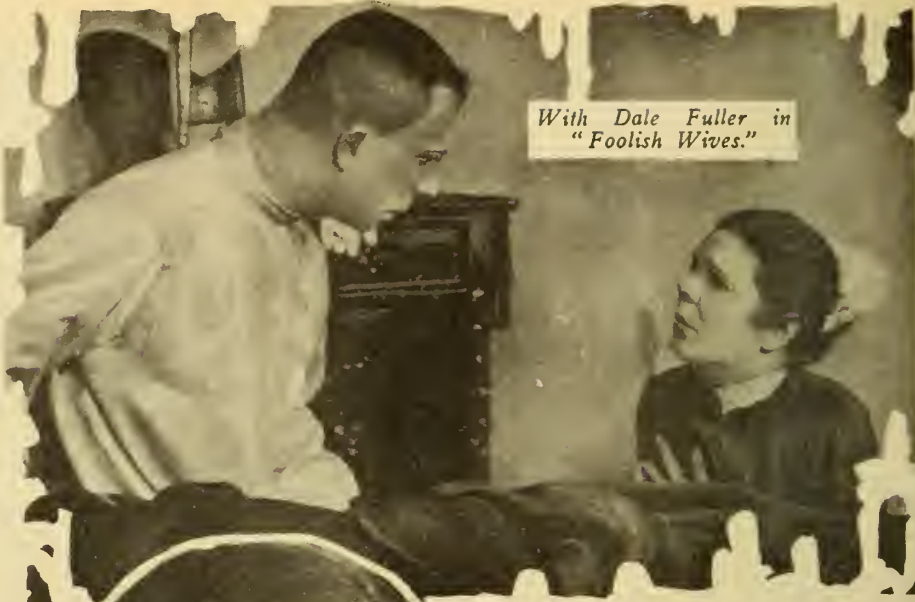
Imagine a dapper little man, cropped-headed, monocled, wasp-waisted and ramrod-backed; imagine this individual gifted with genius and transplanted to the American movie-world. Imagine an American democrat who has been an Austrian aristocrat and the result is—Eric von Stroheim, first American producer of the "Continental" type of film play.

He paved the way for his series with *The Devil's Pass-Key*, which, compared to his later efforts, is about as innocuous as "Little Red Riding Hood," but all the same, it was still somewhat torrid.

The gorgeously-titled *Blind Husbands* followed. This was slightly more hectic and contained an excellent character study by Gibson Gowland—that of "Silent Sepp," an Alpine guide whose motto in life seemed to be "see all and say now't."

As companion picture to *Blind Husbands* came *Foolish Wives*, and here, as Kipling says, "the female of the

Centre: Eric Von Stroheim. Below Stroheim and Mae Murray discuss "The Merry Widow."



With Dale Fuller in
"Foolish Wives."



species is more deadly than the male," and von Stroheim who played the Russian count gave a performance that for diabolical cleverness is hard to beat.

After *Foolish Wives*, von Stroheim like "Brer Rabbit" laid low for a while and then branched off into producing, pure and simple. He directed *The Merry-Go-Round* for Universal, filmed a fair portion of it, then had to resign his megaphone to Rupert Julian because he was spending too much money.

Then came his costly, long-heralded and eagerly-awaited drama of low life, *Greed*. This had to be reduced to one quarter its original length before it could be shown.

Opinions may differ as to his genius, but he certainly has two claims to fame: his subtle sophistication and his character studies.

Consider Dale Fuller's cameo of the serving maid in *Foolish Wives*, Gibson Gowland's "Sepp" and "McTeague," Zasu Pitt's "Trina" in *Greed*, Mae Busch's "Princess" in *Foolish Wives* and Cesare Gravina's "Sylvester Urban" and Mary Philbin's "Agnes" in *The Merry-Go-Round*. Especially Mary Philbin. His influence on her acting is semi-hypnotic; she herself acknowledges her complete indebtedness to "Mr. Von," and openly admits that she has done her best work before him.

So whatever he may be before the camera, he is "quite respectable" behind it. Having had a hard struggle himself, he is always ready with encouragement for beginners, his main faults seem to be a reckless disregard of expenditure—which always has to be rectified afterwards—and a somewhat broad view on the stories he films. But his themes bear the stamp of genius—even if it is "perverted"—and Eric von Stroheim, erstwhile Count of Austria is a decided factor in that cosmopolitan world of the films.



"Is 'No' your last word, Gladys?" Gladys Hungerford flicked her fan and shrugged her shoulders. "Not my last word, Edward. No. But if you wish to win my hand you must become something more than a reporter. Really, girls don't marry reporters these days. They marry men who do things, not men who write about things that other men have done. You are a nice boy, Edward, but the man I marry must be something more than a nice boy. He must be something more than a man people look at and talk to. He must be a man people talk about."

Edward Malone nodded. "Very well, Gladys." "Now you are annoyed." "No, dear, I'm not annoyed; I'm inspired. I will do something. You shall have a man the world talks about, if you want such a man; and that man shall be myself. Until I can come to you a personage instead of a person I will not come to you at all. But this is not good-bye, you know. It is only au revoir."

He kissed her and went away without another word. He was never a man given much to talk, but rather to action, yet he had thought that the struggle of fighting his way up to becoming head reporter on the *Sun* had been action enough for one young life. However, Gladys Hungerford thought otherwise, and consequently Edward Malone was also thinking otherwise as he made his way back to the *Sun* offices. To-morrow he would hand in his resignation and turn his steps to—

What? Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor? In what sphere of activity could a man most easily win fame? He might become a world-renowned movie-star, but that he had no talent for acting. A celebrated business magnate, but that his business instinct was of the feeblest. It was all very fine for a girl to lay down conditions like these; but how was a man to become renowned in next to no time at all. Ten years—five years might have been different; but he wanted to marry Gladys Hungerford now.

"A date for you, Malone," said the chief sub, when he presented himself in the reporter's room. "What now?" Malone asked. "Professor Challenger's meeting at the Universal Hall."

"Oh, Lord!" Edward groaned and disgustedly took up his card of admission. "All right, if I must. Might as well wind up a fool career listening to the ravings of a greater fool. What time does the riot commence? Ah! Then I have time to dress and get a bite before showing up at the Universal Hall. I hear the septsics are going to heckle him more than slightly. Perhaps there'll be some fun."

Professor Challenger was a prophet who found no favour in his own generation. Fresh back from the un-



explored regions of the Upper Amazon, he had dropped at the feet of an incredulous people the amazing statement that there in the lost world he had found across the seas, monsters that flourished before our world's history began, flourished still.

Strange tales of Brontosaurus, Diplodocus, Trachodon, and other liv-

held up, interrupted, neckled and shouted down. London would not believe. His every assertion was greeted with jeers; his so-called proofs were openly laughed at; and at last to everybody's amazement, he cast aside his long pointer and walked to the front of the platform.

"Stop!" he commanded; and at this sudden expression of his annoyance even that sceptical audience fell silent.

"You, collectively, by your scepticism have this night called me a liar!" Challenger thundered. "Very well. As I would allow no man to call me a liar, so I will not allow two thousand men to call me a liar. This meeting is over, when I have made one brief statement. I announce now that I will organise a fresh expedition to return to that Lost World and bring back proofs—living proofs if possible—of the things I have given to you to-night. I announce this fresh expedition—and if there is a man amongst you fit for more than jeering, I call now for volunteers to accompany me!"

THE CAST:

Paula White	-	-	BESSIE LOVE
Sir John Roxton	-	LEWIS S. STONE	
Edward Malone	-	LLOYD HUGHES	
Professor Challenger		WALLACE BEERY	
Professor Summerlee		ARTHUR HOYT	
Gladys Hungerford	-	ALMA BENNETT	
Marquette	-	VIRGINIA BROWNE FAIRE	
Ape Man	-	BULL MONTANA	
Austin	-	FINCH SMILES	
Zambo	-	JULES COWLES	
Mrs. Challenger	-	MARGARET MCWADE	
Major Hibbard	-	CHARLES WELLESLEY	
Colin McArdle	-	GEORGE BUNNY	
Joco	-	BY HIMSELF	

Narrated by permission from the First National Film of the same title, based on the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ing fantasies he had brought back with him, and though his own world listened, it laughed as well. At last in desperation, the disillusioned Professor had conceived the idea of this mammoth lecture, at which he would explain in full the importance of his discoveries, and at last convince the scoffers.

That meeting at the Universal Hall made history in London. It was the nearest thing to an orderly riot that the metropolis could remember to have experienced. From the beginning, the discomfited Professor Challenger was

Uproar greater than anything which had preceded broke forth at this. Most of his audience considered this move to be a graceful "getaway" from an impossible position. Only one or two heeded the man's pose and the fire that burned in his eyes. Out of the pandemonium one or two lonely figures ploughed their ways to the platform, speeded along by the laughter of the majority. Four men finally gained the professor's side; and of these four, one was Edward Malone.

"You hear?" were the great man's last scornful words. "Soon you shall see. It may be a year, it may be ten years; but see you shall."

His volunteers by his side he strode from the platform.

The Great Challenger Expedition included, besides Challenger himself and the rank and file of the party, Sir John Roxton, the celebrated sportsman, Professor Summerlee, Paula White, whose father had been lost in the Lost World on Challenger's last journey, and Edward Malone.

They left London in the spring of the year. At a great port in northern South America they laid in stores and began their astonishing push into the interior. They travelled first for a thousand miles up the Amazon itself; then swung left along a tributary, and still farther left along other and yet more desolate streams, all of which were alligator-infested, and some of which were nothing better than fantastic swamps.

A supreme loneliness seemed to cover the earth. Even they penetrated to fastnesses where wild-life was silent by night and possibly non-existent. They seemed to have come to the end of the world itself, and to be waiting the opening of the door to a world beyond. Only eerie vegetation seemed to flourish, and all other forms of life had long since passed away. The waters of the streams seemed to take a lifetime to flow an inch. Before the immensity of everything every member of the expedition was hushed and now but rarely spoke.

"I wonder," said Edward one night to Paula White, as they stood at the door of Challenger's tent, watching the sun set beyond mountains so vast that they seemed like caricatures drawn by a mad Nature, "I wonder what brought you to this impossible corner of the globe?"

"I came to find my father," she replied. "We might say that a forlorn hope brought me here. Odd reasons we could all give for coming. What brought you?"

"Love for a woman," said Malone; and he was amazed to see the colour mount like a reflection of the sunset to Paula's cheeks. Afterwards he gave much thought to this. Circumstances had thrown them together. They had at least the general hardship in common; but he had not thought of her hitherto as anything but a comrade on the voyage. He liked her. He admired her. And had the journey out not been the most arduous adventure that any of them had ever experienced,



Virginia Browne Faire as "Marquette."

he might have felt other emotions towards her. As it is she made him think; and now she was making him think more than ever.

He began to wonder what might happen when the wonders of the expedition came to an end—if ever they did. Began to wonder if liking and admiration might arouse some greater comradeship between them than had seemed possible up to now.

And then he began to think of Gladys Hungerford. . . .

One afternoon Challenger announced that they had reached the end of the beginning of their trail. They had come to the base of a mighty plateau that seemed to lift into the skies and stretch across all of the universe. It baffled words to describe. It was something before which the mind of civilisation-bred man fell feeble. It was incredible; it was monstrous.

"To-morrow," said Challenger, "we begin to climb."

And they climbed steadily for five days, over mad country so rough that none was hopeful of reaching the top until the top was reached.

A pinnacle rose a little way from the summit, and this pinnacle they all ascended. It gave them a view-point into the Lost World from which they could see without being seen, and thus make plans before they entered on the last wonderful phase of their adventure. On the crown of this pinnacle grew one solitary tree. This they felled and so obtained a satisfactory bridge to the threshold of the new world.

Early in the morning they began their perilous advance.

It was arranged that Zambo, a big nigger who had had charge of one branch of the expedition, and two other men should not accompany the others farther, but should remain behind and set up a little base camp at the foot of the great cliffs, in case a sudden and unexpected emergency necessitated the retreat of the main body above. Scaling irons and a large quantity of rope was left in Zambo's care, together with certain medicinal stores.

"How you will get to us, Zambo, if we cannot get to you, is more than I am able to say. Possibly we shall neither of us have very much success. This may be good-bye. But I know you will hold the fort faithfully. We shall come back if possible: if it should not be possible, give us one week across in the Lost World and then try to get into touch with us. One week!"

Gravely Zambo bowed and saluted, and then without more ado the advance began.

They went forward in single file, crawling across death itself, one by one on the trembling tree bridge to the lip of the beyond. When all were across they crowded together and stood staring with wonder into the unknown and the unbelievable.

"I believe it will prove to be a land even more grotesque and terrifying than Gulliver heard of," said Challenger.

They went forward slowly. Giant trees shut in the distances, but in every direction spread strange paths that it seemed could have been made only by beasts in a nightmare. Nobody spoke. It was too unthinkable, too frightfully majestic for speech. The little party seemed to have dropped back into times before their own history.

Edward Malone had the odd and disturbing thought that he was walking through a landscape thousands of years before the time of Edward Malone. He glanced at his side and found Professor Summerlee undisguisedly shuddering.

There was a rustling in the branches a hundred yards off, and swinging round they beheld a gigantic ape-man watching them with brutish astonishment. He was a terrifying fellow, with long and hideous teeth. He stroked his low brow and his yellow eyes glistened. Then as suddenly as he had appeared he vanished, leaving only a shaking branch behind.

Professor Challenger was about to comment on this first revelation when

Malone uttered a cry and pointed out to all of them their first vision of the yesterday of this world, alive and stalking abroad across the grotesque vegetation.

"Lord!" exclaimed Challenger; and the adventurers drew a little closer together when they, too, saw it.

It was a gigantic creature, at the very least a hundred feet in length, with a long, snake-like neck and head. It lumbered past heavily, unintelligently, wagging its head from side to side, peering at objects as if it were near-sighted. It did not see them where they hid behind a mammoth rock. It waddled past, to the edge of the plateau, and stood sniffing of the tree-bridge by which they had gained access to the Lost World. Then, as if contemptuously, it picked up the bridge in its mouth, and cast it into the deep chasm far below.

"My God!" cried Malone. "We are prisoners in a nightmare world. That monster has cut off our only line of retreat!"

"What is it?" Paula whispered.

"A brontosaurus!" said Challenger, in a hushed voice. "The real thing! And at this very moment, in London, men and women are watching moving pictures and laughing at comedians and singing songs and dancing and driving in taxi-cabs. It is wonderful. It is magnificent. But it is enough to send a man stark insane for the rest of his days. Proof! My word—I promised them proof, but what proof can I give them. Seeing is believing. We have seen. We believe. But how shall they ever believe?"

On, keeping all the time out of sight of the monstrosity that still peered suspiciously over the brink into the chasm beneath. Barren rocks now succeeded the trees, rocks of astonishing proportions, rising into the clouds as the gentle Downs in old England rise sometimes into the clouds—rocks that were hills, pebbles that were mountains. And down these, over these, in places flowed steaming lava, while fantastic hulks of animalism created the illusion of the raw and terrible ages of long ago.

"When these things roamed Europe," Challenger informed them, "man's first strange ancestor was not even a thought in Nature's mind."

"Do we fear them as much as they fear us?" asked Malone.

"There are two kinds of animals living in this lost world," the professor replied. "One we need fear, but the other not at all. One eats meat, but the other is a strict vegetarian. We must go warily, for we never know. But one kind will be more or less friendly if we should come face to face."

"They all have the kind of face I should not care to come face to face with," said Professor Summerlee, with a shudder.

They were about to go on, when suddenly they were arrested by a shout

from one of the pack-men behind. They looked round and a spectacle that brought a tremor to the stoutest heart there was revealed. Two hundred yards from the edge of the precipice two immense monsters had suddenly come face to face and were standing emitting a peculiar hissing sound that implied trouble for somebody.

"A fight!" Malone gasped; and at this possibility the party forgot their own safety sufficiently to come out from their cover entirely.

"The long fellow is a second brontosaurus," said Challenger, "and the one like a giant lizard is an allosaurus. The brontosaurus is a vegetarian; but the other would eat him—and no doubt us—if he had the opportunity."

And Malone could not restrain the joyous cry of "Four to one on Bronto!"

It was a fight to scar man's memory for ever. First one monster darted its head at the other; then the latter retaliated with a vile stab of its foul paw. They rolled in the rocky dust and great claws lashed blood from skins like old leather. Snorts and squeals arose; screams that were unexpectedly tiny-

They tottered to their feet, fell to again, and all the time they drew nearer and nearer to the deadly brink.

"We lose our money," Malone exclaimed with a grunt. "Bronto is putting up a bad show. We've backed the poorer sparrer."

And it was so. Slowly at first, then quickly, brontosaurus was driven to the brink. Then the evil-looking prehistoric lizard fell back, seemed to wait, raised a wicked claw, dashed forward, and amid a tumble of rock, brontosaurus collapsed and reeled out of sight down the side of the mountain.

Paula could not bear to witness the end. When the others told her it was over she looked up and saw that every man's face was strained and white. There was nothing to be done. When the victor had waddled off towards the interior they, too, turned away and with a little less enthusiasm than they had shown hitherto began to move forward.

It was soon obvious that the unwanted experiences of the day, together with the rarefied air of the plateau, had taken a great toll of the expedition's vitality. No one had thought



It was a fight to scar man's memory for ever . . . all the time they drew nearer to the deadly brink.



He tore past St. Pauls . . . and came up before the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England.

to consult a watch in the excitement of the odd events, but now Malone discovered that it was well on the way to six o'clock in the evening. In a grove of unpleasant trees, which nevertheless afforded a more than welcome shelter, they made camp, camp of the roughest kind it is true, but still something that seemed home-like in such an overabundance of fantasy.

"It is strange that we have met with no actual hostility thus far," said Challenger. "Nor have we seen other ape men. I wonder what the morrow will bring forth?"

The morrow brought forth a day appallingly similar in all respects to that which had passed. They witnessed sights that enfeebled human imagination, but still they remained spectators. They had other glimpses of the ape man, but the ape man seemed if anything, more afraid of them than they were of him. And as the days passed Malone was amazed to find the predominating emotion in his breast, the very human emotion of jealousy—jealousy that Sir John Roxton should be evincing a partiality for the companionship of Paula.

"Not that it matters, with our retreat from the old life cut off for ever-

more," he mused. "And besides—Gladys. . ."

Gladys—far away, forgetful, it might be. . .

The days passed, and the members of the expedition, comparing notes, agreed—and were surprised at the unanimity of their agreement—that even the nightmare was becoming monotonous. Boredom rather than fear touched them now. Annoyance followed alarm at the cutting off of their means of retreat. Every conceivable and inconceivable monster crept over the horizon and passed before them in gruesome procession. Fights more horrible than that first fight they witnessed almost hourly; but when the appointed week came to its end it was with a sigh of anticipation more than relief that the expedition began to retrace its steps to the brink of the precipice at the point which all had now come to refer to as the "gate."

Malone felt a thrill of exultation at the knowledge that Paula walked by his side and not beside Roxton in the retreat.

"Zambo must have witnessed the fall of our tree-bridge," he said, trying to make calm and unemotional conversation. "I wonder what steps he will take to get in touch with us?"

"What steps can he take?" asked Paula.

"Alas! few, I am afraid," said Malone. "And if he fails! If we have to stay here for the rest of our lives! Citizens of a nightmare!"

"With one citizenship," added Paula, trying to smile.

"Yes," Malone nodded gravely, "one citizenship. . ."

They walked a few yards in silence, then;

"You are hoping to get away?" Malone asked.

"Why, yes, aren't you?"

"I don't know."

"But—I don't understand."

"Oh, well, ordinary civilisation can be a bit of nightmare, too, at times."

They exchanged a glance, but the train of thought was halted by a shout ahead.

"We are on the brink of the precipice," announced Paula.

"Indeed we are!" said Malone, and at a bitter tone in his voice she started and turned away.

There was no means of seeing below.

To shout might expose them to a million dangers from behind. And they were about to adopt what was indeed their only possible plan of setting up a fresh camp and settling down to a tiresome wait, when Professor Challenger, pointing, suddenly exclaimed:

"A monkey! Now that's an odd citizen for a Lost World! All life we have seen here has been life that has perished in the normal world. What is a monkey doing here?"

"How has he got here?" asked Sir John Roxton.

"Up the face of the cliff," cried Paula with a little smile.

"And—look!" shouted Malone, "he's carrying something! A rope!"

"Nay," said the professor. "A rope ladder! Why this means—?"

"Zambo! Good old Zambo!"

The little animal popped over the brink, blinked at them, and ran forward, trailing the strands of a rope ladder behind him. With joy they could never afterwards recall in words, the party surrounded the monkey and secured the ladder. And no human being has ever been greeted with such acclamation as met that tiny creature on the lip of the great Lost World.

"I remember the beast," said Malone, fondling it. "A monkey that Zambo adopted on the way up, and made quick friends with. Henceforth, my family arms will be one monkey predominant."

"And now for freedom—and home!" tittered old Summerlee.

"Home, yes," Malone agreed. "Freedom—I wonder. . ." murmured Malone.

But for the present private thoughts and private affairs were swamped in the common work.

They secured the rope-ladder to a big rock and commenced the descent.

(Continued on page 60.)

Sacrificing Sisters

They're rare around the earthly region, But on the screen their name is legion.

Human nature is a beautiful thing—at least screen human nature is. It delights—nay, positively revels—in self-sacrifice, embellished with tearful close-ups to show, I have no doubt, the purity of its motives.

It reveals itself in the actions of Gish-like heroines, who allow themselves to be trampled under foot rather than a mother, or a sister, or a brother, or a lover, shall reap the just consequences of some wrong or silly deed. It parades its sickly virtues in the conduct of noble heroes who take upon their shoulders the crimes of a younger brother, or who meekly undertake to work themselves to death in the interests of a widowed sister-in-law and half a dozen kids.

I have yet to discover why, in the name of all that's wonderful, these things should be. Surely film heroines have learnt by now that they cannot save a flapper sister's reputation by taking over the responsibility of that inevitable baby? (A baby by the way, that is apparently always born at least six months old). Truth will out in the last reel and what is there to show for all the trouble and inconvenience the

Below: Matt Moore in "How Baxter Butted In."



Above: Viola Dana and Milton Sills in "As Man Desires." Left: Alice Terry in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."



short-sighted girl has suffered but a quantity of harrowing close-ups?

Surely, too, that poor mutt our honest hero should know better than to get clapped into jail for the sake of a weak-kneed brother who, for some unaccountable reason, happens to be mother's favourite boy. Experience should have taught him that somebody will split at the last minute, exposing the real culprit, and he will emerge from prison to the heroine's arms, covered with glory. He ought to know—but then . . . unworthy thought . . . perhaps that's why he does it!

No, I'm afraid they'll never learn, these sob sisters and brothers of the screen. I doubt if they would be really happy if, for once, they could not feel the flame of martyrdom. Alice Terry, beautifully resigned, endeavours to save her sister at her own expense in *Sackcloth and Scarlet*. Pauline Frederick tries the same sort of thing in *Three Women*.

Mat Moore works himself up to such a pitch of self-sacrifice in *How Baxter Butted In*, working day and night for others, that he faints while paying the premium on his life insurance and becomes seriously ill. However, the powers that be reward him with a medal for silent heroism at the end of the picture, and that, of course, makes up for all his sufferings.

An occasional picture even finds poor old mother still working her fingers to the bone to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead, though I'm glad to see the old lady's getting more sense than she used to have so far as that sort of thing is concerned.

Yes, it's a noble world—the film world. But . . . E. E. B.





This enthralling serial commenced in the February issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Department.

VII.

The savings had been opportunely replenished. In two days he had accumulated a sum for which, back in Simsbury, he would have had to toil a week. Yet there was to be said in favour of the Simsbury position that it steadily endured. Each week brought its fifteen dollars, pittance though it might be, while the art of the silver screen was capricious in its rewards, not to say jumpy. Never, for weeks at a stretch, had Gashwiler said with a tired smile, "Nothing to-day—sorry!" He might have been a grouch and given to unreasonable nagging, but with him there was always a very definite something to-day which he would specify, in short words if the occasion seemed to demand. There was not only a definite something every day but a definite if not considerable sum of money to be paid over every Saturday night, and in the meantime three very definite and quite satisfying meals to be freely partaken of at stated hours each day.

The leisure enforced by truly creative screen art was often occupied now with really moving pictures of Metta Judson placing practicable food upon the Gashwiler table. This had been no table in a Gilded Broadway resort, holding empty coffee cups and half empty wine-glasses, passed and re-passed by apparently busy waiters with laden trays who never left anything of a practicable nature.

Sometimes on the little bench around the eucalyptus tree he would run an entire five-thousand-foot programme feature, beginning with the Sunday midday dinner of roast chicken, and abounding in tense dramatic moments such as corned-beef and cabbage on Tuesday night, and corned-beef hash on Wednesday morning. He would pause to take superb close-ups of these, the corned-beef on its spreading platter hemmed about with boiled

potatoes and turnips and cabbage, and the corned-beef hash with its richly browned surface. The thrilling climax would be the roast of beef on Saturday night, with close-ups taken in the very eye of the camera, of the mashed potatoes and the apple pie drenched with cream. And there were close-ups of Metta Judson, who had never seriously contemplated a screen career, placing upon the table a tower of steaming hot cakes, while a platter of small sausages loomed eloquently in the foreground.

Under the eucalyptus tree one morning Merton Gill, making some appetising changes in the fifth reel of *Eating at Gashwiler's*, was accosted by a youngish woman whom he could not at first recall. She had come from the casting office and paused when she saw him.

"Hello, I thought it was you, but I wasn't sure in them clothes. How they coming?"

He stared blankly, startled at the sudden transposition he had been compelled to make, for the gleaming knife of Gashwiler, standing up to carve, had just then hovered above the well-browned roast of beef. Then he placed the speaker by reason of her eyes. It was the Spanish girl, his companion of the gilded cabaret, later encountered in the palatial gambling hell that ate like a cancer at the heart of New York—probably at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

He arose and shook hands cordially. He had supposed, when he thought of the girl at all, that she would always be rather Spanish, an exotic creature rather garishly dressed, nervously eager, craving excitement such as may be had in cabarets on Broadway, with a marked inclination for the lighter life of pleasure. But she wore not so much as a rose in her smoothly combed hair. She was plainly dressed in skirt and blouse of no distinction, her foot gear was of the most or-

dinary, and well worn, and her face under a hat of no allure was without make-up, a commonplace, somewhat anxious face with lines about the eyes. But her voice as well as her eyes helped him to recall her.

She spoke with an effort at jauntiness after Merton had greeted her. "That's one great slogan, 'Business as Usual!' ain't it? Well, it's business as usual here, so I just found out from the Countess—as usual, rotten. I ain't had but three days since I seen you last."

"I haven't had even one," he told her.

"No? Say, that's tough. You're registered with the Service Bureau, ain't you?"

"Well, I didn't do that, because they might send me any place, and I sort of wanted to work on this particular lot." Instantly he saw himself saving Beulah Baxter, for the next instalment, from a fate worse than death, but the one-time Spanish girl did not share this vision.

"Oh, well, little I care where I work. I had two days at the Bigart in a hop-joint scene, and one over at the United doin' some board-walk stuff. I could 'a' had another day there, but the director said I wasn't just the type for a chick bathing suit. He was very nice about it. Of course I know my legs ain't the best part of me—I sure ain't one of them like the girl that says she's wasted in skirts." She grinned ruefully.

He felt that some expression of sympathy would be graceful here, yet he divined that it must be very discreetly, almost delicately, worded. He could easily be too blunt.

"I guess I'd be pretty skinny in a bathing-suit myself, right now. I know they won't be giving me any such part pretty soon if I have to cut down on the meals the way I been doing."

"Oh, of course I don't mean I'm actually skinny—"

He felt he had been blunt, after all.

"Not to say skinny," she went on, "but—well, you know—more like home-folks, I guess. Anyway, I got no future as a bathing beauty—none whatever. And this walkin' around to the different lots ain't helpin' me any, either. Of course it ain't as if I couldn't go back to the insurance office. Mr. Gropp, he's office manager, he was very nice about it. He says, 'I wish you all the luck in the world, girlie, and remember your job as filin' clerk will always be here for you.' Wasn't that gentlemanly of him? Still, I'd rather act than stand on my feet all day filing letters. I won't go back till I have to."

"Me either," said Merton Gill, struggling against the obsession of Saturday-night dinner at Gashwiler's.

Grimly he resumed his seat when the girl with a friendly "So long!" had trudged on. In spite of himself he found something base in his nature picturing his return to the emporium and to the thrice-daily encounter with Metta Judson's cookery. He let his lower instincts toy with the unworthy vision. Gashwiler would advance him the money to return, and the job would be there. Probably Spencer Grant had before this tired of the work and gone into insurance or some other line, and probably Gashwiler would be only too glad to have the wanderer back. He would get off No. 3 just in time for breakfast.

He brushed the monstrous scene from his eyes, shrugged it from his shoulders. He would not give up. They had all struggled and sacrificed, and why should he shrink from the common ordeal? But he wished the Spanish girl hadn't talked about going back to her job. He regretted not having stopped her with words of confident cheer that would have stiffened his own resolution. He could see her far down the street, on her way to the next lot, her narrow shoulders switching from light to shadow as she trudged under the line of eucalyptus trees. He hoped she wouldn't give up. No one should ever give up—least of all Merton Gill.

The days wore wearily on. He began to feel on his own face the tired little smile of the woman in the casting office as she would look up to shake her head, often from the telephone over which she was saying, "Nothing to-day, dear. Sorry!" She didn't exactly feel that the motion-picture business had gone on the rocks, but she knew it wasn't picking up as it should. And ever and again she would have Merton Gill assure her that he hadn't forgotten the home address, the town where lived Ginghamton or Gum-wash or whoever it was that held the good old job open for him. He had divined that it was a jest of some sort when she warned him not to forget the address and he would patiently smile at this, but he always put her right about the name of Gashwiler. Of course it was a name anyone might forget, though the woman always seemed to make the most earnest effort to remember it.

Each day, after his brief chat with her in which he learned that there would be nothing to-day, he would sit on the waiting-room bench or out under the eucalyptus tree and consecrate himself anew to the art of the perpendicular screen. And each day, as the little hoard was diminished by even those slender repasts at the drug store, he ran his film of the Gashwiler dining-room in action.

From time to time he would see the Montague girl, alone or with her mother, entering the casting office or perhaps issuing from the guarded gate. He avoided her when possible. She persisted in behaving as if they had been properly introduced and had known each other for a long time. She was too familiar, and her levity jarred upon his more serious mood. So far as he could see, the girl had no screen future, though doubtless she was her own worst enemy. If some one had only taught her to be serious, her career might have been worth while. She had seemed not wholly negligible in the salmon-pink dancing frock, though of course the blond curls had not been true.

Then the days passed until eating merely at a drug-store lunch counter became not the only matter of concern. There was the item of room rent. Mrs. Patterson, the Los Angeles society woman, had, upon the occasion of their first interview, made it all too clear that the money, trifling though it must seem for a well-furnished room with the privilege of electric iron in the kitchen, must be paid each week in advance. Strictly in advance. Her eyes had held a cold light as she dwelt upon this.

There had been times lately when, upon his tree bench, he would try to dramatize Mrs. Patterson as a woman with a soft heart under that polished society exterior,

chilled by daily contact with other society people at the Iowa or Kansas or other society picnics, yet ready to melt at the true human touch. But he had never quite succeeded in this bit of character work. Something told him that she was cold all through, a society woman without a flaw in her armour. He could not make her seem to listen patiently while he explained that only one company was now shooting on the lot, but that big things were expected to be on in another week or so. A certain sceptic hardness was in her gaze as he visioned it.

He decided, indeed, that he could never bring himself even to attempt this scene with the woman, so remote was he from seeing her eye soften and her voice warm with the assurance that a few weeks more or less need not matter. The room rent, he was confident, would have to be paid strictly in advance so long as their relations continued. She was the kind who would insist on this formality even after he began to play, at an enormous salary, a certain outstanding part in *The Hazards of Hortense*. The exigencies, even the adversities, of art would never make the slightest appeal to this hardened soul. So much for that. And daily the hoard waned.

Yet his was not the only tragedy. In the waiting-room where he now spent more of his time, he listened one day to the Montague girl chat through the window with the woman she called Countess.

"Yeah, Pa was double-crossed over at the Bigart. He raised that lovely set of whiskers for *Camillia of the Cumberlands* and what did he get for it?—just two weeks. Fact! What do you know about that? Hugo has him killed off in the second spool with a squirrel rifle from ambush, and Pa thinking he would draw pay for at least another three weeks. He kicked, but Hugo says the plot demanded it. I bet, at that, he was just trying to cut down his salary list. I bet that continuity this minute shows Pa drinking his corn liquor out of a jug and playing a fiddle for the dance right down to

the last scene. Don't artists get the razz, though. And that Hugo, he'd spend a week in the hot place to save a thin dime. Let me tell you, Countess, don't you ever get your lemon in his squeezer."

There were audible murmurs of sympathy from the Countess.

"And so the old trouper had to start out Monday morning to peddle the brush. Took him three days to land anything at all, and then it's nothing but a sleeping souse in a Western bar-room scene. In here now he is—something the Acme people are doing. He's had three days, just lying down with his back against a barrel, sleeping. He's not to wake up even when the fight starts, but sleep right on through it, which they say will be a good gag. Well, maybe. But it's tough on his home. He gets all his rest daytimes and keeps us restless all night making a new kind of beer and tending his still, and so on. You bet Ma and I, the minute he's through with this piece, are going pronto to get that face of his as naked as the day he was born. Pa's so temperamental—like that . . . me he was playing a Bishop and never touched a drop for five weeks, and in bed every night at nine-thirty. Me? Oh, I'm having a bit of my own in this Acme piece—*God's Great Outdoors*, I think it is—anyway, I'm to be a little blonde hussy in the bar-room, sitting on the miners' knees and all like that, so they'll order more drinks. It certainly takes all kinds of art to make an artist. And next week I got some shipwreck stuff for Baxter, and me with bronchial pneumonia right this minute, and hating tank stuff, anyway. Well, Countess, don't take any counterfeit money. S'long!"

She danced through a doorway and was gone—she was one who seldom descended to plain walking. She would manage a dance step even in the short distance from the casting-office door to the window. It was not of such material, Merton Gill was sure, that creative artists were moulded.



Passed
by busy
waiters with
laden trays.



It was a noisy street until a whistle sounded at the farther end, then all was silence.

And there was no question now of his own utter seriousness. The situation hourly grew more desperate. For a week he had forgone the drug-store pie, so that now he recalled it as very wonderful pie indeed, but he dared no longer indulge in this luxury. An occasional small bag of candy and as much sugar as he could juggle into his coffee must satisfy his craving for sweets. Stoically he awaited the end—some end. The moving-picture business seemed to be still on the rocks, but things must take a run.

He went over the talk of the Montague girl. Her father had perhaps been unfairly treated, but at least, he was working again. And there were other actors who would go unshaven for even a sleeping part in the bar-room scene of *God's Great Outdoors*. Merton Gill knew one, and rubbed his shaven chin. He thought, too, of the girl's warning about counterfeit money. He had not known that the casting director's duties required her to handle money, but probably he had overlooked this item in her routine. And was counterfeit money about? He drew out his own remaining bill and scrutinized it anxiously. It seemed genuine. He hoped it was, for Mrs. Patterson's sake, and was relieved when she accepted it without question that night.

Later he tested the handful of silver that remained to him and prayed earnestly that an increase of prosperity be granted to producers of the motion picture. With the silver he eked out another barren week, only to face a day the evening of which must witness another fiscal transaction with Mrs. Patterson. And there was no longer a bill for this heartless society creature. He took a long look at the pleasant little room as he left it that morning. The day must bring something, but it might not bring him back that night.

At the drug store he purchased a bowl of vegetable soup, loaded it heavily with catsup at intervals when the attendant had other matters on his mind, and seized an extra half-portion of crackers left on their plate by a satiated neighbour. He cared little for catsup, but it doubtless bore nourishing elements, and nourishment was now important. He crumbled his paper napkin and laid upon the marble slab a trifling silver coin. It was the last of his hoard. When he should eat next and under what circumstances were now as uncertain as where he should sleep that night, though he was already resolving that catsup would be no part of his meal. It might be well enough in its place, but he had abundantly proved that it was not, strictly speaking, a food.

He reached the Holden studios and loitered outside for half an hour before daring the daily inquiry at the window. Yet, when at last he did approach it, his waning faith in prayer was renewed, for here in his direst hour was cheering news. It seemed even that his friend beyond the window had been impatient at his coming.

"Just like you to be late when there's something doing!" she called to him with friendly impatience. "Get over to the dressing-rooms on the double-quick. It's the Victor people doing some Egyptian stuff—they'll give you a costume. Hurry along!"

And he had lingered over a bowl of soggy crackers soaked, at the last, chiefly in catsup! He hurried, with a swift word of thanks.

In the same dressing-room where he had once been made up as a Broadway pleasure-seeker he now donned the flowing robe and burnoose of a Bedouin and by the same grumbling extra his face and hands were stained the rich brown of children of the desert. A dozen other men of the paler race had

undergone the same treatment. A sheikh of great stature and noble mien smoked an idle cigarette in the doorway. He was accoutred with musket and with pistols in his belt.

An assistant director presently herded the desert men down an alley between two of the big stages and to the beginning of the oriental street that Merton had noticed on his first day within the Holden walls. It was now peopled picturesquely with other Bedouins. Banners hung from the walls and veiled ladies peeped from the latticed balconies. A camel was led excitedly through the crowded way, and donkeys and goats were to be observed. It was a noisy street until a whistle sounded at the farther end, then all was silence while the voice of Henshaw came through the megaphone.

It appeared that long shots of the street were Henshaw's first need. Up and down it Merton Gill strolled in a negligent manner, stopping perhaps to haggle with the vendor who sold sweetmeats from a tray, or to chat with a tribal brother fresh from the sandy wastes, or to purchase a glass of milk from the man with the goats. He secured a rose from a flower seller, and had the inspiration to toss it to one of the discreet balconies above him, but as he stepped back to do this he was stopped by the watchful assistant director who stood just inside a doorway. "Hey, Bill, none of that! Keep your head down, and pay no attention to the dames. It ain't done."

He strolled on with the rose in his hand. Later, he saw the sheikh of noble mien halt the flower seller, haggle for another rose, place this daintily behind his left ear and stalk on, his musket held over one shoulder, his other hand on a belted pistol. Merton disposed of his rose in the same manner. He admired the sheikh for his stature, his majestic carriage, his dark, handsome, yet sinister face with its brooding eyes. He thought this man, at least, would be a true Arab; his manner was so much more authentic than that of the extra people all about.

A whistle blew and the street action was suspended. A band of Bedouins were now to worship in the porch of a mosque. Merton Gill was among these. The assistant director initiated them briefly into Moslem rites. Upon prayer rugs they bowed their foreheads to earth in the direction of Mecca.

"What's the idea of this here?" demanded Merton Gill's neighbour in aggrieved tones.

"Ssh!" cautioned Merton. "It's Mass or something like that." And they bent in unison to this noon-tide devotion.

When this was done Henshaw bustled into the group. "I want about a dozen or fifteen good types for the cafe," he explained to his assistant. Merton Gill instinctively stood forward, and was presently among those selected. "You'll do," said Henshaw, nodding. The director, of course, had not remembered that this was the actor he had distinguished in *The Blight of Broadway*, yet he had again chosen him for eminence. It showed, Merton felt, that his conviction about the screen value of his face was not ill founded.

(To be continued next month.)

Miss
Kathleen Vaughan



This charming young British Screen Star, Miss Kathleen Vaughan, writes:—

"In making a picture it is often necessary to be out of doors in sun and wind and any kind of weather; but I am not afraid of my skin being spoilt because I have learnt the secret of preserving it—'EASTERN FOAM.'"

OW is the time for every woman who values her appearance to take especial care of her complexion. Use 'EASTERN FOAM' regularly and thus protect your skin against the ill-effects of exposure to cold, harsh winds and the drying heat of artificially warmed rooms. Just a touch is all you need. It keeps the complexion in perfect condition—silky, soft and youthful, and free from all blemishes.

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In Large Pots, 1/4, of all Chemists and Stores.

Sample Size, 3d.

FREE Pattern and Fancy Dress Costume.

A paper pattern of the costume of the famous 'EASTERN FOAM' Girl will be sent post free for 9d., together with coloured paper reproductions of breast-plates, head-dress ornaments and giant replica of the 'EASTERN FOAM' box. Write, stating whether Child's or Adult's size (34, 36 or 38 inch bust), to—EASTERN FOAM (Pattern Dept.), 16-30, Graham Street, LONDON, N.1.



EASTERN FOAM
VANISHING CREAM

The Cream of Fascination

The Painted Smile

The men behind the motley.—Famous Clowns of the Screen.

Many and various are the characters employed for the amusement of mankind . . . none more curious, none more difficult to portray than that of the clown. In the circus success must be hard enough to win; on the screen, where "Personality" is required besides quips and juggling tricks, where sympathy must be gained for a grinning, grotesque absurdity who hasn't the power of speech for his assistance, the difficulties must be increased tenfold.

Time was—in the dim, dear days of our childhood, when the Clown was—well, merely the clown.

All that is changed now. On the screen the clown is cast in quite a different mould. One never laughs at him or dares to ridicule him. He is no longer a fool, but a man—full of subtle, clever human qualities that must be pitied, honoured or admired as the case may be.

Right: Lon Chaney in "He Who Gets Slapped." Below: Monte Blue in "The Lover of Camille."



Take for instance Ernest Torrence in *The Mountebank* (re-christened for film purposes *The Side Show Of Life*). He stands out in our memory not as a clown, not as a Brigadier General, but as a man who was noble enough to do his duty—human enough to look and feel distinctly sorry about doing it. "Petit Patou" was in the opinion of many people the finest if not the greatest character study Torrence has given us.

Personally, I should hesitate long before awarding the palm to any one of this artist's characterisations—they are all so well deserving of praise; but certainly the ridiculous clown who stood quietly in the arena at Marseilles, apologising humbly for his failure as an artist to a crowd who madly cheered his exploits as a soldier, who relinquished love "Because even a clown has his honour," held power to move one more—even if he did not



Ernest Torrence in "The Side Show of Life."

impress one quite so much as did the guide in *The Covered Wagon*.

Then there was Monte Blue in *The Lover of Camille*.

When news first drifted through that he of all the stars in the Hollywood firmament had been chosen to play lead in Sacha Guitry's famous play most of us held our breath a second or two and politely wondered. Monte! A clown! we said—He'll never do it! But he did do it. And did it amazingly well, too—which proves that occasionally, at least, the casting director knows what he is up to.

Few who saw *Merry Go Round* will be likely to forget the performance of Cesare Gravini as the old Italian. Artistically, one feels bound to admit that it has nothing on that of Chaney as "He" in *He Who Gets Slapped* but then "He" we must remember, was better served.

And now, the excitement aroused over this masterpiece of screen art having died down just a little the rumour that Chaplin is to produce a clown story has once more been revived.

Even Charlie, however, whose sublime artistry amazed and delighted us in *The Kid*, *Pay Day* and *The Pilgrim*, whose subtlety and brilliant cynicism mocked, yet fascinated us in *A Woman of Paris* will find himself hard put to it to excel Lon Chaney's remarkable performance as "He"—if he treats his subject from the same angle.

The question is will he?

Who knows?

IRIS H. CARPENTER.

Their Prize Money was Doubled by Amami

BECAUSE these "Picturegoer" Beautiful Hair Prize Winners had each attached an empty Shampoo Sachet to the photograph they entered in the "Picturegoer" Competition, each received an extra £5 cheque from the makers of Amami Shampoos.

Don't forget to attach an Amami Sachet to the photo you enter.

The final £10 Prize Winner will receive another Amami £10 if she is one of the Amami Girls, and the Consolation Prize Winners who use Amami Shampoos will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.



Above: Miss Cissie Worley, of Birmingham. 1st Prize Winner, October.



At left: Miss W. Nutting, of Balham. 1st Prize Winner, September.



Lower left - hand corner: Miss Daphne Purton, of Highgate. 1st Prize Winner, July.



Above: Miss Peggy Simpson, of Aberdeen. 1st Prize Winner, June.



Above: Miss Frances Tubbs, of St. Leonards-on-Sea. 1st Prize Winner, August. &c.



"graduated" with the firm idea that he had been dealt a very tough experience.

Back in his childhood days, he had been a great favourite with one of his father's friends, no less a personage than Tom Mix and when the elder O'Brien appealed to Tom to help him settle the youngster in work of some sort, Tom made a place for him at the studio. Sounds very "lucky" but the place, as George describes it, was a sort of second assistant to the

liked his pluck and then and there engaged him for his company.

Then followed a period of small parts with both Bosworth and George Melford. One trip, in Thomas Meighan's company, took him to Panama and Cuba, and soon after he came back he had a call to take tests for *Ben Hur*.

This seemed lucky, but the unlucky part of the story was that though the tests were excellent, the O'Brien name was not of sufficient importance for the famous role. Naturally, when he was sent for to take another test for *The Iron Horse*, George was not particularly impressed.

A dozen contestants went through all sorts of stunts and so impressed was William Fox by O'Brien that he engaged him then and there. When *The Iron Horse* is seen in London shortly, his excellent judgment will be appreciated. And after that will come *Havoc* which will further strengthen the good impression.

I talked to him between shots of Joseph Conrad's well-known "Nostromo" to be released as *The Silver Treasure*, in which he is cast as a dashing South American hero.

"Luck?" he said after he had told me the whole story. "I am lucky and unlucky. What do you think I have to do as soon as I finish this scene? Instead of enjoying myself outdoors, I have to get fitted for my wedding costume. That is not my idea of a delightful afternoon!"

George O'Brien as Lieut. Dick Chappell in "Havoc," and with Madge Bellamy in "The Iron Horse."



A studio portrait of George O'Brien.

Irish Luck by ELIZABETH LONERGAN

Providence and pluck have played a great part in the career of George O'Brien.

George O'Brien isn't a bit Irish, according to the accepted standards but he certainly has had "Irish Luck" from beginning his career to the present day, when it seems certain that the luck is here to stay.

Take any one of the following incidents in his experiences: He was studying to be a doctor when the war cut into the picture and he became a member of Uncle Sam's Navy instead of finishing his college course. He was changed from Submarine Chaser 257 the day before it blew up and killed six men!!!

After the war, O'Brien returned to Santa Clara College (which gave another famous Fox player to the screen, Edmund Lowe) and went back to his studies. He was a featured member of the Rugby team and in the course of a game succeeded in breaking his leg and mixing things up generally. A long period of experience in the hospital came next and George was

second assistant camera man and he didn't get anywhere.

Again, something that seemed a fortunate act of Providence intervened. He met Art Acord and they decided to combine forces and make some of the greatest pictures in the world. The result? They lost everything they owned. O'Brien says that he was smart enough to save his railroad fare home and after another period of unrest there he decided to sign up as able seaman on a wind-jammer headed for the South Seas.

He was actually on the dock ready to get away when he saw a fight at one end of the pier. Now George wouldn't be Irish without loving a fight and so he joined in only to discover that he had spoiled a perfectly good picture which Hobart Bosworth was directing. Bosworth



"To keep the complexion beautiful requires more than soap and water" says

MISS IVY DUKE

(A personal interview)

"In my opinion, ordinary washing in water can be injurious to a very delicate skin. Besides, what's the need? Pond's Cold Cream brings away all the impurities, not only from the surface, but from the pores themselves."

An exquisite complexion.

Those who have had an opportunity of admiring Miss Duke as she appears on the films with beauty of feature and charm of manner—may like to know that, in addition to her other charms, she enjoys an exquisite complexion.

"I never use soap and water on my face," declares Miss Duke, "I cleanse it with a good cold cream night and morning."

Decameron Nights.

When I saw Miss Duke she was busy preparing for rehearsal of *The Creaking Chair*, in which she is playing the leading rôle with Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, in a provincial tour. Her admirers—although pleased to have an opportunity to see her personally on the stage—will be glad to learn that her desertion of the film world is only temporary. The revival of English film making will probably give her further big opportunities in the future, comparable to her great part in *Decameron Nights*.

"Soap and water can be injurious."

"You think cold cream is better for the skin?" I enquired.

"In my opinion, ordinary washing in water can be injurious to a very delicate skin. Besides, what's the need? Pond's Cold Cream brings away all the impurities, not only from the surface, but from the pores themselves. Soap never gets into the pores. Pond's Cold Cream leaves them free and healthy. Somehow your skin feels so—how can I describe it!—young and fresh after using this wonderful cream."

"In the daytime," I asked, "you use, I suppose, a vanishing cream?"

A very delicate perfume.

"There is one thing I am particularly fastidious about in vanishing cream—the perfume. I do not like a pronounced perfume. Pond's Vanishing Cream appeals to me in that way. It has a very delicate odour and a very pleasant one."

"Jacqueminot roses," I interposed.

"And I think some protective cream such as Pond's Vanishing Cream is very



[Bassano

Ivy Duke

necessary, especially in the cold winds. It vanishes instantly, so you see it can be applied conveniently almost at any time. It is a good plan to carry a small tube in the handbag."



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY THOUSANDS OF CHARMING WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

Your complexion must be protected.

Famous women, such as Miss Ivy Duke, who owe a duty to the public to keep their beauty, know how important a clear smooth skin is. They realise its fragile loveliness must be protected from the dangers of exposure by the daytime use of Vanishing Cream—and from the effects of clogged pores and impurities in the tissues by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

Vanishes instantly.

Smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face, neck and hands at every convenient opportunity during the day. It vanishes instantly leaving no sign of use save a clear, smooth skin, a refreshed feeling, and a very delicate odour of Jacqueminot roses.

Cleansing the pores.

Every night, and after any long exposure to the wind or rain, apply Pond's Cold Cream to the face, neck and hands. Its soft delicate oils will sink deep into the pores, removing all impurities, leaving your skin deliciously clean, supple and healthy.

Special Sample Offer.

Learn from the lovely women who prove by their own appearance the efficacy of the Pond's method. Fill up and send us the coupon below, enclosing 2d. in stamps, and we will send you sufficient of Pond's Two Creams to give the method a convincing trial. All Chemists sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in jars, price 1/3 and 2/6, and in tubes, price 7½d. (for handbag) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes, 2/6.

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103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.
I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of POND'S COLD CREAM and POND'S VANISHING CREAM, together with your Home-Massage Chart.

Name

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KING OF VILLAINS.

Cunningly clever is Cameron Carr,
He schemes most nefarious plots—
A desperate villain, but charming and
suave,
Of admirers I'm sure he has lots.

Though many may hate him, his
schemes are so vile,
His acting they ought to defend,
For there's good in his heart tho' in
most of his films
He comes to a very bad end.
ANDRE (Fulham).

BRITAIN FOR EVER!

The Yankees all boast that their films
are just "it,"
That their film stars are all that they
should be.
The British are lagging behind in the
game,
But they ought to be first and they
could be.

The Yankees all rave o'er their world
famous stars—
Call Rudy a wonderful fellow;
We admit he is fine but we've one just
as good,
And that one is Ivor Novello.

The Yankees all boast that their
actresses are
The most beautiful girls one can meet,
But we've beauty and brains, and if
we just work
We'll make movies that NO ONE can
beat!
F.R. (Forest Hill).

FROM A FAITHFUL FAN.

Oh, whatsoe'er they prattle,
And whatsoe'er they write,
Dost thou remain unrivalled,
Unequaled in delight;

Unmatched for art most
perfect,
Enshrined above the rest,
And worthiest of our
tribute
To the brightest and the
best.

And other nymphs—
why count them?
Their fame may rise to
Mars,
In twenty thousand
praises
Of twenty thousand stars;
Yet are their greatest
beauties
To those dear charms of
thine
"As moonlight unto sun-
light,
As water unto wine."

Thou wert no self-styled
monarch—
Nay, those who crown
not thee
May sing of all their idols
Sweet *Maid of Mystery*;
But those who go to
pictures

Will know that she we mean
Is lovely Marie Doro
The wide world's movie queen.
E.J.F. (London).

THE STAR OF STARS.

To dainty Mary Astor
This poem I dictate,
And tell me where's the poem
Could wish a better fate?

When on the screen I see her
With sweet and saintly face
I'd give my chance of Heaven
To take the hero's place.

The sweetest star that twinkles,
The fairest of the fair,
There is no other actress
That with her can compare.

In fact I'd go to Hollywood,
O'er many a weary mile,
If, at the journey's ending,
I could but see her smile!
ENLOPS.

TO ROD.

I have a favourite hero,
He's an actor on the screen,
He is the nicest gentleman
That ever I have seen.
My hero's tall and handsome,
His height is six foot three—
He is the only actor
That ever pleases me!
MOLLY (Age 9).

COLLEEN MOORE.

In drama or in comedy
This actress at her best can be,
And all my praises I'm glad to pour
At the feet of Colleen Moore.
K.T. (Brighton).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Who lent Charles a Razor?

In *Love and Glory*, when Charles de Roche and Wallace McDonald had been marching in the desert for three days, we see Wallace McDonald with several days' growth of beard and Charles de Roche immaculately shaved. How is this? E.C.T. (Leyton).

When Locks do not a Prison Make.

Joan Lockton, in *White Slippers*, is locked in a room on the boat. But when Matheson Lang goes to release her he rushes straight into the cabin without unlocking the door. Who unbolted the door for him? G.C. (Westgate-on-Sea).

Before the Times.

A series of pictures dealing with the lives of famous musicians has recently been released. The picture containing scenes from Mendelssohn's life shows a country lad playing a violin with a "Steel E string adjuster" on it. This is an invention of very modern years. N.C.P. (Birmingham).

Screen Etiquette is Different.

A widow, when re-marrying, does not wear the customary bridal veil and gown, yet Alma Rubens, as the Lady Hermione in *Gerald Cranston's Lady* did so. As a member of the aristocracy she should be better informed than this. D.G. (Halifax).

A Tale of Two Ties.

When Clive Brook, in *Christine of the Hungry Heart*, is talking to Florence Vidor at the hospital, he is wearing a bow tie with his collar. Before leaving her side the bow has suddenly changed into an ordinary necktie. How was it managed? G.M.A. (Wallasey).

He Forgot his Wound.

During a scene at the barber's shop in *The Arizona Romeo*, Buck Jones is seen to shoot a cowboy's right hand, causing him to drop his gun with the pain. But when the cowboy leaves the shop he is seen to strike another man with the wounded hand! F.F. (Gosta Green).

When East is West.

In *The Shadow of Egypt* "Moon-face" the native girl ran to her father and kissed him as he entered the room. This is not a native custom. Perhaps she had been to too many movies! M.L. (Grantham).

Premature!

When Merton, in *Merton of the Movies*, leaves his home town they are billing the film "Perils of Passion" at the local kinema. Yet when he gets to Los Angeles they are still making it! K. S. (Wimbledon).

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 Buck Jones
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 Cullen Landis
 Matheson Lang (2)
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 Elmo Lincoln
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 Louise Lovely
 Edmund Lowe
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 Bert Lytell
 May McAvoy (2)
 Katherine Mac-Donald (2)
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 Victor McLaglen
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 Mae Marsh
 Tully Marshall
 Shirley Mason
 Frank Mayo
 Thomas Meighan
 Adolphe Menjou
 Patsy Ruth Miller
 Tom Mix
 Colleen Moore
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 Jack Mulhall

Mae Murray
 Carmel Myers
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 Mary Odette
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 Eileen Percy
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 Rudolph Valentino (8)
 Henry Victor
 Florence Vidor
 George Walsh
 Bryant Washburn
 Niles Welch
 Pearl White
 Earle Williams
 Lois Wilson
 Claire Windsor

PICTUREGOER SALON, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

That old time favourite E. K. Lincoln is returning to pictures after an absence of years. He will star in an independent production *The Perfect Crime*, with Wanda Hawley and Mary Carr as featured players.

Von Stroheim, too, is returning to the acting side of the screen, and you will have a chance to see him in his new picture, *East of the Setting Sun*, which he also directs, besides having written the script.

There's a real thrill for John Barrymore fans in the news that he is to appear in a screen version of the Byron poem *Don Juan*. We can't imagine anyone better suited to the part.

An interesting item of news from Hollywood is that Mildred Harris, who in real life is Mrs. Terry McGovern, has presented her husband with a little son. Mildred will shortly be seen this side in *Beyond the Border* and *Private Affairs*.

We hear that a special five-reel film record of the Prince of Wales' adventures in the Argentine has been made, and will shortly be shown to the public. A copy has been sent to the Royal Family, who are very pleased with it.

The "other woman" is at last to have a chance to tell her side of the divorce question in the new Schulberg production *The Other Woman's Story*, from the novel by Peggy Gaddis.

Widgey R. Newman, the well-known racing motorist, called to see us the other day. He is making a series of "interest" pictures for Gaumont, and has just finished work on a picture dealing with work in the air, in which aeroplanes of every shape and size are used.

Universal City's latest arrival is a real Indian princess with a long line of distinguished ancestors behind her. She is Princess Neola of the once great Tuscarora tribe, and she has come all the way from her home in the Indian Reservation in the State of New York, to play a part in *The Queen of the Hills*.

Frank Stanmore has just finished work on his first starring role for George Pearson. This is called at present *Mr. Preedy and the Countess*, but it will probably be re-christened before it is shown to the public. It promises to be richly funny and should give the long-experienced screen comedian the chance he deserves. Mona Maris, Buena Bent, Gladys Hamer, Douglas Rothschild, Annie Esmond, Gibb McLaughlin, and Harding Steerman form the supporting cast.



John Stuart came in to see us the other day, and told us about his adventures in Europe where he has made three films, *The Pleasure Garden*, *The Venetian Lovers* and *Bachelor's Wives*. His plans for the future are not definitely settled, although he says that he would like to go to America. John tells us he liked filming abroad, and particularly enjoyed his visit to Venice where a number of beautiful exteriors were filmed.

Hollywood certainly seems to be a happy hunting ground for British stars just now. Stuart Rome, who went out there ostensibly for a short visit, has just signed a contract with Fox and is already at work on the first subject—a screen version of *The Winding Stair* by A. E. W. Mason.

Two English artistes who have not been seen on the screen for many months past are making a welcome return in a new series of British comedies. They are Walter Forde and Pauline Peters, who played together some time back in Zodiac comedies. Walter has since been to Hollywood, where he gained valuable experience, and he hopes to give English comedies a new place on the world's screen.

An interesting member of the cast of *Stella Dallas*, the recently completed Goldwyn film, is Flobelle Fairbanks, niece to Doug. of that ilk. Her cousin, Douglas, Jun. also has a good part in the picture, in the juvenile lead opposite Lois Moran. Vera Lewis, Belle Bennett, Ronald Colman and Alice Joyce have important roles.

May McAvoy will be seen as "Lady Windermere" in the screen version of *Lady Windermere's Fan* now in the course of production. Irene Rich also plays an important part and Ernst Lubitsch will direct, so it ought to be a picture worth seeing.

An eighteen year old school girl, Dorothy Grundy, of New York, has succeeded in selling an original photoplay to Universal. Her story is called "Signs," and it will be used as a starring production for Reginald Denny, that bright and breezy sport-ing-actor.

Reginald, by the way, is a Manchester lad who emigrated to America after the war, and Carl Laemmle told us, when he was over here a few weeks ago, that as soon as Universal's proposed London Studios have been opened he will bring Denny over here to make a picture in England.

Clive Brook has joined the Cecil De Mille studios and is being featured in *Three Faces East*, by director Rupert Julian. Fans who deplore the fact that he has settled in Hollywood shouldn't grumble too much, for they see far more of him on the screen than they would have done if he had stayed in England.

Screen talent seems to run in families, and there have been quite a number of "younger sisters" arriving in Hollywood and making good just lately. Marie Prevost's sister Peggy is one of the last comers, and she is already showing promise of following



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G. K. Arthur and Charles Murray discuss a comedy scenario with their director



in Marie's footsteps up the ladder of fame. Then there's Margaret Livingston's sister, Ivy, Laura La Plante's sister Violet, Estelle Taylor's sister Helen, and lots of others.

Stoll Studios are as busy as ever, with three films in the course of production. Henry Edwards is directing a screen version of Austin Philips' short story *A Colombo Night*, which is to be re-christened before it reaches the public, and his cast includes Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Hume, James Carewe, Julie Sudo, and Nell Emerald.

When we dropped in at the studio the other day we found Chrissie White watching her husband at work. She told us that she had no definite plans for the future, but would probably make another film if "Tedwards"—as he is known to almost everyone—decided to return to the acting side of the business. She never plays opposite anyone else.

On another floor Sinclair Hill, just returned from location in Spain, was busy directing *Sahara Love*, in which picture there is to be something which is a phenomena in the movies—a Sheik correctly attired. A tame tiger forms part of the cast, and his advent is anticipated with mixed feelings by Marie Colette, the pretty French leading lady, who has to stroke the beast.

PICTUREGOER'S Christmas gift to its readers this year is a grand enlarged number with a six colour cover of Betty Bronson in *Peter Pan*. Some of the special attractions inside will be a studio article describing the filming of *Nell Gwynne*, an intimate study of Hollywood by Harold Brighthouse, reminiscences of mistletoe experiences by various famous stars, a page of Christmas cards from your favourites, and pages of special

Christmas films and photographs, all for the usual price. Better order early if you don't want to miss it.

It seems to be a recognised thing nowadays that no young film star can really call herself an actress until she has worn the wrinkles of old age on the screen. Gloria Swanson, in her latest picture *The Coast of Folly* runs the gamut from youth to age and does it, so her press agent says, remarkably well.

Mary Pickford's new picture *Scraps* is nearing completion, and when it is finished she will lose her cameraman, Charles Rosher, who has filmed all her pictures for almost eight years. Rosher is going to Germany where he will work for Murnau, the director who made *The Last Laugh*.

Europe seems to be the chosen home of Rex Ingram nowadays, and he will make a picture called *The Magician* in France, in the near future. Alice Terry will star, and she's hurrying through with the picture she's making in America for Robert Kane, so that she can start work with Rex.

Betty Blythe tells me that she has to stay in England until December, when her lawsuit with Samuelson's comes on. Betty fans living in big towns will have ample opportunity of seeing their favourite in the flesh during that time, for she is touring the principal vaudeville halls.

The Famous-Lasky Studios, Islington, have been taken over by Herbert Wilcox for his production of *Nell Gwynne*. His cast includes Dorothy Gish, who plays the title role, of course, Randle Ayrton in the rôle of "King Charles," Sidney Fairbrothers as Nell's mother, and Juliette Compton as "Lady Castlemaine."

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The Pick of the Pictures

This feature, which is supplementary to our Picturegoers' Guide, deals at length with the outstanding releases of the month.

Fresh from its successful run at The London Pavilion," as the "Teaser Ads" outside your favourite Kinema will say, *North Of 36* (F. Lasky) commences its tour of the country this month under a bit of a handicap.

Coming as it did close on the heels of *The Covered Waggon* with much the same presentation and nearly, if not quite as much "Boosting," it excited a deal of comparison with that epic of Western history—and comparisons, as you know, are invariably odious.

Emerson Hough wrote the story which dealt with pioneer days in the West, cattle drives constituted most of the thrill, so everybody at once rushed to the conclusion that it was another, bigger, better-in-every-way *Covered Waggon*. When they found it wasn't they didn't bother any more about it.

This was really more than a little bit unfair, for *North Of 36* is a good picture. It may not be produced on quite so lavish a scale as its famous predecessor, but it is not far behind it in story value and dramatic interest.

Lois Wilson—in the rôle of a plucky girl rancher has the lead. Realising that Texas is played out as far as successful cattle trading is concerned she determines to drive her giant herd to Kansas which provides (thanks to the arrival of the railroad), a lucrative market.

Rudabaugh a crooked politician does his best to frustrate her plans and her thousand mile trek across uncharted country is hampered sadly by his repeated attacks. Aided, however, by her faithful foreman Jim (Ernest Torrence) and abetted by Dan McMasters (Jack Holt) whose interest in the fair maiden appears to be rather more than "merely friendly," she eventually succeeds in reaching her destination, and selling her herd with the assistance of the aforementioned.

Charley's Aunt (Ideal).

Charley's Aunt from Los Angeles proves quite as attractive as the older one from Brazil despite certain glum forebodings by enthusiastic admirers of the play, who regarded its handling by an American Producer with no small degree of trepidation.

Scott Sydney produced the film and he deserves to be congratulated. He has utilised every single funny incident in the play, left all its most charming qualities intact and included a lot of deliciously laughable "Business" of his own. As a matter of fact the most



Above: Syd Chaplin, Ethel Shannon and Mary Akin in "Charley's Aunt."



Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence and Lois Wilson in "North of 36."



Larry Semon is well suited to the rôle of scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz."

humorous scene in the picture—where Babs pretends to commit suicide, is an interpolated one.

Sydney Chaplin is delightful as Lord Babberley and seems to thoroughly enjoy playing the part.

As Spettigue, James Page is splendid and Philip Smalley plays well as Sir Frances Chesney. The rest of the cast do well in support.

The Wizard Of Oz (B.E.F.)

Most people will like this film because it combines novelty—a very rare thing where motion pictures are concerned, with picturesque spectacle and lots of humour.

In brief it is comic fantasy, with a Ruritanian plot (intentionally ridiculous) and some hair raising stunts. The story centres around the mythical Kingdom of Oz, where Prime Minister Kruehl plots to seize the throne during the absence of Fair Princess Dorothy.

Dorothy is "Down on a farm" and seems to be enjoying life to the full when emissaries from Oz arrive to destroy her claim. The Scarecrow (her rustic lover) manages to outwit them. Not for long, however, for a sudden typhoon whisks them all back to Oz where adventures galore befall them and the fun becomes fast and furious.

Larry Semon's quaint grotesque screen personality is wonderfully well suited to the rôle of the scarecrow and apart from the fact that he hasn't yet got over his annoying little habit of taking a hop, skip and a jump before attempting to run away from his pursuers, he puts in some fine work.

The Unholy Three (J.M.G.)

Boiled down, *The Unholy Three* amounts to nothing more nor less than crook melodrama—but it differs greatly from the usual run of crook dramas in possessing a really novel and clever story, a logical sequence and wonderful characterisation.

The plot concerns Echo a ventriloquist, who employs a dwarf to dress up as a baby while he disguises himself as an old woman and sells talking parrots. When complaints come in from purchasers of silent birds (Echo of course does the talking with his ventriloquism) he goes to the house with the dwarf, who takes notes with a view towards robbery later.

Lon Chaney contributes the outstanding performance. As the old woman ventriloquist he is as usual—brilliant. Victor McLagen and Harry Earles—unholy ones number two and three, do good work. Matt Moore looks sufficiently bewildered to make Hector convincing. Mae Busch is the faithful Rosie. IRIS CARPENTER.

STARS AND THEIR DRESSING ROOMS.

(Continued from page 15).

Framed between the pagan scarlet blossoms of two poinsettia trees, he contemplates the trim little garden that surrounds his laboratory of dreams. The dazzling white of the cement walks, smooth as ice between the cool green jade of the lawns . . . the sprouting shrubs beneath the blue arch of the California sky . . . the slender suspense of the cypresses silhouetted against lilac-tinted walls . . . the whole scene as clean, fresh and well-groomed as "The Sheik" himself, clad in his royal blue woollen tuxedo lounge coat, white flannels, striped tie, a pink carnation in his button-hole.

Even in her dressing-room, Pola Negri loses none of her exotic charm. Her lightest gesture holds in it something of drama, if not of tragedy, mysterious, impending, sad! Off the "set," as well as on it . . . in the humdrum routine of studio life, in the long waits, the pauses for meals . . . the passionate Pola appears to be playing a part.

Almost Oriental in its unique atmosphere, this star's dressing-room forms a curiously appropriate background for her colourful personality. A Chinese screen, its cloth of gold embroidered in relief with fascinating little figures in gay festival attire serves as a foil to the black hair and creamy skin of the Polish star, clad in a gorgeously flamboyant Mandarin coat.

The windows of her boudoir command a view of "Peacock Alley," the broad promenade down which every famous star on the Lasky "lot" has strolled at one time or another. Here she frequently writes her letters, and watches her fellow-players come and go.

Stripped of its scintillating motley, her shadowy, serious self peeps out from behind the scenes, from behind the flirting mask of the vampire of the screen. Does she whisper with the luckless Grimaldi, "Ah! dans mon coeur, alors, la solitude est grande!" A turbulent Queen of Melodrama, this Pola, but a very woman, too!

ALWAYS WELCOME.

In November, the spectre of Christmas presents looms large on the horizon! True, 'tis far more blessed to give than to receive, but the hours of anxious thought spent in wondering just *what* to give hardly seems to compensate.

But there is one present which can always be relied upon to give infinite pleasure and that is a year's subscription to THE PICTUREGOER. The rates are post free all over the world (except Canada), 14/-, and post free to Canada, 13/6 per annum. Send your order to our Publishing Department now.



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Picturegoer, Nov. 1925.

good supporting cast includes William Humphreys, Jean Hersholt, Martha Mattox, Alfred Allen and Hedda Hopper. Directed by William Seiter.

The Eskimo (*Unity*; Nov. 24).

Actual Alaskan locations make a background for this exciting, though not very well-knit story, directed by Norman Dawn. Arthur Jasmine is good in the title rôle, and he is adequately supported by Marcia Manon, Lasca Winter, Chuck Reisner, Max Davidson, George Fisher, Katherine Dawn and Steve Murphy. Fair entertainment.

The Fighting Sap (*Pathé*; Nov. 9).

Good Western melodrama, starring Fred Thomson, whose stunts, riding and acting are equally good. It is well directed by Albert Rogell, and there is plenty of comedy relief. Hazel Keener, Wilfred Lucas, George Williams, Frank Hagney and the horse, Silver King, form a capable supporting cast. Good entertainment for those who enjoy Westerns.

Flames of Desire (*Fox*; Nov. 16).

Modernised screen version of Ouida's novel, "Strathmore," in which the melodramatic situations have been conventionally and straightforwardly handled by Director Denison Clift. Wyndham Standing, Diana Miller, George K. Arthur, Charles Clary, Frances Beaumont, Frank Leigh and Hayford Hobbs form a very ordinary cast. Poor entertainment for anyone with discrimination.

Gold and the Girl (*Fox*; Nov. 23).

Buck Jones in a characteristic Western, directed by Edmund Mortimer. A first-class dog actor, "Pal," is a member of the cast, which includes Elinor Fair, Alphonz Ethier, Bruce Gordon, Claude Peyton and Lucien Littlefield. Pleasant entertainment that will not bore anyone.

The Golden Bed (*Paramount*; Nov. 9).

Conventional story of social and matrimonial shipwrecks, lavishly mounted and well produced by Cecil B. De Mille. Lillian Rich and Rod La Rocque are good in leading rôles, and the capable cast also includes Vera Reynolds, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Cain, Robert Edeson, Julia Faye, Henry B. Walthall, Warner Baxter and Charles Clary.

His Own Law (*Wardour*; Nov. 16).

Wesley Barry makes his first appearance in a "grown-up" part, freckles and all, and proves himself as good as ever. Capable cast includes Jack Meehan, Joan Lowall, Frank Whitson and Vester Pegg.

I Want My Man (*First National*; Nov. 2).

Novelettish story of love and business, well handled by Director Lambert Hillyer. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon are good in leading parts, and they are well supported by May Allison, Phyllis Haver, Paul Nicholson, Kate Bruce. Little Annie Rooney (*Allied Artists*; Nov. 23).

Mary Pickford makes a successful return to the child rôles that have made her famous, and is ably supported by William Haines, Walter James, Gordon Griffith, Carlo Schipa, Vola Vale, Hugh Fay, and a whole gang of children. The story's not too original, but the artistry of Mary is all that matters. Very good light entertainment.



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Jane Novak and Walter Rilla in "The Blackguard."



New Toys (*First National*; Nov. 16).

Light comedy starring Richard Barthelmess, whose excellent acting deserves a better story. Directed by John S. Robertson. Good supporting cast includes Mary Hay, Catherine Wilson, Pat O'Connor, Clifton Webb, and Francis Conlon. Mild entertainment.

Parisian Nights (*Graham Wilcox*; Nov. 23).

Lou Tellegen as a movie Apache in an underworld picture directed by Al Santell. Elaine Hammerstein co-stars with him, but the best performance is given by Renee Adoree as a girl Apache. William J. Kelly, Boris Karloff and Gaston Glass are good in support. Stereotyped entertainment.

The Passionate Lover (*Wardour*; Nov. 9).

A German picture, chiefly good comedy, well acted by the stars, Lil Dagover and Nigel Barrie, and directed by Rochus Gliese. Colette Brettel, Hans Curlis and Lydia Potechnia are good in support. Very pleasant entertainment.

The Rainbow Trail (*Fox*; Nov. 2).

Tom Mix stars in this Zane Grey sequel to *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and his stunts, riding and general daring are very effective. Director, Lynn Reynolds. Supporting cast includes Anne Cornwall, George Bancroft, Lucien Littlefield, Steve Clements, Fred De Silva and Doc Roberts. Good straight drama that is quite entertaining.

Ridin' Thunder (*Universal*; Nov. 9).

Another Western with a story that is gripping and well told, although it has nothing unusual in it. Jack Hoxie does well as the hero and is ably supported by Francis Ford, Jack Pratt, Katherine Grant, Bert de Marc and Geo. Walton Connor. Director, Cliff Smith. Fair general entertainment.

Sally of the Valley (*Western Import*; Nov. 16).

Conventional Western with very little humorous relief, starring Jack Meehan

and Alma Rayford. Frank Abbott, Vester Pegg, Karl Silvera and Robert Burns form the supporting cast. Fair entertainment for the unsophisticated.

Seven Chances (*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*; Nov. 25).

Those who don't like this excruciatingly funny Keaton comedy should see a doctor. It is a sheer joy from start to finish and embodies one of the funniest screen chases ever seen. T. Roy Barnes, Ruth Dwyer, Snitz Edwards, Frankie Raymond, Jules Cowles and Irwin Connelly give the star capital support.

Smouldering Fires (*Universal*; Nov. 2).

Pauline Frederick, in this story of a middle-aged woman whose life has been starved of romance, is at her best, and she is well supported by Laura La Plante, Wanda Hawley, Malcolm McGregor, Tully Marshall, Helen Lynch and George Cooper. Most fans of discrimination will enjoy this.

Soft Shoes (*F.B.O.*; Nov. 9).

Harry Carey in a successful break-away from his usual sheriff stuff. This is a really amusing comedy drama with capital situations and convincing acting, well directed by Lloyd Ingraham. Lillian Rich is very good as a girl crook, while Francis Ford, Stanton Heck, Harriet Hammond, Jimmie Quinn, Majel Coleman and John Steppeling are members of a capable cast. Good entertainment.

The Sporting Venus (*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*; Nov. 30).

Good acting and direction save this otherwise weak and conventional picture. Director Marshall Neilan has done well with rather poor material, and the result is a pleasant romantic entertainment. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman are both excellent, and they are ably supported by Lew Cody, Edward Martindel, Kate Price, Hank Mann, Arthur Hoyte, George Fawcett and Josephine Crowell.

Shutdown (*First National*; Nov. 30).

A story of cattle pioneers "out West" on the lines of *The Covered*

Wagon, but not so well done. Hobart Bosworth gives a fine study of the old cattle king, and Bessie Love and Roy Stewart are good as the lovers.

The Swan (*Paramount*; Nov. 23).

This clever and well characterised production has been directed by Buchowetzki with all his old artistry and subtlety. Adolph Menjou gives a masterful study of the dissolute prince, and Frances Howard is a dignified princess. Ricardo Cortez, Helen Lee Worthing, Michael Visaroff, Michael Vavitch, Clare Eames and Ida Waterman are members of a well-chosen cast. Excellent romantic comedy.

A Tight Corner (*Ideal*; Nov. 30).

Fred Thompson, in this ordinary melodrama efficiently directed by Al Rogell, acts well and goes through some remarkable stunts, and he is ably supported by Silver King, the horse, and a competent cast. Quite good entertainment.

To-Morrow's Love (*Paramount*; Nov. 19).

Good, wholesome comedy with a touch of pathos, featuring Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley in the rôle of a young married couple who part, only to find that they cannot live without each other. Ruby Lafayette gives a delightful study as a wise old grandmother, and Raymond Hatton, Jane Winton and Dale Fuller act well in support. Director, Paul Bern. Excellent entertainment.

The Top of the World (*Paramount*; Nov. 16).

A heavy, unconvincing and rather unpleasant story, very well directed by George Melford. James Kirkwood is good in a double rôle, and Anna Q. Nilsson does her best with a colourless part. The chief attraction for most fans will be the flood scenes, which are very good. Fair entertainment.

The Way of a Girl

Comedy romance of a timid youth and a spirited girl, breezily and entertainingly acted by Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore, William Russell, Mathew Betz, Charles K. French, Jack Herrick, Leo Willis and Kate Price. Director, Robert Vignola.

When the Crash Came (*Phillips*; Nov. 2).

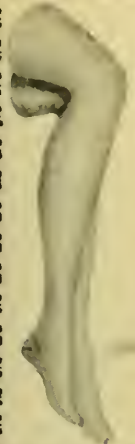
A somewhat crude type of domestic melodrama featuring Grace Darmond, Warner Baxter and Ruby Miller. William A. Carroll, Jacqueline Saunders, Clyde Fillmore, Marshal Mayall and Alton Brown form the supporting cast. Poor entertainment.

Wildfire (*Vitagraph*; Nov. 16).

Aileen Pringle stars in this good, quick action, racing story, capably directed by T. Hayes Hunter. Edna Murphy, Holmes Herbert, Lawford Davidson, Mary Thurman, Antrim Short, Edmund Breese, Tom Blake, Will Archie, Edna Morton, Arthur Bryson and Robert Billoups form a capable cast. Quite good entertainment.

Witch's Lure (*Western Import*; Nov. 30).

A domestic drama, set in Texan oil-fields, starring Alice Hesse and Spottiswoode Aitken. There are some good thrills, and the sentiment is never overpowering. Cast includes Gene Gautier, Edward Coxon, Augustus Phillips, Charles Mailes and Billy Elmer. Quite acceptable entertainment.



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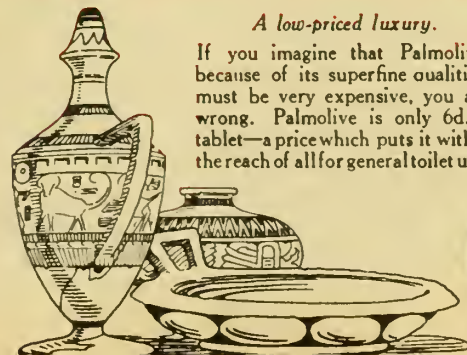
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THE LOST WORLD.

(Continued from page 38.)

Paula went first and one by one they followed, Malone and Professor Challenger going last. When they reached the plain below there was Zambo grinning his great pleasure at the return of his masters and at his own prowess.

"Roun' dis rock, boss," he said. "It fell a hul wik ago, an' I'se fed it on greenstuff ever since. Look!"

It was the brontosaurus. It lay where it had fallen, bruised, very battered and weak, but still very much alive. Professor Challenger could not restrain his delight.

"Ropes!" he cried. And soon they had the monster more or less secured against escape on its recovery until they could make other plans for its restraint and removal.

They set to work at once; a vast crate or cage was constructed, with the expenditure of colossal energy and a wearying amount of time, and finally the great beast was embarked and with the aid of the boats of the expedition set afloat on the upper reaches of the Amazon.

Of the difficulties experienced on the memorable voyage down the river to the port on the coast only the members of the party themselves could tell, and the time came when they wearied of the telling. They were able to keep the capture of the brontosaurus a secret from all outsiders, and when the port was reached he was got aboard and into the hold of their own boat under cover of night.

Professor Challenger's second great meeting at the Universal Hall was not advertised as a lecture but as a "Mammoth Revelation." Nobody knew quite what to expect, but everybody expected much. The hall was crowded to its capacity an hour before the advertised time of commencement. Nobody was quite prepared for the revelation that Professor Challenger made.

"Two years ago," he began, "I faced my critics in this hall. I made statements which were, to say the least of it, openly scoffed at by my audience. You expected proof. I have brought proof. Outside—"

He stopped. A door at the side of the platform was flung open and in dashed Zambo, a look of wildest fear on his features. He tottered to the professor's table and began to gesticulate violently. What he was saying reached only the ears of a few people in the first rows of the audience.

"The brontosaurus is loose! A brontosaurus! Loose!"

The startling news was already abroad when the crowd emptied itself into the streets. People were shouting it along Knightsbridge and Piccadilly. The monster was said to be travelling at an unthinkable pace towards the City, with half of London at its heels.

Malone and Paula White and Pro-

fessor Challenger travelled in the professor's powerful car eastward, and their first sight of the brontosaurus was gained in Ludgate Circus where he was busy uprooting one of the mammoth stone columns there.

He tore past St. Paul's which for some obscure reason he seemed to fear, and fled away to the left hand, coming up before the Exchange and the Bank of England. A bus he casually kicked out of his way and it collapsed with its screaming human load two hundred yards off. Then the great beast swung round, sniffed at the air and made for the river.

Down to the river. Down by the Tower, and beyond to the Tower Bridge. And there, for the first time, the beast began to show some traces of an emotion that might have been happiness. It lifted its head and bleated. It pawed the turrets of the bridge and seemed to be making up its mind as to the course to pursue. And then suddenly it dashed forward, thrust the towers out of its path and plunged on to the bridge.

The watchers gasped. A great cheer rose up from bewildered London, a cheer that became immediately a hoarse cry almost of disappointment. The wide span of the Tower Bridge creaked, sagged and collapsed under the strain of the monster's body. Girders crumpled under it and fell with a wild splash. And in the midst of the chaos the wide bulk of the creature could be seen as it floundered about and then turned its face to the distant ocean and began to swim.

"Look, there he is still!" cried Paula, pointing. "Oh, but it's wonderful—to be in at the end now, as we were in at the beginning. It's magnificent—historic. . . I don't know what it is, except that it's the end. . ."

In the excitement of the occasion Malone had taken her arm.

"You know what you said just now, about its being the end." Malone said as they went along. "Need it be?"

She looked at him.

"I went out to the Lost World to do something big for a girl," Malone went on. "But now I learn that she has preferred to marry a cross-word champion in my absence. I am not a champion. Perhaps I excel in nothing. But if my head is not so bright as that of the cross-word champion perhaps my heart is in the right place. The girl I tried to do something big for was not Gladys Hungerford. I thought it was, but it wasn't. The girl was—Here's a taxi. Shall we get in? I want to talk to you."

Paula laughed.

"Very well. To talk about the Lost World?"

"No," said Malone. "To talk about nothing that is lost, but about something which is found. Something I have found. . ."

They got into the taxi.

FLIRTING WITH DEATH.

(Continued from page 21.)

The screen villains tied Mary in a sack and threw her overboard. She was supposed to wriggle out of the sack and swim to safety, but she became entangled in some way and went down like a stone, the waters of the mighty river sweeping over their helpless prisoner.

Finally, a lifeguard, stationed on a tug-boat to prevent accident, dived in and brought her to the surface. But before she could gasp for air she was suddenly hurtled downward into the waters again. The lifeguard had come up directly in the path of the oncoming tug-boat, and the only way of saving his life and Mary's was to dive under the boat.

Douglas Fairbanks has had many thrills during the years of his picture-making, but the most painful accident that befell him was during the filming of *The Nut*.

In this picture he was supposed to give a flying leap through a window, but in some manner his foot caught on the sill and he was flung to the concrete floor of the stage. Throwing out one hand to protect his head, he became conscious of an excruciating pain. Two bones in his hand had been broken in the fall.

When you see *North of '36* on the screen note particularly the scenes in which Lois Wilson on horseback fords the river at the head of a mighty herd of cattle.

In mid-stream, where the water was very deep she was lifted completely from the seat of her saddle by the force of the water. Feeling herself slipping down under the plunging hoofs of the swimming herd, the actress made a desperate grab and succeeded in clutching the pommel of the saddle, to which she clung for dear life. She managed to keep her senses until shallow water was reached.

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor faced death together on the Sahara Desert when *A Son of the Sahara* was being filmed.

A horde of natives had been engaged for a scene depicting a desert raid. They were provided with swords, spears, guns and other battle equipment, and instructed to ride down upon the camp to a given mark, where they were to halt.

What wild spirit may have swept through them, no one knows, but, brandishing their glistening weapons in the sunlight, they swept down the steep hillside on their Arabian horses uttering wild cries and paying no attention to the shouts of Mr. Carewe, the director, and his assistants.

Caught totally unaware when he saw that the Arabs were beyond, Lytell says that he did, the quickest thinking of his life. A small tent stood nearby, and into this he dashed with Miss Windsor. He is certain that this action alone saved their lives.



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WHAT THE STARS HAVE TO LEARN.

(Continued from page 27).

Torrence, coached by a professional juggler, skilfully performed all the usual stunts with which a circus clown amuses his audience.

Since her rôle in a former film, *Racing Hearts*, Agnes Ayres has felt competent to enter herself for any automobile race, however great the distance or however tremendous the speed test. In that motion picture Agnes had to take the wheel of a racing car and win a great trans-continental race. Although she has been a proficient motor driver for some years she had to take a long course of training in handling a racing car.

Her rôle also compelled her to be expert in the matter of running repairs and, after the film was made, there was nothing about the insides of a car or about the method of coaxing speed out of a racer that Agnes did not know as well as any automobilist of many years' experience.

In an earlier film, Agnes Ayres spent many days at the switchboard of a local telephone exchange learning to manipulate the intricate mechanism so that she might be enabled to portray her rôle as a telephone girl; while on another occasion, she passed a day or two as an apprentice in a laundry in her quest for realism on the screen.

A short while ago, many motion picture fans of New York were amazed to recognise their favourite screen hero, Milton Sills, in police uniform, directing traffic at one of New York's busiest crossings. As a matter of fact, Sills was rehearsing for his rôle as a traffic "cop" in *The Making of O'Malley*.

Many film stars have been dancers on the stage before their entry into films. There are some, however, who have never learned to "trip the light fantastic," or whose Terpsichorean experience has been limited to one type of steps; and these stars have to study dancing when they are called upon to play a rôle in which dancing occurs.

Among these noteworthy examples are Betty Compson who mastered the extremely difficult art of operatic dancing—more familiarly known, perhaps, as toe dancing—for her rôle in *The Green Temptation*, under the tutelage of Theodore Kosloff, famous Paramount character actor and former member of the Russian Ballet; and Pola Negri, who mastered the intricacies of the famous dances of Spain for her work in the title rôle of *The Spanish Dancer*.

Alice Calhoun rarely commences work on a new film without finding herself compelled to study some new art or craft. In a recent picture some scenes show her engaged in land surveying.

In order to play this part of the film convincingly, Alice studied with a professional surveyor until she could handle the theodolite and other surveying weapons with a marked degree of knowledge and practical skill.

In order to have a better understanding of parts of her rôle in *Manhandled*, Gloria Swanson spent a day in a local store as a salesgirl. Disguised in an old black dress, and wearing a fair wig and spectacles Gloria started her day's work behind the counter with the knowledge only of two officials.

"Things went along swimmingly, for two or three hours," relates Gloria, "then I overheard a girl say: 'Blonde, huh! That ain't her own hair!' I was afraid they were about to penetrate my disguise, so I hastened to explain that I had been ill and had had to cut off all my hair and wear a wig. They became quite sympathetic then.

"After lunch a girl told me I looked like Gloria Swanson, and I reminded her that Gloria has dark hair and is much taller than I. She didn't seem satisfied, however. I then asked the shopwalker to transfer me to some other department; so I was sent down to the bargain basement. That finished the masquerade. Everybody knew that a girl couldn't be transferred at will the very first day at a new job and crowds began to gather. I resigned and went home! However, it was a most interesting experience."

Virginia Valli also obtained firsthand experience of the daily life of a shop girl in preparation for her rôle in *The Price of Pleasure*. In that film she was cast in the part of a bargain basement girl who meets her "Prince Charming" in a most romantic manner in the prosaic setting of the store's basement.

Rod La Rocque's rôle in Cecil B. De Mille's new film, *The Golden Bed* calls for him to be the owner of a number of confectionery stores. With a view to playing his rôle the more realistically, Rod spent several weeks in a real candy factory and learned the whole process of sweet-making.

Douglas Fairbanks learned to handle a twenty-foot cattle whip for his new picture, *Don Q. Son of Zorro*, with such dexterity that he can flick cigarettes out of the mouth of the villain with it and perform sundry other stunts; while for his next film, *The Black Pirate*, "Doug," the versatile, is making a study of the art of knife throwing.

One of the toughest jobs ever encountered by Rudolph Valentino was learning a "few points" about prize fighting bulls straight from the Spanish rings when he was preparing for the bull fight scenes in *Blood and Sand*.

And Billie Rhodes declares she could now sit astride a streak of lightning after her experiences in learning to ride a bucking broncho in *Leave It To Jerry!*



Your chance to win Ten Pounds.

The lucky winner of our October Beautiful Hair Competition is:—Miss Cissie Warley, of 61, Stoney Lane, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, to whom we offer hearty congratulations and £5, and to whom Messrs. Prichard and Constance have also sent £5 as she was a user of their famous shampoo powder.

Do not miss this, *your last chance*, to win £5. Our fascinating competition closes this month, and those prevaricators who have postponed competing until the last moment should make up their minds to delay no longer.

If your hair resembles that of Claire Windsor send in your photograph to-day but first read carefully the following rules:—

- 1—There is no Entrance Fee.
- 2—Photographs (preferably unmounted) must be sent securely packed and postage prepaid, addressed as follows:—"Beautiful Hair" Competition No. 5, "The Picturegoer," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
- 3—Letters and descriptions may be enclosed, but it is requested that these be as brief as possible.
- 4—The closing date for this Competition is November 20th, 1925.
The Editor undertakes that all entries shall receive careful consideration, but no liability for the safety or receipt of any photograph or coupon can be accepted.
- 5—Photographs cannot be returned unless fully stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.
- 6—The decision of the Editor shall be accepted as final and—legally binding, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

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JOAN (Liverpool).—Here are the addresses for which you ask, in spite of your threat to be my slave for ever. (1) John Gilbert and Conrad Nagel, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Leatrice Joy, c/o Cecil de Mille Studios, Hollywood, California. (3) Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry, c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (4) John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, aren't married now.

COUNTRY CABBAGE (Cambridge).—(1) The Valentino separation is only a rumour so far. (2) The name of the film star who, until two years ago was a waitress in Chicago, is legion. (3) Gloria Swanson has Pola Negri beaten to a frazzle in the matter of matrimonial achievements—the former's been married three times and the latter only once. (4) Glad you appreciate my page of wit, but I don't think I'll brighten it with a drawing of myself as you suggest—I'm not nearly so funny as I sound!

DAPHNE (Hull).—No need to be polite—I shan't be! (1) Don't remember any film in which Pauline Frederick played with Maurice B. Flynn—are you sure about it? (2) I think most intelligent Britishers give credit to American stars where it is due, Daphne.

BETTY'S FAN (Essex).—Letter forwarded. (1) You seem a very decided young lady, but I daresay it does you good to get it off your chest.

KARL (Southend-on-Sea).—Gratitude duly earned. (1) Ivor Novello will probably make two more pictures with Graham Cutts before long, so don't worry about his going to America. (2) He's still touring in *The Rat*. (3) I never give opinions—I'm a man of peace.

THE MISTAKE (Seaford).—As you take my kind heart for granted, I suppose I shall have to live up to it. (1) Ricardo Cortez is about 27. (2) He's not married and neither is Richard Dix.

M.H. (Kensington).—Letter forwarded to Rod. Thanks for the questions you haven't asked—you may write again!

FORM IV (Marlboro').—Don't apologise—George is the only name I've got. (1) Glad PICTUREGOER brightens your young lives. (2) The "ghastly yarn" hasn't been confirmed yet. (2) Rudy's a good all-round athlete, but I don't know which game he particularly favours. I'll ask him next time he visits London.

MICHAEL (Luton).—(1) Address Pola Negri, c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood. I think she'll send you that signed photo if you ask nicely.

The PICTUREGOER'S "Who's Who of Kinema Stars" contains 100 portraits and Biographies of Film Favourites, price 1/2 post free, from the Picturegoer Salon, 23, Endell Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MARIE (Holland).—Letter forwarded to right address. Don't apologise—you write English better than I could write Dutch.

PASTORA (Newmarket).—Thanks for snap—I shall treasure it with the rest of my collection. (1) I don't think you need worry about Stewart Rome—Hollywood isn't half as bad as it is painted, you know. (2) His address at present is c/o Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

C.C.R. (Shropshire).—(1) Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14th, 1901. Her address is c/o Lasky Studios, 1520, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Patsy Ruth Miller was born June 22nd, 1905. Her address is c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (3) *The Gold Rush* will be generally released in March.

BUNRY (London).—(1) Art plate of Lon Chaney appeared in October, 1922 PICTUREGOER, but I'll do my best to get another, and also one of Charles de Roche. (2) Lon is married to a non-professional, and he has a son.

F.N. (Liverpool).—(1) You'll find the solution to all your problems in THE PICTUREGOER "Who's Who," obtainable at "Picturegoer Salon, 23, Endell Street, price 1/2 post free. (2) Yes, I think Betty Balfour would send you a photo if you ask nicely.

J.W. (Surbiton Hill).—Letters forwarded. (1) You're right—Job has a worthy descendant in me. (2) Carlyle Blackwell—not Henry Victor—played opposite Betty Blythe in *She*.

CONNIE (Forest Hill).—If you care to apply to Miss Horrocks, 70, Maryon Road, Charlton, S.E.7, you can obtain copies of Jan. and Feb. PICTUREGOERS.

A SCREEN LOVER (Brixton).—I've passed your letter on to the "Thinker."

ALICIA (London).—(1) Your carol isn't very comforting, but I suppose you mean well. I've passed it on to the Carol's Editor. (2) Glad I've given you something to laugh at.

K.S. (Dublin).—(1) Letter forwarded—hope you've had a reply by now. (2) Conway Tearle was divorced before he married his present wife, Adele Rowland. Thanks for sympathy—I need it!

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PRUDENCE (Hull).—(1) Stewart Rome acted on the stage in Australia. (2) Yes, he served in the Army during the War.

CHRISTOPHER and COLUMBUS (Somerset).—(1) John Barrymore's married. He's in America now. (2) Ramon Novarro played in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, not Rudolph Valentino. (3) Mary and Douglas have no children. (4) Neither have Rex and Alice Terry. (5) *Monsieur Beaucaire* has been generally released.

SOUTH AFRICAN (Liverpool).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Interview with Rod La Rocque appeared in March, 1925 PICTUREGOER. (3) Art plate appeared last month.

VALENTINO (Manchester).—(1) Dick Barthelmess's address is c/o Inspiration Films, 565, Fifth Avenue, New York City. Sorry he didn't answer your last letter, but it may have got lost in the post.

RONALD FAN (Windermere).—(1) Most film stars answer their fan mail. (2) Send those letters to me, and I'll see that they're forwarded. (3) There's no hard and fast rule about the time it takes to answer fan letters.

JUNE (Southsea).—Glad to make your acquaintance, June. (1) Norma Talmadge's birthday was May 2nd, 1897. I think she would send you a signed photo if you ask nicely. (2) Write her, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, and tell your sister to send her letter to Wallace Beery here, too. (3) Douglas Fairbanks' new film is called *The Black Pirate*.

RANGER (Cheshire).—Glad you've had such a nice autographed photo from Matheson Lang. (1) Matheson doesn't like his private address divulged. (2) Don't know whether he served during the war—why not write and ask him?

MADELINO (Wallasey).—No, I'm not dead yet, strange to say. I've forwarded your letter.

RIGA (Latria).—(1) Corinne Griffith born November 24th, 1899. (2) She's married to Walter Morosco. (3) Her address is c/o United Studios, Hollywood, California.

H.H.H. (Oxford).—(1) Wyndham Standing has acted in *Rose of the World*, *Paid in Full*, *Eyes of the Soul*, *The Miracle of Love*, *Earthbound*, *Smilin' Through*, *The Lion's Mouse*, and *Flames of Desire*, amongst other films. (2) He was born in London in 1880, and educated at St. Paul's College. (3) Marie Osborne is about seventeen years old now. Write to her, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. I think she will let you have a photo. The same address for Viola Dana.

ANDY (Bournemouth).—Apologies returned unused. I've forwarded your letter, and wish you luck.

A STAUNCH FILMGOER (Mossley).—(1) Film stars aren't immune from bad sight any more than the rest of us, but I'm afraid I can't catalogue all those in the movie world who wear spectacles. Thomas Meighan wears tortoiseshell rimmed glasses for reading, to mention one. (2) Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago in 1899. She has red-brown hair and blue-grey eyes, and is five-foot three inches in height. Her hair is shingled.

JIMMY (Huddersfield).—(1) With regard to Ramon and Rudolph, I must remain dumb. If I praise one, the rival faction will be after my blood! (2) Send all your letters to me, and I'll see that they're forwarded.

WARRENITE (Chichester).—Letters forwarded. Of course I wish you luck.

(1) Send letters to your favourites c/o PICTUREGOER, and I'll see that they're sent on. (2) Warren Kerrigan's next film isn't titled yet. (3) That address ought to find Constance Talmadge.

O.P. (Manchester).—(1) Carpentier has only played in one film—*The Gipsy Cavalier*. (2) Most film stars will send you their autographs if you ask nicely.

MIDDLE AGE (London).—I sympathise with your complaint, but am afraid I can do nothing. The reason you do not see so much of stars like Chaplin and Mary Pickford as you used to is by their choice, as a rule. They are their own producers, and prefer to work on one or two big pictures every year instead of a dozen bad ones.

MAUD (Plymouth).—I've passed your letter on to the "Thinker."

A DUGGIE FAN (Fulham).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks' latest film is *The Black Pirate*, but it won't be shown over here for some time. (2) He was born at Denver, Colorado, on May 23rd, 1883. (3) He generally acknowledges sensible letters, so far as I know. (4) He was married once before he married Mary Pickford. (5) Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is about eighteen years old. (6) I've passed your carol on with the usual recommendation to mercy.

TICK (Muswell Hill).—(1) Bebe Daniels was born on January 14th, 1901. (2) Harold Lloyd was born April 20th, 1893. (3) Harold's latest picture is *College Days*.

S.P. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—(1) Mary Pickford was born at Toronto on April 8th, 1893. (2) Try Allied Artists, 86-88, Wardour Street, W.1, for those old films of Mary Pickford.

A.L.R. (Devon).—(1) Bobby Honan played opposite Mae Marsh in *Intolerance*. (2) Pat O'Malley has three small daughters.

MARJORIE (Hull).—Letters forwarded to the right addresses. Thanks for the questions you haven't asked.

SALLY (Torquay).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Richard Barthelmess is an American. (2) He's married to Mary Hay. (3) His next film will be a screen version of the play "Just Suppose."

PHYLLIS (Hull).—(1) Art plate of Carlyle Blackwell appeared in May, 1923, PICTUREGOER. (2) His most recent films are *The Shadow of Egypt*, *Monte Carlo*, and *She*. (3) He's married to Leah P. Haxton, daughter of a multi-millionaire diamond king. (4) I think you must have made a mistake—he's not a producer.

B.C. (London).—Letter forwarded. Glad you like PICTUREGOER.

PINK EYES (Liverpool).—(1) Apologies returned unused. I'm used to anything by now. (2) Tell the family I've forwarded your many epistles with my usual forgiving spirit.

NORA S. (Lichfield).—(1) Sorry to contradict a lady, but your friend was right. (2) John Stuart was the juvenile lead in *A Daughter of Love*. (3) Ian Hunter is a rising young Britisher, at present in America.

B.B. (Manchester).—(1) I don't see why Rod La Rocque shouldn't send you a photo if you ask him nicely. (2) He's not married yet.

TOM (Tunbridge).—(1) Chrissie White hasn't appeared on the screen for some time. (2) She's married to Henry Edwards. (3) Leatrice Joy has a little daughter. She was married to John Gilbert. (4) So you're looking forward to Xmas PICTUREGOER. So are a lot of readers.



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Ralph Ince
Evelyn Brent

Film rans are argumentative talk as a rule, and the thoughts recorded upon these pages are many and varied. But there seems to be one thing on which

They're all
Agreed!

PICTURE-
GOER readers are
all agreed — that

there should be more British films. Luckily it's a wish that bids fair to be fulfilled, and I think anybody who sees some of the more recently made British productions will admit that England is learning to make films. What do you think about it?

The Bug writes: "Still we hear the cry 'What is wrong with the pictures?' I believe that the answer is—human nature. The picture business is obviously a

What's Wrong
With 'Em?

gamble—producers and actors alike are

out to make a living, and, if possible, a fortune out of it, and there are very few people who can afford to work at 'Art for Art's sake.' Some do their best and stake a fortune on something 'better and finer,' and they generally lose it. The public goes to the kinema to seek entertainment and such is human nature that very few can find it in a fine idea or in a beautiful, imaginative picture alone. They must have other senses tickled and be made to feel emotion, excitement, sympathy, suspense or hilarity. The star system is obviously wrong, but I see no way out of the dilemma, for who can resist going to see their favourite in a new picture, however bad they know it to be? In concluding let me extend my very sincere sympathies to

Iconoclast' and 'Bolshie,' who, I wouldn't mind betting, are in for some very heated replies for their thoughts in last month's PICTURE-GOER."

"May I remind Film Lover (Oxford), that "The Movie Moon" would not be quite appropriate to name the most popular actor or actress. Does he or she know what

A Little
Astrology.

a moon is? It is a celestial body

which borrows its light from a star, a star having light of its own. The popular player would not then be very flattered. If Film Lover wants a new name taken from the heavens, why not Comet. A comet is a star or fragment of star with its own light, leaving as it passes, a luminous trail, just like a popular actor or actress would do. Also a comet soon disappears and is forgotten when another is announced, and a popular player is very much adored at first and is forgotten when another actor comes to the front, who eclipses all others by his brightness. Now what do you think?"—Leoniel (Tooting).

Siva (Norbury), gives her opinions of a few stars. "I think Conway Tearle is too wooden and much too elderly to play any parts but those of ex-army uncles, retired business men, etc., Ernest Torrence is

Mixed Thoughts

the greatest actor on the screen. I should like to see him in a "Rob Roy" type of part, filmed in his native Scotland. What a Macbeth he'd make, or a Wallace! Ramon

Novarro is a clever schoolboy, whose talent will improve as he grows older. Lon Chaney is a good character actor if he'd forget to use grease-paint quite so much. Von Stroheim is the greatest villain on the screen, the Brothers Beery are above criticism, Eugene O'Brien is too conceited and Thomas Meighan depends too much on his 'Irish' smile."

[So now we know, Siva. Thanks very much.]

"I'm sorry to inflict this upon you," says Sandy (London), "but I've simply got to broadcast my thoughts about Clive Brook. In my opinion he is one of the few really good actors on the screen to-day. I think I have seen most of his films since This Freedom and though truth compels me to admit that one or two were pretty putrid, I forgive him the bad ones after seeing Declasse and The Home Maker. There couldn't be two films more utterly unlike, but he is equally good in both of them. His portrayal of the Jewish millionaire lends real distinction to the former, and he is absolutely delightful as the inefficient bungler in the latter."

London Calling!

"I have just been to see the film version of Havoc, at the Capitol Theatre," writes E. M. (Dulwich), "and I felt I must write and put in a word for this very fine picture. It is one of the most sincerely directed and acted photoplays I have seen for many a long day, and the war scenes in particular were splendidly handled. The critic who wrote in one of the London 'dailys' that it lacked 'imagination' and 'nationalisation' could surely never have been to the Front himself. Perhaps it would have appealed to his sense of patriotism if they had given us the usual type of weak-kneed movie hero spouting heroes over a Union Jack, instead of the very human men who helped to lift Havoc out of the rut of stereotyped films."

[I agree with you, E.M. Put it there! Havoc is a fine film.]



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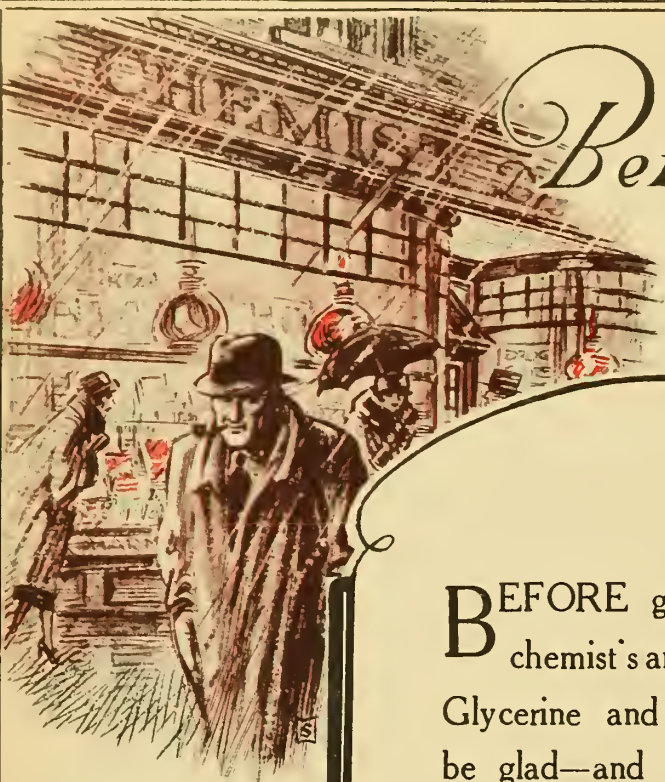
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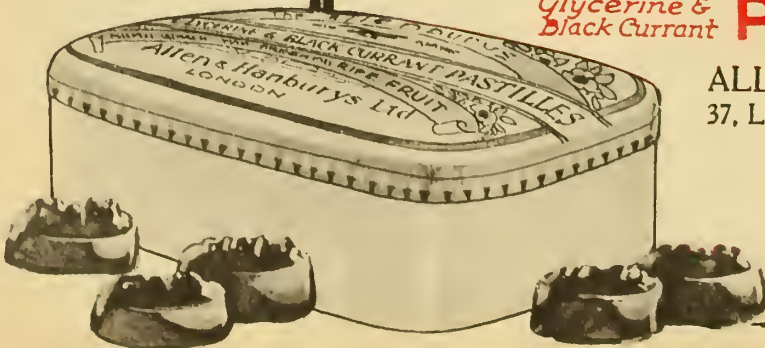
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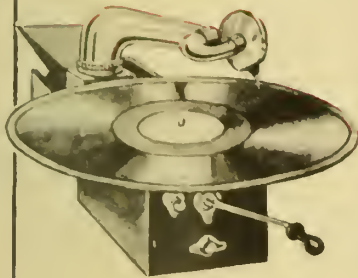
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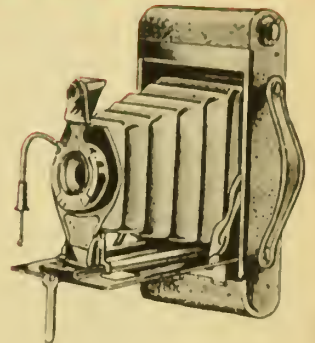
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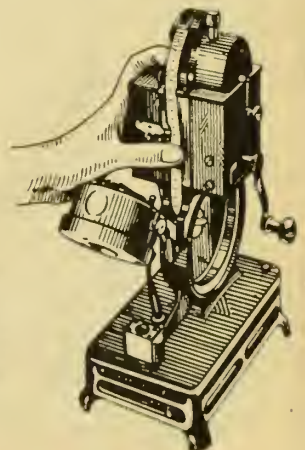
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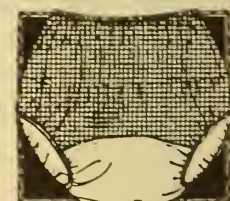
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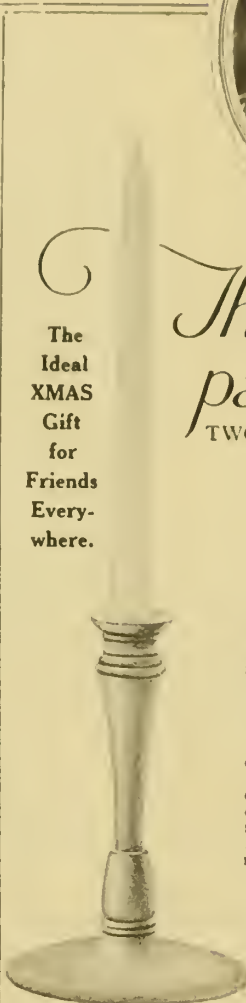
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KATHLEEN KEY

Who plays the rôle of "Tirzah" in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Ben Hur," seems convinced that Santa Claus will not pass her over. Rumour hath it that a brand new wedding ring will be numbered among her gifts, with Doctor Octavius Prochet, member of a wealthy Italian family, as the lucky man at the other end. Kathleen met him at Turin, while on location with the "Ben Hur" company, and she admits to having left her heart behind with him.

PICTURES AND
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Picturegoer Pin-Pricks



George Walsh and twelve prize-fighters, including Jim Jeffries, in one movie! Fistrate, of course.

We've stood for pretty well everything the Americans have done in the way of English

life, but when they put snow in an English Christmas picture, we kick.

Symbol. Charles Chaplin. The web of the spider.

It is said to be easier for plain people to get employment on the movies than for the beautiful. Quite. I've seen the beauties.

A telescope, my lad? It's a thing you need when you want to see certain stars, sometimes.

The movies are now nearly thirty years old. Not, of course, all of them.

Symbol. Bill Hart. The falls of Niagara.



Mae Murray.

Symbol. Mae Murray. A costumier's — on Sunday.

Fate has her laughs. She makes a movie actress of Dolores Costello, who can speak five languages.

"Do you prefer her in comedy or tragedy?" "No."

And so the first coloured Fairbanks movie will be called *The Black Pirate*. Didn't have any colour left for the title, I take it?

The procession has started. After *Drusilla With a Million* comes *Joanna With a Million*. Who next? Meantime, here's me with fourpence.

A revival of custard-pie comedy is "promised." Or is it a threat?

Mary and Doug's new house is to "take one back to the days of a hundred years ago." A few of the new ones at Golders Green can do this, too.



Symbol. Wal-ter Hiers. *Mary Pickford*. Three seats in the stalls.

A company of British movie players are to penetrate into the interior of Australia, "where few white feet have trod." In the case of authors, however, they seem expected always to follow in the footsteps of the other fellow.

It cost nearly two million dollars to make *The Ten Commandments*. It costs a bit to break some of 'em, too.

"Films aren't comic enough," grumbles a correspondent. Oh, these people with no sense of humour.

Squibs that won't go off. Betty Balfour can't be tempted to America.



Symbol. Christmas-time. Midsummer holidays.

"His father was in the movie business, too, you say?" "Yes, dearie—with three pantechnicons."

A new camera has been patented that defies the English climate. So that possibly even Englishmen will have a chance of seeing what London's like, after all?

These new films without actors are better described, perhaps, as films without casts. We've seen films without actors before, but often they'd rather strong casts.

"Yes, she's a stickler for realism. Her part called for a girl of Lapland nationality, so off she went and married a Laplander, to get the atmosphere."

"Then it's true that seven thousand people work in the Dazzlem Studios?" "Yes, and counting the actors, 7,500 are employed there."



Rudolph V. is to become an angler. From "catch" to catcher.

Rudolph Valentino

Mistletoe Memories



"Faith"—
Virginia Brownne Faire.



"Hope"—
Colleen Moore.



"Charity"—
Corinne Griffith.

Mistletoe! What a word for conjuring up memories, some sweet, some bitter, some frankly funny.

I suppose there are very few people who have no mistletoe memories to bring out, at this season of the year, with a half-regretful smile for the follies of past Christmases!

The Hollywood folk are no exception to the general rule, and the mistletoe stories recorded below are some of their own experiences, sent to remind PICTUREGOER readers that fans and film stars have one thing at least in common—love of the little white mistletoe berry.

Colleen Moore says: "The memory that I treasure above all other goes back to when I was just sixteen. It was Christmas Eve and I was at my first grown-up party, feeling tremendously big and important."

"There were a whole bunch of college boys there and one particularly handsome young man whom we girls all fell for. He was a champion athlete with the face of a young Greek god; and we nicknamed him Adonis, I remember.

"He seemed to like me and I was frightfully thrilled when he came and asked me again and again for dances. A half-shy kiss beneath the mistletoe formed a climax to one of the happiest evenings I had ever spent, and I went home that night with my young head full of foolish dreams. I think I looked upon him as a mixture of Sir Launcelot and my favourite movie hero of that time!

"But alas! When I woke the next morning I learnt that he had had to

leave town suddenly in response to an urgent message from his father, a wealthy rancher, who had been thrown by his horse and seriously injured. I never saw him again but I think he will always have a soft corner in my heart!"

Edward Burns
as "Tantalus."



Betty Blythe's story is of a Xmas misadventure that befell quite a number of Hollywood's famous denizens.

"The incident in question took place four years ago," she writes. "One Christmas Eve in

the ballroom of the Hollywood Hotel. It was, of course, a gala night and I remember I saw celebrities there of practically every nationality and art.

Amongst them were Rudolf Valentino, Ramon Novarro—who was then only a young stripling trying in vain to be a dancer—Clara Kimball Young, Charles Ray, Alla Nazimova, Marion Davies, Irene Rieh, Elinor Glyn, Mieha Elman the great violinist, Fanny Hurst and Mary Roberts Rhinhardt, the two noted fiction writers, Jesse Lasky, Gloria Swanson, Milton Sills, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, and many others.

After a brilliant dinner there was a couple of hours dancing in the ballroom and then a gong sounded and Lionel Bellmore, dressed as Santa Claus, marched across the floor bearing a huge wreath of mistletoe.

"The orchestra played special music and one by one the celebrities were called to stand near, but not beneath, the wreath. Last, but far from least, the grand march was to tart from under the mistletoe and pass the judges' box for the most beautiful couple on the floor to be chosen and later presented with a wonderful prize.

"All went well until the grand march started with a crash of cymbals, a roar of laughter from the men and a burst of song from the ladies, when suddenly, without any warning, pandemonium reigned and the room was in a whirl of sneezing, red-faced, scrambling, choking merry-makers.

"Snuff had been purposely dropped by some silly high-school lads and the ballroom was precipitately deserted, while ladies fled to their mirrors and their gallant partners to the air. But



Eleanor Boardman and Malcolm McGregor—
"Anticipation."



Glen Hunter and Viola Dana—
"Realisation."

the mistletoe wreath looked sagely on and waited its pretty victim for the first kiss after the last sneeze."

The tale that Edward Burns has to tell is an amusing one. "I remember going home to spend Christmas about three years ago," he says, "and arriving very late on Christmas Eve. I crept in by the back way, meaning to surprise them, and found a light burning in the hall, which was decorated with the usual big bunch of mistletoe.

"Just at that moment I heard the voice of a very pretty cousin of mine, upstairs, and then the sound of somebody coming down, so I switched off the light quickly and stood under the mistletoe waiting to receive her in a seasonable manner!

"I remember grabbing her in the dark, then there was a scream and a giggle, the light was put on—and I found myself affectionately embracing our old black cook! My cousin had seen me from the top of the landing, and sent old Lizzy down to turn the tables on me."

Corinne Griffith declares that her strangest mistletoe experience was just after Christmas when she was spending the evening alone. A timid rap at her door sent her to discover a small boy standing on the doorstep, clutching a bunch of chrysanthemums in one chubby hand.

"Happy Christmas!" he remarked, thrusting the gift forward, "and please may I kiss you, pretty lady?"

Of course, Corinne complied with her small admirer's request, and kissed him there and then under the bunch of mistletoe that decorated the doorway.

She found out afterwards that the little chap had taken a fancy to her in one of her pictures and had got it firmly fixed into his little head that she was his mother, who had died at his birth!



Lew Cody and Harriet Hammond—
"Osculation."

"One of the most hard-worked pieces of mistletoe I've ever stood beneath," says little Viola Dana, "was that used at a Christmas bazaar, when kisses beneath the mistletoe were 'auctioned' by a number of the stars, in the cause of charity. I was one of those who promised, in a rash moment, to put up a kiss to be 'bid' for, and I spent a riotously amusing afternoon in consequence!"

Virginia Browne Faire has a startling experience to relate: "We were having an informal dance at home one Christmas Eve," she says, "and I slipped upstairs during one of the numbers to find my handkerchief, which I had lost. The first floor landing was a sort of balcony that overlooked the hall below, and, of course, it was decorated with the usual bunch of mistletoe.

"There wasn't a soul about—they were all dancing—and I slipped into my room, fetched my hanky, and slipped out again, only to find myself confronted with a terrifying sight. A masked man with a revolver pointed in my direction!

"W-what do you want?" I managed to stammer.

"Don't make a sound," he said, harshly. Then his voice seemed to soften a little and he said, "Give me one kiss beneath the mistletoe, lady,

and I'll go away at once."

"I wanted to scream for help but I daren't with that revolver so uncomfortably close to me. I felt myself go white and I think I must have looked pretty frightened, for the individual suddenly put down the revolver, pulled off the mask, and said in quite a different voice:

"You don't mean to say you didn't really recognise me?" It was a neighbour of ours who had been trying to play a joke on me!

"Of course, he was very penitent when he discovered that he had really scared me—so penitent, in fact, that he got that kiss after all!"



Warner Baxter apparently caught Ruby Miller unawares—but she doesn't seem to be protesting.

Holly Time in



Above: Louise Fazenda's check stocking will undoubtedly not be passed over if she can help it. Perhaps she has a theory that checks beget cheques. Below: Our "Gang" have conceived a deep, dark plot. Father Christmas may come down the chimney, but they are determined he shan't go up again—note the man-trap



From top: Carmel Myers has planned a merry jest on somebody! There will be a very surprised face somewhere on Christmas morning. Jackie Coogan thoroughly enjoys playing the part of a juvenile Santa Claus. Numberless young eyes will be brighter as the result of his labours. Betty Fransisco, formerly one of the Ziegfeld Follies, wishes PICTUREGOER readers the happiest Christmas they've ever had. And we all heartily reciprocate her kind wishes, I'm sure.

Hollywood



Above: Rin-Tin-Tin's expression of pleased surprise seems to convey in his eloquent dog-language, that, although he is delighted at the recent addition to his family, he would none the less have appreciated a more substantial Christmas gift in the shape of a meaty bone. Right: Mary Philbin's rôle of chef seems to suit her admirably.



Above: G. K. Arthur seems to have fallen under the spell of Morpheus whilst endeavouring to fulfil the office of the good St. Nicholas. It is to be hoped he will wake before he is discovered by those for whom the presents are intended! Right: What pathetic little figure is this gazing so wistfully through the frosty window? Some poor little orphan maybe—no home, no mother, no—but let's look closer—why, it's Colleen Moore! Just pretending for picture-play purposes.



SEASONING

The proof of the screen pudding is in the filming.

The master chefs of the motion picture industry are comparatively few. Chaplin, Lubitsch, Seastrom, Stiller (the only remaining Swedish director, who was responsible for *The Atonement of Gosta Berling*), Rex Ingram, and, perhaps, James Cruze.

For the rest there are plenty of "good plain cooks," who can be depended upon to turn out palatable

Wallace Beery and Lloyd Hughes in "The Sea Hawk."



Movies and Christmas puddings!

On first thoughts there seems to be little connection between the two, but as a matter of fact they have a number of things in common.

A Christmas pudding can be very good or very bad, and, here



enough film concoctions at any time, and a far too large number of incompetents, with less idea of making a picture than the average pantryboy has of making a pudding.

The secret of good cooking, as anybody skilled in the culinary arts will tell you, is the knowledge of exactly how to mix your ingredients, and exactly how much seasoning to include.

The secret of film making is very much the same, for a film without any

again, although the ingredients may sometimes be to blame, it is the director who mixes those ingredients with whom the chief responsibility rests.

If that director is the equivalent of an overworked cook-general, with an imagination incapable of rising above unsavoury Irish stew, then his picture will be as unappetising an affair as the latter's attempt at a Christmas pudding. But if he stands on the level of the master chefs, then there will be about the films that he produces, that rare and subtle something that characterises the work of all great masters, whether they be wizards of the studio or of the kitchen.



Top left: Lois Wilson, Raymond McKee, and Noah Beery in "Contraband." Centre: Mary Brough and friends indulge in a little music in "Not For Sale." Above: Raymond Hatton with Paul Panzer and Yvonne Hughes in "Big Brother."

To Taste

of those little touches of pathos and humour that make so human an appeal to any audience, is as insipid as a Christmas pudding without the spices that, blended by a master hand, make just that little difference that counts.

The ingredients of the average film are, roughly speaking, a story . . . a hero . . . a heroine . . . a villain . . . a villainess . . . and one or two minor characters.

The first five are the equivalent of the body of the pudding, flour, bread-crumbs, eggs, milk, sugar and butter. The character people are the plums and the spices that make it good to taste instead of plain and uninteresting. And the manner in which all these ingredients are welded together will make or mar the finished production.

For instance, a Lubitsch will use a scene like the now famous one in *Forbidden Paradise*, in which the reflection of a kiss in the lake is broken by the ruffling of the waters just before it reaches its climax. Nine directors out of ten would have bored us with the customary close-up.

A good director will choose his cast of character people with painstaking care, and will see that they are introduced into the picture at just the right moment, and in just the right way.

It is the character work, supplied by Raymond McKee, Raymond Hatton, and Noah Beery, that raises *Contraband* above the level of the usual film, and the little gem of a character study that is Wallace Beery's contribution to *Right*: Noah Beery in "The Thundering Herd." Below: Charlie Chaplin on location during the filming of "The Gold Rush."



Above: Frank Stanmore and Betty Balfour in "Satan's Sister."



The Sea Hawk helps to justify that picture's claim to greatness.

Stoll's picture *Not For Sale* owes a great deal to the inclusion in the cast of Mary Brough, who can always be depended upon to raise a laugh with her clever comedy, although she isn't always too fairly treated by directors.

Welsh Pearson's films are helped tremendously by the presence of Frank Stanmore, and those who have seen *Satan's Sister* will carry away an amusing impression of the plump comedian's lugubrious pirate.

Sydney Fairbrother is another British character actress, whose presence in any film, in however small a part, is always a treat.

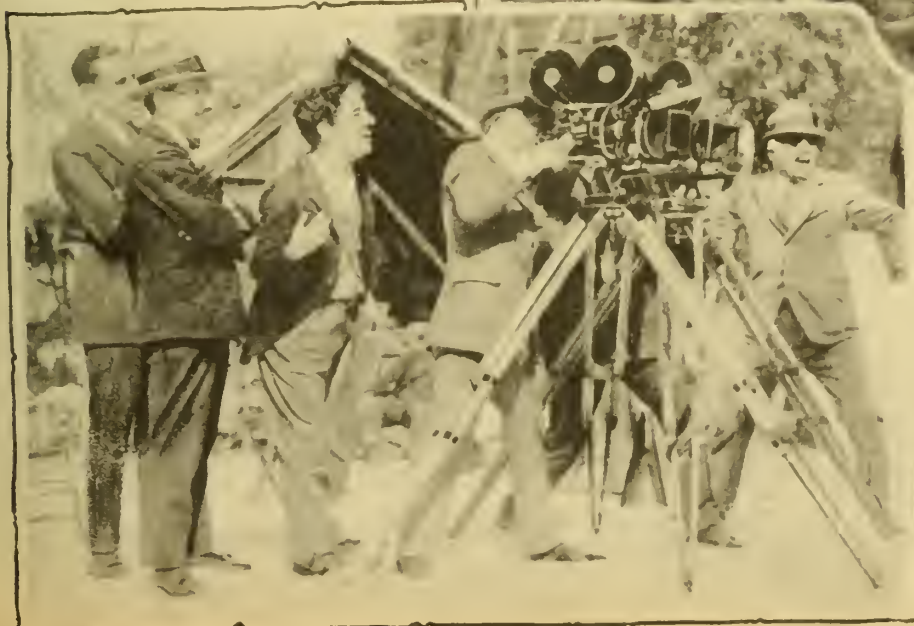
Amongst the Americans, Raymond Hatton stands out as a character man who, under the right treatment, adds a savour to the film in which he appears, and in *Big Brother*, featuring Tom Moore and Edith Roberts, he gives an excellent study as a "slinky" type of crook.

All the people quoted above, and many more besides, may be numbered amongst the ingredients that, properly used, help to make a film worth watching.

They can never be really bad in themselves, but their relative value to the rest of the picture varies considerably.

May not a plum pudding, bulging with the best of good things, be as heavy as lead?

E. E. B.



The Magic City

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

In a street parade in San Francisco, which was part of the celebrations of California's Diamond Jubilee, I noticed a covered waggon of the pioneers with the legend on its canvas "Californy or Bust." That spirit of the /49 exists to-day: as a car drove me to Merced along a road inches deep in the hot and extraordinary penetrating Californian dust, I saw two youths in knickerbockers, with knapsacks; printed in large lettering on their knapsacks was "Pittsburgh to Los Angeles." Modern pilgrims tramping to the modern Mecca!

In 1867 (I think I have the date correctly), there were two thousand inhabitants of Los Angeles: to-day there are a million.

Hollywood is no longer a suburb, outlying from the main town, but part and parcel of it. True, it is half an hour by tram, a rapid tram, too, from Broadway, but what is that in an American town? They spread themselves, these cities of America, they grow with space about their houses, and as things go, Hollywood is merely a section of the city.

Hollywood Boulevard on which or about which lie the great studios of the world's new industry certainly has not the dignity of the central Los Angeles shopping quarter, where decidedly more people are to be seen at noon than in Oxford Street. The Boulevard is very wide and the buildings mostly small. You have to leave it to see the beauty and the splendour of Los Angeles domestic architecture, based as it is principally on the style of the old Spanish missions.

The houses of the movie stars and of their neighbours like Mr. Gillette, of the razors, are mostly in the Spanish style: that is, low, two-storey buildings with heavy roofs of fluted tiles and walls of orange-coloured plaster set amongst lawns kept green by constant irrigation and amongst sugar-palms. The fashionable quarter is below the Beverley Hills, some distance from the sea and the bathing beaches. But there are motor cars.

The studios may be of wood or, like Mr. Chaplin's English Village or the reproductions of Washington's house, they may aim at individuality in their exteriors. Inside the studios, the American passion for organisation manifests itself. I do not know whether they do or do not overstrain organisation. I do know that it is vastly impressive to see the array of offices which house the executives of the companies. And you do not arrive too easily at the sanctum of the director with whom you have an appointment.



A remarkable pen-picture of Hollywood as seen by the famous novelist and playwright.

Now, we criticise the movies, but one thing at least which this director said to me seems especially true. The theatre audience, he said, learns slowly; very gradually was it educated away from crude melodrama, while in ten years the movie audience has passed beyond the melodrama stage and demands something much more subtle than did its predecessor of say, the war-period.

There is, he admitted, what he called a yokel-audience, whose simple demands have to be met, but the average film of to-day is on a higher level than that of ten years ago.

Yes. Then why in Hollywood itself, in the Egyptian kinema with attendant girls in Egyptian costume and Egyptian soldiers doing sentry-go on the very roof—why do they find it necessary to "present" a film with so much elaboration?

There was, first, a film showing star after star in the act of receiving invitations to attend the first performance of *The Gold Rush*, Chaplin's latest film. One saw them all, all the famous faces, and I daresay this film lasted twenty minutes. After it was the "presentation," on a full-sized stage, and Mr. De Courville himself could not have invented a more elaborate, more spectacular forty minutes than this combination of ballet and cabaret show.

After that, one reached the film, and a very good film, too, full of the happiest invention. It seems to me that

Mr. Chaplin who always had the wistful pathos of the true comedian, has increased his pathos without diminishing his comedy and that, consequently, *The Gold Rush* improves upon his classic film *Shoulder Arms*.

Then why the "presentation"? Why the quite ludicrous solecism of an Alaskan wolf-hound exhibited in the sunny courtyard of an Egyptian kinema? If in Hollywood itself there is sincerity in the films and insincerity in their presentation, what sort of showmanship must they not expect in other places? Don't they trust their films?

This, though, may be granted—that the film in America has made its conquest under handicap. You may not smoke in the American movie-houses, and it seems to me the crowning triumph of the film that it has conquered in spite of a handicap which, in England, I believe, would prove lethal.

In Los Angeles, they certainly encourage their local industry. There are picture-houses every few yards, and some of them open at 9.30 a.m., but there are also large "legitimate" theatres, six of them, and music-halls which combine pictures with vaudeville, and one of the evidences that you are not in England when you are in Los Angeles is that you can go to the theatre on Sunday, matinee or evening. Sunday, in fact, is the theatre's best day. But the movies are supreme; apparently they can do what they like in and with Los Angeles.

For instance, a new picture with one of the Talmadge ladies was being presented for the first time on Broadway. Now, Broadway in the evening is naturally less crowded than Broadway at mid-day, but it is at all hours a busy street. Yet the police stood by while, on I don't know how many lorries, the studio outfit occupied all but the centre of the street and used their lights as searchlights to illuminate the front of the building in which the film was being shown.

And as I returned from the theatre to which I had gone, a crowd still stood around that kinema though the light outfit had gone home. Waiting, they told me, to see Constance Talmadge come out.

Which means, certainly, that Los Angeles is not bored by the film-stars in its midst, but takes a lively interest in them.

They are serious people, these film-makers of the world, with a sense of responsibility. They reach, and they are conscious that they reach, a vast
(Continued on page 81).

Greetings From the Stays



Greetings of the Season
Madelene Hurlock

A gaily
coloured
card
from
Madelene
Hurlock.



Simplicity is the key-note of Chaplin's card.



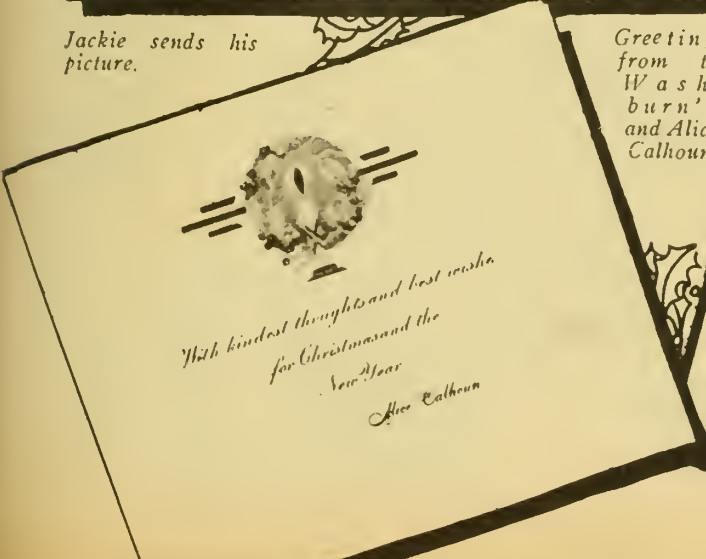
Jackie sends his picture.

Season's Greetings
Jackie

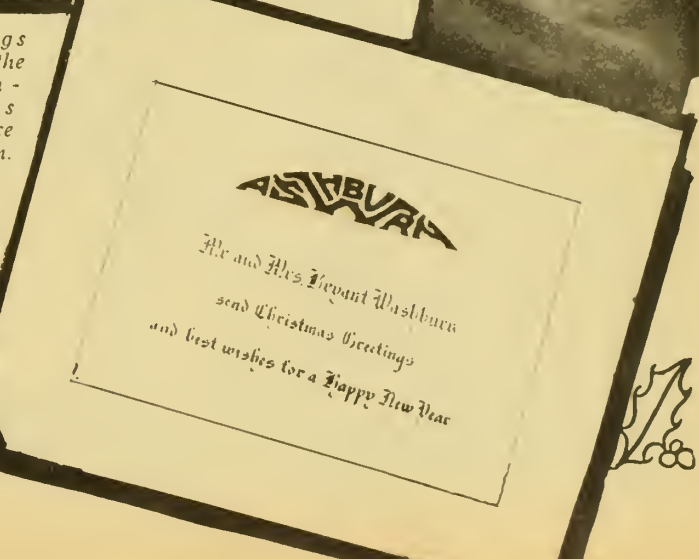


Wishing you a Joyous Christmas
and
Happiness in the New Year
Mr. Ralph Graves

Ralph Graves
favours
brevity.



With kindest thoughts and best wishes
for Christmas and the
New Year
Alice Calhoun



ASHBURN
Mr and Mrs Bryant Washburn
send Christmas Greetings
and best wishes for a Happy New Year

Greetings
from the
Washburn's
and Alice
Calhoun.

Kinema Kings &

To misquote Shakespeare—"Happy is the star who wears a crown"—in Filmdom.

If we take Shakespeare's word for it we know that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but apparently that doesn't frighten Hollywood's brightest and best. If there's anything the average film star likes better than a chance to don a grey wig and wrinkles and grow old before the camera, it's the opportunity to wear a crown and reign, for a short space at any rate, over some film Ruritania.

It is the old, eternal love of dressing up that urges them to do it.

Can anything be more entrancing than the regal splendour of ermined robes and jewelled crown, and a gallant army of handsome uniformed men, adorned with all the braided trappings of heroes, to obey one's lightest wish? What matter if it is only make believe, after all.

The average film queen or king can give points to the real article any day. Open your history book and study the portraits of the kings and queens therein, and you will find yourself faced with a collection of people who might have scrubbed doorsteps or made their living in any other plebian and ordinary way, without appearing to have missed their vocations. But pop into your nearest cinema, where they happen to be showing the latest Ruritanian romance, and you will find queens more queenly and kings more kingly than can be seen on any throne in Europe.

Have you ever seen a real queen with the dignity and beauty of Alice Terry, who has played more than one regal role before the camera? Or kings with the charm of Lewis Stone, who has twice shared a throne with her—once in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and again, more recently, in *Confessions of a Queen*?

The list of screenland's kings and queens can be divided into two different sections—those who don a crown for the fun of the thing and those who take "kinging and queening" as a serious business, delve into history books and take the opportunity of recreating, wrongly or rightly, the complex characters of dead and gone monarchs.

Amongst the former, Aileen Pringle, Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Bert Lytell, Jackie Coogan, Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge hold prominent places, for all have reigned, at different times, over mythical kingdoms in which romantic intrigue seems to be the sole occupation of the entire royal household.

The names of the latter are legion, and many a long dead sovereign would turn in his grave if he could see some of the travesties that rise, like ghosts from the past, to mock him on the silver sheet.

Queen Elizabeth might find it a little bewildering if she had to watch some of the many different interpretations of her own character—a little embarrassing to choose from them all a faithful portrait. Clare Eames, whose performance of the Virgin Queen in Mary Pickford's film version of *Dorothy Vernon* was both praised and criticised, seems to have got nearer the real thing than any of her predeces-



Above: Pola Negri as an imperious young Queen in "The Forbidden Paradise."
Below: Aileen Pringle in "Three Weeks."



Above: Alice Terry in "Confessions of a Queen." This regal looking star has acted many queenly parts.

QUEENS by E.E. BARRETT

sors, but the truth is cruel and Elizabeth, from all accounts, was a vain woman.

I think she would have looked with more favourable eyes upon the attempt made by Lady Diana Mauners to present Her Majesty—not because that portrait had any semblance of reality, but because she could have seen herself there in a more flattering light.

Catherine the Great is a woman who presents an intriguing personality to be exploited on stage or screen. Wild stories of her many loves have been passed down the years until they have come to be regarded by most people as the real reason of her claim to greatness. It is only natural that she should find her way at last to the screen, where her love of romantic adventure at last finds its proper sphere of action, and in *Forbidden Paradise*, a masterpiece of satirical romance, she finds a wonderful counterpart in Pola Negri, whose delightfully finished performance is one with which no one could find fault.

Perhaps the most abused and most screened ruler in history has been Napoleon Bonaparte, whose famous attitude and cocked hat have been worn threadbare long ago in the service of the camera. Henry VIII, too, seems to have found favour with Hollywood historians—possibly there is a bond of sympathy on account of his well-known matrimonial adventures!

In fact there are very few sovereigns who have escaped the movie camera, and, although some have been truthful

Wallace Beery looks every inch Richard the Lion Heart in the film of the same title.

enough portrayals, others have been poor caricatures.

Amongst them all are a few outstanding and forceful performances that are worthy of more than a passing word. Emil Jannings, that really great character actor, has played with success in the title role of *Peter the Great* and *Nero*, and his "King Louis" in *Passion* was a convincing piece of work. Willard Louis was an excellent Prince Regent in that fine photoplay *Beau Brummel*.

Below: Irene Rich and Holbrook Blinn in "Rosita."



Emil Jannings as King Louis in "Passion."

Perhaps it would be well if reigning European sovereigns gave orders for dossiers of personal information to be compiled for the use of all the leading film companies so that when, in a hundred years from now, they meet in ghostly concourse to view libellous portraits of themselves on the screen, they can at least tell one another that they did their best in the cause of realism!

E. E. BARRETT.

Below: Norma Talmadge and Marc McDermot in "Graustark."



HOW THEY DO IT N^o. 2.

The Scenario



sary for the production.

It is also used by the Research Department in getting a line on the locale of the different scenes in the picture so that this department may collect all the data necessary to make the finished product authentic in all its details.

Following is an exact copy of a page from the scenario of *A Sainted Devil* the Joseph Hena-

This is the second of a series covering the selection of the story to

bery production for Paramount which stars Rudolph Valentino. This scenario was written by Forrest Halsey, one of the best known writers in the industry.

INTERIOR: DIVE
CLOSEUP OF CARMELITA

Tears drenching her face as she dances.

INTERIOR: DIVE
CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

Don Luis entering. He shows his disgust and apprehension of the place. Luis exits from shot.

INTERIOR: DIVE
CLOSE SHOT OF ALONZO'S TABLE

Alonzo greets Luis, who says:

SPOKEN TITLE "You live in this place. Some day you will die in it—suddenly."

Alonzo laughs. Luis protests, why do you do it? Alonzo becomes serious, says:

SPOKEN TITLE "Some day 'El Tigre' will show himself here, where he was once a bartender."

He finishes title. His face is a mask of vengeance. Don Luis protests that that's fancy. Alonzo says:

SPOKEN TITLE "I will bank on his vanity. He will want to show

To most people a scenario writer means just another name cluttering up the main title of a motion picture. Who he is and just what he does, seems to be, to the layman, another one of those unfathomable studio mysteries. People know, in a general way, that the scenario writer is the man who writes the scenario for a picture, but just what a scenario is used for, and how it is written, seems somewhat hazy in the minds of the uninitiated.

When a story is bought by a producing company for immediate production it is turned over to the scenario writer to scenarise. The scenarist arranges for a conference with the director and together they lay out the plans for the script. The scenario writer then gets busy, and in anywhere from three to eight weeks has the script ready for the director.

Perhaps the proper thing to do, before going any further with this article, is to explain what a scenario is and why it is necessary.

In brief, a scenario is a manuscript containing a detailed account of all the action and spoken titles in a photoplay. It is used by the director during the actual filming of the picture and by the costume, art and property departments as a guide for the clothing, sets, articles of furniture, etc., neces-



From top: Clara Beranger, scenario writer for Paramount. Forrest Halsey, one of the most prominent scenarists in motion pictures. June Mathis, head of the First National scenario department

BY CHARLES GARTNER

Writers

every phase of the movie industry, from the final scrapping of the film.

his old friends how great he has become."

INTERIOR: DIVE
CLOSEUP ALONZO'S EYES

They gleam like a tiger's.

INTERIOR: DIVE
CLOSEUP ALONZO'S TABLE

Luis shrugs hopelessly, says:

SPOKEN TITLE "Through anxiety for you I am missing the event of the day—our man-killer has returned from Paris and is displaying herself in public."

He finishes title. Alonzo casually questions him. Luis expresses surprise, says:

SPOKEN TITLE "Even you, absorbed as you've been, must have heard of the lady of the three suicides."

When a story is turned over to a scenario writer for scenerisation the writer must not only put the story in shape suitable for the screen, but he must also eliminate all unnecessary scenes from the original. And very often in order to emphasise certain incidents, or to build up certain characters, he must make radical changes.

This explains why so many original stories are greatly changed after their transference to the screen. In fact,

Below: Jeanie Macpherson, who writes most of the Cecil de Mille productions.



the methods of telling a story in print and telling one on the screen are so vastly different that a comparatively small number of original stories are suitable for immediate transference to the screen. Take for instance, *Monsieur Beaucaire*,

Below: Bess Meredyth, who wrote "Don Juan" and "Ben Hur" for the screen.



Above: Henry James Forman, co-author with Walter Woods who made "The Covered Wagon."

of the Princess by reference to her by the Duke. Forrest Halsey saw immediately that if the character were left as it was in the book—that is, unknown except for a few mentions of her by the Duke—the scene showing the Duke returning to France to plead for the hand of the Princess in marriage would be unsatisfactory from the movie fan's standpoint.

Realising this, Mr. Halsey built up the character of the Princess by inserting an entire episode at the beginning of the photoplay in which the character of the Princess was indelibly impressed on the minds of the audience.

Another important duty of the scenario writer is to get the most effective settings at the lowest cost.

In *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Forrest Halsey created the impression of an enormous, elaborately furnished palace by inserting just a few scenes showing large pillars, corners of rooms hung with tapestries and fitted with expensive furniture, etc.

A less skilful man than Mr. Halsey could have easily doubled the cost of the settings.

Next Month: "The Casting Director."

the recent Sidney Olcott production for Paramount which starred Rudolph Valentino. In the original story the character of the Princess de Bourbon - Conti does not enter the story until the very end, when the Duke de Chartres returns to France to marry her.

The readers of the book know only

Barrymore

John Barrymore's new film, "The Sea Beast," carries with it the tang of the sea.

The inspired genius of Barrymore, that has given to the world so contrasted a characterisation as the dual role in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, will imaginatively realise for a more sophisticated age the amazing audacity of those dead desperadoes who engaged in one of the most adventurous and typically American industries, that of whaling.

So experienced and gifted an actor as Barrymore needs no direction. Thus it falls to the lot of Millard Webb—one of the youngest directors in Hollywood—to produce the three pictures in which he appears.

Dolores Costello, who plays the only feminine role in *The Sea Beast*, is a golden-haired slip of a girl, who, two months ago, was totally unknown to the screen. To-day her first role on the flickering gelatine is not only a lead, but lead opposite an internationally famous artist.

Dolores has cerulean eyes—limpid, naively expressive, completely subjugating. Making herself as unobtrusive as possible the moment she steps into the room, she is the centre of all attention.

When it is a question of make-up and learning the little tricks of the camera, Dolores gratefully points to her mentor, Mr. Barrymore. For he it was who warned her against allowing make-up to standardise the expression of her features. Instead of painting the usual "Cupid's bow" on her lips, he showed her how she might accentuate her own lines and retain her individual and distinctive character. As everyone knows, the star is a past master with the lipstick and mascara.

In the lively letterpress of "Moby Dick," Herman Melville, the mariner-mystic, has etched in biting sentence and salt-flavoured phrase, the dauntless spirit of the whaling crews.



Barrymore and Costello in the look-out of "The Three Brothers."

Abandoning all the honourable and respectable toils, trials and tribulations of the stage, John Barrymore—the most distinguished American actor in the legitimate and silent drama—has leapt headlong into the pure, wholesome element of the sea, and espoused the part of a godly, honest, unostentatious, hospitable, sociable, free and easy captain of a whaler!

For, in *The Sea Beast*—the first of three films which he will make in Hollywood—this great artist turns his back on Danish Princes, Beaux Brummeles and other elegant roles, and becomes the master of an old-time whaling vessel in a story of dramatic and well-nigh tragic adventure.

The picture is an adaptation of that classic among sea-faring yarns, Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," and has been made by Bess Meredyth, who, in the words of Barrymore—after working all night with her on the script—"is a bear, a perfect darling, a divine creature!"

The story of *The Sea Beast* is laid in a New England fishing village, in Java, and also on board "The Three Brothers" an old whaler, in the year 1840. It is a graphic exposé of man's gargantuan conflict with a great white whale—nicknamed "Moby Dick"—in pursuit of the viscid, unctuous liquid on which the world of that day depended for its light.



Above and right: John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.

Curiously enough, John Barrymore's appearance in this American saga of the sea coincides with the advent of "Uncle Sam" as a recruiting sergeant into the film-producing arena, and the selection by the Naval Cadets at Annapolis of Ramon Novarro—the Mexican star—to typify the ideals of the United States Navy. Thus do the "stars" in their courses both point a moral and adorn a tale!



Goes Whaling

KATHLEEN USSHER

In *The Sea Beast* we will hear again the siren voice of the sea that lures a man from his hearth and home to hurl himself into frantic fights with these marine leviathans of the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Manned by a bluff New England seafaring folk—crew-killing captains who ruled with closed fist and belying pin—the “spouters” and “blubber-boilers” as the whalers were facetiously called by the merchant service!—fought over their disputed quarry. Some turned pirate or smuggler, and roamed the seven seas for loot. In the main, however, the officers and men of the whaling fleet were upright and God-fearing.

Nor is the fun of the fo’c’sle missing from the script. For this is the rendezvous of the ship’s company, the resort of convivial spirits, the salon of

“The Three Brothers”—a three masted whaling schooner used in *“The Sea Beast.”*

these casuals of the sea, human driftwood who loom—sorry phantoms, some of them—storm-driven, rudderless, with timbers started, feeble wreckage of a hundred cunning schemes.

From the bo’sun—august and terrifying—to the newly-joined A.B. before the mast, ship’s cook or cabin boy, they meet here on equal terms—a queerly-assorted community of kindred souls, whose fiery disputes are settled out of hand over the hard tack and “bully beef” . . . noses punched, eyes blackened and lurid pedigrees unveiled.

Barrymore, as the “Ahab” of the piece, is a plain and unpretentious figure, virile, rugged, forceful, who uses the rope’s end unsqueamishly, manhandles a miscreant or unceremoniously smokes him along the quarter-deck. The part



A fine study of John Barrymore in *“The Sea Beast.”*



obviously intrigues him, with its freedom, breadth, simplicity and savage joy.

All the acting instincts of his heart come out in the carriage of his body . . . in the buoyant poise of his limbs.

He has only to stand in the look-out of *“The Three Brothers,”* straining his eyes towards the distant horizon, to make you feel the power of the gale, of meeting and grappling and weathering it at last. Overhead you hear the flapping of the sails, the creak of the rigging, the groaning of the mast, as it twists and turns, a tortured prisoner in the ship’s keel far below.

Suddenly we are wafted away to Java, where the sun rises gloriously out of the southern ocean, where the air is like champagne . . . crystal, limpid, sparkling . . . stirring . . . an effervescence in the blood, a tumult of exuberance in the veins. Under tropic skies our “Ahab” woos the fair “Esther,” the sun’s rays falling straight as plummetts at high noon upon the happy pair.

Restless and unsatisfied, the sea rolls ever across the silver sheet . . . tireless, illimitable, vast!

Subtlety and

It is easy to see the obvious, but it takes an ardent film "fan" to appreciate all the little subtleties of the screen.

"Back of every bayonet is the man and the red blood of that man..." Sorry! Back of every film is the censor and the blue pencil of that censor. And that blue pencil—or rather, that pair of scissors, has made its presence felt in no uncertain manner.

Censorship may be a nuisance—it very often is—but it has driven the producer to subtlety and raised the mental standard of the films. For when a producer wishes to film something that he knows will not pass the censor, he has, short of abandoning his design, to present his theme in an innocuous form; he has to suggest rather than show, the audience has to grasp the significance of the

suggestion and in many cases the film gains artistically by the device.

For instance, in Stroheim's picture *Greed*, the climax comes when "McTeague,"

the leading character, batters his wife to death. Naturally this scene cannot be shown in its hideous reality—it has to be suggested. "McTeague" starts to beat his wife, grotesque shadows are seen on the floor and finally a thin stream of blood gathers in the doorway.

In case this is not horrible enough, Stroheim then introduces a ghastly black cat that scampers over the threshold and disappears. Gruesome perhaps, but artistically gruesome, which the scene most certainly would not have been, had the murder been committed in a "close-up."

It was Stroheim, you remember, who showed the villain's character in *Foolish Wives*. The hotel in which Stroheim as the Russian Count is staying, catches fire and the ladies rush to the balcony for safety; "the Count" appears, thrusts the terrified women aside and jumps first, thereby saving his life and gaining the contempt of everybody in the audience.

The motive Barbara la Marr as "Tareda" in *Trifling Women* has in her numerous interviews with Edward Connelly, Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone is most artistically suggested by a close up of a cat angling in a bowl of goldfish.

The relations between Pierre Revel and Marie St. Claire in *A Woman of Paris* are clearly shown by the ease with which the former finds a handkerchief in the latter's boudoir, and a slight indication of "Peter the Great's" character is shown in the film of the same name by the manner in which "Peter" seems to fill the doorway when he enters a room.

Animals, too, play a very large part in this new subtlety of the screen. There are the antagonistic cat and dog in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* that feature in the lover's tiff of "René Lacour" and "Chichi Desnoyers."

There is also in the same film the squirrel in the cage that typifies "Marguerite Laurier's" life with her blinded husband. There is the cat who removes her kittens to the safety of the barn loft before the outbreak of the storm in *The Girl I Loved*, and the dumb actors who show so well the expectant hush before Mount Vesuvius gives his brief but stirring performance in *The White Sister*.

Then imagine the appropriate irony of the chained wolf to "Rupert de Vriac" in *Ashes of Vengeance*. This is the first sight he sees in the castle of his hereditary enemy, the "Vi-

Fans who have seen the following films will remember the incidents illustrated. From top: J. Warren Kerrigan and Bertram Grassby in "Captain Blood." May McAvoy in "Tarnish." Richard Dix and Rod la Rocque in "The Ten Commandments." Mae Busch and Richard Dix in "The Christian."



Suggestion W. B. TURNER

comte," to whom he has to become a servant. A chained wolf!

The suggestion may come from dress or personal appearance as it does in the repellent hideousness of John Barrymore in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; the blowsy aspect of Blanche Sweet in *Anna Christie*; the bristly beard of Ernest Torrence in *Tol'able David* and *Broken Chains*, or the long finger-nails and slanting eyes of the Chinese villain in *The Thief of Bagdad*.

It may also come from settings and sub-titles. The declaration of war in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* was most artistically subtitled. At the corner of the screen, a small patch of water appeared, which soon became a whirlpool, typifying the world-wide effect of an obscure murder in the Balkans.

But the prize for the best caption goes to the one in *The Christian*. Richard Dix as "Father John Storm," dying from injuries received in a street-brawl is represented as saying "Poor devils, they didn't know what they were doing!" a marvellous and

impressive modern rendering of "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!" and one which showed to perfection the character of the Christian.

Other subtleties are merely introduced into films quite quietly, but these, although generally the best of their kind, run the risk of not being grasped by some audiences



Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro in "Where the Pavement Ends."

There is one in *Scaramouche*, where the "Marquis" is going out of a hovel to a duel. He is stopped and "vamped" in the doorway by peasant woman. He tilts her chin, gravely scrutinises her face, and as gravely shakes his head before passing out.



Above: Albert Gran and Marie Prevost in "Tarnish." Below: Blanche Sweet and George Marion in "Anna Christie"

Rex Ingram is also responsible for this one in *Where the Pavement Ends*. Alice Terry as the missionary's daughter finds romance in a young native, played by Ramon Novarro. Such an effect has "Motauro" on her starved soul that she contemplates marriage with him, until she looks into a native hut. Squatting on the ground is a hideous native chewing the betel nut with the juice running from his bestial mouth.

As the girl gazes, the man slowly changes into Ramon Novarro, shorn of his romantic glamour, and behaving exactly as the native is. The girl points out to him after this, that marriage is impossible between them, and by that one short transformation scene, we, in the audience, know the reason for her refusal.

Undoubtedly, the best producers for this subtlety are continental, but it is not only the Continentals who can be subtle. In *The Ten Commandments*, a jute ring held behind Richard Dix's head by Rod la Rocque shows the latter's opinion of the former, and immediately after, the same ring twisted in two and placed round Rod la Rocque's wrists by Richard Dix shows the opposite point of view.

So far, so good, and, at present, the screen is fortunate in having suggestion without too much suggestiveness.



**TONY MORENO**

Will probably make some pictures in his native Spain very shortly. He made his last film "Mare Nostrum" in France, and seems loth to leave Europe again for America.



LEATRICE JOY

Has brown eyes and rich dark hair and a nature as happy as her name implies. She'll be seen shortly in "Hell's High Road," a new Cecil De Mille picture.

**MARY ASTOR**

Was the dainty heroine in Douglas Fairbanks' picture "Don Q, Son of Zorro." She has auburn hair, dark brown eyes, and one of the most entrancing profiles in screenland.

**REGINALD DENNY**

Universal star, whose breezy, sporting comedies would make a confirmed pessimist smile. Rumour hath it that Reginald will come to England to make pictures next year, when the new Universal Studios should be established.

**BLANCHE SWEET**

Finished her new film "Invisible Wounds" a few weeks ago, and has started work on another not yet titled. In private life she is Mrs. Marshall Neilan.

The Pictureover
 Crinoline
 Days



Above: The calm, sweet days of lace and lavender have passed, leaving behind an old-world fragrance impossible to recapture; but Betty Compson, with her powdered wig, panniers, and ruchings, brings back to us a vision of those dainty damsels of long ago. Below: Stately and dignified is this wonderful example in crinolines—well suited to the graceful movements of the minuet, but hardly equal to the strenuous exertions of the present day fox-trot and tango!



Above: Norma Talmadge in the wonderful creation she wears in her new film "Graustark." Below: Colleen Moore reminds us that it was not only in the crinoline days that girls looked sweet and good. This confection is of two-tone apple-green and yellow taffeta trimmed with hand-made French flowers.



Above: The charm of the powdered wig is incontestably proved by this picture of beautiful Dagnar Desmond. Her dress, typical of old-world simplicity and charm, is carried out in a wonderful shade of mauve taffeta, trimmed with ribbon velvet of deeper shade.



Peeps at Peter Pan



Some interesting snap-shots taken during the filming of "Peter Pan." Reading from top: Herbert Brenon shakes hands with Captain Hook. Mr. Brenon and Betty Bronson give a tea party (note Nana, sans tête!). Peter Pan displays his shadow. Nana and Herbert Brenon exchange a few pleasantries. Betty Bronson and other privileged members of the cast of "Peter Pan," listening to Herbert Brenon's rendering of "Mother Goose."

The Goose Hangs High

JOHN FLEMING

It was Christmas Eve, in patches.

At the Ingals home the holly was perched on every picture, and the streamer was festooned beneath every ceiling. The pudding was ready for tomorrow's boiling, and a feast of other good things stocked the shelves of the larder.

It wanted only the return of the children to make the festival a complete success, and even thus early in the day of Christmas Eve Mrs. Ingals kept popping to the window and looking down the snow-swept avenue. As if the children could be expected so early!

It was a hardish fight to keep up Christmas like this year after year, but the Ingals felt that something sweet would have gone out of life for ever if it were not so kept up. They almost fought for it, as they almost fought for everything. Life for the Ingals was a hard fight most of the time.

Bernard Ingals was a city assessor, and his salary was not large. To ensure a career for his children meant sacrifices all the time for himself and his wife; but they had always managed to make these sacrifices cheerfully, and now at last they thought they saw some reward in view.

Hugh, their eldest son, was in business in the city on his own account, with every prospect of a big success to come some day; and now the heroic efforts of the parents were giving the two younger children, Lois and Bradley, the benefits of a college education.

Christmas. . . More than anything it seemed like a little holiday from worries and money troubles for the two old people.

For the festival Mrs. Ingals had even gone to the length of re-engaging their old cook, who had cooked for the family all the time until the youngsters' departure for college.

"But mind you don't let the children know that you haven't been here all the time," she insisted. "Dad wouldn't like them to know that we—we had to

dispense with your services. He wants this Christmas to be just the biggest success of all. This morning Brad wired for fifty dollars to 'help him get home,' and though Dad had to borrow the money to send to him, he did it without a murmur. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without the children round us. . ."

Yes, Christmas, in patches. . . Not so Christmasy in the Ingals office as in the Ingals home.

Bernard Ingals pressed a little button on his desk.

"Miss Daye," he said to the secretary who appeared in response to this summons, "I am sorry to have to mention it at such a time, but unless you are able to carry out your duties in a more satisfactory manner in the near future, I am very much afraid we must dispense with your services. I don't like to have to say this to you now, but really I am afraid that this is not the kind of post that suits you. You may go home now."

Miss Daye sniffed, tossed her head, and went. But she did not go home. She went round to the office of Elliott

Kimberley, councilman and grafter, who had manoeuvred to get Ingals' competent secretary discharged and his own protégée installed in her place for reasons of his own. She went round to the office of Elliott Kimberley and lodged her complaint.

"Old Ingals is beginnin' to smell a rat, El," she said with a fresh sniff. "Time, I reckon, he was tapped on the knuckles, eh?"

"Leave it to me," said Kimberley, "to do the tapping."

Meantime, Ingals had been making his own way home through the falling snow. He smiled with undisguised joy when he saw the preparations for the children's homecoming, but he looked rather anxiously at the

clock when he learnt that the children had not yet arrived.

"It is the weather, I imagine, that is holding up the trains," he said; and at a knock on the door: "Ah, here they are!"

But it proved to be instead, an old friend of his, Noel Derby, full of smiles and optimism, and of something approaching good news.

"Merry Christmas, Ingals," he called in his loud and cheery voice. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Ingals! Youngsters home yet?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Ingals. "Soon. The weather's very bad, you see."

Derby sat forward and tapped Mr. Ingals on the knee.

"Ingals, old friend, I've got news for you."

"Aha?"

"That business we've both had our eyes on for so long. It's for sale at last."

He sat back and clapped his hands together and indulged in a cheerful chuckle. But there was no reflection of his mood on the face of Ingals.

"I'm afraid I shall have to back out of the partnership we've talked of these last two years," said the latter in a hushed voice.

"No!" exclaimed Derby.



eyes the pain that he himself was feeling.

"He wasn't mistaken!"

"No, it's true. I feel it's true. I know it's true. Hugh and Dagmar are going to be married. And the first to tell us is—a caller. A passer-by. Almost a stranger, eh? Well, well..."

It was not that they had any objection to Dagmar Carroll as a daughter-in-law. In fact, they both liked her. It was the thought that Hugh had not cared sufficiently to take them into his confidence.

Perhaps just a tiny shade of Christmas had departed from the Ingals' house by the time their next caller arrived; and a good deal more passed along when she was firmly seated in the old armchair beside the fire. Mrs. Bradley, after whom Brad had been named, was Mrs. Ingals' mother, and she never permitted a visit to pass without delivering herself of a little improving talk.

"Didn't tell you, eh?" she snapped, when she heard the news. "Oh, well, that's the way of young folk nowadays. The wonder is they didn't get married right away and not tell you even then. It's your own fault in a way. In a big way. You spoilt those children too much, Eunice, as I always told you. Doing this, that and the other for them all the time. They don't value it when it comes cheap. You can't say I never warned you."

She pointed to some sewing in her daughter's lap.

"What's all that rubbish?"

"I'm making a frock for Lois," said Mrs. Ingals, meekly.

"You would be, of course. A little bit more of frock-making for herself would do Lois a world of good. Or no frocks at all."

Presently Hugh came home.

"Hallo, people," he said cheerily.

"Merry Christmas."

"We know it's Merry Christmas," said the old lady biting, "Is that all you've got to tell us, Hugh?"

"Why, what else is there to tell you?" Hugh asked, frowning.

"We have heard," Mrs. Ingals put in, "we have heard, from a chance visitor, that you and Dagmar are to be married. We would have preferred that you yourself told us the news."

Hugh looked away and crossed the room uncasily. After he had selected a cigarette from the silver box that had been a present from his father, he said:

"Oh, well... It's quite true, of course. I had meant to tell you. Somehow, it got put off. We've decided to get married in February."

"I suppose we are invited to the wedding?" asked his father, bitterly.

"Dad!" Hugh looked hurt.

What might have developed into a most unpleasant situation was dissipated by a sudden honking outside, and Hugh cut the discussion short by striding to the window and peeping out.

"Why, it's Lois and Brad!" he exclaimed, as a fresh honking arrived.

"By taxi?" said Grandma Bradley, frowning.

"It doesn't look much like a taxi to me," replied Hugh. "In fact—well, I've never seen a car that it does look like! They seem to be wanting us to go out before they come in. Coming?"

Grandma Bradley remained where she was, in the old armchair. The others trooped out on to the snow-covered sidewalk to find Brad and Lois sitting back in the most battered second—, third—, or fourth-hand car that any of them had ever seen. A fresh honking arose with their arrival.

"What," asked Hugh, "is the idea?"

"Behold the bargain!" cried Brad. "The fifty-dollars' worth. The car. Our Car!"

"This?" asked his astonished father.

"This," said Brad proudly, assisting his sister to alight.

"Then this is what—what you wanted the fifty dollars for?"

"Why, sure, Dad—to—er—help me get home," said Brad.

Mr. Ingals made no comment and presently they all made their way back into the house again.

"Aha!" laughed Brad, making a grand sweep with his arm. "The decorations for Christmas, eh? Now, mother, where's the goose? Don't say you haven't a goose for Christmas."

"A goose and everything," said his mother, a little bewilderedly under his embraces. "But they are for tomorrow. Just a plain Christmas Eve dinner to-night, you know. Like we always have."

"Oh—er—mother, Dad..."

It was Hugh speaking. And there was something in his tones that led them to expect a still further disappointment when they turned to him and waited for him to go on.

"I'd promised to dine with Dagmar," he went on. "I thought you'd excuse me, just this once."

"Oh, come!" Brad protested in the face of this news. "You're the eldest. You ought to give way for us. Mother says we'll only be young once. To go and drop a bombshell like that, just at this time."

"What is it you're after?" snapped Grandma Bradley, thrusting her face nearer to that of her godson.

"Well, we'd promised to pop over to the Sherriman's party," said Brad. "Lois and I. They stopped us as we went by in the—er—car, and made us promise."

"Made you promise? Pah! Nobody can make anyone promise anything in these times."



"Hugh and Dagmar are going to be married, and the first to tell us is—a caller."

"I really am very much afraid," said Ingals, almost apologetically. "Things are pretty tight. We're living right up to the last cent here you see. Children at college, and all that sort of thing... I couldn't raise the funds for the partnership if my very life depended on it. I'm sorry, old fellow..."

"And so am I," said Derby, feelingly. "Anyway, I'm not going to take 'No' for an answer just now. It's Christmas. We'll see what Santa Claus brings, eh? That's right. Leave it till after the holidays."

He rose, nodded to them both and walked to the door. There he stopped a moment and said, as he buttoned on his gloves:

"What's this I hear about Hugh going to be married to Dagmar Carroll?"

"What?" said Mrs. Ingals.

"Somebody was saying so," Derby replied. "Or perhaps I'm mistaken. You know nothing of it?"

"Nothing," said Ingals.

"My mistake, most likely," Derby opened the door. "Must have been somebody else—that's it. Well, good-bye. Merry Christmas to you both."

When he had gone, Ingals turned and looked at his wife and saw in her

"My promise was made first," said Hugh sulkily.

"Off you go, Hugh," said his father wearily. "I don't want to stand in the way of your pleasures. You've promised to dine with Dagmar. I wouldn't have you break your promise."

"Ah, but what about us?" Brad demanded.

"I wouldn't have any of you break your promises," returned Mr. Ingals. "You've made these promises. You must keep them. Off you go."

The young folks dashed upstairs in high glee to dress, and so loud was their banter and singing that Elliott Kimberley had to knock three times on the door before anyone downstairs could hear him.

Kimberley had come for conversation. He had come for talk, and the talker was to be himself. He broke the ice with a splash.

"You're not going to fire that girl Daye, out of your office, Ingals," he said decisively.

"Thank you for the hint," said Ingals, facing him. "I shall most certainly do so unless she shows herself more efficient very speedily. I installed her at your request, and I dismissed Miss Merridew to make way for her. I have regretted the action ever since. Miss Merridew was worth a hundred of the new one, and I shall take steps to see that she comes back, if she can."

An ugly leer spread over Kimberley's features.

"Only for the sake of efficiency?" he said savagely.

"You swine!" Ingals exclaimed, and Grandma Bradley went so far as to chime in with "Hear! hear!"

"I can make it pretty uncomfortable for you in the office if you go against my wishes, Ingals," Kimberley threatened. "I say Miss Daye must remain. She *must* remain!"

"I'll run my own office precisely as I wish," Ingals retorted.

"How long do you count on it being your office?" laughed Kimberley.

Ingals crossed the room and flung open the door.

"Get out!" he ordered; and Kimberley, still laughing, stamped out and down the street.

"He means it," Ingals muttered brokenly as he came back to the fire-side. "He'll set the wheels going now. This is war, and in the nature of things I shall lose, in the end. Why wait till the end?"

"What else is there you can do, dear?" his wife asked.

"I can resign now," Ingals replied.

"And by George I will! Now! I won't be trailed through their political sinks. I'll leave them cold first. They're a lot of dirty grafters at the best and I won't be tarred with their brush."

He opened his desk and took out a sheet of paper and began to write his

resignation, while his wife sat silently by, worried by the sudden spectre of the grey future which had arisen. Grandma Bradley forgot herself again, so far as to chuckle.

"If you'd have shown as much spirit as that, bringing up your family, you'd have had a more obedient family," she commented.

The letter was written and sealed by the time the young people were downstairs, ready for their respective parties, and Ingals handed it to Brad.

"Would you mind posting that for me as you go down town, Brad?" he said.

After the departure of the children, the parents and Grandma Bradley sat

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Ingals -	-	GEORGE IRVING
Mrs. Ingals -	-	MYRTLE STEDMAN
Hugh Ingals -	-	WM. R. OTIS, JR.
Lois Ingals -	-	CONSTANCE BENNETT
Bradley Ingals -	-	EDWARD PAUL, JR.
Grandma Bradley -	-	GERTRUDE CLAIR
Elliott Kimberley -	-	JAMES MARCUS
Dagmar Carroll -	-	ESTHER RALSTON
Noel Derby -	-	Z. WALL COVINGTON

Narrated by permission from the Famous-Lasky film of the same title.

beside the fire and looked at each other. There was mockery in the streamers across the room and the holly above the pictures.

Grandma Bradley set her lips and folded her arms. Mrs. Ingals sighed in her gentle way. But Ingals himself was still thinking of his letter of resignation.

"I suppose I was a fool to write like that," he said. "I should have let the fit of temper pass. Heaven knows what we are going to do now. I wonder if I've time to stop Brad? Are they out of the street yet?"

"Let him go, dear," said his wife. "Let your letter be posted. I would

not wish it otherwise. You will find some more honourable occupation soon, rest assured. I don't want you to stay with those plotters and grafters any longer. It is better for all of us that you should be away."

"Sense is coming into the family after all!" Grandma Bradley broke in. "Though whether sense on its own will feed the family remains to be seen. Well, I suppose I'd better be going."

"No, stay and have some supper here," said Ingals hastily. "Mother and I are just going to—to have a little walk and see the Christmas shops. Stay here. Wait for us."

"Very well. Anything you like. Thank the Lord that I'm obliging, at all events." And Grandma Bradley settled herself down once more in front of the fire.

Presently her daughter and her son-in-law had gone, and she was left to her thoughts. These, whatever their nature, occupied her for a quarter of an hour; then suddenly she rose and went to the telephone.

First she called Hugh at Dagmar Carroll's home.

"That Hugh?" she asked.

"Yes," came Hugh's voice in reply. "Grandma Bradley speaking. Come home at once, will you?"

"What—"

"I didn't tell you to ask questions. I told you to come home. Come home!"

And then she got on to the Sherriman house and delivered a similar stern command to Brad and Lois.

Within twenty minutes they had returned, Hugh bringing Dagmar with him. There was an anxious look on every face but Grandma Bradley's. On hers was only a very firm look indeed.



"What's all that rubbish?" asked Grandma Bradley. "I'm making a frock for Lois," said Mrs. Ingals, meekly.



Hugh looked at Dagmar.
"I've a good-sized sum saved
up for our wedding, old girl. If—"

"What's wrong?" Hugh asked.

"Everything," said the old lady.
"Sit down."

"But—"

"I said sit down. For mercy's sake,
do it!" Grandma Bradley snapped.

Feeling crushed, they all sat.

"Now," said Grandma Bradley.

She pointed to the decorations.

"You see these? They're there for
your homecoming—the homecoming
that you've so very politely dodged.
Your mother and father, instead of
taking part in that homecoming, are
walking the streets, looking on at
Christmas in other houses—getting a
kind of reflection of Christmas, at
second-hand.

"Now, don't start in to talk. I'm
going to do the talking, and plenty of
it. It may interest you to learn that
your father has left his post at the
Council offices, and is, at the present
moment out of a situation. It may
interest you. On the other hand, it
may not."

She glared at them scornfully, and
then proceeded.

"That tomfooling wreck of a car
that you came here in to-night, Brad.
You got that money out of your
father by a mean trick. But your
father didn't get it by a mean trick.
He borrowed it honestly.

"Borrowed it," Brad gasped.

"Borrowed it," the old lady re-
peated. "Do you imagine he grew it,
or that Santa Claus threw it at him.
He didn't have it so he borrowed it—
for you to fritter away. Anything to
say?"

"When—when did father lose
his post?"

"He didn't lose it. He resigned.
He resigned in that letter that you
posted for him."

"Oh!"

"Oh! Oh what? What's the
matter with you this time?"

"I—I forgot to post it."

"Really?" The old lady fixed her
glasses and glared at him afresh. "Of
course, you would. You're the finest
set of forgetters that ever drew breath,
I should think."

She rose.

"Well, there you are. I thought it
my duty to acquaint you with the facts.
I don't suppose you'll like 'em. I hope
they hurt you a bit. I'm going home
now, and I'm leaving you to think
things over. In my younger days, you
wouldn't have been talked to. You'd
have been kicked. But my kicking
days are over. I'll leave you to it.
Something seems to be up to you."

She stamped out of the house, and was
careless as to the manner in which
she let the door close.

After her departure, the temperature
of the Ingal's house fell with
astonishing suddenness.

For some moments, no one could
think of anything pithy to say, and
silence reigned. Then Brad looked up
and caught Hugh's eye.

"The old dame's right, of course,"
he said bitterly.

Hugh nodded.

"If I can help—" said Lois and
Dagmar simultaneously.

"We all can help," said Hugh.

"How?"

Hugh looked at Dagmar.

"I've a good-sized sum saved up for
our wedding, old girl. If—"

"Of course," said Dagmar without
hesitation.

"And Lois and I could pack up col-
lege and set out and find something
profitable to do."

"Good old Brad!"
cried Lois. "College is a
messy old place, anyway.
And—I say!"

"Hallo?"

"You could sell the
car!"

"I doubt it," said Brad,
ruefully.

They carried on their
debate for at least half
an hour, and by the time
the elder Ingals had re-
turned from their walk,
the proposals of the
younger generation were
cut and dried and ready
to be presented.

The joy that followed
was a veritable storm of
joy. Hugh went so far
as to embrace Dagmar in
public, and Brad held the
mistletoe over his sister's
head while Mr. Ingals
kissed her.

Mrs. Ingals feeling that
she could no longer keep
the tears back if she con-
tinued to look on, went

into the kitchen and gave orders as to
the goose. And then, suddenly into
the happy reunion came Grandma
Bradley once more, and Noel Derby.

"I ran into Noel on the avenue,"
she said, interrupting the kissing.
"He's been telling me about that
business you looked at with him, Ber-
nard. The business you can't take
a share in, because of the way
the younger generation buys alleged
motor-cars and things."

Bernard Ingals stared.

"Well, you can thank your lucky
stars folks weren't such fools with
their money when I was young," the
old lady snapped. "I saved mine.
I'm going to give some of it to Noel.
to buy that partnership for you for a
Christmas present."

She folded her arms and glared at
them.

"And I hope that all this will be a
lesson to all of you," she concluded.
"Lord knows you need one badly."

"Everything is lovely now, and the
goose hangs high," said her son-in-
law, happily. "I was wondering, half
an hour ago, if we'd have to sell it.
But now—"

"But now I'll have to be going
again," said Grandma Bradley.

"Oh no, you don't," said Mr. Ingals.
"Here we all are, and here we're going
to stay, this time. Noel, you'll stay,
too?"

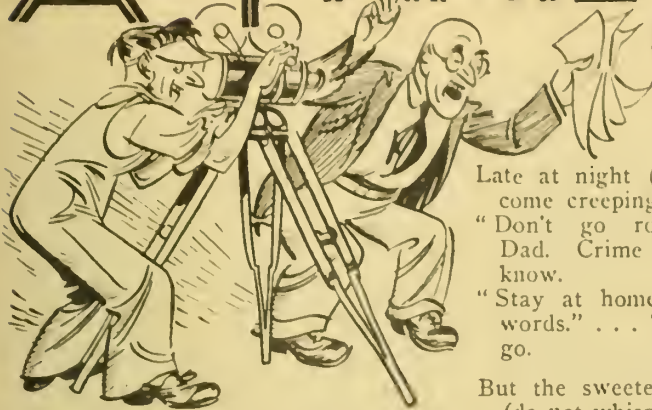
"And drink to the success of the
new firm? Rather," said Noel Derby.

"Well, while you're pouring out the
wine for the rest of 'em," said
Grandma Bradley, pointedly, "You
might save a glass of raspberry syrup
for me."

And they didn't tell her. So per-
haps she did think it was raspberry
wine. Though she did suspiciously
declare that raspberry syrup had never
made her feel so merry before.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

by W.A. WILLIAMSON



The pedagogue will break the rules that he to pupils teaches,

The parson doesn't practise all the precepts that he preaches;
The doctor dare not drink himself the medicines he mixes,
The cobbler works in shabby shoes though soling costs him nixes.

For such is human nature when there's anything at stake,
Advice is easy stuff to give but very hard to take.

So lend me your attention and I'll tell to you the story
Of Curly-Headed Beppo and the Deed that Won Him Glory.

This Curly-Headed Beppo was the Movie's Wonder Child;
A hundred parted couples on the screen he'd reconciled,



With his pretty childish prattle and his lips like Cupid's bow
He would train his movie parents in the way that they should go.

When the wife left home at midnight, heedless of her husband's prayers
Little Beppo (in his nightie) would come tripping down the stairs.
"Mummy, darling, stay with Daddy, or his loving heart will grieve,
Do not leave us, Mummy darling," ...
Tableau—Mother didn't leave.

To his rich and crusty grandpa whose address he'd somehow found
He would rush off (in pyjamas) when the snow was on the ground.
"Daddy's poorly. Got no money. Doctor says it's such a shame.
"Come and buy him wine an' chicken!" ...
Tableau—Grandpa always came.

If his Daddy was a burglar, Little Beppo didn't care

Late at night (in combinations) he'd come creeping down the stair,
"Don't go robbing safes to-night, Dad. Crime is wicked don't you know.
"Stay at home and do your cross-words." ... Tableau—Daddy didn't go.

But the sweetest sight in screenland (do not whisper it in Gath),
Was a glimpse of Little Beppo blowing bubbles in his bath.
Even Cupid, son of Venus, though with loveliness he shone,



Hadn't anything on Beppo when our Bep had nothing on.

Lots of papers printed columns on our hero's private life

"At home he's just the same sweet child, an enemy of strife.

"With his winning little manners very speedily he ends

"All the bickerings and quarrels of his family and friends."

"His father and his mother are a model married pair.

"They never dream of worry and they have no thought of care.

"Most people find a lot of things to harass and upset 'em,

"But Beppo's parents never fret, their cherub will not let 'em."

But the serpent came to Eden, snakish plotting to commence
When Beppo landed home one day the atmosphere was tense.



For mother she had bobbed her hair which father didn't like
And just as Beppo rushed inside, his hand was raised to strike.

The scene was reminiscent of our hero's big success.

"A little child shall lead them" when (attired in bathing dress),

He ran in to save his mother from the stigma of a blow,



"Would you strike a woman, Daddy?" ... Tableau—Would he? Could he? NO.

Here was drama, tense, pulsating, for the real eclipsed the reel
How did Little Beppo take it? What emotions did he feel?
Would he play a scene stupendous as he'd played it oft before
'Midst the flash of glaring arclights on a movie studio floor?

Not exactly. Little Beppo, with his hands upon his hips,
Whilst a whacking black Corona dangled from those ruby lips
Gurgled "Hell! I say young Jimmy, what's the big idea to-night?"



You can cut that stuff instanter, there ain't gonna be no fight.

"Here I slave from night till morning putting over baby stuff
Patching other people's quarrels and I've had about enough.
I'm the boss of this caboodle, and you take my word as law.
Lay a finger on my daughter and I'll slosh you on the jaw."

"Lizzie, kiss your little hubby, don't you pull no tears on me.
Ain't I told the papers plenty we're a happy family?"

Just you promise you'll quit fightin', for the sake of Baby Bill,"

And his son-in-law and daughter answered, "Sorry, Dad, we will."

Little Beppo smiled upon them, as he murmured "Attaboy."

And went bounding up the staircase with his face alight with joy.

For the sweetest sight he knew of (do not whisper it in Gath),

Was his little baby grandson blowing bubbles in his bath.

My Christmas

Although this party was such stuff as dreams are made of it proved a big success.

"What would you like for a Christmas present?"

That annual question, so glibly, so kindly asked, so hardly answered! You don't know—you can't think—your brain stands still—and at last you blurt out some trivial thing that you don't want at all, or some very treasured thing that you, and you alone, can really choose aright.

At least, that is what happens to me. And last year I made up my mind

to take no risks. I knew what I wanted, and I was going to give it to myself, just to make sure.

I would give myself a party of all the film shadows that I loved; a party where all the good things that hadn't happened on the real screen would come true at last; a jolly party to which only my friends were invited, where they would stay just as long as I wanted to look at them, and dress in the costumes of my dreams.

It took me a long time to arrange a suitable place for the evening's entertainment. I thought at first of hiring Lionel Barrymore's vac. hall from *Enemies of Women*, or Virginia Valli's old house from *Siege*, and I confess that for quite a time I played with the idea of receiving my guests in the imposing palaces of *Forbidden Paradise*. But on second thoughts I decided in favour of something more intimate and homelike, and in the end persuaded the complacent Menjou to lend me the pleasant series of rooms—he tells me I should call it an apartment—which were his home in *A Kiss in the Dark*.

Getting Chaplin and the Fairbankes here was a great tussle, for they are great home-birds, and had plans of their own for celebrating Christmas night. However, they promised and, punctual to the hour they came—exemplary!

Mary would not play hostess, as I asked her. She insisted that Pola Negri, in her shimmering Czarina gown, would look far more ornamental at the head of the long table.

From top: Little Mary Philbin as a sweet and simple vamp. Charlie had his fiddle. Stroheim directed Priscilla Dean in a powerful *Grand Guignol* picture. Pola Negri was there—and so, of course, was Lubitsch.



Present To Me

— YVONNE DYSART —

Mary herself was in short skirts and a pinafore, with her curls down her back and a smudge on her nose. Doug wore his Spanish costume from *Don Q.*, Barrymore was a black Hamlet, John Gilbert more picturesque than I had even remembered in the old sea-faring costume of *Monte Cristo*.

Irene Rich swept in, among a crowd, with Holbrook Blinn as we saw them in *Rosita*. Ben Lyon sported the uniform of the Foreign Legion. Menjou and Ronald Colman were in evening kit, sharing some joke or other with a ragged Torrence, and in a corner was Harold Lloyd, looking a little shy and schoolboyish without his spectacles, his face lighting up when Reginald Denny hailed him from across the room and came to sit down beside him. Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin, with their wives, looked on solemnly at the feast.

There were healths drunk, and stories told, many speeches, lots of jokes. As the meal went on, more and more guests drifted in. The rooms filled. Charlie got out his fiddle. Menjou had a saxophone, and Viola Dana called out that she was an expert with the ukulele. Torrence, who is a trained pianist, volunteered to conduct the band if someone would rig up an impromptu screen at the end of the dining room and give us an original film entertainment.

And it *was* original, too.

First came a satirical comedy made in Lubitsch's best manner, with Raymond Griffith and Louise Fazenda as an estranged couple, little Mary Philbin as a sweet and simple vamp—for Lubitsch would be the first to recognize that the vamps of real life aren't all black, and lustrous, and languid—and Valentino as the snake in Eden.

Then there was a Russian drama of Sjostrom's, showing the clash of wills between two fiery aristocrats, Mary Alden and Nazimova, with young William Collier and Norma Shearer as the pawns in the game.

A powerful Grand Guignol picture followed, with Stroheim directing Priscilla Dean.

Chaplin came after, in a tragic sequence.

And then there was a drab little small-town business story of Clarence Brown's, with Mary Pickford as a kind of "Dearest" of the shops, and the one and only Barrymore as a blind man who loves her.

And there was Leatrice Joy as Cinderella.

And Charles Rosher, prince of

camera-men, photographed them all.

After the performance was over—and it took a long, long while and no time at all, so fascinating was every minute of it—there were games, and dancing, and more music, and then we all crammed into sleighs and tore off, with much shouting and jingling of bells, across the Christmas snow until dawn began to break.

It was the happiest Christmas night I have ever spent, such a Christmas present as nobody else could give me—and cost me not a penny.



Little Fariha and beautiful Nazimova were among the jolly party.



Mary was there in short skirts and a pinafore, while Rin-Tin-Tin looked solemnly around.

The Joy of

How Fortune's favourites

A wag once computed that nine-tenths of the population of the world wanted something for nothing and the remaining one-tenth already had it. If that is true, then any motion picture player of the least prominence stands ready to tell where the nine-tenths who haven't got it apply first to get it. They just sit down and write a little note to the man or woman they have seen on the screen last night, and the tenor of the note always is, "I have no money and you have lots, so be a good fellow and send me a few thou."

Perhaps it is the impudence of so many of these notes from grown-up human beings, who should know better, that makes numbers of motion picture people prefer to give to those who cannot make demands—to children. For, though all of them hand out large sums for general charities, they each have their special charity, one which particularly touches their sympathies.

Mary Pickford is one of the greatest and most modest givers, and prefers to give to and for children. It is said that the reason for Mary's low income tax was the reduction which she was permitted to make for charity. Some time ago she started the Good Cheer Fund for crippled and bed-ridden and orphan children which raised ten thousand dollars in one year, by contributing thousands of her photographs, which were sold to fans for a nominal sum. She always heeds requests for money to children's homes. At one time she even investigated cases of needy families with children, but stopped that as much too harrowing after an incident in New York.

She and Douglas Fairbanks, who always co-operates in her charities, had set out in a small closed car to make personal visits to the One Hundred Neediest cases that are printed at Christmas time in a New York paper. There was one family in Little Italy with three youngsters all deformed in



Above: Once a vaudevillian himself, Buster Keaton specialises in vaudeville players down on their luck. Right: Harold Lloyd in Hollywood is known as a discoverer of needy old ladies.



Above: All the money sent to Mary Pickford for photographs goes to children's charities.

Right: Jackie Coogan has given a great deal of help to the American Near East Fund.



GIVING ^{By} CATHERINE BRODY

help the unsuccessful.

some way, who sneaked into their corners and warily refused even the food brought by Miss Pickford.

"The lady won't hurt you," said the interpreter encouragingly, "why, it's Mary Pickford!"

Though it had never failed before, this didn't bring a glimmer of recognition from the children. It was found that not only had they never been to a movie, but they hadn't even been out of their tenement room since the mother and father, who both worked, had come to America. They wouldn't touch anything until the visitors were going out of the door. Then they reached out their long, bony fingers furtively for the food. Mary wept, and since then she has done her charity work through organisations.

In Hollywood, Harold Lloyd is known as a discoverer of old women. He manages to find room for at least one old woman in each of his pictures and work for many others around the studio.

Norma Talmadge's pet charity is the Bide-a-Wee home for animals, homes for cats and dogs, and

societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Once, when Norma produced at the East 48th Street Studios in New York, she saw a dog belonging to one of the poor children in the neighbourhood run over, and she has never forgotten the agony which dumb animals may suffer and their entire helplessness in distress. In that case, she rushed out of her



Above: Norma Talmadge's pet charity is a "Bide-a-wee" home for animals.



Above: Edna Murphy is a friend of the extra girls, to whom she gives money for make-up, etc. Below: Down-at-heel tramps find a warm corner in the heart—and pocket—of Lew Cody.

car, had the dog brought to the studio, and 'phoned for her own veterinary.

The thing Lew Cody can never do, he says, is pass one of those old, red-nosed, dilapidated individuals who warm themselves over gratings on winter streets, in other words, loafers.

"And I don't care even if they're fakes," he says defiantly. "I like 'em."

Buster Keaton specialises in vaudeville players down on their luck, and Jackie Coogan spent about \$40,000 to make his collection trip for the children of the Near East. This trip is said to have brought the Near East Relief over half a million dollars.



Above: There are several societies for maimed children in Los Angeles which know Mae Murray as a visitor and frequent hostess of merry parties.



Granville and his Scotch Angel.

by JOSIE P LEDERER

Did you know there were any Scotch angels?

Neither did I.

I thought they were all journalists.

More than half the denizens of Fleet Street are Scotch, but then, would they feel comfortable in Heaven? I doubt it.

"Come out to Belleville to-night," boomed Fred Granville's enormous voice over the 'phone the day I arrived in Paris. "We're doing some double-exposure stuff for *The Cradle of God*, and I'll personally introduce you to my Scotch angel, and Job, Isaac, and a whole lot of other Biblical ginks."

So, at nine-thirty, I timidly tiptoed into the huge Gaumont atelier at Belleville, and found myself surrounded by sections and scions of the Old Testament.

Not to speak of "Mike," as "Granny" Granville unceremoniously and disrespectfully called the Archangel Michael. He, complete with flaming sword nearly as big as himself, greeted me like an old friend in the voice of Malcolm Tod.

On the set, which represented a cavernous ruin in Jerusalem, were assembled also "Abraham" (Signoret), "Isaac" (Henri Baudin) and "Jacob" (Paul Vibert); "Job" (André Nox), "John Powers" (Leon Mathot), Annette Benson, her film father and mother, Jimmy Rogers and his camera, umpteen studio hands, Fred Granville, and Dr. Stefan Markus, of Markus Productions, the author of the story.

Quoth Malcolm Tod, who looked a good deal like "Siegfried," only not so blonde, "Granny has been trying to film me putting the fear of the Lord into Mathot since about five o'clock to-day. Something goes wrong every time, and now he's run out of language and celluloid, so we're waiting for a fresh supply."

"I'll shoot it to-night, if I have to work till morning," vowed Granville, as he prepared for another attempt.

This time it looked as if it was going to be all right.

Mathot as "Powers" walked wonderingly up to a pair of gates which opened by themselves, along some steps to a curtained recess, which also opened without hands, disclosing an old parchment.

This he tried to grasp, but recoiled

Anything may happen in the movies—even Scottish Angels.

with a fearful cry and rushed away from the spot.

"He's supposed to see me, and this," said Malcolm Tod, brandishing his tinsel sword.

Then they put the angel, through his paces and he glared at nothing with an extremely truculent stare which made everybody laugh.

The next stage in the proceedings was a "lights" and "counts" rehearsal.

Five men armed with five Kleigs had to switch them all on at once at a given signal.

Each action of the actors was done to counts, and at the words "Five *Lumières!*" Granville wanted a blaze of light to coincide with the vision of "Michael."

All went well till the actual filming. Then I decided that I'd sooner sweep a crossing for my living than be a film producer.

The first time (and each time meant a double set of action, remember), three lights went on and two didn't.

Granville looked at me and said very little, considering.

The next time there were no lights forthcoming, though everyone present yelled "*Lumières!*" for all they were worth.

The third time they actually switched them on to time and then, from nowhere in particular, a man in a blue blouse appeared and strolled unconcernedly clean across the set and right in front of the camera.

Granville then lifted up his voice and the intruder wept.

Honestly one couldn't blame "Granny."

It was nearly eleven o'clock and I tried to cheer them up a bit with a copy of the current PICTUREGOER.

Granville, in that gigantic voice of his, which rivals George Jackley's apologised profusely.

Malcolm Tod said he'd learned four absolutely new ones, and sent out for a bottle of wine to celebrate the event.

Then I went on a tour of inspection with "Granny" and saw the beginnings of Solomon's Temple, a magnificent set, also the Wall of Lamentation, where a big crowd scene had been made that day.

All the exteriors were filmed in Jerusalem, the Biblical incidents, though, were to be made in the studios.

"Granny" showed me some gorgeous out of door scenes, sunsets, etc., he had made, and of course the inevitable camels. He explained that all the best-known French film stars
(Continued on page 81.)

Below: Fred Granville and Malcolm Tod
—The Scotch Angel!





Flora le Breton

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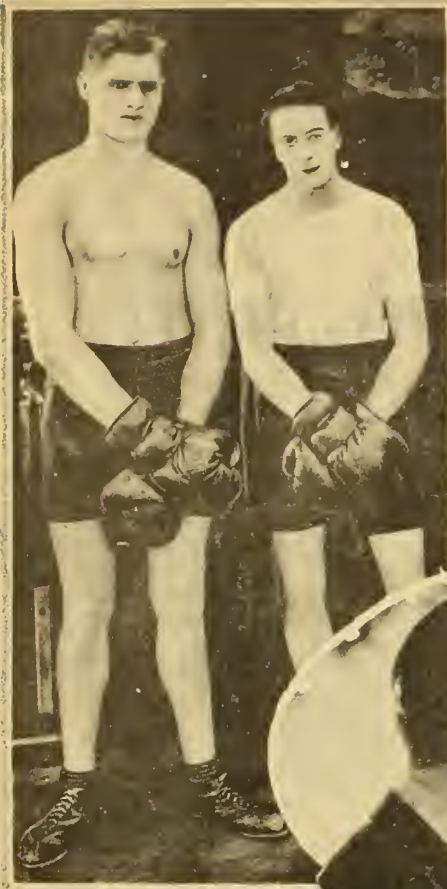
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Pep & Personality



Above: Jack and his sparring partner. Right: With Betty Faire in "Bulldog Drummond's Third Round."

'You've gotta give 'em something to remember you by,' and Jack is taking no chances.

has a subtle pathos underlying much of his work. It is this pathos that comes uppermost in his recently completed Gaumont film, *Settled Out of Court*, and in *The Happy Ending*, both of which pictures have proved him a really finished film actor, far above the average. But it is comedy, pure and simple, that he brings to bear upon the role of "Bulldog Drummond" in the Astra-National film, *Bulldog Drummond's Third Round*.

cheek and a gleam in his eye—knocks out villains like so many ninepins, until a blow on the head from a heavy vase, in the hands of the spirited little villainess (Juliette Compton) checks his activities for an hour or so. He is the kind of hero who, you know perfectly well, will smile his way through every kind of desperate situation and always come out on top in the end.

Bulldog Drummond's Third Round is not a good film, from the point of view of production, and it calls for none of the subtlety of which the star's previous films have shown him capable but it is excellent fun—and that's something that can't be said for many a technically perfect picture. Nobody will be bored by it, although those who have expected to see a really thrilling melodrama may be a little puzzled.

Jack Buchanan's refreshing breeziness, the light-hearted spirit in which he plays his part, makes this picture something worth seeing, and one has the impression that he is thoroughly enjoying it all.

It is the last picture Buchanan made, before he sailed to America, where he is appearing with Charlot's Revue. If it was meant to serve as something to keep him in the minds of the British Public, while he is across the herring pond, then it is certainly a happy reminder, for it reflects his own inimitable personality in every reel.

It makes one hope that he will carry out the intention he expressed, some time ago, and launch into the production of film comedies himself after he returns to England.

E.E.B.

Two good examples of Jack Buchanan's pep as shown in his latest film.



The prospects of the British screen, we are told, are really beginning to look brighter. Personally, I'm not at all surprised, for hasn't Jack Buchanan been putting in some overtime in front of the camera, in between his musical comedy and revue work, and is there a stage or a screen in the world that Jack wouldn't brighten by his presence thereon?

His first stage appearance was made at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, in 1912, and in September of the same year he was playing in London at the Apollo, in "The Grass Widows." Since then he has numbered amongst his musical comedy and revue appearances such marked successes as "Tonight's the Night," "Bubbly," "Round the Map," "Tails Up," "Wild Geese," "Bran Pie," "Battling Butler," and others in which his inimitable personality gave him a niche all to himself in musical comedy and revue fame.

It was not until 1923 that he decided to make his first picture, *Squire the Audacious*, and stepped from the atmosphere of the footlights to that of the Klieg lights with debonair assurance. Since then his all too few screen appearances have been hailed with enthusiasm by those who have seen him.

Comedy, of course, is his metier, but like most really great comedians he



The sturdy hero of "Sapper's" creation becomes, in Jack Buchanan's person, a musical comedy Drummond. He might be "Toni," who has danced his way straight from the footlights to face the camera. He meets adventure with his tongue in his





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Alma in Wonderland

An interesting article, proving that a woman's place is not always in the home.

A man glancing at a passing girl observes that she is pretty, attractive, or ugly as the case may be, but a woman, obtaining the same fleeting glance, will be able to describe with terrible exactitude every garment she was wearing, how long she has had them, of what material they were made, where they were bought and at what cost.

Women, who comprise the vast majority of picturegoers, subject every screen play they see to this swift and unerring scrutiny. "If the heroine really did that rough house-work," they say, "she could never have kept her finger-nails in such perfect condition." "Don't tell me that girl is rich, why—you could buy her vanity bag at the bargain counter of a fifth-rate emporium!"

Were man, even if he be a high and mighty film director, cannot hope to escape the lash of feminine criticism, unless he has as his assistant a super-woman, whose eye is sharper than an eagle's, whose patience is greater than Job's, whose staying-power is such that it makes the labours of Hercules look like golf as played by an obese retired chartered accountant!

There is only one such girl in England, and (on the principal that all good things are done up in little packets) she is only four foot eleven and, having bobbed hair, could travel half fare on any railway, were she not too rich to be tempted to cheat even a railway company by passing as under fourteen.

Little Alma Reville is nothing like as unsophisticated as she looks, as some tough film guys have discovered to their cost. A glance at her past career explains why she to-day occupies so unique a position in European films.

When sixteen, Alma suffered, in common with every girl of that age, from a bad attack of filmitis. This disease must not be confused with flicker mania, the chief symptom of which is a wild desire to become a leading lady, and can be cured by three days' work in a film crowd, after haunting the agents' offices for three years.

Filmitis is far more deadly—in fact, incurable. It feeds upon scenarios, the glare of arc lamps, the click of the camera, and the snip-snip of the editing scissors. It is technical rather than emotional, it organises, it shoulders responsibility, it ends in the patient becoming either a film director or the inmate of a lunatic asylum.



Above: Alma directing a picture with Norman Kerry as the leading man. Right: A fine study of this youthful director



In the days of the old London Film company, Alma entered Wonderland, the result of a deep laid conspiracy between her father and Harold Shaw, the famous producer. The latter assured the distraught parent that he would effect a magical cure by dumping the head-strong child in the Editing department, which is where films are cut and joined, and which is far apart from all the supposed glamour and excitement of the studio itself.

There, to their surprised dismay, Alma remained as happy as a child with a new toy, and by the time Harold Shaw returned to America, she had reached a technical proficiency so expert that she was entrusted with the cutting of the actual negatives, which represented the expenditure of many tens of thousands of pounds.

Director succeeded director. George Loane Tucker, after making a brilliant cycle of films, returned to America to direct *The Miracle Man*, and to die, and Maurice Elvey was left

to carry on. It was he who realised that Alma's technical talents were being wasted in the laboratories, and who transposed her to the studio as his floor secretary.

And now the girl's true film sense and feminine critical faculty had full scope. Always smiling, calm and efficient, her aptitude to assume successfully those heavy responsibilities which fall upon those grouped round the director, soon led her to get a further promotion and she became second assistant director.

It was in this capacity that she joined Lasky's British producing unit, and during the pictures made by George Fitzmaurice and Donald Crisp she followed the camera into nearly every country in Europe. These journeys abroad continued after Lasky having ceased to produce in England, she joined Michael Balcon and Graham Cutts, and worked on such pictures as *Woman to Woman*, *The Passionate Adventure*, and *The Blackguard*.

With the extension of Michael Balcon's film activities came her latest step up the ladder of film fame. When under his auspices Alfred Hitchcock set out for Munich to make that costly and elaborate production *The Pleasure Garden*, Alma went also, but this time in the capacity of chief Assistant Director.

During this production she crossed Europe alone to meet Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty at Cherbourg, and conducted them to Paris to buy dresses for the picture, and then on to Lake Como, where Alfred Hitchcock had already commenced the taking of the film.

There remains but two deadly secrets to be told to complete this study of a young girl still in the middle twenties. The first is that she possesses (but never wears) a pair of horn-rimmed glasses; the second that she has never had time to get married!



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The Art of Ian Keith

Ian Keith has discovered the kinema; when will the kinema discover Ian Keith?

And who, in the name of all art, is Ian Keith?

Where have we seen him? What parts has he played?

These are the questions that I expect nine out of every ten of the readers who come upon this title to ask, almost before they know that the questions are out of their mouth. But the tenth reader, who has seen *Her Love Story* and *My Son* and *Enticement*, and remembers the tall, romantic figure with the clean-cut profile and the sensitive hands, will, I think, understand my title well enough. For the tenth reader I write this study.

Ian Keith is a comparative newcomer to the motion picture world. He was a stage actor when Gloria Swanson saw him and persuaded him to play a part with her in *Manhandled*. He has made less than half a dozen pictures, and has seldom been billed outside the theatres, let alone starred. But in every film in which he has appeared his has been the life, and the spirit, and the romance, of the production.

I first saw him myself in *Her Love Story*, as Gloria's dashing soldier husband. I was bored hopelessly by a Mormon feature in which everyone showed his Mormonism by making horrid faces. But as soon as Ian Keith appeared on the screen I sat up as if I had been shot. Here was something very new, very strong, very telling; the most original and engrossing personality that had come my way since Goetzke.

I made a mental note of Ian Keith, and waited.

I saw his name nowhere.

I heard of no film in which he was playing.

And then one day I dropped into a picture-house to see Nazimova in *My Son*, and was greeted on the screen by a familiar figure in the rig of a Portuguese fisherman, a familiar face under the brave tasselled cap. The supporting players in this film were billed as Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett, but the player who backed Nazimova



Above: Ian Keith as Gloria Swanson's soldier husband in "Her Love Story." Below: With Gloria Swanson in "Manhandled."



Above: Ian Keith, with Alla Nazimova in "My Son," in which he scored a great success.

as a trained ballet master does his partner, was none but Ian Keith.

I have only seen Ian Keith once again, but that was in a part that sticks in my memory as a little masterpiece. The film was *Enticement*. The star was Mary Astor. The leading man was Clive Brook. The triumph was Keith's.

And what is the secret?

Frankly I do not quite know.

It is not his technique nor his movements only, though both are full of a ripening power. It is something in the man's personality that will out. A dominant personality, so strong that it can show itself in a level of quite unusual gentleness.

To my mind, Ian Keith could make or break the romantic kinema between those expressive hands of his to-morrow.

But the kinema doesn't know—yet.

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Merton of the Movies

HARRY LEON WILSON

This enthralling serial commenced in the February issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Department.

The selected types were now herded into a dark, narrow, low-ceilinged room with a divan effect along its three walls. A grizzled Arab made coffee over a glowing brazier. Merton Gill sat cross-legged on the divan and became fearful that he would be asked to smoke the nargileh which the assistant director was now preparing. To one who balked at mere cigarettes, it was an evil-appearing device. His neighbour who had been puzzled at prayer-time now hitched up his flowing robe to withdraw a paper of cigarettes from the pocket of a quite occidental garment.

"Go on, smoke cigarettes," said the assistant director.

"Have one?" said Merton's neighbour, and he took one. It seemed you couldn't get away from cigarettes on the screen. East and West were here one. He lighted it, though smoking warily. The noble sheikh, of undoubtedly Asiatic origin, came to the doorway overlooking the assistant director's work on the nargileh. A laden camel halted near him, sneered in an evil manner at the bystanders, and then, lifting an incredible length of upper lip, set his yellow teeth in the nearest shoulder. It was the shoulder of the noble sheikh, who instantly rent the air with a plaintive cry: "For the love of Mike!—keep that man-eater off'n me, can't you?"

His accent had not been that of the Arabian waste-land. Merton Gill was disappointed. So the fellow was only an actor, after all. If he had felt any sympathy at all, it would now have been for the camel. The beast was jerked back with profane words and the sheikh, rubbing his bitten shoulder, entered the café, sitting cross-legged at the end of the divan nearest the door.

"All right, Bob." The assistant director handed him the tube of the water pipe, and the sheikh smoked with every sign of enjoyment. Merton Gill resolved never to play the part of an Arab sheikh—at the merey of man-eating camels and having to smoke something that looked murderous.

Under Henshaw's direction the grizzled proprietor now served tiny cups of coffee to the sheikh and his lesser patrons. Two of these played dominoes, and one or two reclined as in sleep. Cameras were brought up. The interior being to his satisfaction, Henshaw rehearsed the entrance of a little band of European tourists. A beautiful girl in sports garb, a beautiful young man in khaki and puttees, a fine old British father with grey side whiskers shaded by a sun-hat with a flowing veil twined about it. These people sat and were served with coffee,

staring in a tourist manner at their novel surroundings. The Bedouins, under stern command, ignored them, conversing among themselves over their coffee—all but the sheikh.

The Sheikh had been instantly struck by the fair young English girl. His sinister eyes hung constantly upon her, shifting only when she regarded him, furtively returning when she ceased. When they left the café, the sheikh arose and placed himself partly in the girl's way. She paused while his dark eyes caught and held hers. A long moment went before she seemed to be able to free herself from the hypnotic tension he put upon her. Then he bowed low, and the girl with a nervous laugh passed him.

It could be seen that the sheikh meant her no good. He stepped to the door and looked after the group. There was evil purpose in his gaze.

Merton Gill recalled something of Henshaw's words the first day he had eaten at the cafeteria: "They find this deserted tomb just at nightfall, and he's alone there with the girl, and he could do anything, but the kick for the audience is that he's a gentleman and never lays a finger on her."

This would be the story. Probably the sheikh would now arrange with the old gentleman in the sun-hat to guide the party over the desert, and would betray them in order to get the beautiful girl into his power. Of course there would be a kick for the audience when the young fellow proved to be a gentleman in the deserted tomb for a whole night—any moving-picture audience would expect him under these propitious circumstances to be quite otherwise, if the girl were as beautiful as this one. But there would surely be a greater kick when the sheikh found them in the tomb and bore the girl off on his camel, after a fight in which the gentleman was momentarily worsted. But the girl would be rescued in time. And probably the piece would be called *Desert Passion*.

He wished he could know the ending of the story. Indeed, he sincerely wished he could work in it to the end, not alone because he was curious about the fate of the young girl in the bad sheikh's power. Undoubtedly the sheikh would not prove to be a gentleman, but Merton: would like to work to the end of the story because he had no place to sleep and but little assurance of wholesome food. Yet this, it appeared, was not to be. Already word had run among the extra people. Those



Glen Hunter
as Merton.

hired to-day were to be used for to-day only. To-morrow the desert drama would unfold without them.

Still, he had a day's pay coming. This time, though, it would be but five dollars—his dress suit had not been needed. And five dollars would appease Mrs. Patterson for another week. Yet what would be the good of sleeping if he had nothing to eat? He was hungry now. Thin soup, ever so plenteously spiced with catsup, was inadequate provender for a working artist. He knew, even as he sat there cross-legged, an apparently self-supporting and care-free Bedouin, that this ensuing five dollars would never be seen by Mrs. Patterson.

There were a few more shots of the café's interior during which one of the inmates carefully permitted his half-consumed cigarette to go out. After that a few more shots of the lively street which, it was now learned, was a street in Cairo. Earnest efforts were made by the throngs in these scenes to give the murderous camel plenty of head room. Some close-ups were taken of the European tourists while they bargained with a native merchant for hammered brassware and rare shawls.

The bad sheikh was caught near the group bending an evil glare upon the beautiful English girl, and once the camera turned while she faced him with a little shiver of apprehension. Later the sheikh was caught bargaining for a camel train with the innocent-looking old gentleman in the sun-hat. Undoubtedly the sheikh was about to lead them into the desert for no good purpose. A dreadful fate seemed to be in store for the girl, but she must be left to face it without the support of Merton Gill.

The lately hired extras were now dismissed. They trooped back to the dressing-room to the little window through which he had received his robe, and his slip was returned to him signed

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by the assistant director. It had now become a paper of value, even to Mrs. Patterson; but she was never to know this, for its owner went down the street to another window and relinquished it for a five-dollar bill.

The bill was adorned with a portrait of Benjamin Harrison smugly radiating prosperity from every hair in his beard. He was clearly one who had never gone hungry nor betrayed the confidence of a society woman counting upon her room rent strictly in advance. The portrait of this successful man was borne swiftly to the cafeteria, where its present owner lavishly heaped a tray with excellent food and hastened with it to a table. He ate with but slight regard for his surroundings. Beulah Baxter herself might have occupied a neighbouring table without coming to his notice at once. He was very hungry. The catsup-laden soup had proved to be little more than an appetiser.

In his first ardour he forgot his plight. It was not until later in the meal that the accusing face of Mrs. Patterson came between him and the last of his stew which he secured with blotters of bread. Even then he ignored the woman. He had other things to think of. He had to think of where he should sleep that night. But for once he had eaten enough; his optimism was again enthroned.

Sleeping, after all, was not like eating. There were more ways to manage it. The law of sleep would in time enforce itself, while eating did nothing of the sort. You might sleep for nothing, but some one had to be paid if you ate. He cheerfully paid eighty cents for his repast. The catsup as an appetiser had been ruinous.

It was late in the afternoon when he left the cafeteria and the cheerful activities of the lot were drawing to a close. Extra people from the various stages were hurrying to the big dressing-room, whence they would presently stream, slips in hand, towards the cashier's window. Belated principals came in from their work to resume their choice street garments and be driven off in choice motor-cars.

Merton Gill in deep thought traversed the street between the big stages and the dressing-rooms. Still in deep thought he retraced his steps, and at the front office turned off to the right on a road that led to the deserted street of the Western town. His head bowed in thought he went down this silent thoroughfare, his footsteps echoing along the way lined by the closed shops. The Happy Days Saloon and Joe—Buy or Sell, the pool-room and the restaurant, alike slept for want of custom. He felt again the eeriness of this desertion, and hurried on past the silent places.

Emerging from the lower end of this street he came upon a log cabin where activity still survived. He joined the group before its door. Inside two cameras were recording some drama of the rude frontier. Over glowing coals in the stone fireplace a beautiful young girl prepared food in a long-handled frying-pan. At a table in the room's centre two bearded miners seemed to be appraising a buckskin pouch of nuggets, pouring them from hand to hand. A candle stuck in a bottle flickered beside them. They were honest, kindly-faced miners, roughly dressed and heavily bearded, but it could be seen that they had hearts of gold. The beautiful young girl, who wore a simple dress of calico, and



Seven o'clock. He was safe. He could dress at leisure, and presently be an early-arriving actor on the Holden lot.

whose hair hung about her face in curls of a radiant buff now served them food and poured steaming coffee from a large pot.

The miners seemed loth to eat, being excited by the gold nuggets. They must have struck it rich that day, Merton Gill divined, and now with wealth untold they would be planning to send the girl East to school. They both patted her affectionately, keeping from her the great surprise they had in store.

The girl was arch with them, and prettily kissed each upon his bald head. Merton at once saw that she would be the daughter of neither; she would be their ward. And perhaps they weren't planning to send her to school. Perhaps they were going to send her to fashionable relatives in the East, where she would unwittingly become the rival of her beautiful but cold-hearted cousin for the hand of a rich young stockbroker, and be ill-treated and long for the old miners, who would get word of it and buy some fine clothes from Joe—Buy or Sell, and go East, to the consternation of the rich relatives, and see that their little mountain flower was treated right.

As he identified this photo-play he studied the interior of the cabin, the rough table at which the three now ate, the makeshift chairs, the rifle over the fireplace, the picks and shovels, the shelf along the wall with its crude dishes, the calico curtain screening off what would be the dressing-room of the little mountain flower. It was a home-like room, for all its roughness. Along one

wall were two bunks, one above the other, well supplied with blankets.

The director, after a final shot of one of the miners being scalded by his coffee which he drank from a saucer, had said, "All right, boys! We'll have the fight first thing in the morning."

Merton Gill passed on. He didn't quite know what the fight would be about. Surely the two miners wouldn't fight. Perhaps another miner of loose character would come along and try to jump their claim, or attempt some dirty work with the little girl. Something like that. He carried with him the picture of the homely little interior, the fireplace with its cooking utensils, the two bunks with their ample stock of blankets—the crude door closed with a wooden bar and a leather latch-string, which hung trustfully outside.

In other circumstances—chiefly those in which Merton Gill had now been the prominent figure in the film world he meant one day to become—he would on this night have undoubtedly won public attention for his mysterious disappearance. The modest room in the Patterson home, to which he had unflinchingly come after the first picture show, on this night went untenanted. The guardian at the Holden gate would have testified that he had not passed out that way, and the way through the offices had been closed at five, subsequent to which hour several witnesses could have sworn to seeing him still on the lot. In the ensuing search even the tank at the lower end of the lot might have been dragged—without result.

Miss Gladys Walton

the popular Universal Star, says:—

"I used not to be particular as to what dentifrice I employed, but since using "Colgate's," I have stuck to it through thick and thin. It so thoroughly cleanses the teeth and whitens them and is so refreshing in use."



COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

It's the outside of a pearl that makes it worth a fortune. What's inside doesn't matter at all.

It's the enamel of your teeth that makes them worth a king's ransom. Keep the enamel free from trouble. Keep it bright with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's cleans teeth the right way. Colgate's washes and polishes and does not scratch or scour the enamel.

LARGE
SIZE

1/-

Why pay
more?



Nothing marked his disappearance, at least nothing that would have been noted by the casual minded. He had simply gone. He was now no more than the long-vanished cowboys and sherriffs and gamblers and petty tradesmen who had once peopled this street of silence and desolation.

A night watchman came walking presently, flashing an electric torch from side to side. He noticed nothing. He was, indeed, a rather imaginative man, and he hoped he would not notice anything. He did not like coming down this ghostly street, which his weak mind would persist in peopling with phantom crowds from long-played picture dramas. He hurried on, flashing his torch along the blind fronts of the shops in a perfunctory manner. He was especially nervous when he came to the corners. And he was glad when he issued from the little street into the wider one that was well lighted.

How could he have been expected to notice a very trifling incongruous detail as he passed the log cabin? Indeed, many a keener-eyed and entirely valorous night watchman might have neglected to observe that the leathern latch-string of the cabin's closed door was no longer hanging outside.

VIII.

Dawn brought the wide stretches of the Holden lot into grey relief. It lightened the big yellow stages and crept down the narrow street of the Western town where only the ghosts of dead plays stalked. It burnished the rich fronts of the Fifth Avenue mansions and in the next block illumined the rough sides of a miner's cabin.

With more difficulty it peeped through the blurred glass of the one window in this structure and lightened the shadows of its interior to a pale grey. The long-handled frying-pan rested on the hearth where the little girl had left it. The dishes of the overnight meal were still on the table; the vacant chairs sprawled about it; and the rifle was in its place above the rude mantel; the picks and shovels awaited the toil of a new day. All seemed as it had been when the director had closed the door upon it the previous night.

But then the blankets in the lower bunk were seen to heave and to be thrust back from the pale face of Merton Gill. An elbow came into play, and the head was raised. A gaze still vague with sleep travelled about the room in dull alarm. He was waking up in his little room at the Patterson house and he couldn't make it look right. He rubbed his eyes vigorously and pushed himself farther up. His mind resumed its broker threads. He was where he had meant to be from the moment he had spied the blankets in those bunks.

In quicker alarm, now, he reached for his watch. Perhaps he had slept too late and would be discovered—arrested, jailed! He found his watch on the floor beside the bunk. Seven o'clock. He was safe. He could dress at leisure, and presently be an early-arriving actor on the Holden lot. He wondered how soon he could get food at the cafeteria. Sleeping in this mountain cabin had cursed him with a ravenous appetite, as if he had indeed been far off in the keen air of the North Woods.

He crept from the warm blankets, and from under the straw mattress—in which

one of the miners had hidden the pouch of nuggets—he took his newly-pressed trousers. Upon a low bench across the room was a battered tin wash-basin, a bucket of water brought by the little girl from the spring, and a bar of yellow soap. He made a quick toilet, and at seven-thirty, a good hour before the lot would wake up, he was dressed and at the door.

It might be chancy, opening that door; so he peered through a narrow crack at first, listening intently. He could hear nothing and no one was in sight. He pushed the latch-string through its hole, then opened the door enough to emit his slender shape.

A moment later, ten feet from the closed door, he stood at ease, scanning the



He could hear nothing and no one was in sight.

log cabin as one who, passing by, had been attracted by its quaint architecture. Then glancing in both directions to be again sure that he was unobserved, he walked away from his new home.

He did not slink furtively. He took the middle of the street and there was a bit of swagger to his gait. He felt rather set up about this adventure. He reached what might have been called the lot's civic centre and cast a patronising eye along the ends of the big stages and the long, low dressing room building across from them. Before the open door of the warehouse he paused to watch a truck being loaded with handsome furniture—a drawing-room was evidently to be set on one of the stages. Rare rugs and beautiful chairs and tables were carefully brought out. He had rather a superintending air as he watched this process.

Now more than pleasantly aware of his hunger, sharpened by the walk in this keen morning air, he made a nonchalant progress towards the cafeteria. Motor-cars were now streaming through the gate, disgorging other actors—trim young men and beautiful young women who must hurry to the dressing-rooms while he could sit at ease in a first-class cafeteria and eat heavily of sustaining foods. Inside he chose from the restricted menu offered by the place at this early hour and ate in a leisurely, almost condescending manner. Half a dozen other early comers wolfed their food as if they feared to be late for work, but he suffered no such anxiety. He consumed the last morsel that his tray held, drained his cup of coffee, and jingled the abundant silver coin in his pocket.

True, underneath it, as he plumed himself upon his adventures, was a certain pestering consciousness that all was not so well with him as observers might guess. But he resolutely put this away each time it threatened to overwhelm him. He would cross no bridge until he came to it. He even combated this undercurrent of sanity by wording part of an interview with himself some day to appear in

Photo Land:

"Clifford Armytage smiled that rare smile which his admirers have found so winning on the silver screen—a smile reminiscent, tender, eloquent of adversities happily surmounted. 'Yes,' he said frankly in the mellow tones that are his, 'I guess there were times when I almost gave up the struggle. I recall one spell, not so many years ago, when I camped informally on the Holden lot, sleeping where I could find a bed and stinting myself in food to eke out my little savings. Yet I look back upon that time—he mischievously pulled the ears of the magnificent Great Dane that lolled at his feet—as one of the happiest in my career, because I always knew that my day would come. I had done only a few little bits, but they had stood out, and the directors had noticed me. Not once did I permit myself to become discouraged, and so I say to your readers who may feel that they have in them the stuff for truly creative screen art—"

He said it, dreaming above the barren tray, said it as Harold Parmalee had said it in a late interview extorted from him by Augusta Blivens for the refreshment of his host of admirers who read *Photo Land*. He was still saying it as he paid his check at the counter, breaking off only to reflect that fifty-five cents was a good deal to be paying for food so early in the day. For of course he must eat again before seeking shelter of the humble miner's cabin.

It occurred to him that the blankets might be gone by nightfall. He hoped they would have trouble with the fight scene. He hoped there would be those annoying delays that so notoriously added to the cost of producing the screen drama.

(Another instalment next month.)

Herbert Rawlinson,
the popular "Universal" Film Star, says:—

"Craven 'A' Cigarettes are incorrectly named. I call them 'A1'—and so do all my friends."

a Splendid Gift!



Where is the man—or woman, either—who would not be delighted to receive this magnificent Gift Casket on Christmas morning?

Resplendent in red and gold, it is in every way worthy of its contents—200 Craven "A" Cigarettes (the famous cork-tipped Virginia cigarettes that are made "specially to prevent sore throats") complete with copper ashtray.

These wonderful ten shilling Caskets will solve the Gift problem of thousands this Christmas—*Let them solve yours!*

Your Tobacconist will supply the Craven 'A' Gift Caskets, but to avoid disappointment you will be wise to order early.



**200
Cabinet
10/-
with Ashtray**

Art for Art's Sake

W.M. C. STONE

The aims and objects of the new Film Society.

which reach a certain aesthetic standard to a limited membership on Sundays, in the same way that plays are shown by the Phoenix and Stage Societies.

It is the intention of the Society to provide a programme of the most lively and varied interest with an appropriate and well-played musical setting; and its hope gradually to raise the artistic standards of the cinema and to

establish a critical tradition.

The membership of the Society will necessarily be adapted to the capacity of the theatre in which the programmes are exhibited. Through the courtesy of the management of the New Gallery, this picture house will be available for the Society's performances, conditional, of course, upon the Council's estimate of probable subscribers being correct.

As far as possible, the first series will be selected from the following films:

RASKOLNIKOV from Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. This film is acted by a Moscow Art Theatre Company, with Grigor Chmara, who played the Christ in I.N.R.I., in the name-part.

NJU. Perhaps the most distinguished achievement in naturalistic acting ever made in Europe, with Jannings and Elizabeth Bergner, who played the Maid in Reinhardt's production of Shaw's *St. Joan*.

THE STONE RIDER with Rudolph Klein-Rogge, who played the name-part in *Dr. Mabuse*.

CINDERELLA in a baroque décor.

THE HOUSE IN THE DRAGON-ERGASSE with Werner Krauss, who played the principal part in *Caligari*.

Revivals of notable films, re-titled and re-edited where necessary. Those already suggested include *Caligari*, *The Street*, *The Golem*, *The Marriage Circle*, and *Greed* in its entirety.

Pioneer films; trick pictures; John Bunny and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedies; early Sennett comedies of the Keystone period.

Fans who wish to take advantage of this opportunity should write for full details to the Secretary, Miss J. M. Harvey, 56, Manchester Street, W.1.

Above: The hero and heroine of "Waxworks" in Russian costume.

While it is true that the movies are, on the whole, better than would appear from the writings of Superior Persons in the lay Press, it is equally true that the average picture is far from being the artistic *tour de force* described in the beautiful synopses issued by enthusiastic distributors.

That a great number of fans are fully alive to the shortcomings of the ordinary film, and would welcome more productions starring such great actors as Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss, the Editor's postbag abundantly proves.

That is why I feel that at least a fair proportion of PICTUREGOER readers will like to hear more about the newly-formed Film Society than has been told in brief paragraphs that have appeared already in the newspapers.

Although it is possible in the course of a year for a member of the ordinary kinema-going public to see such remarkable films as *Warning Shadows*, *Greed*, *The Last Laugh*, and *The Marriage Circle*, at long intervals, and often after considerable difficulty in discovering where and when they may be found, it is not possible, at the present time, for such a person to go during any week in the year into any picture house in England and be sure of finding one film of abiding merit.

The Film Society proposes to remedy this condition by showing films



Right: Emil Jannings gives a remarkable performance as Haroun Al Raschid in "Waxworks."



light feet lightly clad

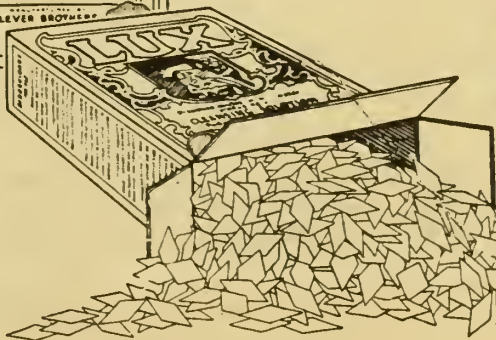
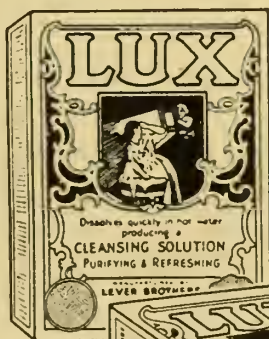
Light stockings are *de rigueur* for the modish woman, but they must be absolutely immaculate, close-fitting and without a crease. Nothing is more slovenly than a loosely-stockinged leg, or twisted mud-splashed hose. The daintiest foot is spoiled if it is not suitably clad. Diaphanous hose appeal to every truly feminine mind, but there is always the problem — how will they wash?

Keep your silk stockings lovely with Lux and wash them very frequently. The lighter and daintier they are, the easier it is to wash them with Lux at home.

Whip Lux in hot water, add cold water

until barely lukewarm, and squeeze the cleansing suds through the stockings. Rinse and rinse again, squeezing without twisting. Ironing is unnecessary, and great heat, wet or dry, is danger to silk fabrics. You will find stockings lose none of their sheen, but retain the pearly transparency which is so attractive; neither will they lose their shape by stretching or shrinking.

Don't accept substitutes for Lux — so-called 'cheap' loose flakes masquerading as Lux. Lux costs a little more than soap but saves its cost many times over. Economise by buying Lux in the big new 10d packet. Lever Brothers Ltd.



The London Holeproof Hosiery Company Ltd., the well-known manufacturers, say: "A pair of silk stockings will last twice as long if you wash them with Lux."



Only in cartons



For dyeing and tinting use Twink—which is Lux in a choice of 24 fashionable shades. In cartons at 4d and 7½d



A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

Little Mary Miggins was a motion picture fan,
The wildest one it's been my lot to meet,
She talked about the movies from the time the day began,
And hardly ever stopped—except to eat.

She'd photos round her bedroom walls of every blessed star
That ever pulled a face upon the screen,
And her sisters and her brothers and her mother and her pa,
Though they did their very best to intervene.

Couldn't get the girl to think about a solitary thing
But the pictures she too blatantly adored—
Until rich old Uncle Benjamin, a well-known sausage king,
Paid a sudden Christmas visit from abroad.

They cautioned little Mary to endeavour to beguile
Her uncle into leaving her the oof,
And accordingly she practised every pretty childish wile,
That had never failed in pictures, on the goof.

She did her hair in corkscrew curls, and donned a pair of socks,
Then gurgled prettily at uncle's feet,
As she'd once seen Gladys Gladeyes, of the famous golden locks,
Do successfully upon the silver sheet.

But, strange as it may seem to you, he simply didn't fall,
As uncles always do upon the screen,
He thought her socks "indecent," didn't like her hair at all,
And asked her "Where the devil she had been

Brought up," with which indignant and annoyed ejaculation,
He bellowed for his hat and for his coat,
Told each gasping, overcome, and too-surprised-to-speak relation,
In no uncertain terms, they "Got his goat."

Since thus poor Mary's faith in movie methods has been broken,
Her parents say she's been a different girl,
Of films and suchlike not a word by her is ever spoken,
And she's going to take up knitting—"plain and purl!"

R. T. (Swansea).

A GREETING.

I'd like to send a message to the stars upon the screen,
To tell them what a blessing and a boon they've always been,
To one poor fan at least, who's watched their films with real delight.

I'd like to have them know how much I love them—every one
They're more than just the stars to me, they've been a bit of sun,
And made my very dullest days appear a little bright.

MARTHA (Bristol).

PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES

[This is your department of PICTUREGOER. In it we deal each month with ridiculous incidents in current film releases. Entries must be made on postcards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. 2/6 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

A Self Filler?

In *The Mad Whirl* the hero, Jack Mulhall, is driving in his car when he is forced to stop, having run out of water. He goes to get some from a church tap when he sees the heroine, May McAvoy. He forgets all about the water and goes for a walk with her. About half an hour later they return and, getting into the same car, he drives off immediately. We presume that the car had filled itself in the meanwhile!

M. G. (Liverpool).

How Did He Know?

In *A Sainted Devil* Rudolph Valentino is to be married. Following the old Argentine customs, he only sees his bride a few times before the marriage. She is seen unpacking her dresses and Nita Naldi takes a fancy to a Paris gown and unknown to anyone, dons it. She meets Valentino who says "What are you doing in Juletta's gown?" As it had only just been unpacked, and his bride was a stranger to him, how did he know it was hers?

D. S. (Ealing).

Perhaps He Carried One for Emergencies!

Edmund Lowe in *Marriage in Transit* sets out on a secret service expedition. He doubles for a certain Thomas Holden, to regain a secret letter of their code. When he arrives at the house of the real Thomas Holden's fiancée he finds her in wedding dress. To save her from marrying the real Thomas Holden he goes through the ceremony. From where did he get the wedding ring?

H. M. (Hackney Wick).

An Old Hat Trick!

In the film *On the Stroke of Three* Kenneth Harlan takes Madge Bellamy to her home and kisses her good-night. He is then wearing a straw hat but when he returns to his waiting car he is seen wearing a trilby. We've heard of the magic of love, but we didn't know a kiss could have quite such a powerful effect!

L. L. (New Malden).

Not in the Bible!

In *The Shepherd King* we see the marriage of "Michael" and "David," which takes place after the death of "Jonathan." According to the bible the marriage took place *before* "Jonathan" died.

A. V. B. (Clifton).

Miss SIGRID HOLMQUIST

the beautiful young Swedish Star, who played so successfully in "Just Around the Corner" and "School for Wives" (Vitagraph), writes:—

"My Swan Pen is one of my most valued possessions. I have used it regularly now for several years and it is still as good as when new. It does not need shaking to induce it to work, but the ink flows readily directly the tip touches the paper—and not otherwise!"



"SWAN" PENS

There will be none to deny that a handsome presentation "Swan" Pen is about as nice a Christmas, New Year's or Birthday gift as man or woman can desire. It is not like so many things—just opened, admired and laid away. It will be put to practical use every day for years to come, and its first message will be a grateful acknowledgment of the giver's thought and taste.

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Self-Filling "Swans" from 15/-. Standard "Swans" from 10/6. Catalogue post free.

MABIE, TODD & Co., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Branches: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2, and at 3,

Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Brussels, Zurich,
Barcelona, Sydney and Cape Town.



Christmas shopping should be a pleasure, not a burden; readers who take Ruth Roland's advice will be pleased with the result—and so will their friends.

“Shop Early,” should be the slogan of everyone who wants Christmas to be a universal holiday. Too many people leave their Christmas purchases until about half an hour before the shops are due to shut on Christmas Eve, judging by the storms of women one sees charging into all the big stores at that time.

It is a poor policy, for by that time the best of the goods have all gone, and the shopper has to put up with any old substitute for the intended purchase; it is a selfish policy because it means that harassed and tired shop-assistants, who have as much right to Christmas as the rest of us, are kept late clearing up after the last customer has gone, and are too worn out after the nerve-racking rush to make any preparations for their own good time.

I believe it is this hectic, last-minute rush that is responsible for so many of the useless presents from which we all suffer at this season of the year!

A gift that is not wanted and that is no earthly good to the recipient is worse than no gift at all, because, after all, it is the thought behind that matters and it is a poor compliment to a friend if we don't take the trouble to find out what he or she would most appreciate.

It is tactless, to say the least of it, to give a maiden aunt who looks upon smoking as one of the seven deadly sins, a cigarette holder—just because we happened to pick it up cheap at a Christmas bargain counter. It will not only annoy the aunt, but it will waste a good cigarette holder!

Yet this is the silly thing people are apt to do when they leave their shopping until the last minute. Either that, or the aunt gets left out altogether, which will annoy her more than ever.

Sensible people begin some months before Christmas to discover their friends' likes and dislikes, and to make a careful list of them. Then, when this is complete and they have made certain that nobody has been forgotten, the intended purchases can be made in leisurely fashion, without any unnecessary trouble or mistakes.

In this way Christmas shopping can become a real joy, instead of a burden, for, after all, there is something very jolly about the atmosphere of shops and stores at this season of the year.

The gaily-decorated windows bursting with Christmas fare; fat geese and turkeys, puddings and pies; piles of golden oranges beneath a bower of holly and mistletoe; gorgeously coloured crackers and toys to delight the hearts of children from six to sixty—all conspire to make one feel imbued with the spirit of good fellowship.

Under that gentle influence, what more pleasant occupation can there be than that of thinking out gifts to give real pleasure to our friends?

With the exercise of a little tact it is easy enough to discover what will be an acceptable present for one's intimate friends. For instance, an ideal present for musical people would be the Waverley Music Lover's Portfolio, so that they could have always to hand

their favourite songs and pianoforte solos.

A fountain pen would please those who are fond of scribbling, and there are labour saving devices of every description to delight the heart and spare the time of the housewife.

Knife cleaning devices—or, better still, stainless cutlery that doesn't need cleaning at all—are a real boon in these almost servantless days, and, if your purse is large and well-filled, you can send some harassed soul into the seventh heaven of delight by the present of a washing-up machine.

Another very good idea, if you want to give a really big gift, is a sewing machine for the girl who likes to make her own frocks.

For the more frivolous minded there are hundreds of dainty trifles to choose from in every big store—a quaint powder puff and bowl, an adorable doll nightdress or pyjama case for those grown-up children who are still young enough to appreciate toys, or a bag for evening or day use.

Pretty blouses and “undies” always make acceptable gifts, and here the individual tastes of those who are to receive them should be carefully studied. Favourite colours should be remembered, as well as the style of the garment. There is no sense in giving a pair of pyjamas, however pretty, to a girl who, you know, prefers to wear a “nightie.”

Jewellery of course, is a useful item on which to fall back, and is so varied that it can always be presented in an



Judging by Malcolm Tod's smile, his Christmas shopping has been successful.



MILADY DECOLLETEE SET (as illustrated) comprises 14 ct. Gold Plated Gillette Safety Razor for Ladies; Blade Box; 10 double edge blades (20 shaving edges); in French Ivory Case lined with old rose velvet and satin. Price 21/-

THE DEBUTANTE SET in art blue and old rose leatherette case containing gilt razor; blade box and two blades. . . . 5/-



The Xmas Gift for Ladies

For intimate friends one of the most fascinating and up-to-date gifts you can choose is the dainty Gillette Safety Razor designed especially for ladies use.

It is the most modern and certainly the most hygienic of all toilet aids. In a few seconds it removes unwanted hair and leaves the skin clear, white and smooth.

Easy to use, perfectly safe.

Gillette Safety Razors for Ladies are sold by all Stores, Cutlers, Ironmongers, Hairdressers, Chemists and Jewellers.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD.,
184/188, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Gillette Safety Razor

FOR LADIES

To keep the Underarm Clean and Smooth

Read, mark,
learn and in-
wardly digest
the sound ad-
vice given by
Claire Wind-
sor.



original form. A dainty bracelet watch combines usefulness with ornamental value, while jade necklaces and ear-rings, curios and trinkets, and strings of milky pearls are always appreciated. These latter can be bought to suit any purse, and, as they look well with practically anything, you need never be afraid of giving the "wrong thing" when you buy them.

The problem of what to buy for one's more or less casual acquaintances is a more difficult one, but it can be solved with a little care.

Handkerchiefs, of course, are one's first thought, and first thoughts are nearly always best. The idea may not be startlingly original, but good handkerchiefs will always find grateful recipients, particularly if they are Lissac hankies, for supplies are apt to run short in a startling way, and drawers and sachets are constantly needing fresh additions to their contents.

Men, too, like handkerchiefs, especially silk ones, and the problem of the man is one of the most difficult at this time of the year. Most of them are so particular (a hundred times more faddy than women, although they will never admit it), and there are so many things that are taboo, unless He-For-Whom-the-Gift-Is-Intended comes with one and superintends the purchase.

A good make of cigarettes or cigars pleases most men as much as anything, if the present is to be a small one. If you have plenty of money to spare there are a variety of things to choose from—ranging from a suit case or clothes cabinet to a case of port or whiskey.

A camera will delight the photography enthusiast, and a razor also makes a good present—only don't forget that you must make the recipient give you a halfpenny in exchange, or it will "cut your friendship," so surer-stition decrees.

Gloves and hairbrushes make excellent gifts, but ties and socks I dare not suggest, for fear of coming up against those Christmas humorists who look upon these two articles of apparel as their own particular perquisites! Books, of course, are a happy thought for either sex.

Scents and toilet preparations never come amiss to the average Eve, although care should be taken to discover which is the perfume she particularly favours.

The same rule should be remembered when buying face creams and powders, for other people. If there is no way of finding this out, at least make sure that the preparation is a really well-known make—you will find several reliable ones advertised in the pages of this magazine.

For the girl who longs for wavy tresses when Nature has decreed that they should be straight, a Butey waver might prove a real blessing—only you'll have to present it tactfully!

I have left any mention of the children until last—not because I think them last in importance, but rather as one leaves a choice tit-bit. Shopping for children should hold pleasures for all of us—unless we have entirely and irrevocably grown up.

I, myself, could linger for hours in the toy bazaars, tasting again the dear delights of childhood—seeing in the tinsel hung stores an enchanted palace over which Santa Claus presides, as of yore, a jovial king with an unlimited power to give joy to those who cluster round.

The toys, heaped in gay profusion almost ceiling high, hold fascinations that I never could resist, and it is a temptation not to go on buying and buying after all the gifts destined to fill stockings and pillowcases to overflowing have been chosen.

Plump faced baby dolls of rag or china, of every conceivable size, hold out stiff little arms of entreaty that tug at the heartstrings—and the pursestrings—of those who wander through the magic realms of Toyland. Mechanical toys are there, to delight the hearts of small boys—and, let it be whispered, their fathers too!

Skicycles and rocking horses, and all the latest

novelties on which small kings and queens may ride; teddy bears and Noah's arks filled with quaint wooden animals; toy-shops, on large and small scales, with joints of wooden meat hanging in the windows, loaves of "pretence bread," or jars of sweets; all are destined to bring joy to some youthful heart.

But, perhaps, the baby you have in mind is just learning to read, and bursting with a desire to show off the new accomplishment? Then what about a gaily illustrated book. A box of paints, too, makes a good present for the child who likes to dabble in colours, and any kind of modelling clay will be gratefully received by most kiddies.

But, of course, there are hundreds of other things that you can buy to suit the taste of the child you have in mind. A little time spent in the toy department of any big store should give you plenty of ideas.

If, however, you find there are some difficult people still left on your list without presents, why not solve the problem by giving them boxes of chocolates or some Clarnico sweets. There are very, very few people, old or young, who haven't a sweet tooth for these delectable goodies.

A box of candied fruits will please a lot of people, or even a basket of fresh fruit, temptingly arranged.

Flowers, of course, are always a happy thought, although they rather entail last minute shopping to get them fresh. However, they can be ordered in advance, to save an unnecessary amount of worry for customers and shop assistants, and here again they should be chosen to suit the tastes of the recipients.

Then, when your presents have all been carefully planned, you can go out and buy them with plenty of time to spare, and so avoid making your friends' homes the dumping ground for rubbish you have been forced to take because you have neglected to shop early.



LenaLastik Underwear

(REGD.)

Economy and Grace. The tendency of modern dress is warmth without weight. The under-clothing must be dainty and cosy—but without bulk and heaviness. LenaLastik is ideal. Soft, dainty and beautifully finished. The air-cell texture permits of ventilation which promotes health. It is made in several grades and many styles. British made—and moderate in price.

Miss Alice Calhoun, the celebrated Vitagraph Star, says:—

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"Beauty . . . shall pass into her face."

—Wordsworth

MANY women appear to imperfectly realise the influence of good looks, or is it that they are side-tracked along the Road to Beauty?

Sheep-like, they follow the craze of the moment—aspire to thinness to the point of emaciation, or to the curves of Juno; pluck eyebrows or "bingle" the hair; use some *outré*, unbecoming shade of rouge or powder, quite regardless of whether each is being true to her own particular type—whether she is making of herself a "thing of beauty" or—a caricature. Every woman's face has its own individual characteristics, and possesses either active or latent attractiveness.

And the genius of Helena Rubinstein converts into a promise Wordsworth's lovely phrase. "Beauty . . . shall pass into her face." Not mere prettiness to pattern; each flower in the world's garden of faces is given the assurance of full, lovely and fadeless blooming—*rose as rose, Lily as lily.*

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The "Orange Peel" Complexion, with distended, coarse pores, is made fine and velvety by the new Valaze Open Pore Paste (Special), used two or three times a week as a soap substitute. Price from 2 9.

At the "Valaze" Salons. In Helena Rubinstein's own world-famous "Valaze" way—i.e., scientific, safe, certain—ageing contours are youthened, wrinkles banished, every conceivable beauty defect eliminated.

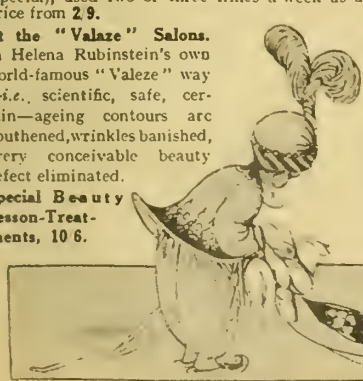
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Advice to solve every beauty problem is given personally or through the post without charge, also brochure. "Beauty for Every Woman."

The New Valaze Water-Lily Cream, pure as the lilies it contains, and of delightful fragrance, this cream soothes, cleanses and softens the skin, restoring soft tints and smoothness to harsh sun-scorched and wind-roughened complexions. Price 3 -, post free. Sample Jar, 1 9.



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Select yours from the tree

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2/6
Postcard
Album ②

2/6 ③
Deluxe Portfolio
of
Kinema Stars

④
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Barbara La Marr	Ruth Roland	Blanche Sweet
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Pola Negri (2)	Clive Brook	Norman Kerry
Eileen Percy	John Stuart	John Barrymore
Constance Talmadge	Corinne Griffith (3)	Rod la Rocque
(2) Shirley Mason	Mary Astor	George Walsh
Norma Talmadge	Virginia Valli	John Bowers
Alice Terry (2)	Hoot Gibson	Herbert Rawlinson
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is a clear, non-greasy liquid, delightfully fragrant and invigorating. It promotes the Growth, cleanses the Scalp, strengthens Thin, Weak Hair, and puts the sheen of health and life into it.

1/6, 3/- and 5/6 per bottle.

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(Natural, Rachael, Rose and White), is exquisitely perfumed, silk-sifted and of fairy fineness. It will not clog, or otherwise harm the most delicate skin. Quite a new thing in Face Powders, and once tried will become a favourite with every discerning woman.

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You can obtain these wonderful aids to beauty at all good Chemists, Stores, & Hairdressers.

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Miss Ruth Clifford

the First National Star, whose clever work in "The Storm Breaker" will be known to all picturegoers, says:—

"I am glad to add my testimony to the value of Oatine Face Cream and Oatine Snow. For making and keeping the skin and complexion clear and healthy, these two creams are in a class apart. I recommend them wholeheartedly to all women who want to look their best."

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This Book, which is offered free to readers of this inset, will prove a veritable revelation to all who are fortunate enough to possess it.

It is the most comprehensive and useful treatise on beauty that has ever been published, and in addition to the valuable beauty hints contained therein, which are of interest to every woman, it includes full particulars with regard to the new taping system in massage.

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This simple test is the best possible proof that the Oatine way is the best way to beauty.

Wash your face and neck with warm water and soap, and, after gently rubbing Oatine Cream into the skin, and leaving it on for a minute or two, take a soft towel and wipe off the surplus Cream.

You will find that the towel is quite dirty, proving that Oatine Cream has removed the dirt which soap and water failed to reach; and to allow the skin to breathe properly, by keeping the pores clean and free to discharge their functions, is the first essential of a good complexion.



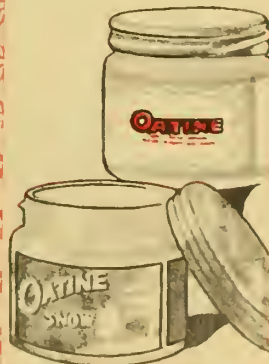
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NAME

FULL ADDRESS:

Beauty and "The Sea Beast"



John Barrymore as "that terrible old man of the sea" of "Moby Dick."

A heading with hidden meanings. What do you expect of Beauty — the sweet old-fashioned charm of Dolores Costello, or the exquisite profile of John Barrymore in repose?

What do you expect of The Beast—the marvellously transformed and aged Barrymore profile, the terrible white whale of Herman Melville's story "Moby Dick" upon which *The Sea Beast* is based, or the monomaniacal character of "Old Ahab" searching the seven seas to wreak vengeance on the monster that took off his leg?

Well, you may read all these things into this appropriate introduction to *The Sea Beast*.

The Sea Beast is the biggest production the progressive Warner Brothers have yet attempted. Most of you have read Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," the classic tale of the whale-hunters and you can imagine the effort and expense necessary to reproduce this epic on the screen



Left: Faithful lovers. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. Below: Married to a monomaniac. A later scene in the film.



John Barrymore as a harpooner in search of The White Whale.

The Warners sent an expedition with a personnel of some hundreds to the Java Seas to get the whaling scenes; and another "detail" of production was the construction of a set which covered seven acres of ground and necessitated the installation of a loud speaker system with loud speakers at half-a-dozen different points for the producer to properly direct the players.

Herman Melville's story, which was written from his own personal experiences of whaling, gives Barrymore the opportunity to present another of those remarkable character impressions for which he is famous throughout the world.

In the lines of his face he traces the life story of Ahab from the time when the latter is a young man starting out along the highway of romance with Esther, to the time when, his soul seared with the pitiless, selfish vendetta

against the white whale, he realises the futility of vengeance, and his neglect of Esther and comes back to spend the evening of his life with her. It is as vivid an impression as that of his *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

"Gentleman Jack" thoroughly enjoyed "roughing it" on the three-masted whaler *The Three Brothers*, which Warner's bought to do duty as Captain Ahab's ship.

Barrymore will get something like £20,000 for his part in the picture which has cost over £250,000 to produce. The Gaumont Company, Ltd., will present *The Sea Beast* in this country in the New Year.

'A TRIUMPH'

says Jane Novak

And so says every woman who has placed herself in the skilful hands of a "Sesame" expert. If you value your appearance do not experiment, but come to the originators of "Sesame," the perfect permanent wave.

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"Which hand?"

"Both, silly!" says the lady.
"Both! Especially if you've got any Lissues!"

Ask your sister—or someone else's sister! They all want Lissues—the daintiest hankies made—and the most reliable—with always a new note. Buy half-a-dozen to-day.

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White Lissues with fancy initial in special boxes of six 5/9. Name label on every Lissue.
Men's size at 1/6. A Tootal Guaranteed Line.
At all good drapers.

and they're Tootal!

New Parts For Old

The film public is quite arbitrary in its demands that a favourite "star" should continue in one type of rôle and thereby often deprives itself of the pleasure of appreciating the versatility of that artiste. Exceptions prove the rule, however, and many Warner screen classics have achieved success through the encouragement of versatility in the "stars."

In *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Ernst Lubitsch's big production of Oscar Wilde's most famous play, Irene Rich, the screen's most neglected wife, is said to have made a "great hit" as a sinuous "vamp," but in *Compromise*, *Silken Shackles* and others she fights against the wiles of the temptress.

Monte Blue, too, has forsaken "repressed" rôles and blossoms forth as a dashing driver in *The Limited Mail* and *Red Hot Tyres* and in *Hogan's Alley* he shapes up as a pugilist.

Who would imagine Matt Moore as the husband of Marie Prevost in the serious drama of *His Jazz Wife* or Rin-tin-tin disguised as a comedian with a beard and boots in *The Clash of the Wolves*?



From top: Chic Marie Prevost as a Madonna; she "takes the veil" to hide her tresses in "Bobbed Hair." Syd Chaplin appears as a cobby in "The Man on the Box." Meet His Royal Shyness—Matt Moore as "His Majesty Bunker Bean." Rin-tin-tin in disguise in "The Clash of the Wolves." And here's the traditional neglected wife, Irene Rich appearing as a sinuous vamp in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Monte Blue has forsaken repressed rôles and appears as a jolly engine-driver in "The Limited Mail."

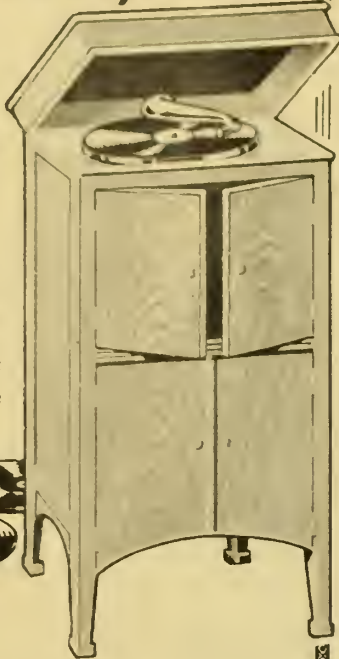


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The Lay of the Christie Minstrels

In times of old, when the only "flickers" were on the feudal hearth, the baronial hall was regaled in very simple fashion by a strolling minstrel strumming on a two stringed harp, or by a jester who carried a stock set of "gags" and accompanied himself on a bladder.

They were pioneer comedians. Nowadays, we want much more for our money and the comedian is expected to bring with him a whole train-load of new tricks and a bevy of beautiful girls.

An up-to-date version of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" would have to run something like this:

The play was short, the kind that drolled,

The Minstre's weren't infirm or old,
Their peach-bloom cheeks and dresses gay,

Seem'd to brighten the darkest day;
The ukelele was their joy,

Presented by a calf-love boy.
The first of all film Bards was she

The girl in Christie Comedy;

Not one but many it is said,

Blonde, brunette too and Titiar. red;

Neither neglected nor overdressed

Wish we to be with them there out
West.

No more on prancing palfrey borne,

They carrol on a motor horn;

They're always courted and caress'd,

By funny chaps most oddly dressed,

Who pipe for lord and lady gay,

To yield them up their hard-earned
pay;

Old times are changed, old manners
gone,

These Christies sing the jester's
song;

The killjoys of this iron time

Have called their harmless art a
crime.

No wandering Minstrels, scorn'd and
poor,

They pack theatres from roof to
floor,

And tune, to please a peasant's ear

The laugh a king would love to hear.

Whether the brothers, Al and Charles Christie had any ancestors among the old gentlemen who used to play one-night stands in the fastnesses of the North I do not know, but the fact remains that they are Aberdonians and pioneers of film comedy—in Hollywood. Here they direct a company of clever and charming minstrels, male and female, who no longer beg from door to door, but draw handsome salaries and do all their strolling in high-powered motor cars. However, nobody begrudges them the well-earned reward of producing the laughs in Christie Comedies that drive the world's melancholy away.



"Somebody's Darling"

Everybody's Darling, our own Betty Balfour, forsakes Squibs to climb the social ladder.

One day recently, I took a friend down to the Gaumont Studio to see Betty Balfour playing in *Somebody's Darling*. After we had been watching for a while, he turned to me and said, "But I thought Miss Balfour was a Cockney girl?"

"She was," I explained, "but the Miss Balfour you see now, comes from Somerset and is the owner of a large fortune. Let us ask her how she likes it."

Betty, we found, was particularly happy about it.

"You see," she said, "I don't have to wear any shabby or sombre dresses for this part. I go out and spend lots of money on beautiful Paquin gowns and frocks and wraps."

"And the house I am supposed to have inherited is so big and beautiful—the loveliest I've ever lived in on the screen."

"Funny things happen over that money—very funny things! You haven't told them about your adven-

trigued with the possibilities of the combination of Betty's skill in comedy and the great capabilities of Cooper as a producer. This is the first time, you know, that he has produced Miss Balfour, and *Somebody's Darling* turns out to be a glorious comedy of situations in which Britain's Queen of Happiness is at the top of her form and more lovable and sweet than ever.

The film marks another success for Gaumont British Productions.



Left: Rex O'Malley rescues Betty from Somerset Cows. Right: Our photographer interrupts George A. Cooper and Betty at a scenario conference on the floor of the set.



ture with the cows on the bridge," said the producer, George A. Cooper.

"But that wasn't funny—for me," came Betty's swift rejoinder.

Like most other people I was

The World's Busiest Actress

FAY COMPTON

It is one of our national characteristics to belittle the achievements of our own folk in Art or hustle. To win fame in Britain, many an artiste has found it necessary either to assume a foreign name or go abroad for recognition. In the film business, British artistes emigrate to Hollywood. Betty Balfour and Fay Compton are exceptions, but both hold records that the Americans cannot touch.

After all, Betty is the greatest film comedienne and America has no actress who works so hard to achieve double distinction on stage and screen as does Fay Compton.

For the major part of the last two years, Miss Compton has regularly worked in the Gaumont film studio by day and played on the stage of a West End Theatre at night, a formidable record in itself without taking into consideration the extra effort of rehearsing new plays, appearing at theatre matinees and charity performances and frequently playing for the film camera on Sundays.

Fay Compton, the Gaumont film star shows the Americans how to hustle.

studio. She leaves at about 5.30 to dash home for a refreshing bath, has dinner—if there is time—and goes straight on to the theatre.

On Saturday night, her husband, Leon Quartermaine calls for her after the theatre, in the car and they go straight down to their picturesque old farmhouse near Godalming to spend Sunday in rural peace with her beloved horses and dogs and garden—that is, if the Gaumont Company does not want her for film work.

It seems almost ironical that when she decided to take a holiday in between film productions she decided to go to America, the alleged land of hustle, for a change!

(Continued on page 80).

Below: A ride in the Row is her only relaxation on week days. Off to the Land of Hustle for a holiday.



Above: This mount comes from Jack Buchanan's stable. Below: G. A. Cooper directing Miss Compton in a scene for "The Happy Ending."



Miss Compton shoulders the responsibility with an easy grace that camouflages physical strain and the imposition of sacrificing private and public functions, leisure and relaxation. She retains her health marvellously, but only by the most careful conservation of her energies.

Her normal day starts with the constitutional exercise of a ride in the Row. At ten o'clock she is in the Gaumont



The Bon Ton CREATIONS

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are always accepted as the
*Authentic Foundation Garments
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THE newer corsetry indicated in fashion's latest inspirations, provides the soft flattering lines which give that touch of youthfulness and grace of carriage so universally sought.

A feature of the season is the new "ensemble" foundation garment—girdle and brassiere in one.

Model 2913.

Rich silk broche girdle, with four silk elastic panels, combined with a detachable Milanese Brassiere, both hooking at left side. Satin shoulder straps. Sizes 32 to 42 bust. **2½** Gns.

Model 2651.

Same style as 2913 in lower quality. **32/6**

PRICES from 29/6 to 4 gns.

The latest examples of these famous creations are now being shown in our Corset Salon.

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There's time for the "Stitch in time"--- with a Singer

ATORN lining in a coat, just as the little ones are ready to start for school—a threadbare patch on a good tablecloth, revealed just as you are sending it to the laundry—and a dozen other such little occasions every week, instance the need for an up-to-date Singer Sewing Machine in every home.

With a Singer to turn to, you can spare the minute or so required for immediate mending.

Its wide range for all kinds of needlework—from plain hemming to darning and intricate embroidery, etc.—makes a Singer Machine a real economy—and its easy operation transforms sewing from a domestic drudgery to a delightful occupation.

Sewing by Electricity If you already own a Singer, fit it for effortless electrical sewing. One screw attaches the simple **ON YOUR** Singer Bracket-type Motor; the Sewlight, which **PRESENT** enables you to sew independently of any other light **MACHINE** in the room, is just as easily fitted.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Hand, Treadle, and Electric



JYour local Singer Shop will gladly demonstrate them without any obligation whatever. The easiest of easy payments can be arranged where desired—write or call to-day:—

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There's a Singer Shop near you!

Chasing News With a Film Camera

The news-film camera man has to be gifted with something more than a double share of assets and abilities. He not only has to be a skilled cinematographer and understand the intricacies of all kinds of cinematograph cameras from the ultra-rapid machine to the pneumatic aeroscope, but he has to have what is known as news-sense, an appreciation of pictorial values and composition, initiative to get his picture under great difficulties and often in the face of a definite refusal of facilities, imagination to secure some picture story or phases of the subject he has been sent out to cover that his competitors have not thought of, the nerve and pluck to go anywhere and everywhere.

The stories of Gaumont cameramen's initiative are legion. One of the biggest scoops achieved by the Gaumont Graphic were marvellous pictures of the great Japanese earthquake which were secured through the initiative of a Gaumont cameraman who was in China, chartering an aeroplane and arriving over the stricken cities whilst the great fire which followed the earthquake was still raging.

Behind these skilful and courageous cameramen stands an organisation which covers the whole world. Hundreds of staff cameramen and correspondents scattered all over the globe send their films to the editorial staff of the Gaumont Graphic in London, which plans out stories to be covered for weeks ahead and always has at its disposal a large staff of cameramen who can be sent out



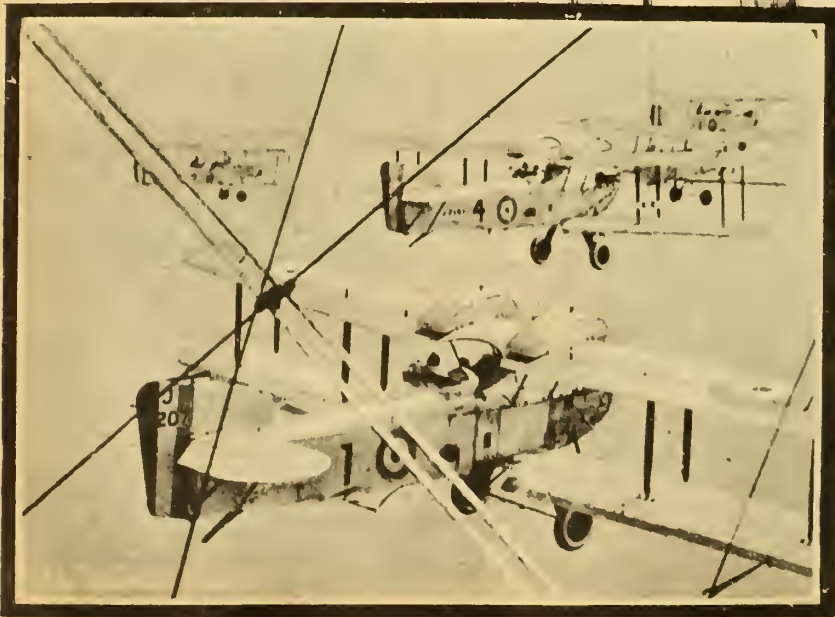
Above: A picture taken by a Gaumont Graphic staff cinematographer from the pinnacle of the Guildhall spire, looking straight down on steeple-jacks at work.

Below: This is a picture of a R.A.F. Squadron manoeuvring in flight, taken from the aeroplane, shown in another picture.



Above: A Gaumont Graphic staff cinematographer climbing on to the top of Big Ben.

Below: A Gaumont Graphic staff cinematographer standing on the rear seat of an aeroplane with an air-driven camera, to photograph other machines in flight.



immediately when news comes through of some great disaster that the public will want to see in pictures. In the great Welsh flood disaster recently, the Gaumont Graphic cameraman was on the scene of catastrophe at dawn.

The Gaumont Graphic includes about 800 feet of film in its bi-weekly editions and very often these 800 feet constitute the cream of 10,000 feet of negative exposed by the cameramen.

Sometimes it is necessary to make picture references to past events and here the wonderful Gaumont Graphic library of over 10,000 negatives stand the Editor in good stead. These negatives date back to 1915 and include pictures of practically every important event that has happened since.

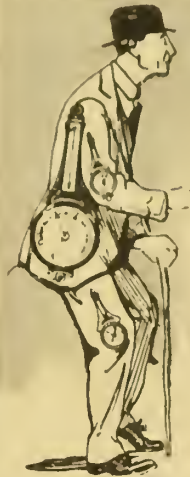
Honesty

WE must be honest with our skins. We may deceive ourselves into thinking we can lay on beauty by super-imposing it on to our skins; but we cannot deceive the skin itself. It cares nothing of honied words or learned treatises. It makes a simple bargain—for honest attention it will deliver honest beauty. It demands to be cleansed and soothed and stimulated—to be allowed to make itself beautiful.

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Drs. D. and B. write: "Enclosed please find cheque for capsules—am pleased to say have had good results."

Dr. L. A. writes: "Will be pleased if you can let me have some more 'Curicones' (Anti-Rheumatic Capsules) for my own use—I have tried the supply previously sent with good results."

Dr. J. M. D. writes: "The 'Curicones' sent me were used by a case of chronic Rheumatism and gave great relief."

Dr. B. writes: "Send 500 'Curicones' to-night certain—they are excellent."

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British Studio Gossip

At the Lasky Studio at Islington I came across Herbert Wilcox directing the theatre scenes for his latest production *Nell Gwynne*.

This will make Wilcox's fifth production following *Chu-Chin-Chow*, *Southern Love*, *Decameron Nights* and *The Only Way*. Thirty-four years of age, Mr. Wilcox entered the film business in 1919. This was in Leeds, where he learned the wants of kinema managers before entering the production field in 1923.

His first production a success, this enterprising Irishman has achieved greater fame than any other individual producer in this country. Throughout his productions he has retained the services of Norman G. Arnold, who was previously art director for Famous - Players. His settings for *Nell Gwynne* are the finest I have seen in a British studio.

In the lunch interval I had a word with Dorothy Gish on the future of British films. "There is nothing to stop your making good pictures in this country," she said, "all you have to do is to go right ahead and don't be afraid of spending money."

Below: Interviewing Dorothy Gish and Randal Ayrton between scenes. Herbert Wilcox is seen sitting.

Left and right: these two photographs show Queenie Thomas in film and private life. In one she wears a wig for film purposes. Which is which?

I explained to her the difficulty in getting finance for British pictures, to which she replied, "Then don't let Barrie's stories go out of the country. Film Bernard Shaw and Frederick Lonsdale. You've got some of the best authors in this country—film their works and your pictures will find a world market. Finance won't be such a bogey then."

In her dressing - room I found Juliette Compton who is playing Lady Castlemain to Miss Gish's *Nell Gwynne*. Miss Compton was one of the original Harrison Fisher girls. Later she joined the Ziegfeld Follies, eventually coming to England to play in "The Dancers."

She has played in four photoplays so far, *Nell Gwynne* making her fifth.

The other four are *Human Desires*, *Afraid of Love*, *Trainer and Temptress*, and *Bulldog Drummond*.

To the readers of **PICTURE-GOER** she asked to say that she

intends to refuse any more "vampire" rôles and is going to be a heroine only in the future. Her ambition is to play the type of parts for which Pauline Frederick is so famous.

And now for a secret. In her charming little flat in Bruton Street, Queenie Thomas enlightened me into



George Cooper, Gaumont's chief producer: snapped on location.



a little fact which has so far been concealed from the public. Her hair is not her hair. This may sound libellous, but actually is not half so alarming as it sounds.

It happened this way. Miss Thomas' own hair is golden with a slight touch of red in it. Although it is not noticeable at a casual glance, this red tint is quickly revealed by the critical eye of the camera, with the result that her hair registers dark owing to the fact that red comes out black on the screen.

A delightful blonde, Miss Thomas naturally did not wish to be thought a brunette by picturegoers, so she had a wig made, the exact replica of her own hair, which registers her real colour on the screen.



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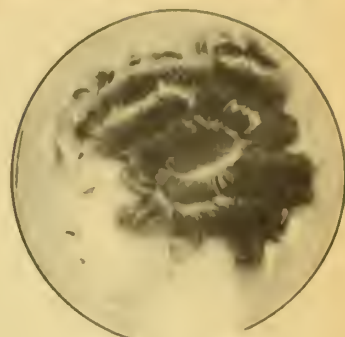
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the well-known Screen Star, who is here seen dispensing the fragrant brew in her home, says:—

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Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel that film. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth you envy in others. If you combat that film, your teeth will quickly glisten in a way that will delight you. Ask your chemist for a tube of Pepsodent. Results will amaze you.

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Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty. And, according to world's dental authorities, is regarded as the potential source of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices, and stays. It holds food in contact with teeth, inviting the acid that may cause decay.

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Mail the coupon now. Don't expect the same results from old type dentifrices. Begin beautifying your teeth to-day.



Miss F. R. Pedlar.

THE LAST LAP.

The lucky winner of our last month's Beautiful Hair Competition is Miss F. R. Pedlar, of 23, McDowall Road Camberwell, S.E.5.

A cheque for £5 has been sent to Miss Pedlar, and she receives in addition a further £5 from Messrs. Prichard and Constance as she is a user of Amami preparations.

In our November issue we regret that an error occurred in the spelling of the prizewinner's name, which should have been Miss Cissie Varley instead of Miss Cissie Worley.

The prizewinner of the final £10 will be announced in our January issue, and the lucky recipient will receive in addition a further £10 if she is an Amami user.

The consolation prizewinners will receive an additional gift of Amami Toilet Preparations.

THE WORLD'S BUSIEST ACTRESS.

(Continued from page 74).

When she comes back, she will start work on a new Gaumont film of Arthur Applin's story, *The Whirlpool*.

All the pictures in which Miss Compton has hitherto played for the Gaumont Company, Ltd., — *Claude Duval*, *The Eleventh Commandment*, *The Happy Ending*, and *Settled Out of Court*, have been produced by George A. Cooper and all have achieved a remarkable degree of success. In fact, Cooper, who first made his name in the short "Quality Plays" and since *Settled Out of Court*, has produced Betty Balfour in *Somebody's Darling*, has never made a bad picture.

Manning Haynes, who is going to produce *The Whirlpool* has an equally enviable record. He was the producer of *The Monkey's Paw* and the excellent Jacobs Comedies.

It is this application of the British national policy of establishing quality before quantity that raises great hopes for the impending revival in British film production in which the Gaumont Studio is prepared to play a considerable part.

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THE MAGIC CITY.

(Continued from page 18).

audience. The heads of this business do not take their responsibility lightly, and there is plenty of sober thought behind the gaiety of the streets of Los Angeles.

And plenty of tragedy, too. The English theatre functions with a chronic margin of unemployment. That margin has to be multiplied many times, before one arrives at a conception of the numbers chronically unemployed in the movie-world of Los Angeles and to those about to come to Hollywood there is only one advice to be given—don't.

For the few who succeed Los Angeles is an exceedingly pleasant place. Hotels play a large part in the social life of America, and the Biltmore in Los Angeles and the Ambassador on Wilshire Boulevard sustain luxury standards beyond the ken of the simple hotel proprietor of England. On many of the smaller restaurants is the sign "Open all night."

But for the real playground of Los Angeles one has to cross 25 miles of sea to the island of Catalina with flying fish to be seen on the crossing and, afterwards, from glass-bottomed boats, the purple, red, blue and green fishes of the Pacific.

The Island is the Coast in little, with canyons, hills and cliffs which nature made and with country clubs and yacht clubs which man made. It is the Brighton of Los Angeles with the advantage of being also the Isle of Wight of California. And, virtually, it is at the door of the Los Angeles successes in life. Decidedly the movies are made in a pleasant place.

GRANVILLE AND HIS SCOTCH ANGEL.

(Continued from page 44).

were to appear each in one of the many insets

"I had a monkey and a snake here this morning," he said. "The monkey didn't like my face so he tried to alter it. Look here," showing some nasty scratches on his face and neck.

"And I suppose the snake bit you?" I queried.

"Guess again," said Fred. "It was a stuffed one, for rehearsals only Well, I guess we'll film this angel business again for a change."

"Me for bed," I replied, so we all drank each other's health in the angel's wine, and then that worthy escorted me to a waiting taxi.

I don't know what the people outside thought of the apparition.

I warned friend "Mike" that he would catch his death of cold and go to wherever film actors go when they shuffle off this mortal coil.

But he only laughed again and said. "It takes more than that to kill a Scotsman, especially a Scotch Angel." Perhaps he's right.



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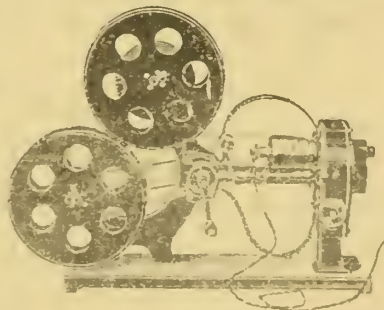
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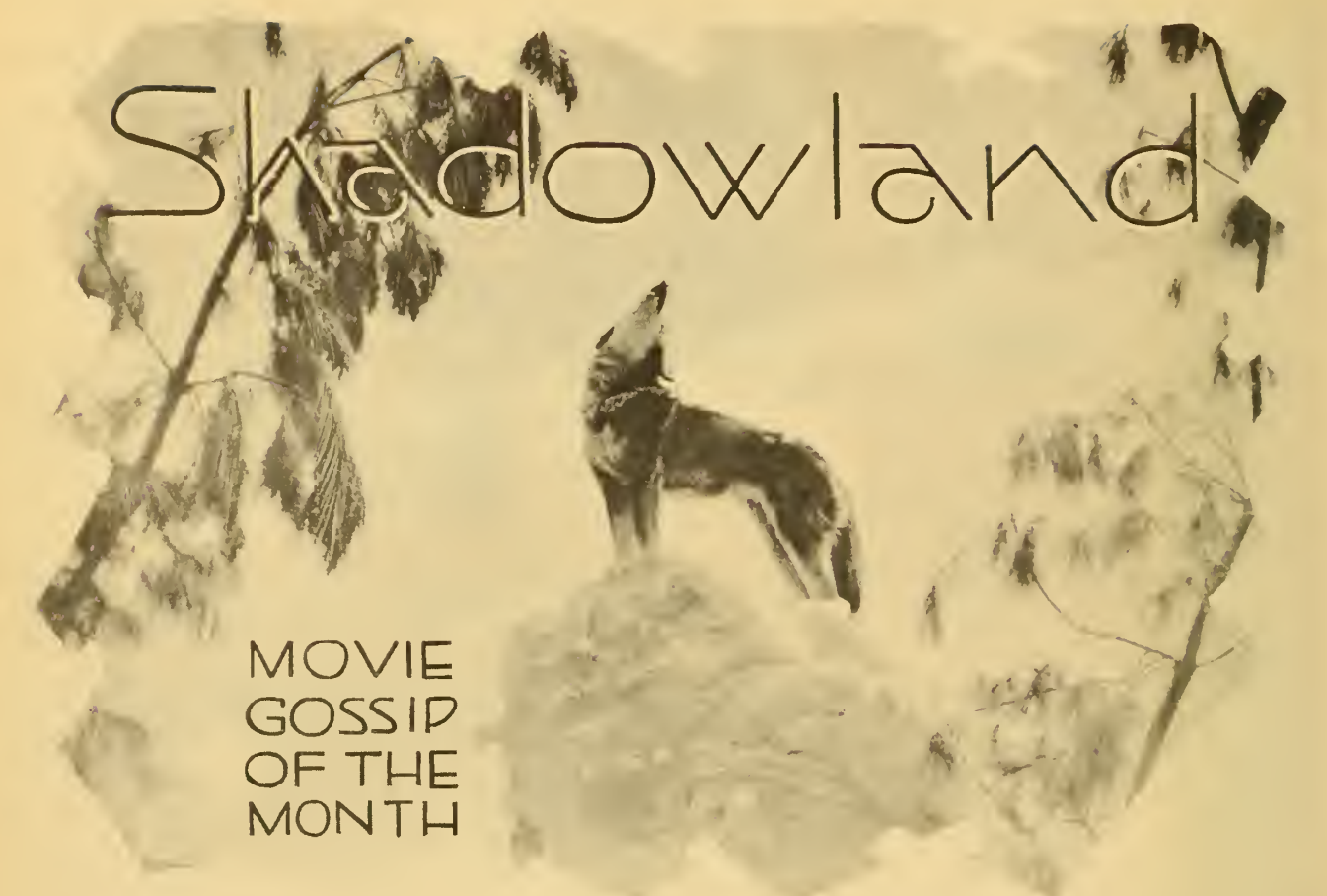


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Shadowland

MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

The queen of screen mothers, Mary Carr, has been east as Norma Shearer's mother in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new film *Free Lips*.

Those of you who enjoyed the screen version of *Potash and Perlmutter* will be glad to hear that George Sidney and Alexander Carr are now at work on *Partner's Again*, under the direction of Henry King.

The latest Hollywood marriage is that of Edwin Carewe, the director, and Mary Akin, the actress. The two were married at the same time as Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, but they have managed to keep the affair secret until now.

Runtour hath it that Dorothy Mackaill contemplates getting engaged to Johnny Harron, although she won't say anything definite on the subject yet. At any rate, Hollywood functions see the two together very frequently.

Stuart Rome has finished his first film for Fox, in America, but the title of this is not yet known. He is not playing in *The Winding Stair*, as was at first announced. The principals in this film are Edmund Lowe, Alma Rubens, Warner Oland and Mahlon Hamilton.

Work on *The Black Pirate*, Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, is well under way. This film is to be done in colours, and Douglas himself announces his intention of using no make-up.

A captioning mistake in last month's PICTUREGOER under a picture showing Rafael Sabatini with a model galloon, credited this to *The Sea Hawk*. In reality this was used in *Captain Blood*, the Vitagraph Film.

Few people know that Mae Marsh has a brother in the movie business. He is Oliver Marsh, popularly known as "Ollie," and he is a camera man of note.

Speaking of relatives, Pola Negri says she is happier than she has ever been at the present time, because she has her mother with her in Hollywood. She recently sent for her to come all the way from Poland and make her home in the famous film centre.

After a long absence in America, where he has appeared in a number of film comedies, Lupino Lane has at last decided to return to England, for a short period at any rate. He will be seen in a new show in London this Winter, and will go back to America to make six new Educational Comedies, in the Spring.

For Heaven's Sake has been selected as the working title of Harold Lloyd's first production for Paramount. The story deals partly with missionary endeavours in the slums, and the leading woman will again be Jobyna Ralston.

The clever boy actor of *Big Brother* fame, Mickey Bennett, has transferred his allegiance to two-reel comedy, and will be seen in the Ideal Film *Baby Blues*. Although he is only eight years old he has been on the stage or in pictures all his life.

Mary Pickford's latest picture *Scraps* has a fantastic sequence like the one in *Suds*. The story deals with the suffering and semi-starvation of some children on a "baby" farm, and Mary has arranged for some trick photography scenes showing the kiddies being fed, during a dream, by giants.

We hear that Mary Philbin has finished work on *Stella Maris*, at the Universal Studios, and her next film will be *A Savage in Silks*, in which she has to play the part of a wild-spirited termagant.

Max Linder, the famous French comedian, recently committed suicide with his wife in a Paris Hotel. He made the attempt once before, and recovered.

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "FACKTATIVE" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 53), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in a plain sealed envelope.

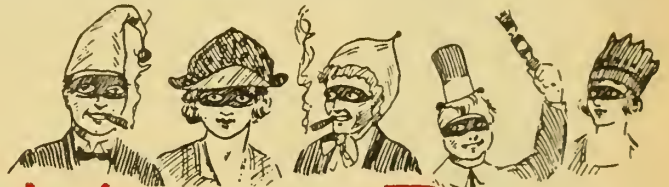
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Bond Street.

Chaplin's new picture has been definitely decided on at last. He will make *The Dandy*, in which the comedy element will be predominant throughout. The great comedian says that he thinks the public like him best as a laugh-provoker, so he is going to forego serious interludes in this film.

His brother Sid is at work on a new Gaumont comedy, *Nightie Night, Nurse*, in which he has a rôle of the same type as that which he played in *Charley's Aunt*. Recently he met with a slight accident when, in the course of the film, he had to dive from the Coronade ferry. He struck some submerged piles and was temporarily stunned.

We heard a very amusing story from Dorothy Gish, down at the Lasky Studios, Poole Street, where she is still working on the title rôle of *Nell Gwynne*. Mrs. Gish, who is over here with her daughter, spends nearly all her time at the studio, watching and advising her. She was sitting on the edge of the set as usual, while Dorothy went through a scene before the camera, when she leaned forward and remarked in a stage whisper to a friend close beside her: "Do go and tell Dorothy to put her shoulders back!" So you see, even the great ones of the earth are only human after all!

Dorothy told us that Lillian has just finished work as "Mimi" in the film version of the famous opera *La Bohème*, with John Gilbert in the

romantic rôle of "Rudolph." She said that her sister will probably go over to Germany later and make *Faust*, but the latest news from the Ufa Studios over there is that this film has already been started, with Gosta Ekman in the title rôle.

You will be sorry to hear that Theodore Roberts, the well-known character actor, has just lost his wife. He, himself is in very poor health, and has only been able to make very infrequent screen appearances lately. His wife, who was professionally known as Florence Smythe, nursed him all through his illness and died quite suddenly of heart failure.

The news that great care is to be taken over the choice of an actor to take the name part in *Kim* is welcome. Maud Adams, the famous American actress, and John Meador are over here making arrangements for the filming of this, and it is probable that Rudyard Kipling will be asked to choose from screen tests in the same way that Barrie selected for *Peter Pan*.

The film version of Barrie's *Kiss For Cinderella* has just been completed at Paramount Studios, and will be shown in New York for Christmas. The date for its premiere showing over here hasn't been fixed yet, but it should be over early in the New Year. Betty Bronson is "Cinderella," Tom Moore is the policeman, and Herbert Brenon directs, so it should be worth seeing, especially as Barrie himself has supervised the arrangement of the scenario.

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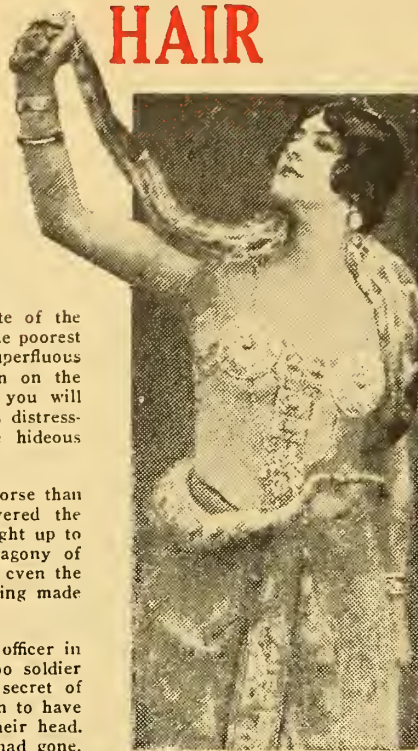
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Maurice Costello, that old-time idol of the screen, is returning to pictures, as a director this time. His first picture will be a J. Stuart Blackton production, *Maryland, My Maryland*, starring his own daughter, Dolores. It was Blackton who discovered Costello, so far back as 1909, and who directed him in his first films.

Sybil Rhoda, the beautiful Plymouth girl who won two beauty prizes in recent competitions, has just finished her first film rôle in the Stoll film *Sahara Love*. She was a "totem girl" in the Drury Lane production, "Rose Marie" when she was seen by the Stoll people and offered the part.

A new method of trick photography, bought by Carl Laemmle during his visit to Germany, has made possible the production of *Gulliver's Travels*. This is to be a big super-picture, and there will be scenes showing Gulliver in a land of little people only a few inches tall, while others show him in a land of giants.

Like so many other famous screen beauties, Anna Q. Nilsson, after sampling married life since 1923, has decided that she prefers single blessedness, and she recently obtained a divorce from John Marshall Gunnerson, wealthy shoe merchant. The chief bone of contention seemed to be a too ardent devotion to her screen work.

Another couple whose matrimonial barque appears to be heading for the rocks for exactly the same reason, are Rudolph and Natascha Valentino. They parted two months ago for a short "holiday," and Mrs. Valentino came to Europe. Now Rudolph has also sailed for the Old World, but he says that any effort at a reconciliation must come from her. He has avowedly old-fashioned ideas on wives and believes that their rightful place is in the home—an idea with which Natascha is inclined to disagree.

Do you know that Diana Kane, the rising young screen actress, is Lois Wilson's "kid" sister, Roberta? She started a year ago with Paramount and her most recent film is *Seven Wives of Bluebeard*, in which her sister Lois, Ben Lyon, Blanche Sweet and Betty Jewell also play. Now she has been chosen as winner of an American "Merit" prize, and will be a featured player in the near future.

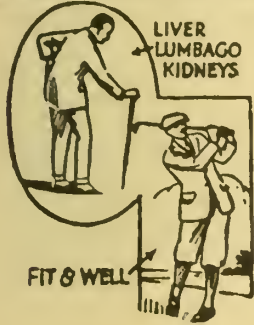
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- I Will Not Doubt Cowen
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- Top of the Hill Samuel
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- Thou Art so Like a Flower Rubinstein
- Most Wonderful of All Silesu
- The Willow Song Sullivan
- A Flower Girl's Song Haydn Wood
- Ave Maria Gounod
- A Flower From Memory's Garden Thompson
- The Sandman Brahms
- Etc. Etc. Etc.

Some of the Solos.

- Woodland Song Clutsam
- Prelude in C Sharp Minor Rachmaninoff
- Fifth Symphony, 1st Movement Beethoven
- Daphne Dunhill
- Minuet from "Pagliacci" Leoncavallo
- Fifth Symphony, 2nd Movement Beethoven
- Summer Evening Ireland
- Valse in D Flat Chopin
- Fifth Symphony, 3rd Movement Beethoven
- Consolation Arensky
- Minuet Boccherini
- Fifth Symphony, Final Movement Beethoven
- Nocturne in F Chopin
- Albumleaf Bowen
- Rhapsodie Hongroise II Liszt
- Cairo—Intermezzo Fletcher
- The Prophet Bird Schumann
- Pathetic Symphony, 3rd Movement Tchaikowsky
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- Hungarian Dance Brahms
- Romance Austin
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Artist & Actor

BY W. J. TUCKER

Jean Hersholt can draw faces as well as crowds.

Jean Hersholt, besides being a celebrated actor, is an artist of no mean ability as will be seen by an examination of the accompanying pictures. During the filming of *Greed*, Jean amused himself by sketching studies of the famous director, Eric Von Stroheim and the other members of the cast, and the finished products are works of art and are greatly prized by the Metro - Goldwyn Company.

Jean Hersholt was cast for the important rôle of Marcus Schouler in *Greed*, and was one of the small band who risked their lives by accompanying Eric Von Stroheim into Death Valley to complete the film. To realise the perils faced by the party one has only to quote Von Stroheim's own words. The world-famous director said afterwards:

"They told me I was insane to go into Death Valley in the hottest part of August when the temperature is rarely lower than 140 degrees. They told me about the poison water holes, death dealing noxious gas pockets, deadly insects and reptiles. They told

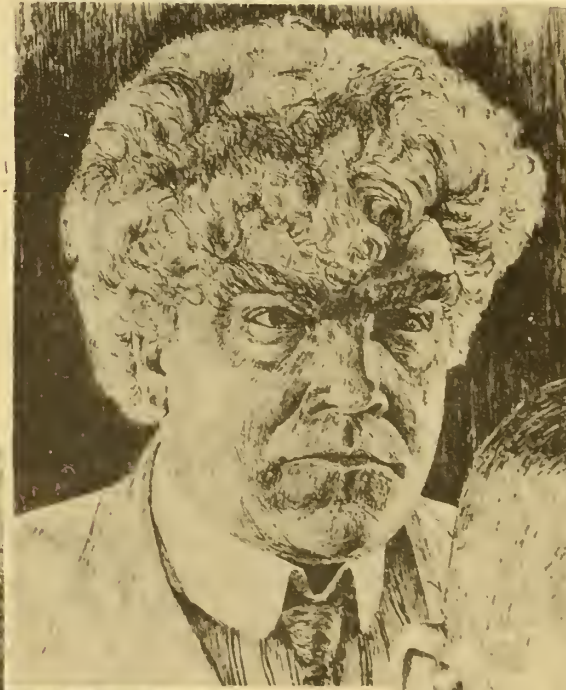
Below and right: Two pencil portraits by Jean Hersholt—Zasu Pitts and Gibson Gowland.



The Artist-actor at work.

me our food would spoil in the heat, how countless numbers have been lost and died in those trackless wastes. BUT I WENT. It was my life's ambition to make a true picturisation of Frank Norris's great American novel, 'McTeague.'"

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The Pick of the Pictures

I wonder if "Peter Pan" will ever grow too old for anybody, or anybody too old for "Peter Pan?" Christmas after Christmas finds him still selling his precious merchandise of dreams, weaving his fantasies anew, painting in glowing colours a delicate fairyland that is life to Youth, that brings sweet tender memories to those whose illusions have long since vanished.

This year he has chosen a new medium for his adventures. In the magic land of make believe his magic was recorded on small reels of celluloid that will carry a complete picturisation of the greatest fairy story in the world to future generations—at least, we hope it will.

Many of us feared for Peter Pan when we heard he was going to Hollywood, but we need not have worried ourselves, Herbert Brenon has treated the Barrie masterpiece very well indeed. He has in absolute point of fact picturised it.

All the charming, well-remembered qualities are apparent—the atmosphere of fun and horror on board the Pirate Ship, the irresistible touches that made Fairydom of The Home Under the Ground, The Never Never Land, The Mermaid's Lagoon, the human note that crept in when Peter had to give Wendy up to Mrs. Darling, and finally the glowing glorious joyousness of Peter himself, admirably, nay brilliantly, portrayed by Betty Bronson.

Those who saw the film during its presentation in London will in all probability see it again without any further urging, those who have not seen it should lose no time in doing so. For *Peter Pan* has the greatest attribute a motion picture (or anything else for that matter) can possess—universal appeal. Everybody can understand it, everybody can appreciate it, so whatever else you miss this Christmastide *don't miss this.*

Let Peter Pan call you back down the magic pathway of the years to the realms of childhood fantasies—charm you yet again with the spirit that makes—and keeps life wonderful.

"Sally," as she appeared at The Winter Garden Theatre was a very delightful little person—on the screen she suffers somewhat from lack of tuneful music, noteworthy dancing and the humour of Leslie Henson.

This last is probably the chief reason for the film's disappointment. Humour was, without doubt, the outstanding feature of the stage production—slangy sub-titles, falls, and the breaking of dishes comprise most of it in the picture, and the result is far from satisfactory. Moreover, Sally's dancing—responsible according to the



Johnny Hines is at his brightest in "The Crackerjack."



Colleen Moore and Lloyd Hughes in the film version of "Sally."



Marion Davies puts in some good work in "Zander the Great."

scenario writer for Broadway "Fame" with a capital "F," is far from epoch making.

Colleen Moore works hard in the lead and succeeds in making us feel glad when the sunshiny little dishwasher gains her heart's desire in true Cinderella fashion, but we wish the producer had spared her the ordeal of numberless close-ups and concentrated upon making her romance a little more convincing.

Zander The Great (J.M.G.), presents Western fare in rather a new guise—very attractive and complete with vigorous out-of-doors appeal, deftly handled comedy, some good thrills and a "Daddy Long Legs" atmosphere.

Marion Davies the star puts in some really good work—the best I think she has given us, as the orphan whose efforts to locate a Father create most of the trouble and—incidentally, the plot.

Harrison Ford is attractive as the good bad hero who forsakes the self imposed role of father to the charming waif to take over the more arduous responsibilities of husband, Harry Myers and Harry Watson captain the supporting team, George Seigman "Stands out" (in more senses of the word than one) as a Bandit.

In *The Crackerjack* (F.B.O.), we have Johnny Hines at his brightest and best—full of fun and vivacity as the man who puts the pep in Perkin's Pickles.

For the purposes of fun and the story the pickles are stuffed with cartridges which travel unmolested in their harmless-looking jackets of gherkin and shallot across the border to the wily Alonzo—chief of the rebel gang. Johnny, soul of honour and resource tries to advertise the famous pickles and stop the revolution, but falls head over heels in love with the revolutionary General's daughter which rather complicates matters.

Cheese substituted for the lead in the bullets finally suggests itself as a solution to the problem, and after seeing the first consignment safely despatched our intrepid hero proceeds himself to the scene of disturbance to await developments. They are quickly forthcoming and after the manner of those characterising the more popular brands of farce are lively enough and novel enough to win smiles of approbation from all.

Sigrid Holmquist is the girl (and very nice, too!) Harry West seems to enjoy being her father while Bradley Barker makes the most of such opportunities as are offered to the leader of the Revolutionary Forces.

IRIS CARPENTER.



Caught in the Mesh (*Pathé; Dec. 7.*)

Unassuming melodrama of the old Lyceum type, set in the North-West lumberlands. George Larkin and Ruth Stonehouse star, and are capably supported by Laura Anson, Frank Whitson, Al Ferguson, Frank Whitlock and Karl Silvera. Fair entertainment for the uncritical.

The City of Temptation (*F.B.O.; Dec. 14.*)

Story of a pretty Russian refugee in Constantinople, with an excellent international cast, that includes Hugh Miller, Julianne Johnston, Adolph Klein, Olga Tschecowa, Malcolm Tod, Andja Zimowa, A. E. Licho, Hermann Picha and Max Neumann. Very well directed by Walter Niebuhr. Quite good entertainment, in spite of a rather thin plot.

The Cloud Rider (*F.B.O.; Dec. 14.*)

A really thrilling picture, featuring Al Wilson in the rôle of an amateur athlete and champion aviator, who is also a Secret Service man. Frank Rice provides plenty of humour as his mechanic, Harry von Meter is an adequate villain, and Virginia Lee Corbin and Helen Ferguson are good in leading rôles. Brinsley Shaw, Frank Tomick, Boyd Monteith, Frank Clark and Melbourne MacDowell are also in the supporting cast. Director, Bruce Mitchell. Good popular entertainment.

Dick Turpin (*Fox; Dec. 7.*)

Tom Mix gives a rollicking performance in the title rôle of this new version of the famous highwayman's escapades. He is ably supported by Kathleen Myers, Philo McCullough, James Marcus, Lucille Hutton, Alan Hale, Bull Montana and the inimitable Tony. Director, J. G. Blystone. Excellent entertainment.

Declassé (*First Nat.; Dec. 21.*)

Story of family pride and English social life, excellently directed by Robert Vignola, with scenes laid in London and New York. Corinne

Griffith stars, and is supported by a competent cast that includes Rockliffe Fellowes, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, Eddie Lyons, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, Gale Henry and Clive Brook, who, as the only Englishman in the cast, gives an excellent performance as an American-Jew! Quite good entertainment.

Discontented Husbands (*Butcher; Dec. 28.*)

Typical American social drama, starring James Kirkwood, who is capably supported by Cleo Madison, Carmelita Geraghty, Arthur Rankin, Vernon Steele, Grace Darmond and Muriel MacCormac. A good example of its kind, and quite moderately entertaining.

Don Daredevil (*European; Dec. 21.*)

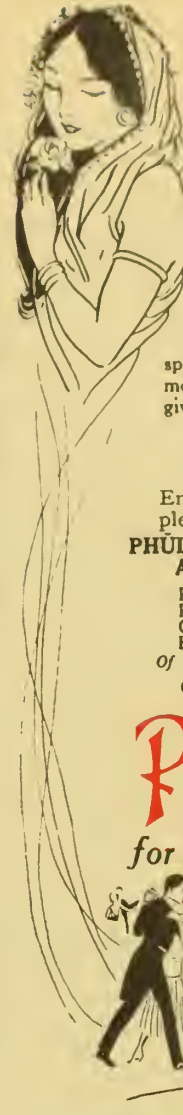
Jack Hoxie is a virile hero in this rather long, drawn-out Western, set in Central America, and Cathleen Calhoun makes an acceptable heroine. Capable supporting cast includes William Steele, William Welsh, Cesare Gravina and Duck R. Lee. Fair entertainment.

East of Suez (*Paramount; Dec. 14.*)

Screen version of Somerset Maugham's play that strays a long way from the original, and has the usual conventional happy ending tacked on. Pola Negri is very good as "Daisy," and Noah Beery, Rockliffe Fellowes, Edmund Lowe, Sojin Kamiyama, Mrs. Wong Wing, Florence Regnart, Charles Requa and E. H. Calvert, form an excellent cast. Director, Raoul Welsh. Good entertainment for all those who have not seen the play.

Enemies of Children (*Phillips; Dec. 1925.*)

Melodramatic story of a girl brought up as a boy during her early childhood, with a mystery surrounding her birth, round which the plot centres. Virginia Lee Corbin and Anna Q. Nilsson star, with George Siegman, Kate Price, in the supporting cast.



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the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Veet will not stimulate hair growth. It leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Used by two million women. It may be obtained from all chemists, hairdressers and stores for 3/- and 1/6. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price plus 6d. for postage and packing (trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 370K), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

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Red Rider (Universal; Dec. 28).

William Desmond in a story of Indians and the white man's convention. Fair entertainment.

Rags and Silks (Wardour; Dec. 21).

A weak and unconvincing story of a rich young couple who take compassion on a beautiful slum girl, with disastrous consequences. The film is of German origin, and is directed by Richard Oswald. Cast includes May Delschaft, Mary Parker, Johann Riemann, Mary Kid and Reinhold Schunzel. Some amusing comedy and good acting make this fair light entertainment.

Sackcloth and Scarlet (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Dec. 7).

Threadbare plot of glaring coincidences, with Alice Terry as beautiful as ever in the rôle of a self-sacrificing sister. Technically polished and well acted by a good supporting cast, including Orville Caldwell, Dorothy Sebastian, Kathleen Kirkham, John Miljan, Clarissa Selwynne and Jack Huff. Director, Henry King. Fair entertainment with a strong feminine appeal.

Scandal Proof (Fox; Dec. 21).

Shirley Mason acts capably in this unreal and melodramatic story of a girl hounded down for a crime she obviously hasn't committed. Supporting cast includes John Roche, Freeman Wood, Frances Raymond, Edward Martindel, Ruth King, Joseph Striker and Hazell Howell. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. Poor entertainment. **The Sign of the Cactus (Universal; Dec. 7).**

Western melodrama, unusually original, featuring Jack Hoxie as a sort of Western Claude Duval. Competent cast includes Bobby Gordon, Muriel Frances Dana, Helen Holmes, Josef Swickard, Francis Ford and J. Gordon Russell. Good entertainment for all lovers of Westerns.

Stop Flirting (Gaumont; Dec. 21).

Film version of the recent musical

comedy of that name. Typical Al Christie production, with well-produced farce and slapstick interludes, directed by Scott Sidney. Wanda Hawley, John T. Murray, Hallam Cooley, Vera Steadman, Ethel Shannon, Jimmie Adams, Jack Duffy and Jimmie Harrison, form a capable cast. Good entertainment.

Too Many Kisses (Paramount; Dec. 21).

Excellent romantic comedy in a charming Spanish setting, with Richard Dix as an amusing and agreeable hero, ably supported by Frances Howard, Joe Burke, William Powell, Frank Currier, Albert Tavernier, Arthur Ludwig, Alyce Mills, Paul Panzer and "Harpo" Marx. Director, Paul Sloane. Excellent light entertainment.

The Unknown Lover (Vitagraph; Dec. 14).

Elsie Ferguson and Frank Mayo star in this rather artificial, but quite entertaining story of after marriage complications, intermingled with jazz party and bathing-suit scenes. Cast includes Mildred Harris, Leslie Austin and Arthur Donaldson. Director, Victor Hugo Halperin. Should appeal to women.

Welcome Stranger (Wardour; Dec. 28).

Excellent adaptation of Aaron Hoffman's famous comedy, with Dore Davidson, William V. Mong, and Florence Vidor all good in leading rôles. Virginia Browne Faire, Noah Beery, Lloyd Hughes, Robert Edeson, Otis Harlan, Fred J. Butler and Pat Hartigan form a cast above the average. Directed by James Young. First class entertainment.

Who Cares? (Pathé; Dec. 28).

A matrimonial and social picture with a conventional plot, competently directed by David Kirkland. Dorothy Devore is good as the butterfly heroine, while William Haines, Wanda Hawley, Lloyd Whitlock, Beverly Bayne, Vola Vale, Charles Murray, Vera Lewis, Ralph Lewis, William Austin and Carrie Clark Ward form a capable cast.

Tom Mix, Kathleen
Myers, and Philo
McCullough in
"Dick Turpin."



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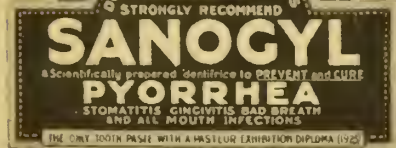
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At the Exposition Val du Grace, Paris, 1925.



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If you feel so Weak, and so depressed and get out of breath very easily you should really try a few Iron Jelloids. You have no idea what a difference they may make to you. Every woman should take a few Iron Jelloids with meals now and again. They are the great blood enrichers. They can do nobody any harm. When you consider they have been a household remedy for thirty years and the thousands of women (men, and also children) who have derived benefit from them you must be sure they are a good thing. Ask among your friends—you are bound to find among them some who have taken Iron Jelloids—ask your doctor, ask any nurse or any chemist. All will tell you Iron Jelloids are an excellent, genuine remedy. They are most inexpensive—treatment for ten days 1/3—for five weeks 3/-—all chemists stock them. They don't interfere with digestion, they don't injure the teeth—in fact, they will do you nothing but good. They cost so little you should indeed take them now and again—ask for Iron Jelloids No. 2. Those with Quinine are Iron Jelloids No. 2A and are put up as a tonic for men. Children can take an Iron Jelloid No. 2 or if young an Iron Jelloid No. 1. Remember, Nerves need a constant supply of good red Blood—how necessary therefore, if you are nervy, it is to take Iron Jelloids No. 2.

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Towards the Stars

A skin like peaches and cream is not Nature's gift to all and sundry —but, it can be acquired.

The position of the average film fan is really rather a tantalising one. From a velvet chair in a darkened hall she watches other women, possessed of every conceivable loveliness, living through reels of colourful romance.

All the beauty in the world, it seems, comes to the beautiful, and those who watch—tired little typists and shop assistants, mothers of families, relieved for an hour or so of their responsibilities, elderly women and eager flappers—long with a little pang of envy for a like loveliness.

Actresses are beautiful because they realise the importance of beauty and therefore cultivate it. They learn to make the best of themselves in every possible way, and, above all, they learn that a woman with a good complexion can never be plain.

The beauty secret of a large proportion of actresses both here and on the other side of the herring pond was the beauty secret of Cleopatra and the ancient Egyptians, Romans and Greeks—the face pack!

In those days it was discovered that there were certain beneficent qualities in the mud of the Nile, mixed with secret oils, that had a cleansing and rejuvenating effect upon the skin.

Right: Beautiful Jetta Goudal. Below: Mud treatment in the Boncilla way at Madame Bordier's Salon, Richmond.

Hipocrates, "the father of medicine" of four hundred years B.C. extolled its virtues as a beautifier, and Pedanius Dioscorides, a Greek-Roman physician of the first century, wrote in one of his books still in existence, "it makes the face smooth, wrinkle free, brilliant and even beautiful in colour,



Julia Faye studies an interesting reflection.

After it has gone through certain refining processes it is mixed with compounded East India Balsams. The resultant blue grey classic paste is spread on the face, after the pores have been opened with steaming towels, allowed to dry on and then taken off

with more hot towels.

Under its almost magical influence, faded skins revive, unsightly blackheads and pimples disappear, tissues and muscles are tightened up and rebuilt, and enlarged pores become normal.

Is there any reason, then, why those who have hitherto hopelessly envied the beauties of stage and screen should do so any longer? In order to prove my point I am going to send a little Christmas present of a pack of beauty containing material for a "mud" treatment, cold cream, vanishing cream and powder, to each of the first hundred readers to write into me for one.

MADAME X.

and it has an absorbing and astringent power."

It is small wonder, then, that the women of the present day are turning again to the old time beautifiers, and there are no more enthusiastic devotees to the face pack than the beauties of screenland.

Jetta Goudal, the exotic De Mille star, whose clear olive complexion is not the least of her attractions, beautiful Betty Blythe, Julia Faye and many others find that it is a real necessity if they are to counteract the injurious effects of constant use of make-up.

The chief material of the present day pack is found in only about five places in the world, and that most in use is mined in Indianapolis.





Do you Believe in
Love at First Sight?

MOST romances begin with love at first sight. It may not always be declared, but the fact remains that it is just a smile or a dimple or the curve of a velvet cheek which really kindles the first tiny flame of love.

That is why Icilma Cream plays so large a part in the Romance of Life. It makes pretty girls prettier, and guards the complexions of sporting girls who love to play hockey and motor in all weathers.

Use Icilma and you can have a good time without worrying about your complexion. The wind will not roughen it, and blackheads and enlarged pores will never appear.

A NEW JAR
and a choice of
Two Perfumes

Icilma Cream itself is unchanged—always the "world's finest face cream"—but it is now obtainable in handsome jade-coloured jars, and in two perfumes, *Bouquet* and *Magnolia*.



New Vanity Bag Size.

By far the best container for the vanity bag or the hand-bag. A dainty glass jar with cut glass effect—light weight—right size—very handsome.

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Popular size 1/3 per jar—Large size 2/-
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EVERYBODY (Everywhere).—I, George, of PICTUREGOER, do hereby declare that, whereas certain fans, too numerous to relate, have caused my forehead to furrow, and my handsome head to become grey with worry during the past year, I do nobly bequeath my forgiveness as my Christmas gift to the nation. Delivered this day under my seal and hand. After which charitable resolution, I'll wish you all a Merry Christmas!

ANNIE (Leeds).—Carols passed on with the usual recommendation to mercy. (1) Irene Rich is a widow with two daughters—one twelve years old and the other seventeen. She is at present in Europe with them, and intends putting them to schools in Switzerland for two years. (2) She has dark brown hair and eyes, and is somewhere in the thirties.

FLEUR DE LYS (Hants).—(1) Conway Tearle's first wife was Josephine Park. (2) Release date of *The Only Way* isn't fixed yet, but it should be seen early in the New Year. Thanks for gratitude—I shall treasure it.

The PICTUREGOER'S "Who's Who of Kinema Stars" contains 100 portraits and biographies of film favourites, price 1/2 post free, from the Picturegoer Salon, 23, Endell Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

D.L. (India).—(1) Letters forwarded. I think you will get those photos if you ask nicely. Glad you think I'm a perfect "peach"—I suppose that's the equivalent of calling me "old fruit?"

JUNE (Southsea).—(1) I've forwarded letters for you and your sister and hope you have replies soon. (2) Art plate of Norma Talmadge appeared in March, 1924 PICTUREGOER. (3) No art plate of Wallace Beery yet, but I'll see what I can do for you early in the New Year. (4) Release date of *Don Q* isn't fixed yet.

N. S. FAN (Edinburgh).—(1) Art plate of Norma Shearer appeared in April, 1925 PICTUREGOER. (2) Letter forwarded with my customary sweetness of temper!

D.M. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Thanks for your three short (and sweet?) letters. Requests all granted.

DISTRESSED VALENTINO FAN (Wilts).—(1) For truth of the Valentino separation rumour, see "Shadowland." Sorry if I increase your distress, but it can't be helped.

BABBY (Birmingham).—I won't look upon you as a nuisance—at any rate, not at Christmas! (1) Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. (2) His address is 955, Micheltorena Street, Los Angeles, California. (3) He's married to Gloria Hope. (4) Date of *Ben Hur's* arrival over here hasn't been fixed yet.

KARL (Southend).—(1) Particulars *re* Laska Winter are not yet to hand, so I'm afraid you'll have to go on losing your beauty sleep. (2) Try W. & F. Film Service, 74-76, Old Compton Street, W.1, for stills from *The Rat*. The usual charge is 2/- to 2/6 each. (3) None of your brilliant sketches do credit to my particular style of beauty. (4) No, I don't write "Pinpricks." (5) I've forwarded your

Carol to the "Carols" Editor with the usual plea.

PEGGY (Camberwell).—I smoke anything but "Woodbines"—but the best kind of Christmas present you can give me is a questionless letter!

P.W. (S. Wales).—Don't apologise—you're quite moderate in your requests compared with some of my readers. (1) May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901, but she doesn't give her birthday. Address her c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. She's American.

PHYLLIS (Hull).—I don't expect Carlyle Blackwell's wife will mind if you write and ask him for a photo, but you can buy a May, 1923 PICTUREGOER from the Publishing Dept., Arne Street, price 1/3 post free. Best wishes for Christmas!

RAMEH (Godalming).—(1) Glad you've had a nice photo from Bebe Daniels. (2) An interview with Nita Naldi appeared in November, 1923 PICTUREGOER. (3) I think Billy Sullivan would send you his photo if you ask nicely. I've forwarded your other epistles. All the best!

TO ALL INTERESTED.—I hear from Geo. S. French, one of my readers, that he is starting a "Five Star Film Club," dealing chiefly with Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Conway Tearle, Carmel Myers and Jack Holt. Bebe Daniels has consented to be president. Anyone wishing to join should write to Mr. French, 20, The Broadway, Stratford, for particulars.

NEW READER (Reading).—Glad to make your acquaintance. (1) Rod La Rocque was "Dan McTavish" in *The Ten Commandments*.

RONALD (Belfast).—(1) Letter forwarded. (2) Thanks for the questions you haven't asked. Your sympathy takes a practical turn.

ANNIE (Birmingham).—(1) Glad you've heard from your favourites. (2) Anna May Wong is twenty-three. (3) So far as I know Pola Negri has no brothers and sisters, but she has a mother who is living with her in Hollywood now.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

One of the biggest tragedies of a woman's life is when, looking in her mirror, she sees, in the cold light of the morning, the first grey hair. But with the discovery of Caradium, there is no longer need for the prematurely grey to stain and dye their faded locks to keep up the illusion of youth. Caradium restores hair in Nature's way, and is not a dye but the result of scientific research.

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Made at Bournville

See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of chocolate

Good News for "Picturegoer" Readers



The Xmas "Romance" contains a beautiful photogravure supplement of "The Follies Bergère Revue," the spectacular production now running at the Palladium.

Romance Xmas Number



EVERY "Picturegoer" reader loves pictures, and in the Christmas "Romance" is an artistic treat—a beautiful photogravure supplement of "The Follies Bergère Revue."

The tale of "Mercenary Mary," told by "June," is another wonderful contribution.

And the stories?..Well, let the authors speak for themselves—ELINOR GLYN, DOLF WYLLARDE, MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, HELEN H. WATSON, RICHARD CONNELL and other favourites.

Naturally, the bookstalls are selling out fast. Get your copy to-day.

1/-

Little Arthur Trimble finds the question of Christmas presents rather a problem.



"It is time that this custom enthusiasts have of slanging other people's favourites in order to praise up their own was stopped," writes *Anti - Bias*. "It is poor sportsmanship, bad taste and narrow-minded

into the bargain and those who indulge in it merely make themselves ridiculous, since intelligent people must realise that prejudice prompts their statements. Since it can't much affect the artistes, it can only be taken as a direct intention to hurt the feelings of those who are 'fools enough' to admire them and their work. I remember the Nazimova-Pauline Frederick contention, when readers waxed frankly insulting. Why? Is anyone justified in supposing that their taste alone is unquestionably superior to that of those who hold other views? There are many artistes I can't stand but I don't want to make hundreds of

unknown enemies by naming them. It's only unkind to those who consider them charming. Let our 'Think' columns be reserved for bouquets in plenty for any and sundry and cut out the brickbats! Now what does everybody think?"

Greetings, oh my sage and earnest fellow Thinkers! May thy stockings bulge with gifts on Christmas morning and thy tables be heaped with a seasonable plenty.

A Wassail.

May thy — well, anyway, Merry Christmas, everybody! And as this is a season of peace and goodwill, let us bury the hatchet one and all (if you have one!) and fill this page with innocuous, harmonious and charitable babblings, warranted not to hurt the most tender susceptibilities. All hail and pass the wassail, whatever that may mean!

Rubens fan writes: "I have been reading PICTUREGOER for three years, and in that time I don't remember having read one word in praise of Alma Rubens. I think she is a really great actress—poised, gracious and sincere in all her roles. As 'Lavina Grove' in *Cytherea*, she acted almost entirely without close-ups—something which very few could achieve successfully—and gave one of the greatest performances I have ever seen and ever hope to see. I hope this catches her eye, so that she may know how much one fan admires her. Does anyone else think as I do about her?"

"It has always been my opinion that continual raving in print over a favourite star is injurious to his or her interests rather than otherwise, and for that reason I have refrained from writing you before. There is,

Reply to Valentino Critic. however, a limit to one's patience and the epistle of *Iconoclast* in a recent issue passes that limit. His carefully chosen insults, directed to a sincere and gifted actor, are as ridiculous as they are wild, but they are none the less despicable. I am not a 'hysterical flapper'—I have written quite a lot of theatrical and musical criticisms in my time—and I was not swept off my feet by Rudy's charms. I was captured by his excellent portrayal of 'Beaucaire,' a part in which I have seen many actors, and I must admit that I have read his amusing diary with real pleasure. I am writing this to let you know that it is not only flappers who can admire one of the finest romantic actors on the screen."

Geta Gray.

Opinions Please!

And now that you've finished the last page of the Christmas PICTUREGOER I should like to know just what you think about it — unless, of course, the holiday spirit has made you lazy, and it's too much trouble to think at all.



THE THINKER.





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